



Darryl Buck Wheat

NOV 20, 1950 - DEC 15, 2024



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HOMELANI
MEMORIAL PARK & CREMATORY

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Darryl Buck Wheat, passed on December 15, 2024, in his Hilo home. It was a Sunday. He was 74 years old. Known to many, in the Hilo community, as Sensei Buck, he started learning judo and jujitsu in 1957 at the age of 7, at Professor Okazaki's Kodokan Dojo, where Buck's father, Professor Jack Wheat, also taught the ancient arts. Buck went on to earn Shodan and Nidan and in 1999 was awarded Sandan. In 1993, he opened his dojo in Keaau and continued to teach as an assistant instructor at Higashi Hongwanji. The Hilo-based Japanese Community Association of Hawaii, selected 6 Japanese cultural treasures, one of which was Sensei Buck, who was honored at Japanese Culture Day, or Bunka no Hi. Buck also owned a firearms shop called Buck's Firearms & Military Surplus. He is survived by his 3 children, Sunny, Jennifer, and Chucky; 2 grandchildren, twins, Michael and Vanessa. Buck is also survived by his sister, Pamela.



Events



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Memorial Service

-  **Sunday**, February 2, 2025
-  12:00 PM - 1:00 PM HST
-  **Homelani Crematory**
388 Ponahawai St., HILO HI 96720



Cemetery Details

-  **Homelani Memorial Park & Crematory**
388 Ponahawai Street, Hilo HI 96720
-  **808-657-3257**





Tribute Wall

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Ethan Zoro posted:

I had the pleasure or pain of being one of Sensei Bucks students during the time he taught at Wakeai and he use to make us doing bunny hopes for I swear half of practice. During the time he taught me I disliked the man but now looking back at it he was a great role model and he taught u that life is hard but if you keep on pushing forward you will get through the rough times. I am sad the man is gone but happy he lived a wonderful life and left a memorable memory

April 3 at 4:59 PM



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Jennifer Konane posted:

The father I was blessed to be born of, Darryl Buck Wheat, was my hero, in a lot of ways. He wasn't afraid of much. He was bold. He was the bravest man I knew. I remember my uncle Sumner once said to me, "you know when I'm wit ya fadda...? I feel braaave, eh"? I laughed, because it was true. I felt completely safe, when I was with my dad. He was so capable, with his hands, with a gun.. or two or three... or a cross bow shooter, with pencils, you name it! He was creative. He was a fierce protector. It turns out he was more of a vigilante, sometimes putting heads through windshields, in parking lots, or snapping off car blinker sticks, tossing them at the unfortunate drivers, and telling them, they "don't need it, because you're not using it anyway", or breaking bones, over stolen items, in parks around Hilo.. but kind enough to drop them off at the ER, after the lesson was over. Yes, that crazy Hilo man, with the make shift, multi color, pake painted, adult tree house, with the sign, "Tsunami lookout tower", (that actually turns out to be a popular tourist spot/destination, I'm told, because of a popular phone app game. Pokémon Go chose to make the crazy Hilo man's tsunami lookout tower, a hidden gem point in their game! That crazy man, yelling at people to get off his property, that man, was my father. And I loved him tremendously. He was unapologetically himself to the core. He bravely showed it. He was fearless. He wasn't afraid of death. That's not ever a feeling I got from him. In fact, in a lot of ways, I felt like he would tempt death, just so that he could prove how tough he was. He would often joke with me, about how his funeral would go. He would remind me that he wanted a disco ball and loud clubbing music and he wanted his body to come down from the ceiling and have it suspended in the air with levers or ratcheting somehow moving his body to beat of the music, like he was a puppet on strings! We would both crack it up, so hard, over the image in our minds. Just the idea! So absurd!! And he would say, "listen now! I'm telling you what I want! Remember! You gotta do this"! He was freak'n hilarious, my dad. The last conversation we had about this, a few months ago, I actually topped his joke. I told him, "no dad, when you're gone I'll be able to make the decisions and I've already decided, that I'd like to have a keepsake of you, when you're gone. I said, "you know those tribes that make those little shrunken heads? That's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna shrink your head and make it into a keychain! It'll be a good momento and I can take you with me wherever I go! It'll be great"!! We were both cracking up laughing. He got such a kick out of that. Morbid, yes I know, but that was his humor. That's our sense of humor. Laugh when faced with death. It's all an illusion anyway, this matrix of life. These were the conversations, I would have, with my dad. We'd talk about everything from cooking, mushrooms, ancient Egyptians, to aliens, to him surfing on acid, riding a living water beast. Always an interesting conversation, with my dad. I knew our talks were special between a father and a daughter. I'm grateful for the memories and the lessons, that I will take away, from having Buck Wheat as my father. My hero. I love all of who he was and will continue to love his essence. Remembering all the good times, is the way, my dad would want us, to honor his memory. I will always remember the look on his face, with such tenderness, the first time, he got to cuddle his granddaughter, my daughter, Vanessa Leilani. Or showing Mikey how to use his hands in self defense. Those images, I will cherish, always. The ancient Egyptians had no word for death. They simply called it "westing" when your star/sun went out of view. That is the way, I believe, my dad would want us to view his souls journey, moving on. Darryl Buck Wheat was born on Oahu, November 20, 1950. His mother, Bessie (or Kay) and Jack Wheat, raised Buck or Bucky, in Waipahu, with his sister, Pam. At the age of 7, he began training in Judo and Jujitsu. At 8, he was being taught the Okazaki style of massage and ultimately got his massage license, in his early 20's.



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Professor Okazaki's style of massage, healing arts, came to be known as Seifukujitsu. Bucks father, professor Jack Wheat, studied under and taught alongside, Okazaki, in the early 1900 through 1952, until professor Okazaki passed away. Jack reached rank of 10th Dan in Jujitsu and 3rd degree in Judo, the 10th degree. The highest one can reach, in the martial arts world. Buck got to experience living in other parts of the world, Japan, China, and Thailand, having a military father. Buck went to Thailand, with his father, in his teens, when Jack was invited, by the king of Thailand, to teach his army Okazaki style martial Jack. Buck's father, was "such a badass", according to our uncle Pat Wheat. He told a story, that once, there was a noisy boat of young adults partying on a boat, passing by the Wheat cousins Hood Canal waterfront property. Jack warned the noisy boat of youth, that if they didn't quiet down, he would "make them"... they did not heed his warning, and next thing you knew, grandpa Jack was on that boat (jumped from the roof? I forget how!) and according to uncle Pat, all you saw was "bodies flying off that boat, left and right". Our dad really looked up to his father. He learned his tough demeanor, from grandpa Jack. Dad told us of how he survived polio, as a child, after falling into a cesspool. The disease took most of a leg calf muscle, but otherwise, he emerged almost entirely unscathed. All the while, grandpa Jack made our dad practice Judo. That's the story he told us, anyway... Buck fell in love and married our mother. Wynnie Joy Hee, introduced by his cousins, Pat and wife, Donna Wheat. Buck and Joy planted their family roots on the Big Island, where they began their family and raised their three children, Sunny, Jennifer and Chucky. Buck worked at Hawaiian airlines, while also running a gun shop, Bucks Firearms, out from under their house. Buck and Joy enjoyed this married life for almost 6 years, before mutually deciding, to go separate ways. Buck said (quote, recalled from daughter), "We had fun, and then we had children, and your mother CHANGED"! And quote, recalled from said mother, "We had fun, and then we had children, and your father never CHANGED"! Buck loved to travel but always called Hilo, his home. It's a laid back community that fit his personality. He loved the ocean, whether he was out surfing, or fishing or just sitting by the water, it was clear that the sea was his sanctuary. Our father was tough, tough on us, and tough on himself, but his pride for his family never wavered. He always made sure that we knew he was proud of us and that he loved us. He was a man of discipline, which he passed on through his passion for judo. He dedicated a great part of his life to studying, (under Ron Takeya and Higashi Hongwanji, under professor John Matsuhara). Whether he was practicing, teaching, volunteering, at Waiakea Judo Club, or their rec center, Hilo high school, Kea'au high school, participating in tournaments, working with the Big Island Interscholastic Federation or BIIF, our dad was always looking for ways to instill that same focus and resilience in others and to make those great masters, that came before him, proud, passing on the sacred arts, as true as he knew. He lived with purpose and today we honor all that he was and will continue to inspire. It was a beautiful life celebration, at Homelani Memorial park, this past Sunday, with so many, in the community that came out, to bow one last time and to say their goodbyes, to sensei Buck, our father. It truly touched our hearts. Thank you all, for the generosity, love and support and to all those that shared fond stories and memories of our father. Good show, dad. As you would say, "good show". Jennifer Konane Wheat

January 30 at 1:18 PM



Gail Griffin February 9 at 12:56 PM



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JK

Thanks Jennifee for your written remembered rememberences. Buck was my old time Hawaiian airlines time. Sumner was also a buddy. they both dropped by my place several times. A time lost.

GN

Gn posted:

Condolences to the Wheat Ohana! We met Buck in the 80's. My dad and I were looking for a pellet gun for pest control. We arrived at his home/gun shop on Kohola Street, Buck was very friendly and helpful. Buck introduced us to the adult air gun brand Beeman. Buck's was the only authorized dealer in Hawaii. We didn't buy anything that day, but a couple weeks later we attended the annual county fair and came across Buck in a booth he had setup (rented). He remembered us and said if you have anymore questions or want to try it out to stop by again. We did stop by the week after and bought our first Beeman air gun. Over the years Buck's was our go to gun shop. When my uncle was looking for his first rifle and ask me where he should go. I mentioned Buck's Firearms. Funny part is my uncle worked with Buck's at Hawaiian Airline back in the 80's. They both remembered each other when we arrived at the Buck's Firearms. Small world as they say. Even when Buck's moved over to Kilauea St. we remained loyal to his business. We remembered Buck running for mayor!! ended up moving to the mainland but each year that I visited my Ohana I always passed his home and whenever I would see Buck's riding his bicycle, I would always wave. Always remembered us through the years. Buck will be missed! GN

January 31 at 3:16 AM

LB

Liat Bearden posted:

Many years ago Buck took me down into Waipio Valley. It was my first visit going down the road into the valley. While we were down there, a truck got stuck while crossing the river. Tide was coming in the truck cab was filling with water. Buck pulled out a cable and swam out to the truck to attach it, then he started using his vehicle to pull the truck out of the river. My little baby was only 18 months old but he remembers this whole episode and retells it to his own children. This sort of selfless service to others and pitching in to help a complete stranger...this was the kind of person Buck was. I last saw him in 1995 when I moved away. Still can't drive down Kohola street without thinking of him. My condolences to his loved ones, L Bearden

January 30 at 1:18 PM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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