

ALOHA KUMU: THE INTERGENERATIONAL AGENCY OF
KULEANA THROUGH MO'OLELO

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Aloha Mom and Dad, Ēddie and Pīkake, Sis and Toni, Heidi, Mom and Dad Wheeler,
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Kekia'io kano eno euakeaohāna, Mika, Asaiah, Mariah
Aloha Margie
Aloha to our kūpuna
Aloha to all our 'ohana and friends
Aloha to our Ho'okulāiwi hui
Aloha Laiana, Ku'ulei, Kekeha, Kapā
Aloha and Mahalo Nui!

ABSTRACT

A Hawaiian telling a story
To share, to learn, to seek, to explore, to transform, to live
For now, for after

New stories emerge
Of laughter, struggle, pain, hope
From stories shared

You matter to me
So I risk it all and tell
The next about us

Once upon a time
There came a man in a boat
We later killed him

Come the sick we die
Come the book we die again
Come the school, three deaths

Yet here we are, still
Back from *thoughts* that we were dead
With stories to tell

Once upon a time
A shy boy became a man
With kuleana

To tell through a child
What he saw and what he did
So they die no more

Help me my brother and sister
This is the story I tell
But what do you hear

(response)

*Brother, this I hear
Your story speaking to me
speaking back to you*

Mahalo
I hear it too, our stories
And more emerging

Once upon this time
A man with kuleana
Retells a story

Then he hears a voice,
An old soul is telling a
Story through a child

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OVERVIEW

Kuleana is at the center of my research and this collection of papers - in particular my kuleana within specific relationships. I am a makua within my family and therefore have specific kuleana. The purpose of my research is to gain insight into nature of my relationships and the kuleana associated with my relationships, so I may be accountable to these relationships. This research project extends beyond the mere collection and analysis of data and is focused on relational accountability through action. According to Wilson (2008):

Relationships don't just shape Indigenous reality, they are our reality. Indigenous researchers develop relationships with ideas in order to achieve enlightenment in the ceremony that is Indigenous research. Indigenous research is the ceremony of maintaining accountability to these relationships. For researchers to be accountable to all our relations, we must make careful choices in our selection of topics, methods of data collection, forms of analysis and finally in the way we present information. (p. 146)

Linda Smith (1999), in her book *Decolonizing Methodologies*, articulates an agenda for Indigenous research as "situated within the decolonizing politics of the indigenous peoples' movement" (p. 115) that is strategically focused on the goal of self-determination for Indigenous peoples. Self-determination in a research agenda involves processes of transformation, healing, mobilization, and decolonization that are incorporated into research practices and methodologies that are developed by and for

us. In an Indigenous research agenda, our people, our concerns, our worldviews, and our well-being are centralized.

Based on ideas and beliefs from our kūpuna regarding knowledge acquisition such as “ma ka hana ka ‘ike” (In working one learns) (Pukui, 1983, p. 227); “‘A’ohe pau ka ‘ike i ka hālau ho’okāhi” (All knowledge is not taught in the same school) (p. 24); I ka nānā no a ‘ike (By observing, one learns) (p. 129); “Mai kāpae i ke a’o a ka makua, aia he ola malaila” (Do not set aside the teachings of one’s parents, for there is life there) (p. 224); “‘Ike aku, ‘ike mai, kōkua aku, kōkua mai; pela iho la ka nohona ‘ohana.” (Recognize and be recognized, help and be helped; such is family life.) (p. 130), I utilize various traditional and contemporary Hawaiian methods to gather, reflect upon, and analyze information. Observation, doing, reflecting, dreaming, wandering, writing, analyzing for themes, nā mea hana (‘upena ho’olei), remembering, and talk-story are incorporated throughout this research project. The analysis of information is based on what I perceived to be my kuleana within relationships at a given time. I use storytelling as a means to teach and transfer knowledge but also to engage in inquiry. Storytelling is a process through which I seek to be accountable to relationships.

‘Upena ho’olei, in particular the idea that growth occurs within the ‘upena ho’olei only when pumana are purposefully added to it, is used as a metaphor for the design of this research project. The physical construction of an ‘upena ho’olei throughout this research project encourages and allows for deep reflection and analysis. The ongoing quest for knowledge regarding the construction of ‘upena ho’olei is a kuleana of mine and therefore a vital part of this research as well. The articles within

this research project reflect topics and themes relevant to my kuleana as a mākua (father and kumu) and are a part of a growth process within the ‘upena ho‘olei and my ‘ohana.

Research Questions:

The questions that I seek insight into through this research project are:

1. What is my kuleana to my relationships?
2. Is transformation occurring as a result of my efforts to be accountable to relationships?

I hope that this research helps others to explore, realize, and be accountable to their own relationships. This research project provides an example of the transformative nature of Indigenous research.

Article 1: Aloha Pē: Ka Huliau

A series of events that occurred approximately twelve years ago had a profound effect on my life and my research. These events occurred within a very short period of time and have set me on a particular path, a life’s (and research) journey. I discuss these events and the impact they had on my life in a collection of stories entitled, “Aloha Pē: Ka Huliau” (Aloha Pē). In Aloha Pē, I chronicle my journey of transformation to becoming a makua in our family and my inquiry to understand my kuleana as a makua. I reflect on and analyze these events, my experiences as a youth and adult, and the stories that have and continue to influence my perspective on life.

The Aloha Pē article begins with a series of stories about a trip I took to Germany to visit my wife’s ‘ohana. Germany is also where some of my ancestors were from. In

Germany, I developed relationships with the people and places that are a part of my wife's 'ohana.

While in Germany, my grandfather who was the patriarch of our 'ohana, fell ill in America and died. His death marked a time of great change in the 'ohana. Everyone's role in the 'ohana was affected by his passing. His children were especially affected as they assumed roles within the 'ohana that we took for granted was his -- the leader, the po'o, the story-teller, the kupuna, the organizer, the face of our ancestors. His children became the elders in the family and those of my generation were elevated to mākua.

Soon after my grandfather's death, my wife and I hānai a baby girl. I felt that my grandfather had sent baby to us. Within a few weeks, I evolved from a being a wandering soul in Germany into a father with a shared kuleana to raise a daughter.

The hānai of my daughter, helped me realize the significance of my trip to Germany and the passing of my grandfather. My experiences as well as the relationships I developed in Germany, would provide insight into the relationships I would need to help my daughter develop with 'ohana and 'āina. The passing of my grandfather signaled the transfer of a kuleana of mālama to the next generation.

My life and research is focused on my kuleana as a makua – father and kumu.

Article 2: Storytelling Amidst a Surge of Change

The voyages of Hōkūle‘a and the struggle for Kaho‘olawe of the late 1970’s, were significant events in the history of our people. These events and more importantly, the kānaka who took action to make these events happen, were part of a larger political and social movement amongst Hawaiians to be self-determining. These events served as a call to action for many Hawaiians and examples of what could be accomplished through a focused kuleana and hard work.

The stories about Hōkūle‘a and Kaho‘olawe are some of the foundational stories we share with our kids. These stories are told with pride about the diligence and focus of our kūpuna. These stories are about their relentless efforts to care for us and the ‘āina. These stories are about aloha in action, kuleana in action, and about aloha ‘āina.

In this article I discuss the role of stories and storytellers in the transfer of Indigenous knowledge and in Indigenous efforts to be self-determining. In particular I examine the role of Hawaiian (scholars) storytellers in the academy, the spaces they have created and captured within the university system, and their efforts to bring about change.

I look at how the stories told by Hawaiian scholars in their dissertation work at the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa (UHM) exemplify the circular nature of a transformative praxis as described by Graham Smith (2007) and shows that the transformative work of Hawaiian scholars is located at multiple sites (disciplines) within the university system. I discuss seminal works by Hawaiian scholars at UHM and discuss how these works have influenced my meandering within a transformative praxis and

subsequently my research and work at the university. As a Hawaiian scholar at the UHM, it is my kuleana to build upon the transformative work of Hawaiian scholars and participate in claiming academic spaces for our people.

Article 3: 'Upena Ho'olei: From Indigenous Paradigm to Indigenous Action

My grandfather sought knowledge about fishing and 'upena making utilizing 'ohana traditions and ways of knowing in order to feed his family. Real research, according to Maaka (2004), must address real life needs using methodologies grounded in our Indigenous traditions. Grandpa's research on fishing traditions helps us to realize what real research is.

Indigenous researchers (Kovach, 2005; Maaka, 2004; L. Smith, 1999; Weber-Pillwax, 2001; Wilson, 2008; Wong, 2004) have contributed to conversations about the efforts of Indigenous peoples to take control of research within our communities. L. Smith (1999) articulates an Indigenous research agenda that is strategically focused on the goal of self-determination for Indigenous peoples. In an effort to forward an Indigenous research agenda as described by L. Smith (1999), Wilson (2008) embarks on a spiritual journey to articulate an Indigenous research paradigm through a series of conversations with his peers and through critical reflection in the form of stories addressed to his children that is centered on the notion of "relational accountability" (p. 77).

In this article, I describe a conceptual framework I developed, grounded in relational accountability (as a father, kumu, makua) based on the construction of an

‘upena ho’olei (Cast-fishing-net). I describe the processes (mo’olelo, writing, observation, reflection, doing) I engage in to seek and analyze knowledge to help my daughter and my students understand their, face, heart, and foundation (Cajete, 1994).

Article 4: Looking In the Hole with My Three-Prong Cocked

Reference:

Cashman, K. A. (2004). Looking in the hole with my three-prong cocked. *Educational Perspectives*, 37 (1), 18-22.

Article 5: Still Looking in the Hole with My Three-Prong Cocked: Fire the Pōhaku Cannon

Reference:

Cashman, K. A. (2009). Still looking in the hole with my three-prong cocked: Fire the pōhaku cannon. *AlterNative: An International Journal of Indigenous Peoples. Special Issue: Ke Ala Hou: Breaking Trail in Hawaiian Research and Development*, 5 (2), 28-45.

Linda Smith (1999) states that Indigenous stories are “ways of passing down the beliefs and values of a culture in the hope that the new generations will treasure them and pass the story down further” (pp. 144-145). The stories and the storytellers function “to connect the past with the future one generation with the other, the land with the people and the people with the story “ (pp. 144-145). According to Cajete (1994), it is through story that we explain and come to understand ourselves. “Story – in creative combination with encounters, experiences, image making, ritual, play, imagination, dream, and modeling – forms the basic foundation of all human learning and teaching” (p. 68).

“Looking in the Hole With My Three-Prong Cocked” and “Still Looking in the Hole With My Three-Prong Cocked: Fire the Pōhaku Cannon” are collections of stories and experiences focused on the intergenerational transfer of knowledge. The stories speak

about our connections to people, to place, our beliefs, aspirations, celebrations, and struggles. Within the stories are our languages and our worldviews. The stories give us hope, they encourage us to persevere, and they serve as reminders of the need for celebrations. I use stories to teach, to honor kūpuna, and to celebrate life. As a father and a kumu, I utilize stories to build, maintain, and be accountable to relationships. The stories are a means through which I am able to be accountable to my kuleana to my relationships.

In particular, the stories are written for my daughter to help her understand her relationships and her kuleana within relationships. Others are provided access to the stories in hopes that it will move them to critically reflect on their own kuleana to their relationships.

The stories I share are from my observations, experiences, stories I have heard, and my reflections through journaling. I also incorporate poems, conversations, kaona, and mele within the collection of stories that I feel are appropriate to address overarching themes within each collection.

Article 4: “Looking In the Hole with My Three-Prong Cocked” is a collection of stories with a particular focus on the identity of our hui. The question, “Who am I?” is addressed throughout the collection. The question is answered through stories of the relationships that define us. This collection of stories culminates with a reminder that we ultimately define who we are.

Article 5: “Still Looking in the Hole with My Three-Prong Cocked: Fire the Pōhaku Cannon” is a collection of stories with a focus on the beliefs and “way of doing” of our

‘ohana. This collection was inspired by a kupuna from Hāna, Maui who exemplifies kuleana to people and place. The question, “Das how?” is posed and addressed throughout the collection. The question is answered through stories that provide examples of self-determination, relentlessness, perseverance, stubbornness, creativity, and spiritual motivation. Humor is purposefully incorporated into the collection of stories. The reader is encouraged to engage with the stories as well as reflect on her/his own kuleana. The collection culminates with the question, “Das How?” morphing into a declaration, “Das How!”. “Das How!” is a call for other Hawaiians to declare, however tentative, what their kuleana is and to take the appropriate actions to address their kuleana. “Das How!”

Article 6: Aloha Kumu

Where Indigenous peoples are in educational crisis, indigenous educators must be trained to be change agents whose primary task is the transformation of undesirable circumstances. They must develop radical pedagogy that is informed by their cultural preferences and by their own critical circumstances. They must be taught about the importance of reflecting on and questioning their work.

(Smith, G., 2004, p. 55)

My kuleana as a kumu at the University of Hawai‘i is to prepare and support teachers at schools in Hawaiian communities. In “Aloha Kumu”, I discuss efforts to provide a professional-development program for teachers in Nānākuli and Wai‘anae in collaboration with a community-based organizations. I reflect on the need for the

program, the motivation to offer the program, the challenges we are currently facing, and the lessons we are learning. “Aloha Kumu” is also a space to critically reflect on the transformative nature of the program being offered.

Article 7: Celebrating: A Spiritual Journey

Reference:

Cashman, K. A. (2010). Celebrating a spiritual journey. *Canadian Journal of Native Education: Connecting to Spirit in Indigenous Research*, 33 (1), 9, 152-153.

Amidst the struggles that families experience, under the weight of our spiritual journeys that often sends our emotions to the extremes, we sometimes forget that the people that need to be celebrated are the ones that are closest to us. They bare the brunt of the storms that our spiritual journeys cause. “Celebrating: A Spiritual Journey” is a collection of stories and thought pieces that are a part of a celebration of who we are as Indigenous peoples. Celebrating is a vital part of our spiritual journeys. In this collection, I encourage celebrations. The readers are invited to join in on the celebrations.

Spiritually we are moved to celebrate.

Join us in the celebration.

Join us in the celebration of our spiritual journeys,

of who we are, and where we are from.

Join us in the celebration of all that we do in the name of our people.

Join us in the celebration of each other.

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ARTICLE ONE: ALOHA PĒ: KA HULIAU

We are the stories we tell. This is the story I tell.¹

Fire the Pōhaku Cannon

This is the world we saw.

This is the world we are seeing.

This is the world we want for you.

This is our journey to create a world for you.

This is the story of our journey.

This is the story of the firing of the Pōhaku Cannon!²

Ka Huliau

A series of events that occurred approximately ten years ago had a profound effect on my life. These events occurred within a very short period of time and have set me on a particular path, a life's journey.

Going Home to Kelemānia

Day one – We are on our way to Kelemānia, the motherland of sorts – the homeland of my great-great grand parents. This is my first visit to Kelemānia and maybe my last. It is,

¹ This caption was inspired by a phrase used by Thomas King (2003), "The truth about stories is that that's all we are." (p. 2)

² According to Gregory Cajete (1994), "Humans are one and all storytelling animals. Through story we explain and come to understand ourselves. Story – in creative combination with encounters, experiences, image making, ritual, play, imagination, dream, and modeling – forms the basic foundation of all human learning and teaching." (P. 68)

therefore, a very special trip. I feel like I am going home. I feel a strong connection to Kelemānia.

This is also the homeland of my ipo's 'ohana. Unlike myself, she still has a relationship with her relatives in Kelemānia. They will be taking care of us during our visit. I have not met them yet, but I have heard many stories about them and their 'āina and am eager to meet them all. There is a bit of apprehension as well. I am not sure of what to expect from the German people in general. I am a dark-skinned Hawaiian man with long-bushy hair. I am assuming that I look different from most of the German people. How will I be treated? Will the family welcome me? Will my ipo and I be in any kind of danger because of the way I look? I am not sure of what to expect. But still I am eager to visit Kelemānia and meet the 'ohana. I am eager to learn about Kelemānia and maybe find a connection to my own 'ohana. I not sure. I little bit scared.

Nā Pua O Ingelheim

We meet the 'ohana at the airport and they seem eager to meet us. They greet the women with bunches of flowers that they tell us were picked from their gardens. Most of the younger folk speak a little English so we are able to talk-story. We head to the house where we will be staying. It is located about 30 minutes from the airport in a town called Ingelheim. The town seems to be similar in size to Wahiawā. There are a number of fields with fruits and vegetables growing and old, but well-kept stone buildings. There are also signs of modernization -- a Walmart, graffiti, new homes are being built. 'Anakala points in the direction of some of his fields and tells us he will take us on a tour of the area once we are settled in. As we approach our destination, it feels

like we have stepped back in time. The cobblestone pathways, barely wide enough for our car, wind between rows of old brick houses. Large brick walls completely surround each house and courtyard giving each a fortress like feel. We drive up to a sliding gate made of wood that is the entrance to 'Anakala's place. He opens the gate and we drive into the courtyard fronting his house. The beautiful two-story home overlooks the courtyard, that they tell us, once housed farm animals during the winter months. The courtyard is quite large. There is enough space for about eight cars. There is a dining table and some chairs set up in a corner of the courtyard. The family has prepared a meal that is waiting for us. 'Anakala, however, insists that we tour his fields before we eat.

Das Cherries

The fields are about two-blocks away from the house. 'Anakala's mo'opuna lead the way as we walk through the quiet town to the fields. The mo'opuna, two boys who are about 4 or 5 years old, run ahead of our group and seem just as excited as 'Anakala to show us their 'āina. We catch up with them a few minutes later. One of the boys picks a few yellow flowers to take home to put on the dinner table. We climb up a dirt mound that borders the fields and are amazed at how big the 'āina is -- at least a hundred acres of neatly sectioned fields of cherries, apples, Mirabelle plums, strawberries, asparagus, and a variety of other crops. 'Anakala tells us that the fields belong to different families in the community. He points to his 'āina, his daughter's 'āina, and his son's 'āina. We walk towards his 'āina along the dirt path that runs between the sectioned fields and see some of the other families working. According to 'Anakala, the families try to help each

other during the harvest seasons. I also notice huge piles of firewood stacked on every field. 'Anakala tells us that they store the wood for use during the cold winters.

We stop at one of 'Anakala's 'āina -- roughly 5 acres full of cherry trees aligned in rows.

Each cherry tree is about 10 – 15 feet tall. I don't know much about cherry trees but it seems like they are ready to be harvested. Each tree is just loaded with Cherries. Cherry juice is believed to help alleviate the pain associated with gout attacks. If I have a gout attack on the trip, I know where I need to come.

We return to the house and spend the evening eating, talking, laughing, and singing. The 'ohana is beautiful. I can already tell that they are a strong, proud, and 'olu'olu people. They remind me of our 'ohana at home in Hawai'i. I see personality traits of members of our 'ohana from Hawai'i in many of them.

Land and people

Today will be another busy day. We wake up early in the morning and prepare to work in the fields with the 'ohana. It is cherry season in Ingelhiem and 'Anakala them have a lot of cherries to harvest. The 'ohana have already done so much for us. It is good to finally have an opportunity to help them out in some way. This is a chance for us to move beyond just being visitors to actually being a part of the working 'ohana and to show them that helping each other is a natural part of how we do things too.

We load the trailer and the tractor with buckets and ladders and make our way to the 'āina. I sit on the tractor fender as 'Anakala speeds to his destination. I hope I don't fall off the tractor and die in Kelemānia.

We reach the 'āina and 'Anakala gives us a quick demonstration on how to pick cherries. I set up a ladder, climb up, and begin picking cherries. There are four of us picking the cherries while the rest of the 'ohana collect and carry the harvest to the trailer to be unloaded. I eat most of the cherries I pick from the first tree I work on. The cherries are 'ono.

It feels really good to be working. I feel like I am a contributing member of their 'ohana. There is somewhat of a language barrier but we are all working together. We speak the language of hard work and taking care of each other.

I am overwhelmed by the fact that I am working in a cherry field in Kelemānia. I am lucky to have this opportunity. It is tiring work. Hopefully we can work again tomorrow. On a much sadder note, I receive word from our 'ohana at home that Grandpa has fallen ill and has been admitted to a hospital. He is not doing well. Our thoughts are with him.

Hale Pule

We head south today to visit 'ohana in Kotschach, Austria. We'll be on the road for about a week accompanied by 'Anakala and 'Anakē. This is not a good time for 'Anakala and 'Anakē to be away from their 'āina, but they are concerned about us traveling alone across Kelemānia. We'll try to get back to Ingelheim as soon as possible so we can finish harvesting cherries.

We pass a number of small towns along the way to Kotschach and see people working their 'āina. There are bails of hay dotting the fields. Their 'āina, like 'Anakala's, are beautiful. Everyone seems to be preparing for winter. We stop at a few of the towns to rest and look around. The towns are all very similar. Each of them has a few shops, old

buildings, and a small church. We make it a point to visit each church to aloha what seems to be the soul of the town. There are graveyards in close proximity to each of the churches. I wander about the cemeteries scanning the headstones for our 'ohana names but find none. I think of Grandpa especially while we visit the churches and make simple offerings in his name. I know he would appreciate the mana of these places. He is with us along this journey through his homeland.

Schonau

On Konigsee, we take a boat ride out to St. Bartholomew's Church. The church consists of three white towers with red-fluted roofs. There is a clear reflection of the towers in the water. The water of Konigsee is a shade of blue that I have never seen before. It is beautiful. Snow capped mountains surround Konigsee. The air is cold but fresh. The boat captain plays a German melody on his bugle that he dedicates to Grandma. The sound from the bugle echoes throughout the Konigsee valley. At Konigsee, Grandma then share stories about their childhood in Kelemānia.

Reiden

After driving all day, we find our way to a quiet little town called Reiden. The town seems to have gone to sleep for the night. We find a bed and breakfast to stay for the night. Our hui takes up three of the five rooms in the old house. We rest for a moment and then take a walk through the town. We visit the church that is at the center of the town. We go into the dimly-lit church to pule, and then head back to our "old house".

We wake up in the morning to the sound of cows mooing and cow bells clanking. The ground floor of the house we are staying at is apparently a stable for approximately ten cows. We see through the screenless window, an elderly man walking with the cows through the town. We find out from the inn-keeper that the cows are kept in the stable during the cold nights and taken to the fields in the morning to graze. At Reiden, we listen to 'Anakala tell stories in German. They must be good stories because the kūpuna are laughing. We laugh along with them as if we understand exactly what they are saying. I hope they are not talking about us. My ipo and I listen intently for our names as they talk with each other. We don't hear our names mentioned but they may have already given us German nicknames that we are unaware of. We continue to laugh along with them. I think they are talking about us. Good fun!

Maria Luggau

Maria Luggau near the border of Austria and Italy – As we drive through Italy, my ipo notices a display of the stations-of-the-cross made out of wood in a field. We stop to look. The church of Maria Luggau is nearby. The church is beautiful. The exterior is painted white with gold trim. Gold is the predominant color on the inside. The alter is surrounded by statues that appear to be glowing. It is an easy place to sit, be silent, and pule. Grandpa is in our thoughts all the time. As we are leaving Maria Luggau, Tūtū reminds us of a road sign we saw as we drove into town. The message on the sign is a notice to all visitors to take their “rubbish” with them as they leave the town. This is a good message. Our 'ōpala is not their kuleana. It is ours. This is a good sign for home. This is something I can imagine Grandpa saying.

‘Anakē Mutter

‘Anakē Mutter took care of the kids when she was a kid herself. She is our oldest relative and a tough, but equally as kind, lady. She lives alone in her home in Kotschach, Austria but her children and grandchildren live nearby. From the balcony of her house, we can see a church across the valley. The church is nestled in the forest and is barely visible if not for the lone light coming from its bell tower. In the room that we are staying in, there is a black and white picture of twenty-seven young men in German military uniforms. We find out from ‘Anakē Mutter that the picture is of the young men from Kotschach who died in World War II. These men, or these boys, in the picture seem so young. ‘Anakē Mutter then share stories about the war, the camps, the loss, and the exodus to Hawai‘i.

Amidst the beauty of this place, there is a sadness that I sense, especially when I listen to ‘Anakē Mutter, that I am trying to understand. Through her stories, ‘Anakē Mutter makes me feel like I have lived her experiences. I almost understand her tears, her sense of loss, her struggles, her aloha for her ‘ohana, and her aloha for this place. I sense, as she speaks, that she is telling us that the end of something is near - the end of a life, the end of a way of life, the end of a relationship. I’m not sure. But I think ‘Anakē Mutter is looking forward to the end. ‘Anakē Mutter’s house is a spiritual place for everyone.

‘Anakē Schwester

The church of St. Hildegard sits above the Rhine river and Rudesheim. You can see it from the fields in Ingelheim. This is ‘Anakē Schwester them’s church. Miracles are

attributed to this church and its nearby streams.

Grandma tells stories about St. Hildegard, the Rhine, and her childhood. Grandma is now in her eighties and has a difficult time traveling. She shares a story about her fear that her next trip to Kelemānia may be her last.

Our journey in Kelemānia is nearing its end. We are back in Ingleheim and everyone seems glad to be “home”. There is much to be done in the fields so we’ll spend the next few days picking cherries with the ‘ohana. The best part of the trip is the time we spend helping the family in the fields. Helping them is a way for us to mahalo them for their aloha.

We are preparing for our trip home. We are not looking forward to saying goodbye to everyone. Our ‘ohana in Kelemānia is beautiful. They shared their homes with us. We shared stories. We worked together. We helped each other. They made me feel like I was one of their own. I feel a strong connection to them and with the places that are dear to them. It feels like I am at home.

As we pack our things for our journey home, there is one gift in particular, amongst all the gifts that we picked up for our family that is especially important. It is a wooden crucifix inscribed with the names of the churches and places we visited on our trip. The crucifix is for Grandpa. Grandpa is a man of God. The crucifix is a way for us to bring the pule we said for him along our journey throughout Europe, directly to him. We want to give the pule to him. It is our way to aloha him.

From Kelemānia,

We travel to see Grandpa who is still in a hospital in the states.

This is the last time we see him.

This is the last time we speak with him.

The last story he tells us is about fishing in Hāmoa.

He passed away soon after our visit.

He passed away, way too soon.

We are the stories we tell. This is the story I tell.

There is a mele by Noland Conjugation entitled, “Great Hawaiian Man.” When I hear this mele, I am reminded of some of the kāne in our ‘ohana, especially Grandpa.

Thoughts of him and his life ring through as I hear this mele.

A Great Hawaiian Man

We knew a great Hawaiian man, him made of ‘āina, of many sands.

And as we watched him walk within the waters off Hōkū‘ula,

we found ourselves surrounded in the wonder of his life.

His story continues, “It’s a white man’s world.”

We knew a great Hawaiian man, he was a simple fisherman.

We can clearly see him from the place he told us to quietly wait. He helps us realize the reason why we carry on.

Sail on our soul of Haneo‘o. The ‘iwa spreads its wings and carries us home.

You are the path, take us home, take us home.

His story continues, "Every Generation has its war."

We knew a great Hawaiian man. He is standing with us in a sacred land.

In those final moments, we could feel it in the grasp of his old hands and we understood. We are the children left to carry on. We are tomorrow, we are living here today, holding on to wisdom that he gave us yesterday.

His story continues, "Be proud you Hawaiian."

We knew a great Hawaiian man. We watched him walk in the waters off Haneo'o.

We found ourselves wandering in the moments of his life.

Fly on soul of Haneo'o, take us home Grandpa, we wanna go home.

His story continues, "Haneo'o is home."

Aloha e Tūtū Kāne

He was the po'o of our family. He was an important connection for us to our ancestors, to places, and to a time long gone. Through the stories he shared with us and by just spending time with him, we learned who Grandpa was - his beliefs, his way of doing things, his aloha for people and place, and his hopes and dreams. I realized much later in life that as we were learning about Grandpa, we were also learning about ourselves, our kūpuna, and our home. Grandpa was our connection not only to past events and our kūpuna, he was our connection to ourselves. He was helping us to understand who we are and where we are from. He was also helping us to build and understand our relationship to people and place, and therefore understand our kuleana to people and place.

Ka Huliau

Grandpa's passing marked a time of great change. Everyone's role in the family was affected by his passing. His children were especially affected as they assumed roles within the 'ohana that we took for granted were his -- the leader, the po'o, the storyteller, the kupuna, the organizer, the face of our ancestors. His children became the elders in the family.

With our po'o gone it became all of our kuleana to tell his story and the stories he shared lest we forget who we were. His passing is a stark reminder of how quickly time passes by and how urgent it is for us to seek the knowledge and insights of our kūpuna.

Only a moment after our journey to Kelemānia,

Only a moment after his passing,

In the midst of celebrating his life,

A daughter was born!

Hulō! Hulō!

Our baby is here!

A little girl sent to us by Grandpa them,

A little girl in the likeness of them.

Hulō! Hulō!

Reflection: Our daughter is here. And we hold gifts in our hands to share with her given to us by Grandpa them, our 'ohana in Hawai'i, our 'ohana in Kelemānia, and the places we hold dear. Our gifts are our experiences, mo'olelo, connections to people and place, and our aloha. We hope she comes to cherish these things and sees them as integral

aspects of who we are as a hui. We hope that an appreciation for these gifts helps her understand her kuleana to care for our hui.

We are the stories we tell. This is the story I tell.

“He hi’i alo ua milmili ‘ia i ke alo, ua ha’awe ‘ia ma ke kua, ua lei ‘ia ma ka ‘ā’ī” (Pukui, 1983, p. 67). There is nothing more special in our lives than our children. “Ka lei hā’ule ‘ole, he keiki” (p. 156). Children give meaning to our lives. They are our future. “Make no ke kalo a ola i ka palili” (p. 229). They are the center of our lives. Children, all children, are gifts to be cherished.

As I was growing up, I heard many stories about our kūpuna who cared for others.

Kūpuna who cared for others, especially those who cared for children, were well respected in our family. They were celebrated. Accounts of their lives were memorialized in stories that were told over and over again. They were the kūpuna who were chosen by our parents and grandparents to be remembered. They were the special kūpuna, whose lives and actions we were encouraged to emulate. I ka nānā no a ‘ike. They were the kūpuna, through whom, our family’s ‘ano evolved. They were the kūpuna that would continue to live through stories.

The stories of these kūpuna became part of our lives. From these stories, I understood that the mana of kūpuna and mākua in our family was based, in part, on how he/she took care of children. From these stories, I learned that the kuleana of mākua and kūpuna in our ‘ohana was to care for the ‘ohana, especially our children.

Ka Mo'olelo o Tūtū Malino

Tūtū Malino, we were told, was the kupuna who took care of all of the kids in the family. She was the kupuna who made sure the kids had birthday and Christmas presents. She was the kupuna directly responsible for making sure the kids were safe, piha, and felt loved. From the stories we heard, it seemed like Tūtū Malino thought of everyone else before herself. She was the one whom everyone was confident they could turn to in time of need – even the adults. She treated all of the kids like they were her own children. And she was the kupuna who reminded other kūpuna of their kuleana to take care of their kids. She had a good-good soul. Stories about Tūtū Malino are told over and over again even though she passed many years ago.

I heard stories about Tūtū Malino but I also have my own memories of her. And from these memories along with the stories I have heard, I know that Tūtū Malino had plenty mana. There are a few in our hui who possess some of her qualities and this is good to see. Tūtū Malino is still here.

I see Tūtū Malino

One day, I rode in the back seat of a car with Tūtū Malino and her ipo. Tūtū Malino was sitting in the front-passenger seat and her ipo was driving. We were speeding along and Tūtū Malino was yelling to her ipo to drive faster. “Hurry up! Hurry up!!!!” Her ipo remained silent as he drove the car - faster and faster. I was scared. We pulled up to a house and the car screeched to a stop. This was Tūtū Malino’s sister’s house. “Keep the car running!” yelled Tūtū Malino. Her ipo sat nervously with his hands tightly squeezing the steering wheel. He didn’t say a word. I think he was scared too. Tūtū Malino bolted

out of the car and into the house. I couldn't see what was going on but I heard yelling, swearing, and things being knocked around. I was even more scared now. I watched the front door as the ruckus continued. Then the door exploded open and Tūtū Malino came roaring out of the house holding a baby in one arm and an oxygen bottle in the other. Tūtū Malino made her way to the car while the baby's mom, tattered and worn, frantically chased after her. As the baby's mom got closer, Tūtū Malino turned back and swung the oxygen bottle in her direction. The oxygen bottle nearly hit the baby's mom in the head. The mother backed off but kept yelling. Tūtū Malino got in the car and in an eerily calm voice said, "Let's go." We sped off with baby in Tūtū Malino's arms. I found out later that the mother was threatening to harm baby. Tūtū Malino went into the house and took baby. Tūtū Malino just took baby from the mother. Tūtū Malino never gave baby back to the mother. Tūtū Malino was relentless, even crazy at times, in her care for children. Long live Tūtū Malino.

We are the Stories we tell. This is the story I tell.

Mālama iā 'Oe

You came to us in a flash and we weren't sure about how to proceed, what to do, what to teach you, and what was best for you. We did know, however, that circumstances required us to focus on protecting you and making sure you would remain with us forever. Our focus at the time was not on plotting a life's course for you. Survival, the survival of our family unit, was at stake. A lot of people were sharing advice with us about what we should do and what we shouldn't do for the survival of our family. We considered, however, that the advice we were getting, although most of it offered with

good intentions, was coming from people who had never been in our situation before. The stress, the panic, and the fear we felt when you first came to us, were things that people could sense, but not really understand. We had to make major decisions that would affect the rest of our lives based on what we alone felt was correct. We had to overcome our concerns about what others thought of our decisions. We had to be strong. We had to be extremely focused because, again, the future of our family was at stake. Without you, there was no family. We felt we were all alone and in some ways this was a good thing. Being alone helped us to stay focused and forced us to trust ourselves.

As I reflect on those early years, I am relieved that things worked out well. We feel safe now. I realize, however, that we were not as alone as we thought we were. Our kūpuna were helping us along our journey. The stories we heard about kūpuna, like Tūtū G, and the ‘ike they would send to us through dreams, through chance happenings, through Kōkua who would just happen to appear when needed most, helped us to stay strong and to make difficult decisions during a tumultuous time in our lives. Our kūpuna were watching out for us and in their own way, showing us what to do and when to do things. They were guiding us along a path that led us to our kuleana to mālama you.

“Ka ‘ike a ka makua he hei na ke keiki” (Pukui, 1983, p. 151).

The knowledge of the parents is (unconsciously) absorbed by the child.

We constantly reflect on what we have experienced and what we have seen in our lives, as we care for you. Reflecting on our experiences helps us to figure out what we need to teach you and provide for you.

This is what (the world) I saw.

I saw a man, a fire, raging.

The biggest fire I had ever seen.

A cane fire, full on out of control and just eating up everything in its path.

The smoke so thick, I could barely see through it. Black ash fell from the sky.

I saw a man battling a raging fire.

Doing whatever it took to put out a fire.

Working through the night, without sleep or drink, to put out a fire.

Never stopping to think about how hot or tired he was.

I saw a man possessed to put out a fire.

I saw Tūtū Waiāhole, a man possessed.

I saw a mother caring for her mom.

I saw a mother caring for her mom whose soul was already gone.

I saw a mom caring for her mom while still caring for her young children.

I saw mom, Tūtū Malino, caring for everyone.

I saw celebrations. I saw Merry Christmas. I saw Happy New Year.

I saw Happy Easter. I saw May Day. I saw fireworks on July 4.

I saw us celebrating the celebrations of the celebrated.

But, I also saw us celebrating each other, celebrating our home,

celebrating the lives of kūpuna.

I saw a people marching. Marching in unison.

A sea of 'āweoweo

Holding hands, chanting, a people marching, a people on the move,

amidst a surging sea of red. A call from beyond.

A people and a family all too familiar with kū'ē

once again, like our kūpuna, marching in the streets.

Amidst a surging sea of 'āweoweo.

I saw, through stories, the people and places Tūtū them spoke about.

I met, through stories, a kupuna whom I had only known through a faded photograph.

I heard the voice of Kupuna Kumu, who died a generation before I was born, as she shared 'ohana stories. I understood, from the stories, their beliefs, their dreams, their kuleana, and their struggles.

I saw my ipo.

We were camping with my ipo's family in Kahuku. The campsite was on the backside of the golf course and near to the ocean. It was a rough place to camp. We were basically camping in the bushes. The closest bathroom was a couple miles away. This was my first camping trip with my ipo's family and I wanted to show them, well, mostly my father-in-law, that I was a tough guy and could handle the rough camping conditions. I sensed that my ipo also wanted me to prove my worth to her father. Her father is a tough bull who likes to do manly things like hunt, fish, play with guns, and tease younger men like me. The pressure was on. I was confident that I could handle the rough camping

conditions but I wasn't sure to what extent he was going to ridicule me in front of the family and/or how he was going to assess my manly abilities.

After we set up the tents, the cooking/eating area, and the portable bathroom, we all sat under the main tent to relax. It was about mid-day. My ipo, who was by my side, softly whispered to me, "My father them going lay net this afternoon." "Right on. They like me go with them?" I responded. My ipo, with a worried look on her face, sternly said, "You have to go with them!" I wasn't worried though. Most of the men on the camping trip were much older than I was. I thought if they could make it through the waves and lay the nets, I should have no problem.

The afternoon came, and the men gathered to prepare the nets. I joined in on the preparation. It seemed like about 10 of us were going to be setting the nets in the water. That was more than enough people to do the job. The nets were tied together and loaded into an inner-tube connected to a plywood base. We carried the nets to the water's edge and I thought, "OK, this won't be too bad. All 10 of us will swim out through the waves, drop the nets, and return to shore." My strategy was to stay on the margins of the group as we swam out, conserve my energy, and make it back to shore alive. We pushed the tube into the water and we put on our diving gear. I realized then that only three of us were putting on diving gear. "Oh My God!" I thought to myself, "Where's everyone else?" The other men who prepared the nets had no intention of going in the water. They were slowly retreating up the beach and were not about to change their minds. I stood in the water with my diving gear on - my ipo's father and another poor soul stood next to me. With only three of us in the water, I would have to

work extra hard to prove to my ipo's father that I was a real man – a man worthy of his daughter. There was no chance for me to hide amidst a school of elderly swimmers.

"What, ready?" my ipo's father grunted.

"Ya. We go." I replied.

I took hold of the tow-rope connected to the inner-tube and began to psyche myself up to pull the nets out through the waves. My ipo's father and the other diver swam ahead.

I submerged my body into the water and pushed off from shore. The inner-tube was extremely heavy under the weight of the nets. I put my face down into the water and struggled to pull the inner-tube. But then I felt the weight of the inner-tube lighten as if something, perhaps a wave, was pushing it from behind. I looked back to see what, or who was helping to lighten the load. It was my ipo. My ipo! She, seeing that only a few of us were in the water, grabbed some diving gear and jumped in the water to help out.

I couldn't have pulled that inner-tube out into the surf without her. We took the nets out, set them under the direction of my ipo's father, and swam back to shore. It was hard work and we were exhausted. We swam back to shore and sat for a while to catch our breath. My ipo's father looked at me and then gestured in the direction of his daughter,

"How that girl, rugged ah?"

"Rugged", I replied.

I realized that he didn't care how rugged I was. Only I cared about how rugged I was. He just wanted me to see how special his daughter was and how special she was to him.

That day, I saw my ipo and her hui.

I saw another man possessed.

My ipo told me a story about what had happened in front of our house just the other day. Our neighbors across the street were arguing/fighting. They argue a lot. Usually their fights are not too bad - a lot of yelling coming from their house but nothing more than that. We usually don't even see them fighting, we just hear em. But on this day, according to my ipo, the neighbors, a husband and wife, were arguing in the front of their house in plain view of all of our neighbors. The husband was standing on the street yelling to his wife who was standing on their porch. My ipo didn't know what they were arguing about. But she heard the husband yelling, "You like see possessed? You like see possessed? I show you possessed!" My ipo tried to copy the husband's gestures as she told me the story. My ipo even had this crazy look in her eyes as she spoke the words.

"You like see possessed? You like see possessed?"

Then, according to my ipo, my neighbor started acting crazy. He motioned his arms in a forward-spinning windmill type of action and kept yelling at his wife, "You like see possessed ah? I show you possessed! I show you possessed!" My ipo was really getting into telling the story. She spun her arms to simulate what the neighbor was doing. And then, according to my ipo, he began messing up his hair while he continued yelling, "You like see possessed, ah? I show you possessed! I show you possessed!"

As my ipo told and acted out the story, I envisioned the possessed neighbor in my mind. I could see him standing in front of his house. I saw a man whose frustration level perhaps peaked, which resulted in a "crazy-looking" street performance. I sort of understood his frustration.

As my ipo told the story, I thought of another story involving that same neighbor. A few days prior, I drove into my garage after a long day of work. As I got out of the car, I saw my “possessed neighbor” walking across the street in my direction. I walked towards him and we shook hands at the edge of my driveway.

Possessed neighbor: Wassup Hawaiian.

Kimo: Hey, how you Hawaiian?

Possessed neighbor: Good, good. Ah cuz, we making one fundraiser to bring my daughter home from school for the holidays. We selling pasteles and Gandule rice. If you like pick up some, let me know. The ting ‘ono.

Kimo: Yeah, yeah, shoots. Where she going school?

Neighbor/Father: She go school in Washington.

I assumed that his daughter was of college age and was attending a university in Washington. But he explained that his 10-year old daughter, who was legally deaf and blind, lived with relatives in Washington and attended a “special school.”

Possessed Father: We going bring my daughter home for Christmas.

Where I live, we don’t ask our neighbors to help out with our fundraisers. There is an unspoken rule that we don’t ask each other to buy stuff. We kind of just keep to our selves. But this possessed father was going to all of our neighbors to sell pasteles and Gandule rice. The possessed father was doing what he needed to do to bring his daughter home.

The story I heard:

Father: You like see possessed? I show you possessed!

I going bring my daughter home!

I saw a space in need of transformation.

One day, I attended a meeting with other faculty members at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa's College of Education (COE) in which a representative from the federal government inquired about the efforts of COE faculty to address the educational needs of Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders, including Native Hawaiians. I chose to attend the meeting hoping to share aspects of our program and to see how the Feds could support our efforts.

I realized just how big the college was as I sat in that meeting. Only a few of the COE faculty members in attendance were familiar to me. As we spoke about our respective programs, I heard, for the first time, about the multitude of programs within the COE that were intent on helping Native Hawaiians. My colleagues were talking about programs dealing with Native Hawaiian health issues, Native Hawaiians and Special Education, Native Hawaiians and science education, culturally relevant Native Hawaiian curriculum – just a wide variety of programs. Some spoke about their desire to ultimately empower Hawaiians. Empower Hawaiians?

None of my counterparts at that meeting was Native Hawaiian. I was the only Hawaiian in attendance. I knew they were not Hawaiian by the way they spoke about my people. By the way they spoke about their projects. They use words like, “them, they, theirs.” I did not hear words like, “Us, our people, my ‘ohana.”

And as my counterparts spoke, none of them looked at me – the only Native Hawaiian in the room. They seemed to be speaking only to each other. Perhaps they were not concerned with what the only Native Hawaiian in the room had to say about their individual projects to help Native Hawaiians? They knew I was Hawaiian because I told all of them I was. But they seemed to be more concerned with what the others in the room thought of their efforts to “help” my people. They did not seem to care about the fact that, as they spoke about Native Hawaiians, they were speaking about me and my ‘ohana. And I was sitting right in front of them.

Perhaps to them, my ‘ohana, Native Hawaiians, were mere subjects in their little projects - Not real people with the capacity to think and determine for themselves. Perhaps, deep down, they were not thinking of me and mine as real people – just problems to be dealt with. Or maybe they were just concerned about advancing their academic careers on the backs of my people.

But there in that meeting of select COE faculty members, sat a Native Hawaiian man named Kimo. I listened as my colleagues spoke about how they were attempting to save my people. I listened to them speak about what they thought was best for me and my ‘ohana. I thought to myself, “Who do they think they are?” “Who do they think we (Native Hawaiians) are?” “They forget where they are!”

So I waited patiently for my colleagues to finish their sermons. I waited for just the right time to remind them that I am Hawaiian and that we (Hawaiians) determine for ourselves what is important for our people. And we determine how we take care of ourselves.

“Any final comments before we close the meeting?” said the meeting facilitator.

“Yes, I want to end the meeting by thanking all of you for the work that you do for my people. Mahalo Nui!!!”

Mahalo Nui!

I used the word Mahalo purposefully. Mahalo is a powerful word. It is commonly used to acknowledge the generosity of others, but it can also be used to claim, to show ownership over something, and to protect mana.

“Mahalo to all of you.”

“As you folks spoke about your projects and efforts to help my people,

I kept hearing you folks use the term Native Hawaiian.

When you folks talk about Native Hawaiians, you folks are talking about me and my family. When you talk about Hawaiian communities, you are talking about the community that my family lives in, the community that my daughter plays in, the community that I will drive to when I leave here today.

My name is Kimo.

Every time you think about or refer to Native Hawaiians,

I want you folks to think about me and my family.

Think about Kimo Them.

And any time you think of a project or program that might affect Kimo Them, obviously, you need to talk with Kimo Them about it before hand.

If, for some reason, you want to know how you can help Kimo Them, then you ask

Kimo Them how you can help. Ask Kimo Them.

Kimo Them will determine what is best for Kimo Them, as you will determine what is best for you and yours. If Kimo Them feel that Kimo Them need your kōkua, then Kimo Them will ask you for help. But don't do anything that will affect Kimo Them without getting Kimo Them's approval.

If you need to talk-story with Kimo Them, just stop by Kimo Them's offices.

Kimo Them's offices are right next door to yours.

Mahalo Everybody!

Kimo Them, are right here!

Native Hawaiians, are right here!

At the University of Hawai'i.

And here at the University of Hawai'i,

Kimo Them will address the concerns
that are most important to Kimo Them.

Mahalo

I saw hope for the future. In a dream, I saw mo'opuna running around and playing and laughing. I saw little mo'opuna eyes looking at us and wondering how big the world we saw really is. I dreamed we were looking forward at our mo'opuna. Pairs of old eyes serving as cloudy windows between generations of kūpuna experiences and keiki who will soon reciprocate to us things that we didn't know we didn't know.

He 'elele ka moe na ke kanaka.

A dream is a bearer of messages to man.

Aloha Pē,

We reflect on the dream.

And listen closely to the messages being sent to us.

The message that is most clear, is that the world we need to create for you,

is one that is simply full of love.

And hopefully, when it is your time to create a world that you dreamed about,

you will see too, that it need simply to be full of aloha.

Ua ola loko i ke aloha.

Love gives life within.

When I met mom's family, I was surprised how close knit her family was. They all lived in close proximity to each other and were a part of each other's daily lives. Mom and her immediate 'ohana lived next door to grandpa them. It must have been nice for her to see her grand parents everyday, to have them pick her up from school, to take her cruising, and to be able to go to their house whenever she wanted to eat their food.

Mom's aunties, uncles, and cousins would visit on almost a daily basis. There was always extended family around to help one another unconditionally, to irritate each other, and to just talk story and live life together. From the stories I heard, it wasn't always a happy place, but what a good way to live. The aloha was unconditional. What a good way to grow up.

Daddy grew up in a good place as well. We didn't see our extended family as often as mom saw hers. But we had a tight hui with Daddy, Papa, Tūtū, 'Anakala, and 'Anakē. We took care of each other and as you know, we still do today. You can call on them

whenever you need kōkua. “‘Ike aku, ‘ike mai, kōkua aku kōkua mai; pela iho la ka nohona ‘ohana” (Pukui, 1983, p. 130).

One day, I was talking with ‘Anakala Nā. I was talking about you and he was talking about his kids. He said this as we were talking.

The kids gotta have the love, to want to take care.

They gotta have the love from the hui and for the hui to go after what they need to take care of the hui.

Hopefully the kids will one day say to us,

“Daddy and mommy, how can we help you?”

“Daddy and Mommy, this is what we can do for you and our hui.”

“This is what we will do to take care.”

We are the stories we tell. This is the story I tell.

We are on a journey, Pē, to help you understand through story, our kuleana born out of love, to mālama our hui. These are the stories we tell.³

³I agree with Cajete’s (1994) statement regarding the importance of helping kids to understand story and context: “The difference between the transfer of knowledge in modern Western education and that of indigenous education is that in Western education information has been separated from the stories and presented as data, description, theory, and formula. Modern students are left to re-context the information within a story. The problem is that most students have not been conditioned by modern culture or education to re-context this information. Their natural sense for story has been schooled out of them. They do not know how to mobilize their imagination to interact with the content that they are presented – they have lost their innate awareness of story.” (p. 139-140)

Ho'olauele

These are the written works I reflected on as I wrote this piece.

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Berry, K. S. (2006). Research as bricolage. In Tobin, K. & Kincheloe, J. (Eds.), *Doing educational research: A handbook* (pp. 87-115). Rotterdam, Netherlands: Sense Publishers.

Cajete, G. (1994). *Look to the mountains: An ecology of indigenous education*. Skyland, North Carolina: Kivaki Press.

Cashman, K. A. (2004). Looking in the hole with my three-prong cocked. *Educational Perspectives*, 37 (1), 18-22.

Conjugation, N. (2009). Great Hawaiian man. On *Hawaiian man* [CD]. Hawaii: Mountain Apple Company.

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Maaka, M. J., Wong, K. L., & Oliveira K. R. K. (2011). When the children of their fathers push back!: Self-determination and the politics of indigenous research. In K. A. Davis (Ed.), *Critical qualitative research in second language studies: Agency and advocacy* (pp. 23-38). Charlotte, NC: Information Age Publishing.

Osorio, J. K. K. (2004). Gazing back: Communing with our ancestors. *Educational Perspectives*, 37(1), 14-17.

Pukui, M. K. (1983). *'Ōlelo no'eau: Hawaiian proverbs & poetical sayings*. Honolulu, Hawaii: Bishop Museum Press.

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Trask, H. (1993). *From a native daughter: Colonialism & sovereignty in Hawai'i*. Monroe, Maine: Common Courage Press.

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ARTICLE TWO: STORYTELLING AMIDST A SURGE OF CHANGE

In 1976, Hawaiians under the guidance of a master navigator from Satawal, Micronesia, Mau Piailug, successfully sailed the double-hulled canoe, Hōkūleʻa, from Hawaiʻi to Papeʻete, Tahiti. This voyage of rediscovery was part of a renewed aloha and interest amongst Hawaiians in our culture, language, and nā mea Hawaiʻi in general. Hawaiians, who were instrumental in the success of Hōkūleʻa's Papeʻete voyage, and its subsequent voyages to the Cook Islands, Aotearoa, Tonga, Marquesas, and Samoa, realized the importance of Hawaiians living and practicing our culture to ensure the survival of our people. Their imua and their accomplishments inspire Hawaiians to continue to seek the ʻike that will help us to build a solid foundation, in terms of our culture and our identity as a people, based on nā mea kūpuna. Hōkūleʻa continues to be a source of pride for our people and for those we are connected to via the Pacific Ocean. Since the inaugural voyage in 1976, other voyaging canoes throughout the Pacific have been built—Hawaiʻiloa and Makaliʻi in Hawaiʻi; Te ʻAu O Tonga and Takitumu from Rarotonga; Te ʻAurere from Aotearoa; Tahiti Nui and ʻAla Kahiki Nui from Tahiti.⁴ Hōkūleʻa is an example of how knowledgeable our kūpuna were and of the legacy of excellence that we are a part of. Hōkūleʻa is a way for us to identify and relate with our kūpuna and each other. Hōkūleʻa remains a vital part of who we are as Hawaiians.

It was also during 1976, that the Protect Kahoʻolawe ʻOhana (PKO) began a series of occupations of Kahoʻolawe island in protest to stop the bombing of the island by the

⁴ See Protect Kahoʻolawe ʻOhana (retrieved January 1, 2012). http://www.kahoolawe.org/?page_id=8.

United States Military and to call for the return of the island to the people of Hawai'i.

Kaho'olawe, also referred to as Kanaloa or Kohemālamalama, was taken control of by the military in 1941 for use as a live-fire training ground and bombing range. In ancient times, Kaho'olawe was noted as a place where kahuna and navigators were trained and played an important role in early Pacific migrations.

PKO and community protests continued until live-fire training exercises ended in 1990. In 1993, the Hawai'i State Legislature established the Kaho'olawe Island Reserve, which encompasses Kaho'olawe island and the surrounding ocean extending two miles from the island, to be:

... used solely and exclusively and reserved in perpetuity for the preservation and practice of all rights customarily and traditionally exercised by native Hawaiians for cultural, spiritual, and subsistence purposes; for the preservation and protection of the Reserve's archaeological, historical, and environmental resources; for rehabilitation, re-vegetation, habitat restoration, and preservation; and for education ... The island will serve as a cultural reserve and will be held in trust for the sovereign native Hawaiian entity when it is reestablished and recognized by the state and federal governments.

(www.kahoolawe.org, 2012, p. 8)

The return of the island to the State of Hawai'i occurred in 1994. In recent years, Kahoolawe has become a place where many Hawaiians have traveled to mālama 'āina,

learn more about our culture and traditions, connect with our ancestors, and for spiritual rejuvenation.

The voyages of the Hōkūleʻa and the fight for Kahoʻolawe were significant events in the history of our people. These events and more importantly, the kānaka who took action to make these events happen, were part of a larger political and social movement amongst Hawaiians to be self-determining. These events served as a call to action for many Hawaiians and examples of what can be accomplished through a focused kuleana and hard work. These events provided hope for Hawaiians and a surge of momentum that continues today.

The stories about Hōkūleʻa and Kahoʻolawe are some of the foundational stories we share with our kids. These stories are told with pride about the diligence and focus of our kūpuna. These stories are about their relentless efforts to care for us and the ʻāina. These stories are about aloha in action, kuleana in action, and about aloha ʻāina. We embellish these stories from time to time depending on our audience, but the reasons why we tell these stories remain consistent. We tell these stories to honor our kūpuna and to celebrate their accomplishments. We tell these stories to teach our kids about what is important to us, what we believe, and how to act. We tell these stories to help our kids understand who they are, who our hui is, and to understand their kuleana to our hui. We tell these stories to our kids so they feel proud about who we are. We tell these stories because they make us feel good.

We tell these stories because the stories themselves are a part of who we are. They are a part of our hui. We create stories based on our perceptions of actual events

and use these stories as we see necessary. Stories like these are handed down from one generation to another and become the stories we live by.⁵ Storytelling continues to be an integral part of Indigenous life. According to Tewa scholar Gregory Cajete (1994):

Everything that humans do and experience revolves around some kind of story. The predominance of television and the other mass media in modern life is largely because they are vehicles for storytelling, i.e., the transfer of information to relate a message or convey a meaning. Story is the way humans put information and experience in context to make it meaningful. Even in modern times we are one and all storied and storying beings. At almost every moment of our lives, from birth to death and even sleep, we are engaged with stories of every form and variation. (p. 138)

Hanna and Henry (as cited in Archibald, 2008) suggest that the most important qualities of our culture are our language and our stories:

In an oral tradition such as ours, telling stories is how we pass on the history and teachings of our ancestors. Without these stories we would have to rely on other people for guidance and information about our past. Teaching in the form of stories is an integral part of our identity as a people and as a nation. If we lose

⁵ See King, T. (2003). *The truth about stories: A native narrative*. Minneapolis, Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press.

these stories, we will do a disservice to our ancestors—to those who gave us the responsibility to keep our culture alive. (pg. 29)

L. Smith (1999) states that Indigenous stories are “ways of passing down the beliefs and values of a culture in the hope that the new generations will treasure them and pass the story down further” (pp. 144-145). The stories and the storytellers function “to connect the past with the future one generation with the other, the land with the people and the people with the story” (pp. 144-145). According to Cajete (1994), it is through story that we explain and come to understand ourselves. “Story—in creative combination with encounters, experiences, image making, ritual, play, imagination, dream, and modeling—forms the basic foundation of all human learning and teaching” (p. 68).

Nehiyaw and Saulteaux scholar Margaret Kovach (2005) suggests that there are two general types of stories within an Indigenous epistemology—“stories that hold mythical elements, such as creation stories and teaching stories” (p. 95) and personal narratives of elders’ experiences which are passed to the next generation through oral tradition.

Sto:lō storyteller Jo-ann Archibald (2008) emphasizes the point that stories are not only to be recounted and passed down to the next generation, they are also meant to be tools for teaching. From her research with Sto:lō elders, she articulates seven “storywork” principles that form a theoretical framework for “making meaning from stories and for using them in educational contexts” (p. ix). Storywork principles include

respect, responsibility, reciprocity, reverence, holism, interrelatedness, and synergy.

They function to maintain relational accountability between the storytellers and everything linked to him/her in the universe. Storywork principles are focused on the notion of holism—“the interrelatedness between the intellectual, spiritual (metaphysical values and beliefs and the Creator), emotional, and physical (body and behavior/action) realms to form a whole healthy person” (p. 11). Gregory Cajete (as cited in Battiste, 2000) extends the notion of holism and education:

Indigenous people understand the Tao [complementary working of relationships] of teaching. They understand that teaching is really about finding face [who you are.], finding heart [Sense of self that motivates you], finding foundation [vocation], and doing that in the context of family, of community, of relationships with a whole environment. (p. 188)

According to Cajete, Indigenous education is ultimately about learning relationships in context. “The purpose of Indigenous education is to help the individual become a complete man or woman. The goal is completeness” (p. 183). Linda Smith (1999) further suggests that:

Connectedness positions individuals in sets of relationships with other people and with the environment. Many indigenous creation stories link people through genealogy to the land, to stars and other places in the universe, to birds and fish, animals, insects and plants. To be connected is to be whole. (p. 148)

For Hawaiians, the Kumulipo, a genealogical chant/story consisting of over 2,000 lines, provides us with insights into the nature of relationships amongst everything in our universe and our specific place and kuleana within these relationships. It gives a sense of the whole of our universe. It provides us a look into the worldview of our kūpuna—how they saw the world, how they believed they fit within it, how they systematically studied their universe, and how they ordered their intellectual information.

Pua Kanahale (2009) describes the concept of Papakū Makawalu as a Hawaiian worldview of existence evident in the Kumulipo. Papakū refers to the multiple and interrelated foundations for understanding existence. Makawalu refers to a process of continual evolution, movement, and transformation. Papakū Makawalu assumes a cyclical relationship amongst all things in the universe in which all things emanate or grow from a foundation and then become foundations in themselves for future growth. Knowledge is ordered into physical, spiritual, and intellectual realms that also provide the foundations for understanding. Papahulilani, Papahulihonua, and Panahānaumoku represent spaces and processes that help us understand the multiple connections between things and their inherent growth processes.⁶ The challenge for Native

⁶ I acknowledge that my knowledge of Papakū Makawalu is in its infant stages. I therefore am only able to provide a very brief description of Papakū Makawalu. I do not claim to be an expert on Papakū Makawalu and should not be cited in reference to it. See Pua Kanahale April 2009 <http://www.keauhouresort.com/learn-puanakaike.html> for more detailed information. I am including a description of Papakū Makawalu realizing that this writing and research process is part of a makawalu for me and to acknowledge the foundation for this 'ike.

Hawaiians is to not only rediscover the worldview of our kūpuna, but to see how it applies today.

The fight for Kaho‘olawe and the voyages of the Hōkūle‘a in the 1980s were a part of a makawalu from a foundation of awareness, cultural pride, and social justice amongst Hawaiians spurred by the civil rights movement in the United States in the 1960s. Makawalu was occurring in multiple realms and in multiple spaces but was most evident in the revitalization of Hawaiian cultural practices and the political struggles of Hawaiians. These makawalu became foundations in themselves for further makawalu to occur. The makawalu of our thoughts, ideas, creativity, dreams, sense of self, and sense of place have also become foundations for continued movement out.

In 1980, a group of Hawaiian language students at the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa began planting kalo in a traditional lo‘i that lay fallow in an area near Mānoa stream. With the help of various kūpuna such as Harry Mitchell of Ke‘anae, Maui, Ka Papa lo‘i ‘O Kānewai (Kānewai) was established and has served as a cultural pu‘uhonua for students, faculty, and community members. Kānewai has been a site for cultural practice and revitalization but it also has been a site of struggle at the University of Hawai‘i. Attempts to reclaim the ‘āina of Kānewai for use by the University of Hawai‘i since the 1980s were thwarted mainly due to the persistence of university students of Hawaiian ancestry.

In 2007, Kānewai was recognized as a center under the newly established Hawai‘inuiākea School of Hawaiian Knowledge. The staff of Kānewai continues to be successful in providing educational opportunities for folks of all ages, the development

of 'āina-based curricula, and service to the community. They have developed strong partnerships with community groups, various academic units in the University of Hawai'i system, and K-12 schools. They have established themselves not only as a pu'uhonua but as a strong and vibrant academic unit as well. The staff of Kānewai presented their research at international-education conferences and is currently partnering with the College of Education to prepare teachers for schools in Native Hawaiian communities.

Kānewai has had a profound impact at the University of Hawai'i—especially for Native Hawaiian students. As Kānewai establishes itself as an academic unit while maintaining and advocating for our familial relationship with the 'āina, the importance and relevance of nā mea Hawai'i and Hawaiian worldviews in education at all levels is further understood and validated. Kānewai has makawalu parallel with kū'ē events in Hawai'i and has become a foundation for continued movement out—especially at the University of Hawai'i. Many of the Native Hawaiian faculty at the University of Hawai'i are haumāna of and have makawalu from Kānewai. I, too, am a haumana and extension of Kānewai. My work in teacher education and the work of other Native Hawaiian faculty at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa are extensions of Kānewai as well and will become foundations for future growth.

Academic Mo'olelo

In the University of Hawai'i system, Native Hawaiians make up approximately 7.1% of the faculty. This figure lags in comparison with the number of Native Hawaiian students enrolled in the University of Hawai'i system. Native Hawaiians represent 25%

of the undergraduate student population and 12.5% of the graduate student population.⁷ The Native Hawaiian Advancement Task Force (NHATF)⁸, established in 2011, has as one of its main goals to increase the number of Native Hawaiian faculty at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. As stated in the NHATF 2011 draft:

In order to ensure the preservation and generation of Hawaiian Knowledge, to make certain that Native Hawaiian representation at UH Mānoa increases, to support the continued development of robust and rigorous academic programs, and to improve outreach and scholarly engagement in-community there must be proactive, effective faculty/staff recruitment and professional development (e.g., faculty, leadership, community engagement, scholarship and research, etc.) opportunities. Indeed, this can be said of all disciplines and knowledge frames represented at UH Mānoa, hence, strengthening Native Hawaiian faculty and staff naturally strengthens ALL faculty and staff. (p. 22)

Increasing the number of Native Hawaiian faculty and staff at the University of Hawai'i, in particular Native Hawaiian faculty focused on a social justice-transformative agenda, is necessary as a matter of kuleana. It is the kuleana of Native Hawaiians to care for the well-being of our people and our 'āina, and to ensure future makawalu. Creating space in the academy for Hawaiians is about creating space for Hawaiian aspirations and development so that transformation/change can occur. Transformation, according to Maori scholar Graham Smith (2007), involves more than just increasing the number of

⁷ Source – University of Hawai'i Hawaiian Student Data: Kōkua a Puni Research & Evaluation – September 2011.

⁸ Initiative of Vice-Chancellor Virginia Hinshaw at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa.

Indigenous faculty, but growing faculty to take on leadership positions within the academy; developing curriculum centered on Indigenous interests; encouraging participation across the disciplines; creating programs for Indigenous students and communities; and a concentration on “access, participation, retention, and success of Indigenous students” (p. 8). Indigenous spaces within the academy are necessary for us to be accountable to our kuleana.

G. Smith (2007) suggests that Indigenous peoples need to become more politically and critically conscious in order to “understand the issue of transformation more profoundly, both in its theoretical sense and its practical applications” (p. 5). It is vital, according to Smith, for Indigenous peoples to be literate on multiple levels in order to respond to multiple sites of colonization simultaneously in our transformative efforts. Critical literacy is necessary for us to understand the deeply embedded structural issues within our societies so we are aware of the implications of our actions. A critical perspective can help us to negotiate the compromises and contradictions within our lives and ensure that we are truly making a difference for our people. Cultural literacy supports our connection to kūpuna but also helps us to understand and unpack our own colonization. Political literacy is necessary for us to understand and respond to unequal power relationships within society. Smith further suggests the importance of literacy in information technology both as an aid to collective strategizing and the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge.

He identifies key sites of struggle in education and within the academy based on his own experiences in Aotearoa, that may help Indigenous peoples’ to better

understand the notion of transformation and to ultimately help us move beyond critique to action. According to G. Smith (2007), there is also a critical need to understand and respond to new formations of colonization—specifically the need to “develop critical consciousness of new economic formations and to get beyond hegemony that holds them in place” and the “neo-liberal scramble for Indigenous knowledges” (p. 5). Smith also suggests the need to articulate an ultimate vision of what we want for ourselves—what we are struggling for. Envisioning necessitates collective, critical, and creative strategizing—developing clear goals, objectives, and action plans coupled with critical reflection.

Indigenous scholars (Kovach, 2005; Maaka, 2004; Smith, G., 2007; Smith, L., 1999; Wilson, 2008) emphasize the importance of the struggle for the Academy and “to reclaim the validity of our own language, knowledge and culture; to position our own ways of knowing as being relevant and significant in the ‘elite’ knowledge production and reproduction ‘factories’” (Smith, G., 2007, p. 6). Developing the theoretical tools to assist in our transformation is necessary. A theory, in order to be useful to an Indigenous hui, must be developed by and for the hui taking for granted the validity of its language, culture, aspirations, and worldviews; accountable to the community; transformative; and “move beyond the homogenizing position of seeing ‘struggle’ as a single issue and therefore needs to be adaptable to develop multiple strategies” (Smith, 2007, p. 7).

Smith’s critique of a transformative praxis in which progression to transformative action is linear in nature (conscientization leads to resistance which leads

to transformative action) provides insight for us as we create space within the academy to further our transformative agendas. Smith articulates a transformative praxis that is more reflective of a “transformative cycle” (p. 15). Entry into the cycle, or struggle, can occur not only at the point of conscientization but also at the stages of resistance and transformative action. Entry into and movement within the cycle is not prescribed. Often times, hui members engage at multiple sites at once. The appeal with Smith’s articulation of a transformative praxis/cycle is that it is an:

enabling way to speak inclusively about everyone’s effort large and small as being part of a total contribution. It allows a language of possibility and moves beyond the potential of ‘divide and conquer’ which is enabled when groups and individuals ostensibly in the same struggle are pitted against each other. (p. 16)

Native Hawaiians at the University of Hawai‘i have been working for years to claim a space within the academy. In many instances, they worked in relative isolation as the only Native Hawaiian in their respective departments. They, however, were part of a collective of Hawaiian academic agents of change focused on ensuring the well-being of our people. Steadily pushing forward, driven by kuleana, focused on the past, focused on the future, focused on righting injustices. Native Hawaiian academics have relentlessly worked to tell stories, in the form of their scholarly work, from their own Hawaiian perspectives. In the process of doing so, they have been successful in strategically positioning our language, worldviews, history and culture within the

academy. They have also centered Native Hawaiian issues and aspirations. According to Indigenous scholar Judy Iseke-Barnes (2003):

For Indigenous peoples working inside institutions it is important to work in ways that support decolonizing the mind and spirit. It is important to find ways of creating, interrogating, validating, and disseminating knowledges. Telling stories is a practice in Indigenous cultures which has sustained communities and which validates the experiences of Indigenous peoples and epistemologies. (p. 21)

The mo'olelo⁹ of Native Hawaiian academics are reflections of their relationships, their understanding of their kuleana to these relationships, and most intriguing, they provide insights into the foundations they each have become and the spaces they have claimed. The mo'olelo they told, resonate with Native Hawaiian junior-academics, like myself, who hope to build upon their transformative work.

The mo'olelo by Native Hawaiian academics, in particular through the dissertations they have completed at the University of Hawai'i, are important and need to be celebrated. They have claimed a space for us at the flagship university here in our homeland by earning the highest degree offered. Their dissertation work has segued into professorial positions for many of them and provides insight for other Hawaiian academics who are perhaps dealing with feelings of disconnect (L. Smith, 1999) as they proceed, "partially as insider and partially as outsider within both the academy and my

⁹ I purposely begin using the term mo'olelo instead of the term story as the discussion is now focused on Hawaiian storytellers. Using mo'olelo in the discussion of what other Indigenous peoples have said about storytelling would have been confusing to the reader.

(their) native community” (Kaomea, 2004, p. 27). As I am working on completing a PhD program at the University of Hawai‘i, I hope to extend the work they have done.

Native Hawaiians have made significant scholarly contributions for our people across the disciplines at the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa. Dissertations focused on History (Kame‘eleihiwa, 1986; Osorio, 1996), Education (Arakaki, 1989; Ah Nee-Benham, 1993; Hee, 2007; Hewett, 1998; Kahumoku, 2000; Kanahele-Mossman, 2011; Thirugnanam, 1999; Lopes, 2010; Nakanishi, 2007; Serna, 2005; Solis, 2010; Young, 2006), Art (Drexel, 1989; Clark, 1996)¹⁰, Education Psychology (Warner, 1996), Linguistics (Wong, 2006), Geography (Andrade, 2001; Beamer, 2008; Oliveira, 2006), Health professions (Boyd, 2006; Kaholokula, 2003; Wood, 1996), Political Science (Basham, 2007; Keawe, 2008; Moore, 2010; Sai, 2008; Silva, 1999), English (Mcdougall, 2011; Puleloa, 2011), and Anthropology (Ledward, 2007; Tengan, 2003) are examples of the broad range of expertise within the Native Hawaiian community and the various colleges where transformation is occurring. The large number of dissertations I found in my inquiry into the dissertation mo‘olelo by Native Hawaiians was inspiring and reconfirmed my sense of hui amongst Native Hawaiian academics.

There are certain dissertation mo‘olelo that influenced me on my educational journey at the University of Hawai‘i and subsequently, my journey within a transformative praxis. I was introduced to published versions of some of these dissertations as an undergraduate student whereas some I discovered through courses I

¹⁰ Drexel and Clark earned Master of Fine Arts (MFA) degrees from the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa – College of Art. The MFA is a terminal degree in the College of Art. I have included them to acknowledge their efforts to advance Native Hawaiian visual arts.

took that were taught by the authors and literature searches. Their dissertations cause me to reflect, help me to envision new possibilities, and just inspire me in general to holomua.

I enrolled at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa in the spring of 1989 to pursue a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree with a specialization in photography. There were two Native Hawaiian artists who were studying and teaching in the College of Art at the time, who would have a profound effect on my thinking and the art I would create. April Drexel, a wahine with choke mana, completed her Master's in Fine Arts degree with a specialization in drawing and painting in 1986. Her Master's thesis exhibit titled *Ho'oHawai'i* featured paintings that incorporated Hawaiian motifs, 'ōlelo Hawai'i, and abstract imagery. She also incorporated mele, traditional chants, mo'olelo, and her political views in her work. April's paintings were the first I had seen by a Native Hawaiian that were overtly political in nature and grounded in nā mea Hawai'i.¹¹ Through April's paintings, and from the many conversations I had with her, I realized the power of art, and the artist, to change the way people think. She changed the way I perceived art and influenced my understanding of my kuleana as a Native Hawaiian artist to effect change. What was most endearing about April was that she mentored and advocated for the Native Hawaiian artists in the college. She created a Hawaiian space for us within the college to experiment and grow artistically as well as in our critical awareness of the plight of our people. She was our kuleana compass at the college.

¹¹ I was able to view Drexel's thesis paintings in subsequent exhibitions.

In 1996, Pi'ikea Clark held his thesis exhibit titled *Ho'okumu Hou: The Reassertion of Native Hawaiian Culture in Visual Art*. Clark's exhibit featured a group exhibit of Hawaiian artists and an installation/performance piece. Clark's installation/performance piece was a reinterpretation of the Kumulipo that incorporated a series of large towers made of wauke. Hula and 'oli co-created by Clark was performed during the exhibit opening. Clark also organized a photography exhibit featuring Native Hawaiian students and alumnae. Clark's thesis exhibit provided an opportunity for Native Hawaiian art students to address their concerns regarding the lack of Native Hawaiian faculty and Native Hawaiian art courses within the College of Art. Clark incorporated photographs and statements from Native Hawaiian students into the exhibit. According to Clark (as cited in Kosasa, 2002):

Western art theory and practice are the standard for art education in Hawai'i. While the opportunity to learn non-Western art theory and practice in general is limited, indigenous Hawaiian perspectives have never been offered or considered worthy of artistic or academic consideration. White faculty continue to hold the numerically dominant position within the Art Departments of the University of Hawai'i system. (Of the 27 faculty at UH Mānoa, just one is Native Hawaiian.) It is my strong contention that race and culture profoundly influence the manner, content and form of teaching and education. Without Native Hawaiian educators, University of Hawai'i art students are robbed of an opportunity to understand art through the eyes of the indigenous culture of these islands. In this my graduate thesis exhibition, I, along with the members of Ka

Maka O Ka Ihe¹², request that the University of Hawai'i take steps to end its colonist practices by hiring Native Hawaiian teaching faculty and develop courses in Native Hawaiian contemporary art and design. For the first time in the history of the University of Hawai'i Art Department, Native Hawaiian artists have gathered to speak out. In this our first expression of Hawaiian sovereignty and art, we challenge you who are in power to respond. (p. 288)

Clark was influential in organizing and mentoring Native Hawaiian art students in the college. He was also successful in developing courses on Native Hawaiian visual arts. His thesis exhibit was successful in addressing the concerns of Native Hawaiians in the college and led to the hiring of a Native Hawaiian in a tenure-track position to teach art courses developed by Clark at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. The Native Hawaiian art courses developed by Clark were also incorporated into the course offerings at the art department at Kapi'olani Community College. Clark's courses also served as a basis for the development of Hawaiian art courses currently being taught at Hawai'inuiākea. Clark's thesis exhibit was a mo'olelo of kū'ē by Native Hawaiian students.

Revisiting history for Indigenous peoples has been a significant part of our decolonization and our struggle for justice. According to L. Smith (1999):

To hold alternative views is to hold alternative knowledges. The pedagogical implication of this access to alternative knowledges is that they can form the basis of alternative ways of doing things. Transforming our colonized views of

¹² Ka Maka O Ka Ihe is an organization of Native Hawaiian artists co-founded by Clark. I am a member of this hui.

our own history (as written by the West), however, requires us to revisit, site by site, our history under Western eyes. (p. 34)

Dissertations by Kame‘eleihiwa and Osorio provided critical insights for me into the history of Hawai‘i from the vantage point of Native Hawaiians. Kame‘eleihiwa (1986) provides an interpretation of the Māhele from a Hawaiian cultural perspective in which the relationships between ‘āina, ali‘i, and kānaka are both familial and spiritual. The relationship between ‘āina, ali‘i, and kānaka was based on reciprocal caring and a quest for pono. She highlights the effects of the introduction of foreign commerce, infectious diseases, and religion on this relationship and Hawaiian society in general. Kame‘eleihiwa also discusses and critiques the decisions made by ali‘i regarding land tenure during their reigns that made the ‘āina alienable and the effect this had on the maka‘āinana.

Osorio (1996) examined a crucial time period in Hawaiian political history, from 1840 – 1887, when the Hawaiian Islands were governed by a constitutional monarchy. He counters political and social myths that Hawaiians were incapable at governing themselves, the loss of their national independence was inevitable, and that Western law “improved the standing and expectations of Native Hawaiians” (abstract). Osorio states in his dissertation that:

The loss of Native control of their government was the result of a systematic and racist denigration of the Natives' ability and character by haole missionaries, merchants, and politicians, along with the replacement of their highly personal

attachment to their ruling chiefs with a disinterested and remote legal system which would not accommodate their traditional culture. Above all, constitutional government proved to be the mechanism by which the Native Hawaiians could be divested of their land, their political strength, and even their identity.

(abstract)

Written from the perspectives of aloha 'āina and aloha lāhui, they serve as foundational texts for Hawaiian awareness and resistance. They also serve as a connection to the thoughts and actions of kūpuna.

The dissertation that had the most influence on my understanding of our political history and my thoughts regarding Hawaiian identity has been the work of Keanu Sai (2008). In Sai's dissertation titled *The American Occupation of the Hawaiian Kingdom: Beginning the Transition from Occupied to Restored State*, he provides a legal analysis of Hawaiian sovereignty under international law that explains Hawai'i's occupation by the United States since the Spanish American War. In addition to a discussion regarding the origin and development of the Hawaiian Kingdom as a constitutional monarchy, the illegal overthrow of its government, and the occupation of its territory, Sai also articulates a strategy to end the United States' prolonged occupation of the Hawai'i state. Even for experts on Hawaiian history, Sai's framing of the historical and political events in Hawai'i relative to international law at the time of the illegal overthrow of the Hawai'i state, provided a unique and paradigm-changing perspective on Hawai'i's relationship with the United States.

What was especially influential for me was Sai's reference to Hawaiians as those who were nationals of the Hawai'i state as opposed to ethnic Hawaiians. This reference was an inclusive way to talk about Hawaiian history and politics free of ethnic divides and tensions. As a teacher educator who is preparing individuals, including many of whom are not ethnically Hawaiian, to teach in Native Hawaiian communities, an understanding of Hawai'i's relationship with the United States is especially important. Engaging in discussions about the history and politics of Hawai'i from the vantage point of international law and not from the vantage point of a specific ethnic group, is a strategy that I find useful in my own classes to help my students focus on the facts as opposed to their own prejudices. The inspiring point about Sai's dissertation is that it is an extension of his own political activism. The dissertation is a part of an action agenda.

¹³ Apple (2004) discusses the complex ways ideology works in education. As he has documented, "issues of power are at the very core of our understanding (and misunderstanding) of the realities of curriculum, pedagogy, and evaluation and about who gets helped and hurt by our commonsense assumptions about education" (p. 157).

Ah Nee-Benham's dissertation (1993) provides a critique of the education of Native Hawaiians from the 1800s - 1900s with a particular focus on the historical, political, and cultural contexts and values that produced institutionalized structures within the educational system in Hawai'i that kept Native Hawaiians marginalized within the school and the broader society. Benham provides insight into the relationship

¹³ See www.hawaiiankingdom.org for information regarding Sai's efforts to address the United States' illegal occupation of Hawai'i.

between the dominant cultural ideology and educational policymaking. As a teacher educator, Benham's dissertation contributes to my own understanding of how:

social and political contexts over time operate to favor some and marginalize others. Such understandings may help us construct policies that will be responsive to the needs of a more culturally diverse population as well as redress some of the wrongs of the past toward specific groups. (p. xii)

Our creativity and imagination are not only powerful forms of resistance, they help us to be whole and even more important, they are integral in our efforts to navigate our way in from the margins of society. There is a natural link between creativity and envisioning. Envisioning our future, envisioning the world we want for our kids, and envisioning processes to making our dreams a reality are integral in the decolonization process. The dissertation by Kapā Oliveira (2006) is an inquiry into Kanaka Maoli epistemology and the constructs and determiners of a Kanaka Maoli sense of place. Several themes are creatively "woven" into the fabric of her dissertation. Themes such as situating scholarship at the local level, the production of Hawaiian knowledge, incorporating a new sensual framework for Hawaiian epistemology, and a holistic concept of place "suggesting that *kālai'āina* (land distribution) is key to the negotiation of places and the identity of *Kanaka Maoli*" (p. 47).

Oliveira's dissertation, in particular her introduction of "a new way of framing Hawaiian knowledge" (p. viii) focused on the bodily senses is the type of transformative work within academia where engagement is at the level of theory development that

Indigenous academics (Kovach, 2005; G. Smith, 2004; L. Smith, 1999; Wilson, 2008) have called for. Oliveira also makes a poignant reference to the link between a sense of place and mo'olelo that resonates with me. Oliveira writes:

To truly know a place is to be able to recite its stories. It is no wonder then that place-based memories often reveal themselves in place-specific *mo'olelo*. For Kanaka Maoli, these mo'olelo are family treasures handed down to succeeding generations. Such people are able to do a walking oral history of the landscape. As they traverse to various places in their homeland, they are able to vividly recall the *mo'olelo* and place names of the area, noting how the place has changed over time. (p. 230)

She concludes her dissertation journey with a challenge to other Indigenous scholars to return to their homelands to conduct similar work that honors kūpuna.

A creative soul is one that is strong, daring, and free. Puleloa's dissertation (2011) titled *The Island Child: Stories from Moloka'i* "is a collection of mo'olelo that explores the lives of characters from Moloka'i. It also explores the nature of stories" (p. iv). Puleloa states at the beginning of his dissertation that it is a work of fiction but the mo'olelo seem, given the vivid descriptions of people and events, to be based on real-life experiences. It is clear that his mo'olelo were intended for a particular audience—his own hui. He tells his mo'olelo for his hui and allows us access to them. As I read his mo'olelo, it felt like I was listening to the voice of his hui. I felt a little maha'oi as I read. His mo'olelo, however, made me think of my own—hui, mo'olelo, experiences, dreams,

visions, fears, 'ohana, 'āina. Some of the twenty-one mo'olelo he shared were eerily similar to mo'olelo I have heard elders in my family tell.

The power in his work was that it caused me to reflect on my own kuleana to my hui. The questions that I asked myself as I read his work were, "What are you doing for your hui?", "Is your dissertation work for your hui, or is it just for yourself?" I was inspired by his mo'olelo. The reading turned into a celebration—a celebration of the kū'ē of Puleloa, the people and places that are dear to us, and the change that is possible if we just stay focused on our kuleana. Puleloa is affecting the way a Native Hawaiian scholar is thinking about his work.

According to Linda Smith (1999):

While non-indigenous research has been intent on documenting the demise and cultural assimilation of indigenous peoples, celebrating survival accentuates not so much our demise but the degree to which indigenous peoples and communities have successfully retained cultural and spiritual values and authenticity. The approach is reflected sometimes in story form, sometimes in popular music and sometimes as an event in which artists and story tellers come together to celebrate collectively a sense of life and diversity and connectedness. Events and accounts which focus on the positive are important not just because they speak to our survival, but because they celebrate our resistances at an ordinary human level and they affirm our identities as indigenous women and men. (p. 145)

The visions and efforts of Native Hawaiian scholars in particular at the University of Hawai'i are a reminder to us all that the most potent form of resistance and transformation is to stay true to our kuleana to our hui. "Vision is not just a perception of what is possible, it is a window to the knowledge of what *has* happened and what *is* happening ... Our words are the vision, given with generosity and hope" (Brant, 1994, pp. 72-73). Āloha.

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**ARTICLE THREE: ‘UPENA HO’OLEI:
FROM AN INDIGENOUS PARADIGM TO INDIGENOUS ACTION**

My grandfather was an expert fisherman. He was very knowledgeable about the tides, reefs, fish habits, and moon phases, and applied this knowledge to catch fish. He caught a lot of fish. And that is what a fisherman was supposed to do—catch fish. He seemed to really understand and be in tune with how things of the ocean and things of our natural world related to and affected each other.

My grandfather was not a quiet man. Nor was he one to keep the fact that he knew things to himself. He reminded us on more than one occasion that he knew a lot about fishing and that he could catch fish on a consistent basis. He shared many stories about his fishing prowess with us. But I never questioned the validity of his grand fishing tales because I had seen him catch fish. He could back up his stories with action.

Grandpa tried to teach us about fishing but it was challenging because we¹⁴ lived on different islands. He lived on Maui and we lived on O’ahu. We tried to visit him as often as we could afford, but the distance between us limited the amount of time we could spend with him. It was difficult for us to fully grasp the mana’o he was sharing with us. Although the knowledge on fishing we received from him was a bit fragmented, just being with him in the ocean, catching fish with him, and hearing him talk about fishing, inspired us to learn more. In a way, we were inspired to be like him.

So during those very brief moments we had with him, we tried to learn as much as we could. Then we would return home and apply what he taught us. We went to the

¹⁴ Reference to me and my siblings.

ocean and fished using a variety of methods—dive, throw-net, pole fish, lay net. We tried to learn from other people but we mainly learned through trial and error. We learned to fish by going fishing. We were eager to learn more about fishing in particular but we also felt the need to just be near the ocean. Being around the ocean made us feel like we were near Grandpa. Learning about fishing was also a way to feel close to him.

As I write stories for this dissertation, obviously I am thinking about my grandfather. I know he would be proud of the fact that I listened to his advice to stay in school. I think he would be proud that I am actually writing a dissertation. But I hope that he would be more proud that we still have the desire to learn more about “fishing”—a desire that was sparked by him.

‘Upena Ho’olei Maker – Quest for Knowledge

In addition to being an expert fisherman, Grandpa was an excellent ‘upena ho’olei maker. The ‘upena ho’olei he made were highly functional, large, and beautiful. He used an ‘upena ho’olei pattern that would allow it to easily open to cover a large area when thrown and retrieved quickly from the shallow reefs. The bag portion of his ‘upena ho’olei was smaller in comparison to that of most ‘upena ho’olei being used today and required less fishing line to construct. The average diameter of his ‘upena ho’olei are each over 25 feet.

I vividly remember Grandpa sitting in his house sewing ‘upena ho’olei that would stretch across the length of the entire living room. Grandpa would sit for hours, painstakingly shuttling fishing line from an ‘upena hi’a and tying thousands of knots into interlocking maka that would almost magically form into an ‘upena ho’olei. He would

spend months sewing a single 'upena ho'olei. Seeing the 'upena ho'olei hanging in his living room allowed us to really appreciate how beautiful they were. We marveled at how he was able to make thousands of knots and maka in the 'upena ho'olei line up so perfectly. Everything seemed so perfectly aligned vertically and horizontally in the 'upena ho'olei.

According to Grandpa, he learned to make an 'upena ho'olei out of necessity. He needed an 'upena ho'olei to catch fish for the family to eat. In order to get an 'upena ho'olei, he needed to make and maintain his own. No one would do it for him. He credited his kūpuna for initially teaching him some basic 'upena ho'olei patterns, but he acknowledged that much of his knowledge was a result of observing and experimenting. From the stories he shared with us about fishing and life in general, it was clear that he was passionate in his life-long pursuit of knowledge; that he had much respect for the kūpuna who shared their knowledge; he cherished the knowledge he was given; and he wanted to share his knowledge with us.

Grandpa's quest for knowledge about fishing and 'upena ho'olei making was initially fueled by a desire to feed his family. But later on in his life, I think there were ulterior motives for his quest for knowledge and his desire to share this knowledge with his mo'opuna. The stories he shared with us near the end of his life had a very different tone from those he shared with us as kids. I believe, that in addition to understanding issues of respect for kūpuna and the value of knowledge, he wanted us to understand the urgent need for us to hold onto, and practice, the things that were a part of who we are (fishing traditions) amidst an increasing number of haole settling in our homeland.

The main motivating factor for his research (collecting, analyzing, and disseminating knowledge), I think, was the threat of our hui possibly losing or forgetting our relationship with our 'āina as other people with different ways of living moved in. Adding to the knowledge of our hui was a way for him to help us to understand and be accountable to our relationships with people and place. He helped instill in us a sense of aloha for people and place. Grandpa attempted to address specific needs of our hui in a manner that he felt was appropriate.

Real research, according to Maaka (2004), must address real life needs using methodologies grounded in our Indigenous traditions. Grandpa's research on fishing traditions helps us to realize what real research is. Grandpa's research also reminds us that fate of our 'ohana and the fate of our lāhui is in our own hands.

Conducting research is a natural part of who we are. Indigenous peoples' desire to know, to create, to interpret, and to pass on knowledge for the sake of the well-being of our hui, parallels that of other hui of people. We identify what is of concern to us, we seek knowledge that addresses these concerns, we analyze knowledge relevant to what we already know, and we apply the new knowledge where and how feel appropriate. Research is a natural part of who we are as Indigenous peoples.

Research however, has also served as a mechanism of an imperialist agenda to maintain power and control over Indigenous peoples. The epistemological, axiological, and ontological assumptions that predominantly informed Western research conducted by non-indigenous researchers within our communities, have contributed to the ongoing colonization and silencing of our people. According to L. T. Smith (1999):

Research through Imperial eyes describes an approach which assumes that Western ideas about the most fundamental things are the only ideas possible to hold, certainly the only rational ideas, and the only ideas which can make sense of the world, of reality, of social life and of human beings. It is an approach to indigenous peoples which still conveys a sense of innate superiority and an overabundance of desire to bring progress to the lives of indigenous peoples—spiritually, intellectually, socially and economically. (p. 56)

Positivism, a scientific paradigm derived from empiricism that is predicated on the notion that understanding the natural world is related to measuring, categorizing, and objectivity, is at the core of Western scientific research. Positivism, according to Wilson (2008), “espouses the view that there is one true reality that can be broken down to overriding laws” (p. 36) and that it is possible to discover this lone reality through objective thought. The pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowledge is a main objective in the axiology of a positivist paradigm (Wilson, 2008). The notion inherent in positivism that knowledge is seen as being “individual” in nature and can be owned runs contrary to an Indigenous paradigm in which knowledge is relational and belongs to all beings.

While positivism is at the core of western scientific research and continues to fuel much of the research in academia, other research paradigms have evolved from or in response to it. Understanding dominant research paradigms helps us to articulate “how research from an Indigenous paradigm is different” (Wilson, 2008, p.38).

Post-positivism is similar in terms of its ontological and epistemological foundations to positivism, but questions the ability of research and the researcher to be “perfectly objective” (Wilson, 2008, p. 36). Knowledge, in a post-positivist paradigm, is “relative rather than absolute” (Patton, 2002, p. 92), but “it is possible, using empirical evidence, to distinguish between more and less plausible claims” (Patton, 2002, p. 93). Wilson (2008) notes that early qualitative research reflected a post-positivist paradigm as “anthropologists and sociologists recognized that experiments conducted in the laboratory fell short of real-life experience, but attempted to maintain the scientific rigors of ‘validity’ and ‘reliability’ in their data collection and analysis” (p. 36).

In contrast to positivism and post-positivism, Constructivism or Interpretive research assumes that there are multiple realities or interpretations of a single event relevant to the people who hold them (Merriam, 2009; Wilson, 2008). Reality is not absolute but a social construction. Individuals, in their quest to understand the world in which they live, develop subjective meanings of their experiences. The researcher and the research participants collaborate to find common meanings in the natural world and construct a mutual reality that is better informed than it was before (Creswell, 2007).

Critical Research is based on the assumption that there are multiple realities situated in various political, social, and cultural contexts but only the reality of those in power is privileged. Understanding the ways in which one is oppressed enables one to take action to change oppressive forces (Merriam, 2009; Creswell, 2007). Research questions are framed in “terms of power – who has it, how it’s negotiated, what structures in society reinforce the current distribution of power” (Merriam, 2009, p. 10).

The goal with critical research is to empower oppressed individuals and to “bring about change in the conditions that affect our lives” (Seiler, 2011, p. 1). As Kathy Irwin notes, “Real power lies with those who design the tools (of research) – it always has. This power is ours” (as cited in L. T. Smith, 1999, p. 38).

Indigenous Research Agenda

Indigenous researchers (Cashman, 2004; Kovach, 2005; Maaka, 2004; L. T. Smith, 1999; Weber-Pillwax, 2001; Wilson, 2008; Wong, 2004) have contributed to conversations about the efforts of Indigenous peoples to take control of research within our communities. Linda Smith (1999), in her book *Decolonizing Methodologies*, articulates an agenda for Indigenous Research as “situated within the decolonizing politics of the indigenous peoples’ movement” (p. 115) that is strategically focused on the goal of self-determination for Indigenous peoples. Self-determination in a research agenda involves processes of transformation, healing, mobilization, and decolonization that are incorporated into research practices and methodologies that are developed by and for us. In an Indigenous research agenda, our people, our concerns, our worldviews, and our well-being are centralized.

In an effort to forward an Indigenous research agenda as described by L. T. Smith (1999), Wilson (2008) embarks on a spiritual journey to articulate an Indigenous research paradigm through a series of conversations with his peers and through critical reflection in the form of stories addressed to his children. A research paradigm,

according to Wilson, consists of four entities: Ontology, epistemology, axiology, and methodology.

In an Indigenous research paradigm, reality (ontology) is the relationships we have with everything around us—including our natural and spiritual worlds. There are multiple relationships that make up our reality. Objects are viewed in terms of the relationships we share with them. Concepts and ideas are only important as the relationships that went into forming them. Knowledge, being relational, is shared.

According to Wilson (2008):

Indigenous epistemology is our cultures, our worldviews, our times, our language, our histories, our spirituality and our places in the cosmos. Indigenous epistemology is our systems of knowledge in their context, or in relationship.

(p. 74)

Within an Indigenous Research paradigm where the epistemology and ontology are based upon relationships, a methodology and axiology of kuleana to these relationships is inherent.¹⁵ The researcher (in this case—a son, a brother, a father, a

¹⁵ At this point in my writing, I want to acknowledge, again, the work of Shawn Wilson (2008). I want to acknowledge the relationship with brother Shawn. I felt that as I was reading his work and as his work was helping me to articulate my thoughts, I needed to build a relationship with Shawn. I started reading his book, like I do with most books, with a bit of skepticism. But as I read his letters to his kids, I thought of my daughter and my journals to her and I felt that I should pay more serious attention to what this guy was saying. But I needed to see who this guy was. He cites some people that I am familiar with—Peter Hanohano and Manu Meyer. So I felt that we did have some connection. But I was citing this guy so much, I needed to reach out to him and talk-story to get to know him. I needed to know the guy that I was bringing to my 'upena. I needed to know the guy I was bringing into my relationships. Who is this guy? What was

kumu, a husband, a friend) is accountable to his relationships in the research process. The researcher must be respectful throughout the entire research process to his/her relationships and make informed and purposeful decisions so as not to upset the harmony of the relationships. The researcher also has the kuleana to ensure that the research benefits those involved in the process. Respect, trust, reverence, humility, service, and reciprocity in the research process are integral (Brown & Strega, 2005; Cashman, 2004; Hanohano, 2001; Pukui, Haertig, & Lee, 1972; G. Smith, 2007; Wilson, 2008; Weber-Pillwax, 2001). Indigenous researchers must listen to and be guided by their na'au as they engage in the research process.

L. T. Smith (1999) points to some critical questions Indigenous communities are asking to evaluate the integrity of researchers working within our communities and the usefulness of the research projects.

Whose Research is it? Who owns it? Whose interests does it serve? Who will benefit from it? Who has designed its questions and framed its scope? Who will carry it out? Who will write it up? How will its results be disseminated? ... Is her spirit clear? Does he have a good heart? What other baggage are they carrying?

Are they useful to us? (p. 10)

my relationship to this guy that I was bringing "home"? Beyond his book, there was none. So, I reached out through the internet at first to say Howzit. He seemed cool. The humor was there. He offered to help. He was humble and actually thanked me for acknowledging his work. I checked with Peter and he also said that he was cool—a good father, a good friend, and for real. I didn't meet him in person yet, but I feel a good connection to him. I feel a kuleana to make sure that I acknowledge and cite him appropriately.

Indigenous researchers working within our communities, according to L. T. Smith, are also evaluated on “insider criteria” which includes, “their family background, status, politics, age gender, religion, as well as on their perceived technical ability” (p. 10). The dynamics of which takes considerable sensitivity, skill, maturity, experience and knowledge on the part of the researcher, to work through.

Wilson (2008) provides specific questions to be addressed by researchers based on an Indigenous paradigm and methodology rooted in relational accountability—respect, reciprocity, and responsibility.

How do my methods help to build respectful relationships between the topic that I am studying and myself as researcher (on multiple levels)?

How do my methods help to build respectful relationships between myself and the other research participants?

How can I relate respectfully to the other participants involved in this research so that together we can form a stronger relationship with the idea that we will share?

What is my role as researcher in this relationship, and what are my responsibilities?

Am I being responsible in fulfilling my role and obligations to the other participants, to the topic and to all of my relations?

What am I contributing or giving back to the relationship? Is the sharing growth and learning that is taking place reciprocal? (p. 77)

‘Upena Ho’olei Paradigm/Methodology

The ‘upena ho’olei¹⁶ I learned to make from my grandpa has many functions. As I work my way through this dissertation, the ‘upena ho’olei serves as my guide. The ‘upena ho’olei is a metaphor for the nature of my relationships (respect, reciprocity, responsibility) and therefore a metaphor for my theoretical framework.¹⁷ The physical ‘upena ho’olei is made up of kaula (either nylon string or monofilament) which is sewn into a series of interlocking maka. The kaula is wrapped onto a hi’a then shuttled into the ‘upena ho’olei by the ‘upena ho’olei maker. Thousands of knots are tied together to create these maka using a ka (gauge) to ensure the maka are the right size. Pumana are added to the ‘upena ho’olei at various intervals and ensures that the ‘upena ho’olei will grow correctly.

The ‘upena ho’olei represents who we are—it represents our relationships. Within the ‘upena ho’olei our stories, languages, kuleana, worldviews, experiences, wahi pana, our beliefs, our ways of knowing, our hopes and dreams, and our relationships are all linked together. The ‘upena ho’olei maker is the makua. He/she is the mediator. He/she has a kuleana to the relationships within the ‘upena ho’olei. He/she has the kuleana to make sure things are in harmony within the ‘upena ho’olei.

¹⁶ Throw-net or cast-net use for coastal fishing.

¹⁷ Wilson (2008) references a similar metaphor. He uses the analogy of knots to represent relationships within his life. Hawaiian artist Meleanna Meyer also refers to the ‘upena metaphor in some of her artworks.

The 'upena ho'olei maker strategically sews pumana into the 'upena ho'olei. The pumana in the 'upena ho'olei are like children in a family. They represent the next generation. The family and the 'upena ho'olei grow because of them. The pumana also represent major transitional points within one's life. It is at the pumana where the 'upena ho'olei maker, through analysis and reflection, makes decisions on how the 'upena ho'olei will continue to grow. The articles that I write for this dissertation are the pumana in my 'upena ho'olei.

My kuleana as a makua is to make 'upena ho'olei. It is the kuleana of mākua to build relationships, take care of relationships, and be guided by relationships in the creation of 'upena ho'olei for the next generation. In this 'upena ho'olei dissertation, I will also seek knowledge that will help me to fulfill my kuleana to relationships. My 'upena ho'olei is a pumana that adds to a larger 'upena ho'olei that represents our mo'okū'auhau.

Search for knowledge

My reality consists of a variety of different relationships with which I have specific kuleana—relationships with family, friends, haumana, lāhui, places, kūpuna, spirituality, systems of knowledge. My kuleana to all of my relations is important. One of the challenges with building an 'upena ho'olei is understanding what exactly my kuleana is. Within many of my relations, I am not sure what my kuleana is. I am still trying to figure things out as I build my 'upena ho'olei—especially my kuleana as a father. Critical reflection, therefore, is a major part of this 'upena ho'olei process because it helps me

to stay focused and to understand my kuleana. I don't want anyone to get hurt, to be mistreated, and to be disrespected as I build my 'upena ho'olei. I also want my 'upena ho'olei to be of value to my relationships. I listen to my na'au. It tells me what is pono and what is not. My na'au is a part of the 'upena ho'olei. I build my 'upena ho'olei with humility and respect to all relations—especially to my family and our elders.

My kuleana as a father is central. Becoming a father affected my other relationships because becoming a father affected my outlook on life. I felt like I ceased to exist as Kimo as I became “Dad”.¹⁸ The relationships that were affected the most as I became a father were my relationships as a kumu and as a husband. Being a father is synonymous with being a kumu. I now see my daughter in the 'opio I teach. What I hope for her is what I hope for all kids. I hope that they all have 'upena ho'olei built just for them. As a father I am a kumu. My relationship with my wife has changed since I became a father. We both became mākua in our family.

My kuleana as a father and a kumu is to help the kids build relationships of their own and to understand their own kuleana to these relationships. It is my kuleana to teach them about who we are as a people, what we believe, about the people and places that are a part of our hui, our ways of knowing, and how we take care of each other so that one day they will be able to make 'upena ho'olei of their own. As I create this 'upena ho'olei, I serve as a conduit for the intergenerational transfer of knowledge and the intergenerational transfer of a sense of kuleana to relationships.

¹⁸ I wrote an article titled “Aloha Pē” in 2010 which talks about the events that led to my becoming a father and my kuleana to my daughter. The article will be included in the dissertation.

The ‘ōlelo no‘eau of our kūpuna helps me understand the nature of knowledge acquisition and guides me as I create ‘upena ho‘olei. These ‘ōlelo no‘eau resonate for me— “‘A‘ohe pau ka ‘ike I ka hālau ho‘okāhi. All knowledge is not taught in the same school” (Pukui, 1983, p. 203); “Ma ka hana ka ‘ike. In working one learns” (Pukui, 1983, p. 227).

“Ma ka hana ka ‘ike.” I heard this saying throughout my life. I have learned many things by “working” or engaging in processes—grant writing, music, teaching, fishing, mālama ‘āina. I also have people in my life who are extremely knowledgeable in certain areas as a result of learning by working. The multi-faceted process that my grandfather went through to learn to make ‘upena ho‘olei, suggests to me that the ‘ike that informs and provides insights for me in the creation of my ‘upena ho‘olei will come from a variety of sources and through engaging in multiple processes.¹⁹

As I create ‘upena ho‘olei, I engage in things that will help teach my daughter her kuleana to our relationships and for her to build relationships as well.

Mālama ‘Āina—Relationships with People and Place

Through mālama ‘āina, we are a part of a reciprocal relationship of caring. We care for the ‘āina and the ‘āina cares for us. We feed the ‘āina and the ‘āina feeds us. As we mālama ‘āina, we build and/or strengthen our relationships with those who are working beside us, with our akua, with our kūpuna, and with the ‘āina.²⁰ When my

¹⁹ ‘Ōlelo no‘eau that knowledge comes from different sources.

²⁰ This is a topic that I will talk briefly about. I feel uncomfortable discussing mālama ‘āina and nā mea lo‘i in length because I know that the ‘ike regarding this is with

daughter and I work at the lo'i with my brother and his family, we learn how to kanu, about the different ways people work together, how they take care of each other, how they raise their kids, and how people teach and learn. We also build our relationships with 'āina. Mālama 'āina is helping me to be a better parent. Being able to spend time and learn from my brother and his family is what I cherish most for my daughter as we mālama 'āina. Mālama 'āina is a major part of the 'upena ho'olei. Many of us are disconnected from the 'āina of our hui. The hui that we claim and seek relationships with, is not only here in Hawaii. Mālama 'āina requires that we go to these 'āina to start rebuilding relationships.

Mālama 'āina extends to mālama people. I want the kids²¹ to understand that taking care of people is also a natural part of how we do things. We treat people well. We help others as much as we can. We do simple things like helping Tūtū them next door, helping grandpa them with their yard, helping aunty at the church, helping at the lo'i, and doing volunteer work. We especially cherish the time we spend with our kūpuna. It is through them that we know our ancestors. They are the faces of our ancestors. The stories kūpuna tell teach us about who we are. I am hoping that in the care for people, this will instill in the kids a sense of service and advocacy.

someone else in the family. I discuss it briefly just to show appreciation and its importance to me.

²¹ Specifically referencing my daughter and her siblings but I am also making reference to Hawaiian children.

Mo'olelo

We are the stories we tell. Our genealogies, daily adventures, beliefs, knowledge, relationships, and our thoughts are amongst the many things that are a part of our mo'olelo. Mo'olelo is a way for us to share knowledge, build relationships, and engage with the world around us. The mo'olelo are a vital part of our kids' learning. Stories from our kūpuna as well as the stories we create today will help our kids to better understand their relationships. Our mo'olelo is our process of inquiry through which we, including our keiki, are able to articulate and create our own truths. Searching for, retelling, and creating mo'olelo is our kuleana to relationships.

Nā Mea Hawai'i

We embrace, practice, and cherish the things that our kūpuna passed on to us—our 'ōlelo, our relationships, and our cultural practices. We learn about our kūpuna by doing the things that they did. Participating in the cultural practices of our hui helps us to maintain our relationship with them and helps us understand our roles within the hui. Nā mea Hawai'i also refers to the 'ike, acquired through observation, practice, and critical reflection, that is necessary in order to be able to strategize ways to efficiently and respectfully address our needs.

Traditional Patterns of Education

We utilize traditional patterns of Hawaiian education in our daily lives and they are incorporated into this dissertation. Native Hawaiian scholars (Chun, 2011; Pukui,

1983) note that traditional patterns of Hawaiian education involve observation, listening, reflection, doing, and questioning in sequential order. Observation, utilizing all of our senses, is an integral part of learning.²² When we go fishing with Uncle R., he spends countless hours studying (observing) the relationships amongst things in his immediate environment—the tide, the winds, the surge of the ocean, and the schools of fish. We learn from him by observing what he does and by listening to what he tells us. We attempt to replicate his actions and his process when we fish. Observing mākua as they care for ‘opio, observing the interactions between siblings, observing pono leaders as they mālama those around them, and observing ‘opio in their inquiries can help us understand the nature of our relationships and our kuleana within them.

Through Reflection, we analyze the ‘ike we gained through our observations and determine a course of action. Reflection on our course of action also includes reflection on how our actions will affect our relationships.

Taking action or “doing” (Chun, 2011) is a crucial part of the learning process. It is at this stage that we gain and learn through experience. Keen observation during this stage will help to provide insights for the deep reflection necessary for informed questioning. During the questioning stage, ‘ike is sought to clarify things that are not understood. The questions that remain will lead to further inquiry (observation, reflection, action, questioning).

²² Traditional patterns of Hawaiian education are similar to an Action Research process as described by Mertler (2011).

‘Upena Ho’olei

I am using the construction of an ‘upena ho’olei as a metaphor for my methodology, but I am also physically sewing an ‘upena ho’olei as part of this dissertation. Making an ‘upena ho’olei is a kuleana I have to my grandfather and it is a way for me to keep this tradition alive in our family. I am therefore on a quest to learn more about ‘upena ho’olei construction. It takes a considerable amount of time to make an ‘upena ho’olei. One of my kumu told me that as he sews ‘upena ho’olei, he thinks about “all kind stuffs.” I think about “all kind stuffs” as well when I make ‘upena ho’olei. It is a time for deep reflection and analysis for me. I reflect on my observations, my actions, the questions I have, and the ‘ike shared with me from others. My analysis on the things I am reflecting on is based on my kuleana to my relations. I am sewing ‘upena ho’olei throughout this dissertation so reflection and analysis is ongoing. It is during the making of ‘upena ho’olei that I decide what topics I will write about and what projects I will undertake for this dissertation. The topics I choose to write about and the action (projects) I decide to do, metaphorically represent the pumana, points of growth and transition, of the ‘upena ho’olei.

Journals to Pē

I started journaling a couple months before my daughter was born. My journals are my notes on life written to and for my daughter. Writing in the journals is similar to the constructing ‘upena ho’olei in that they are opportunities for reflection and analysis. I not only have memories of my experiences, I have written accounts of them in my

journals. I have been reflecting, analyzing, dreaming, celebrating, honoring, remembering, documenting, and building relationships through my journals for over twelve years. My journals provide insight for me on the articles and projects to include in the dissertation.

Mo'olelo

Through mo'olelo, we exchange knowledge and build relationships. I incorporate mo'olelo into the articles I write. Mo'olelo provides a context for the reader that helps him/her to better understand abstract concepts and see the relevance between experiences and their own lives. I feel I am able to affect people on both an emotional and spiritual level through mo'olelo. When I share mo'olelo in my writing, my intent is to engage in a conversation with the reader. I share my mo'olelo that will often include questions for the reader and I assume the reader will be moved to reflect on his/her own experiences. Hopefully, my mo'olelo will cause people to reflect on and analyze what they believe and what they do.

I share mo'olelo that honors people, celebrates events and accomplishments, and teaches. I share mo'olelo about our beliefs, struggles, dreams, relationships, and the places we come from. I share mo'olelo to inspire, to question, to figure things out, to make people happy, and to affect the way others think and feel. I incorporate humor, kaona, specific language, poetry, various textual formats, and fiction in the mo'olelo I write and tell. I am always mindful about how the mo'olelo I share will impact and be perceived by those involved. I will often use pseudonyms, create fictional stories based

on actual events, and use kaona to protect my relationships. Before I publish a mo'olelo, I will seek the approval of those involved.

I use mo'olelo in this dissertation because it is a natural way for me to communicate. I also incorporate mo'olelo into the courses I teach, as I mentor students, and as I build relationships with my colleagues. I have found mo'olelo to be an effective means to teach and build relationships. The use of mo'olelo within my dissertation to honor those who influence my thoughts and actions, to teach, to engage the readers in an inquiry process, to validate our experiences and our worldviews, to kū'ē, and to build relationships, makes the dissertation somewhat unique and perhaps long overdue.

The questions that are guiding me in the dissertation project are simple:

What is my kuleana to my relationships?

What do I need to do to mālama or be accountable to these relationships?

I began my college experience as an art student. I was surrounded by wonderful people in the art department at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. The artists were open-minded, fun-loving, creative, and just a good group of people. Each of them had their own little quirks—each somewhat hovering on the margins of what might have been perceived as normal within society. But they all seemed to enjoy being “themselves.” That was cool. I fit in well with this group. I was a Hawaiian man at the University of Hawaii. I felt out-of-place at the university but accepted by this group of artists. They taught me some valuable things. They taught me to be myself and to embrace and celebrate others being themselves. In this dissertation, I am being myself. I

am doing things that are a natural part of who I am—and celebrating others in the process.

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ARTICLE FOUR: LOOKING IN THE HOLE WITH MY THREE-PRONG COCKED

If I like know about my family
My people
And myself
Then naturally I would go to a foreigner
or a stranger for the answers?
I've read things, I've met people, I've been to places
I have been influenced tremendously
By everything and everyone I have had contact with
Everything here, is from everything around me,
Guided by my Kūpuna
.always.

Howzit?

I am in flight. I am on a journey and I find myself in a beautiful place. I am here. Where else can I be? I am home. Where else should I be? I know the journey is important. But still, I remind myself that it is. It is life itself. I am not sure where the winds will take me but I know that I am in flight. And I know why I am in flight. I know why I am on this journey. And I now who guides me on this journey. And You?

Who am I?

The other day I was in the park with my daughter. While she played, I sat like an old man on the bench waiting for her to finish. I saw, written onto the park bench, some graffiti. A couple of simple words that remain stuck in my head. Suppa Stuck. It's more of a statement and one that I actually see written all over, not only on park benches. I've

seen it on bathroom walls, on the sides of buildings, on the interiors of city buses, and on manapua trucks. I even caught a student of mine writing it on her desk one day in class. They are simple words that usually look as though they were quickly but carefully written. Maybe these words are a way for people to claim their place in this world? Maybe this is a way for them to say that they exist, that they matter, that they are important too? Maybe it's an act of rebellion? Maybe it's a type of resistance? Resistance to what? It's also interesting to see that you can find these words, this statement, in many places in Hawai'i. Aside from the inclusion of the author's own name, the words are spelled the same way. And it's also a trip that I've been seeing this statement around since I was a small kid. The same words are being used but I wonder if for the same reasons? Imagine way back in the day, someone wrote a statement on the wall, for whatever reason, and someone else came along, and being so taken by it, decided to copy and adapt it to him/herself. Then another and another and another came along and did the same. It's such a simple but profound statement that has found its way. It has taken flight.

Kimo wuz hea!

James wuz hea!

Keem wuz hea!

Cash wuz hea!

I think of them writing in the past tense. As if they were already forecasting their departure. As if they were only temporarily here. As if they were constantly leaving.

Never settling down. As if they were never “hea”, but always “wuz hea.” Where are they now? Where are the “wuz hea” people?

We are hea! We are still hea!
Through EVERYTHING and ANYTHING
Kimo IZ hea!
Kimo IZ HEA!
KIMO IZ HEA!
Hea I am because hea I wuz and hea I will stay.
And you?
What about you?
KIMO IZ HEA?
But who am I?

Who am I?

I remember seeing my grandpa with his “throw net” uniform on. He always wore an army green shirt, blue jeans, construction shoes (because of all the rocks), a black baseball cap, and his fisherman glasses. He would wrap the ‘upena around him and us kids thought he looked pretty tough.

We would follow Grandpa out to Hōkū’ula, and we would hide in the bushes out of sight, while Grandpa climbed his favorite tree to get a better look at where the pile of fish was. The hours spent waiting for Grandpa to throw his ‘upena were grueling. Grandpa had all kind techniques to stalk the fish. Sometimes he would hide in the bushes with us till the fish came close to shore, then he would slowly make his way down to the water’s edge as the white-wash from the waves concealed his presence. He would hurl his net, which would always open, and we waited anxiously to see what he caught. Grandpa would jump in the water and we would watch a powerful man wrestle with the ocean. As he tried to get his footing, the waves would throw him back and

forth. We would watch him do battle. It's trippy to see your grandfather in such a situation because to us he was invincible. If you can imagine how us kids felt seeing him in the water-our emotions went crazy. We weren't sure if we should cheer or scream. We were kids. If he was in trouble, there was nothing we could have done. Grandpa would always emerge, though, with his net rolled in a ball and some fish that had no choice but to surrender.

Who am I?

I can tell when I've been working too hard. I can tell when I starting to lose touch with reality, when I concentrating too much on one thing, when I concentrating too much on the wrong thing. I start to turn WHITE. I do one quick test to check if I turning WHITE. I stand in front of the mirror with my shirt off and I take a few moments to admire the specimen in front of me. Awesome! Then I stand at attention with my arms hanging straight down on each side. If my body looks like an Oreo cookie with my arms as the chocolate cookie part and my 'opu as the creamy white filling, it's a sign that something is wrong. It's a sign that I need to get out and live. I need to re-group, darken up, and get real. It's a sign that I'm getting too WHITE.

Who am I?

Daddy: E pule Kākou.

Hi'ilei (My daughter): I wanna say it Daddy.

Daddy: (pause)

Hi'ilei: God is great, God is good, let us thank him for our food....and thank you Kūpuna for making God.

Daddy: (with a smile).....Amen.

Who am I?

'Ewa is home to me. 'Ewa has a special place in my heart. One'ula in particular is a very special place to me. It is one place in 'Ewa that has been pretty much FOR the locals. It is

a place where you could just hang out and cruise. It is a place to meet friends at night and enjoy life undisturbed. It's a place where as kids, we would go exploring. As we got older, this was the place that we would go four-wheeling with my father's two-wheel drive truck. My friend had one truck too, and we use to geev-um through the back roads of One'ula. This was a place where you could just get away and no one would bother you.

It was a good place to get parts for our trucks, too. Every so often, Santa Claus would leave a truck just like ours in One'ula. And anything in One'ula was fair game. So we use to go shopping. We also used to surf here. And surf often. We always knew that this place was known for sharks and would hear stories of giant Tigers lurking in the murky waters. Whenever we went out, we had this in the back of our minds. I guess the Tiger's knew we were from 'Ewa and they never showed themselves. Only once did I actually see a shark while I was surfing. But it was only a reef shark. I guess the reason why I only saw one shark, is because I tried not to look for a shark.

When I think about One'ula, I think about the moving shore-line. The sands of One'ula move back and forth. Depending on the time of year, certain areas will be either sandy or rocky. The sands will move from area to area either covering the rugged coral shore or moving to expose it. The people, as well, move where the sands go. In a sense it's like One'ula is refreshing herself and telling us where she will allow us to be.

Right now, the surfing area known as John's is off limits. And the area we call Chicken Creeks is the best place for the kids to play. It's good to see my friends there with their kids playing and swimming. It's not the cleanest, or the nicest, or the sweetest smelling place, but that's good.

Soon, the construction of a marina will begin that will meet the ocean at One'ula. The reef will be compromised and sea-walls will be built. But regardless, the sands of One'ula will continue to move.

Who am I?

Once upon a time there is a good man. He is about 76 years old but works and “celebrates” like a man half his age. He was born and raised in this area and has much to share about this place and his life. His mind is as sharp as his wit and he is able to remember well his childhood years. He is humble in his ways, generous with what he has, and mostly critical of himself.

The stories he shares are incredible. He speaks about his life growing up on a plantation, the things they use to eat, what games they use to play, their schooling and life in general. He shares his memories about the place itself, recalling with detail how places have transformed over the years: places like the site of the old Laundromat, the old school, and the old hospital. The interesting thing about him sharing his stories is the fact that he is actually a very quiet man. He's not one to just sit down with somebody and start talking. The setting has to be just right. And it doesn't hurt if he has a certain beverage in hand.

He is a man who believes in working hard physically. He always says, “use it or lose it” in reference to his muscle and his work ethic. His ability to work all day in the garden is evidence that his motto has merit. He suggests that if you don't use what you have been given, the good lord will take it away. He also makes reference to knowledge in the same way. He feels knowledge is something that we need to use, or lose.

On any given day, he can be found in his garden. It's often difficult to see just where he is in his garden. The garden is lush and he seems to blend right into the foliage. He shares most of his experiences when he is in his garden. It's an environment where he

seems to feel comfortable talking. It seems as though certain things in his garden remind him of different things in his life and he uses these things to take him from story to story, from year to year, from life experience to life experience. He is able to tell a story from anything in his garden.

From the Kalo

He doesn't seem to be concerned with knowing the different names of the varieties of Kalo that he has—he refers to them as the Chinese one, the purple one, the giant one, the poi one. But he does share how he got each one and how, as a child, he and his family use to raise Kalo among other things in their garden. He also shares how the plantation allowed his family to use the plot of land to garden. He emphasized that they were only allowed to use the land.

This would lead to stories about the camp he grew up in. He would talk about the types of houses they had in the camp and how they would hang a bucket for slop outside the kitchen window. He would talk about some of the people who helped to define the camp's personality and how he rode the truck to school, which was located on the military base. From the Kalo.

From the Flowers

He shared the name of the flower but I can't recall it. It is some kind of lily flower. It is white and it doesn't bloom too often. It is obvious though that these flowers receive special attention as there are no weeds in the area, and while some of the other plants in the garden (lettuce, eggplant, carrots) are alternated from time to time, these flowers remain. He shared how these flowers were his father's favorites and when they bloom, he takes them to his grave not far from his home. In addition to stories about his father, conversations about death and dying have resulted. He talks not as a man who feels as if he is near death, but as a man who is very far from it. He does, however, share what he would prefer his last years, way off in the future, to be like. From the Flowers.

From the Mulch

He aspires to acquire as much mulch as humanly possible. I often help him to haul the mulch to his garden. This is a story in itself. Although he is nearing 80 years old, he continues to haul mulch, plant fruit trees, and dream. He is always preparing for tomorrow. He is always glorifying yesterday. From the Mulch.

Who am I?

The other day my father and I walked into a store. It was a real fancy store with expensive stuff for sale. As we walked in, everyone stared at us. They continued to watch us as we made our way around the store. They would quickly turn away when our eyes caught theirs, but other than that, the eyes never left us. We stayed in there for a while, as we were quite fond of the attention we were getting. As we walked out, my father turned to me and said, "It's hard being this good looking."

Who am I?

When I go diving with my cousins, I know I'm not alone. Sometimes it can be real dangerous. We stay in the water for long periods of time and anything can happen out there. When we go diving, we stay together, work together, and return together. And in the water, we NO SHAME. If I'm tired, I tell them I'm tired. If I'm afraid, I tell them I'm afraid. If I can't handle, I NO SHAME, I tell them I can't handle. Even if I'm cold and need to go in, I NO SHAME. And there are no questions asked. I know they will help me. I know. There's an understanding. We NO SHAME. We've been diving together for a while so I kind of know that if I'm feeling a certain way, there's a good chance that they are feeling the same way, too. We are all looking for ways to keep ourselves warm, to keep ourselves strong, and to overcome our fears. This is the journey. If I find a way that might help us all, I not going keep em to myself. This is the journey.

We are all looking for ways to keep ourselves warm, to keep

Ourselves strong,

And to overcome our fears. This is the journey.

If I find a way that might help us all,
I not going keep em to myself.
Is this the journey?

GEEVUM!

You KNOW what's happening. There's too much of them. They come here to visit and they just don't leave. And they come with cash. Plenty cash. And they buying all the land. And they think they can tell us what to do and where we can go and when we can fish and how we should live. I don't think so. Uncle has the perfect response, "Hawaiians can go anywhere." They trying to tell us how to live. Who they think them?

When the guy moved in near the loko, he put up his fence, the barbed wire, the signs, the bushes. That's sick. In order to get to the point, what, we gotta walk around and go through the loko? But I no like. So I listen to the advice of Uncle and go anywhere. Night time, day time, anytime, and try to ignore the intrusion. It's easier to lay the net at night at the mākāhā. There's much less to see, but we, yes WE, lay em whenever and however we like. We go! We geevum!

'Upena

Kimo: So you going make one 'upena?

Keem: Yah.

Kimo: Shoots. (pause) You going use your grandfather's patterns?

Keem: I'm not sure. What you think?

Kimo: Yeah, make em huge. With choke pumana.

I've learned a couple of different ways to make an 'upena. But I've only experimented with a few of these methods. For the 'upena I am making now, I am using a method taught to me by my grandfather. He was an expert 'upena maker and fisherman from Maui. I learned this 'upena method from him directly and by studying the nets he made throughout his life. I am trying to make this 'upena exactly like the 'upena I have of his that I currently use. The 'upena is twelve feet long with two and one-half inch eye. It is

made of fifteen-pound mono-filament fishing line and I am using my grandfather's hi'a and his ka to make this 'upena. This ka is very special because he carved his initials onto it: LKN.

I started the 'upena with forty-six eyes hanging onto the piko of the 'upena. The first pumana row came in after three full rows were completed. Correct placement of the pumana is critical. The pumana is an extra loop or extra eye sewn into the 'upena. These extra loops or eyes allow for the expansion of the 'upena. Without them, the 'upena will not grow in diameter and will not open properly when thrown.

The pumana in the 'upena, are like children in a family. They represent the next generation. The family and the 'upena grow because of them. There will be nine pumana rows throughout this 'upena. The final row will therefore consist of four hundred and sixty eyes. Currently, I am completing the third pumana row. At the forty-ninth row, I will begin the portion of the 'upena called the "bag". The bag of the 'upena is a double layered section where most of the fish will be caught. I hope to finish this 'upena in about ten months. It is for my cousin.

A setting

It's late at night and the house is quiet as my little princess is already fast asleep. The house is dark except for the one light I have on near the kitchen. This is where I sew the 'upena. I try to sew every night. Some nights, however, I'm just too exhausted and I fall asleep. When I sew, so many thoughts come to mind. This is a time when I can just settle down and relax, and focus on these thoughts. This is a time when I can just reflect on life itself: family, school, work, everything. Everything. It's a time when our Kūpuna visit, too. I think about them and it feels like we are talking story sometimes. It's all good. I know they are helping us out. Sometimes, the most unreal ideas and revelations just pop up out of nowhere when I am sewing. These ideas are definitely gifts from them. Mahalo Nui. For me, the making of this 'upena is the most important part of this

journey. It's when I feel closest to my ancestors. It's when we talk. Everything being done is merely a reflection of conversations that took place while I was making the 'upena. They show me where to look, when to listen, and ways to respond. On the journey, I use stories, pule, poems, situations, conversations, etc. to help me think and work through things. I use whatever feels right. But, my ancestors guide me through the 'upena.

Thoughts flow

And HERE, they come out the way they have to.

HERE, I am the subject. HERE, I am the expert?

HERE, I am the voice. HERE it is.

Hawaiian.

Guided through the 'upena

And HERE, isn't life great?

Home

Mahalo

Logic?

If I like know about my family

My people

And myself

Then naturally I would go to a foreigner

Or a stranger for the answers?

I've read things, I've met people, I've been to places

I have been influenced tremendously

By everything and everyone I have had contact with

Everything here, is from everything around me,

Guided by my Kūpuna

.always.

at this moment,

through the 'upena

Reference

Cashman, K. A. (2004). Looking in the hole with my three-prong cocked. *Educational Perspectives*, 37(1), 18-22.

**ARTICLE FIVE: STILL LOOKING IN THE HOLE WITH MY THREE-PRONG COCKED: FIRE THE
PŌHAKU CANNON**

A Hawaiian Telling a Story

To share, to learn, to seek, to explore, to change, to live
For now, for after

New stories emerge
Of laughter, struggle, pain, hope
From two stories shared

You matter to me
So I risk it all and tell
The next about us

Once upon a time
There came a man in a boat
We later killed him

Come the sick we die
Come the book we die again
Come the school, three deaths

Yet here we are, still
Back from thoughts that we were dead
With stories to tell

Once upon a time
A shy boy became a man
With kuleana

To tell through a child
What he saw and what he did
So they die no more

Help me my brother and sister
This is the story I tell
But what do you hear

(response)

*Brother, this I hear
Your story speaking to me
speaking back to you*

Mahalo
I hear it too, our stories
And more emerging

Once upon this time
A man with kuleana
Retells a story

Then he hears a voice
An old soul is telling a
Story through a child

This is a story about a father with a rusty three-prong. A three-prong is a fishing spear. It has three barbs at one end of a shaft and surgical rubber attached to the other end. The

surgical rubber is stretched up the shaft of the spear and held in place with a tight grip over the shaft. A quick release of the grip will propel the spear.

My three-prong hasn't touched water for a while now so it's a little rusty. This is somewhat an indication of how life has changed/evolved for me over the past few years. I do things a little different. It's all good though. It's all for the same reasons. Nonetheless, my three-prong, although a little rusty, is cocked. And I'm still looking in the holes, trying to catch something to bring home.

Bring something home? Bring something home?
Something to eat? Something to keep us warm?
Something to remember? Something to learn from?
Something to help guide?
Something to help guide us?
Something to help guide us
On this journey
On our journeys
Something to guide our journeys
Something to show us how
How to proceed, How to carry on, How to continue
How to think and How to do
On our journeys

Das How?

I was in Hāmoa, just for a few days, hanging out with the family--just a few days to rejuvenate, catch up, play fisherman--just a few days to reflect on thirty-year old

memories of a place where I still belong. Just a few days. Our time in Hāmoa is so limited, so we make the most of our days.

That visit, in particular, was especially good because there was a group of college students coming to stay at the house for a few days. It's good fun when there are a lot of people around. And since I had recently achieved full-on "uncle" status, I knew I could just sit back and watch the kids do all the work when they arrived.

The day before the students came in, we started prepping the house for our guests. We put up the tent, got the cooking stuff ready, and cleaned the yard. Good fun! We also needed to go to the store to pick up small kine stuffs and to fill up the propane tank for the stove. The propane tank wasn't empty, but it wasn't full. So it needed to be topped off. When we got to Hāna store, we let the girl working know that we needed propane. She directed us to the propane-filling area across the road. We got to the area and the boy who was working, picked up the tank and said, "Uncle. The tank, kinda full already. You only need little bit." "Right on," I replied. He filled up the tank and it seemed like it only took him about three seconds to do so. "That's it, pau already," he said.

So we picked up the tank and went back to the store to pay. The girl at the cash register didn't ask us how much propane was put into the tank. She just punched in a few numbers and told us how much we owed. "Thirty dollars." "How much?" I responded. "Thirty dollars," she repeated. "But he only put little bit in the tank. I no think it was

thirty dollars worth of gas.” “Uncle, das how. We just fill up the tank. We no check how much gas went inside. To fill em up cost thirty dollars.” “What?” I said in disbelief. “Yeah Uncle, Das How. To fill up the tank cost thirty dollars.” I stood at the counter with my daughter and her grandfather and I was at a loss for words. The girl at the cash register had a look on her face that seemed to suggest that I should have known this. In fact, the people in line behind us seemed to be nodding in agreement with her as they listened in. “Das How?!”

So I quietly paid thirty dollars for about a dang ounce of propane gas because, “Das How.” I should have known that it would have been to my advantage to bring in an empty propane tank to be filled instead of bringing in one that was near capacity because, “Das How!” Now I know. I have been enlightened to the DAS HOW for the propane in Hāna. I will rest easy at night now that I have this knowledge. DAS HOW!!!! Das How? No! Das crazy! But still, Das How.

We kinda laughed about the propane incident on the way home. In particular, we found humor in the cash-register-girl’s attitude. She was calm. She had a smile on her face the whole time. And there was no hint that she was considering changing the Hāna-propane-protocols for us. Her use of the phrase, “Das How”, continues to resonate. Das How they do things. Like or not, that’s how they do em. That young lady was confident. I can still hear her saying, “Uncle, Das How.”

Das How?

Das How, they do em.
Their – Das How.
With confidence!
How you do em?
What is your Das How?
In life, with all you do, and think,
What is your Das How?
As father, as teacher, as student, as mentor, as spouse
What is your Das How?
Beyond the propane stories,
What is your Das How?
What is ours?
The evolving Das How?
Kimo's – Das How?

Das How?

When we were kids, we use to visit Grandma and Grandpa all the time on Maui. Well, it actually wasn't all the time. We use to go when we could afford it. It was expensive for our family of five to fly to Maui. So when we got the chance to go, we would definitely try to make the most out of the trip. We would try to make it to Maui at least once a year, most times during summer vacation. It probably felt like we went there all the time because our visits there were so memorable that we reflected on the visits well after we returned to Honolulu. Those were wonderful visits to Maui.

We would usually arrive in Kahului and spend a day or two at my grandparents' home in town. We would stock up on groceries and general supplies before heading out to Hāna. The drive into Hāna, as you know, can be pretty rough with the winding roads and all the crazy tourists. Nowadays, it takes about two hours to get from Kahului to Hāna but back when we were kids, the drive would take even longer as the roads weren't as smooth as they are now. But Grandpa would make it into Hāna in less than two hours. He would just blow em into Hāna as if there wasn't anyone else on the road.

We would take two cars into Hāna and we dreaded getting stuck in Grandpa's car. But he alone would assign us to which car we would be in. One of us kids would get stuck with Grandpa and Grandma in the "Indy 500" car. And it was that kid who would reach Hāna with an empty stomach. There were three simple unspoken rules when you rode in Grandpa's car: Hold on tight, no talking, and no throwing up. But throwing up on the road to Hāna was part of the journey, especially when we rode in Grandpa's car.

Everyone who was lucky enough to get assigned to the car that Papa (my father) was driving felt bad for the unlucky kid in Grandpa's car but they were relieved it wasn't them. I got stuck in Grandpa's car a few times and I threw up every time.

I remember one time in particular. We were actually going from Hāna to Kahului and I was riding in the back seat of the car and early on in the trip, I felt like I was getting carsick. But I said nothing. I was too afraid to say anything. So I tried to control the urge to throw up for as long as I could. But about mid-way through the trip, I exploded right

in the car. There was lunch on the seat, on the ground, and all over myself. Grandpa and Grandma were furious. They pulled off to the side of the road and started cleaning me and the car. The rest of the family drove up a while later and helped clean things up. My parents were pretty upset too when they saw me on the side of the road covered in lunch but I got the sense that they were more upset at Grandpa. The good thing was that when we got everything cleaned up and we were ready to get going again, I was re-assigned to the other car. Hurray!!! I was thinking that I should have thrown up sooner.

Das How?

Uncle can tell you, too. One time, we went to Hāmoa for Christmas - all of us, the whole gang, all the aunties and uncles and cousins. Way more people than could fit, or sleep, in the house. But it was a big deal for us to be in Hāmoa for Christmas especially with so many people. We usually spent Christmas in Honolulu so being in Hāmoa was awesome. We could go holoholo with every body and best of all, we could clean up after everyone. Whenever we went to Hāmoa, we always had chores to do, just like at home. I thought at the time that kids on vacation weren't suppose to have any chores to do, but I guess I was wrong. Actually, the reminders to do our chores were more intense when we were in Hāmoa than when we were at home. But still, being in Hāmoa was great. The fishing, swimming, and just everything was good. The chores we could deal with.

This Christmas was especially good in that we were going to imu a pig for the Christmas celebration. So us city-slickers from Honolulu were all geared up to attack the imu. We

kinda cheated though and bought the pig frozen, already gutted, and pretty much ready to cook. The pig, however, needed to thaw out. So Papa then hung it in the storeroom on the side of the house. The storeroom was attached to the main house with its own entrance. It was once used as a bedroom but for the longest time it was home to the fishing nets, the yard tools, old furniture, and everything that no fit in the main house. So the frozen pig was to hang in the storeroom overnight until the following day when it would go into the imu.

The pig was kinda spooky looking hanging in the room. It hung from its bound-back legs with its nose suspended just inches from the floor below. It would slowly spin a quarter-turn one way and gently rotate back the other way to its original position. Blood drained from the pig as it thawed. What a lovely Christmas sight that was. We should have put Christmas lights on the pig and used em as our Christmas tree. As I reflect back on the experience, it is hilarious, but at the time, it wasn't funny at all, especially when it came time for us to go to sleep. Again, the house was full of people. When we were given our room assignments from our grandfather, my brother and I found out that we were going to be sleeping in the storeroom with the pig-yup, with the dead, frozen, and upside-down pig. Merry Christmas! But we could do nothing. We just went into the storeroom and went to sleep. As I look back on the situation, I realize why we, amongst all the kids and adults at the house, were relegated to the storeroom. It's just like when you are at home and you have guests come to visit, you are expected to accommodate them. My grandfather and parents felt we were at home and this was our place.

Das How?

The Kids Have to Go There!!
Home – the places we came from.
We have to go there.
That's just how it is.
Words alone no count.
You tell em the story,
they hear only half the story,
they remember half of what they heard,
they will re-tell half of that.
That's all they'll do.
Only re-tell.
But take em there, too, and they can tell the whole
of their own story,
of who they meet, what they hear and see and do.
Then they will be of that place too,
and can tell the whole of their own story.

Das How?

Field Trip
Field trip time and its off to Pearl Harbor
I really no like ride the boat cuz I going get sick
But the teacher going make me ride em anyways
Off to the
Arizona Memorial
“They gave their lives for our freedom.”
“Thank you?”
“Sneaky buggas, only sneak attack US.”
“We dropped the bomb on them and they deserved it.”

Said a sick kid riding on the boat
And the teacher made me ride the boat

Das How?

The Pōhaku Cannon of Haneo'o
Look out, Haneo'o get one pōhaku cannon
We sit up on the porch watching the toureye drive past my madda's house
the pōhaku cannon of Haneo'o is ready to fire
Here comes more toureye, sunburnt and lost
lost as ever
Not a clue as to where they going, or where they are
or that they in the scope
of the pōhaku cannon of Haneo'o
Will they stop and ask my madda for directions?
Or even better, will they dare back up into my madda's yard to turn around
and face the pōhaku cannon of Haneo'o?
They are backing up into my madda's yard
and Haneo'o is firing the pōhaku cannon
Fire the pōhaku cannon!

Das How?

Hair

I was trying to look "sovereign" and it was working. Or maybe I just looked scary. I'm not too sure but whatever worked. My hair was once down past my shoulders and bushy. My hair was out of control. I let it grow out for a couple years and it served its purpose. It was like a flag on top of my head that told everybody who I was. I Hawaiian. At home, I wore my hair in a pony-tail on the top of my head, to keep it out of the way. It looked

like a fountain of hair on top of my head. At work, I pulled my hair neatly back into a tight bun. When I was hanging out with friends, I just pulled it back in no particular way. And then there were times when I let my hair down, fluffed it all up, and pulled it over my shoulders so it surrounded my face and screamed.

Das How?

Brown Back Pact
Long ago
One kanak trying to act
Trying to act in another's world
Doing haole stuff for haole amongst haole
One kanak trying to act
Then I made a pact with another brown back
To no act, no react, no slack
So we neva act, react, or slack
We just worry about our own pack
I look back at the pact
Made with another brown back
And it still, keeps me on track

Das How?

Fatherhood
We hold her close to us
with no need to rhyme or sound pretty or look good
We hold her close to us
We say a thousand mahalos but we keep her hidden
Hidden within our arms, with our backs to the world
and this is the most selfish act ever

And they are right, but cannot say a thing
Because in their arms they hide their reason, the self, the pride
And we hold her close to us
We not sure what to do
and neither are you
We hold her close to us

Das How?

I heard Taina say some things that made sense.
I heard Pohatu talking to his kids and grand kids.
I heard Taina telling stories.
I heard Pohatu in the likeness of his ancestors.
I heard Taina telling stories mindful that his kids and grandkids know their ancestors through him.
I heard Pohatu saying to us – Das How.
I heard Taina saying, how we treat our kids and grand kids, is how they will treat us and our ancestors.
I heard Pohatu saying to us – Das How.

Das How?

Victim Punahele
From three corners she is yelling out loud
That I am beautiful too
To
Look in the center and hear absolutely nothing
But she is beautiful too
To
Think that there is another
That by default might claim the mo'o
And she is beautiful too
To
My sweetie, my sweetie who loves me so
My sweetie, my sweetie loves everyone so

And she is beautiful too
To
Kill any hope of her ever coming home
And to kill the home within her, we die too
And she is beautiful too
To
Know that a world is being built around her
And from within, she just knows
That she is beautiful too
To
Only know a victim-less world,
She'll know of only one to replicate
And in that world,
We, will be beautiful, too

A brown story, Das How?

I brown, so I Hawaiian. I realized that this was the story I had been telling. I brown, so I Hawaiian. I realized that this was the story that my daughter was hearing. In the car one day after some heavy exposure to the sun, I jokingly bragged to my daughter about how dark I had gotten. I looked down on my arms as I drove the car and said in a cocky tone, "Look how dark I got. I Hawaiian das why!" Her quick and aggressive response shook me up! "Well, I'm not dark like that so that means that I'm not Hawaiian. You said you brown, you Hawaiian and I'm not brown so that means I'm not Hawaiian like you." I didn't know how to respond. My wife kinda laughed because she knew that my daughter's comment threw me off. But it wasn't funny to me. Not at all. My daughter just said that she wasn't Hawaiian.

My daughter just told me she wasn't Hawaiian.

And she was only repeating what I said.

Exposed to the sun.

Das How?

My grandfather had gout and now I have gout. My uncles have gout and some of my friends even have it. When I get a gout attack, it is extremely painful. The pain consumes my whole body even though the gout is mostly located in my ankles. Sometimes, the pain is so intense that I am unable to move, unable to go to work, unable to go to school. We were told stories of how my grandfather would deal with his pain. And I understand that you do what you have to do to deal with it. Even for me now, I do what I have to do to deal with the pain. Anything. Sometimes it doesn't matter what I do, the pain just takes over. The gout attacks just sneak up on me. I might be feeling wonderful one night, and BAM! I wake up in the morning and I'm out of commission. No can move. I never can tell when I'll get it so I try to make sure everything is in order, all my jobs are complete and everything is set. I try to stay ahead of the gout. Just in case.

Mahalo – Das How!

Mahalo,
Mrs. Kimo
Because I am grateful to be,
Mr. Tammy.
Mahalo

No shame dance, Das How?

The other day, the family was watching TV in the living room. They were all intensely focused on whatever TV program was on. So I picked up my ukulele, stood right next to the TV (facing my audience), and I began my performance. "I'd like to dedicate my first song to everyone in the front row, especially to this good -looking wahine in front of

me. Mam, what is your name?" My wife did not respond. She didn't even look at me. In fact, no one in the audience looked at me. They kept staring at the TV. This did not phase me, however. I learned a long time ago that the show must go on. I began strumming as I continued talking. "So folks just sit back, relax, and enjoy the music. If you guys like dance, no shame, get plenty room." Still, no one was paying any attention to me. I began playing a song. As I madly strummed my ukulele, I broke into a mean, but flat, falsetto. I was having the time of my life! My head and shoulders were tilted back. I was swaying to the music. I was geeving-um. The audience, however, was still focused on the TV. No one said a word. No one looked over at me. No one seemed to be as excited about the performance as I was. They were all just watching TV. So to get their attention, I started dancing a little bit more. And I scooted back and forth in front of the TV. I could see them trying to look around me as I did this. "No shame dance you guys, get plenty room!" I continued to scoot back and forth in front of the TV as I performed the song. "C'mon! No shame dance!" I noticed that one audience member was getting a little irritated with my performance so I sang louder. With her eyes still fixed on the TV, the audience member finally broke her silence. "Keep it up. I going dance on your face, pretty soon!" said the disgruntled audience member. I quickly thanked the audience for coming and I ended my performance. I tried to give my wife an apology-hug but it was not well received. That's OK. I know she loves it when I sing and dance for her.

Kumu, Das How?

A few years ago, I met 'Anakē Lorraine--a former assistant professor with the College of Education at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. She must have been in her late 70's at the time. She was an awesome Hawaiian lady. We miss her dearly.

She helped me make one of the biggest decisions of my life. I had been teaching at Nānākuli High and Intermediate School for 10 years when I was offered a teaching position at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. I was hesitant to accept the position because I enjoyed working with the kids in Nānākuli and because the university position would have me working with new teachers from America. I was also questioning my ability to teach at the university level. Why me?

She shared a story with me about her journey to becoming an assistant professor. As a recent college graduate, she was the last of her graduating class to be offered a teaching position as a secondary teacher with the Department of Education (DOE). She was the only Hawaiian student in the class. She said she knew that she would be the last to be offered a teaching line, even though she was the most qualified student. Initially, she was only offered a part-time teaching position while the others in her class received full-time teaching lines. However upset she was, she accepted the job, worked hard for the kids, and eventually was hired full time. She was an awesome teacher.

After a number of years as a teacher with the DOE, a former professor offered her a teaching position at the University of Hawai'i. She had to decide whether or not she was going to leave the DOE. It was a difficult decision for her. She enjoyed her students. She enjoyed teaching. And deep down, she questioned her ability to teach at the university level. She accepted the teaching position at the University of Hawai'i because she felt she had to. She had to show them that she could do it. "Hawaiian, you have to take the job! You have to show them that we can do it."

Das How?

I scheduled to conduct an evaluation of one of my university students who was student teaching at a school in 'Ewa. The evaluation consisted of a teaching observation and a debriefing session after the observation. The day before the evaluation, the student, a pleasant-haole girl from Pennsylvania, informed me via e-mail that she was a little nervous about the pending evaluation.

I entered her classroom on the day of the evaluation and found a seat near the back of the room. She greeted me from her desk at the front of the room and walked over to hand me a copy of her daily plan. We exchanged a few words and it was time for class to begin. The students were casually entering the room. They all noticed the stranger sitting in their classroom. A few of them acknowledged me but the majority just found their seats and waited for class to start. One boy in particular seemed especially perplexed about my presence. As class began, he kept looking back at me with a

somewhat confused look on his face. This continued for about five minutes. He would look back at me for a few moments and then return his focus to my student (his teacher). It seemed like he was trying to figure something out. Finally he blurted out to his teacher as he gestured in my direction, “He’s your teacher?” The Hawaiian boy said it with such disbelief. Apparently, my student had previously informed her students that her teacher from the university was coming to class to evaluate her. I don’t think she told them that I looked like them. “For real Mista, you her teacher?” I nodded in the affirmative as my student continued teaching.

“Hawaiian, you have to take the job! You have to show them that we can do it.”

Ho’okulāiwi

I have moved on. I am no longer the puka-shell tour guide for new teachers from America. I am still, however, with the university. I am working with a group of good people who go all out for Hawaiians.

Ho’okulāiwi

A hui in the likeness of its people

Ho’okulāiwi

A hui going all out for our people

Ho’okulāiwi

Thinking, asking, doing, reflecting

Ho’okulāiwi

Mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, kūpuna, mo’opuna

Ho’okulāiwi

Teachers, students, leaders, with and without the koko

Ho’okulāiwi

Take care Hawaiians

Ho'okulāiwi

Transforming Hawai'i

Ho'okulāiwi

Das How?

Ho'okulāiwi

This is a version of a conversation I had with a fisherman from Waimanalo. His name is Nenu. He learned to fish from his father. He still fishes with his father and soon, he'll be fishing with his young son. Nenu joined Ho'okulāiwi as a master's student about two years ago and has been student teaching at a school in his hometown. He is set to graduate this semester.

Kimo: How's it going at the school.

Nenu: It's all good. The kids, right on! I see my kids all over the place – the store, the park, down the beach. They come running up to me, "Hi Kumu!"

Kimo: Good, ah? (We both laugh)

Nenu: Brah, I gotta watch what I do now, they see me as their Kumu.

Kimo: Yeah, You gotta watch em now. They watching you. (again we laugh)

Nenu: I know brah, I cannot make any kine. The parents watching, too. I gotta watch what I do and what I say.

Kimo: Nah you get em brah. They all watching you more now but, das how. You the Kumu.

Nenu: Das mean. They all watching me.

Kimo: Nah, you get em. They watching you, and what they see?

They see you fishing with your family,
they see you mālama your own kids,
they see you greet them and their families with open arms,
they see you, a Hawaiian – one of them, taking care.

Taking Care.

Das what they see.

And when you go back to school,
and the kids are looking at you – Kumu.
They'll see you fishing with your family,
they'll see you mālama your kids,
they'll see you aloha them and their families,
and they'll see, like Pohatu said,
themselves in the likeness of you.

Ho'okulāiwi

Das How!

The kumu in Ho'okulāiwi are in a similar situation. The “kids” see us too. The Kua'ana and Kaina, the Ni'ihau, the Wai'anae, and the haole are watching what we do and how we do things. They are learning from us. What do they see when they look at us? What do we want them to see? What is the “Das How” that they see? They know that we are trying to take care of our people, but what else do they see?

Once a Kua'ana they see,
working for you and me.
Once a Kaikaina they see,
working for you and me.
On the ground, running around,
focused like you and me.
Dealing with clowns, all over town,
all over town get clowns.
Clowns all around, they look at the ground,
they don't look at you and me,
they don't look at you and me.
Crooked the clown,
they on our ground,
brah, look at me.

You and me, but they no see,
that you and me are free.
And now we lookin at them,
and I know, they know we see.
That amidst the shalala,
a ghost come from afar,
and look like them
she say for them,
mahalo for queelallah.
But here WE not alone,
everywhere is home.
So brah, no need talk soft,
If neighbor no like, get off!
Cuz, neighbor no like get off!
Hah?
Brah, neighbor no like get off.
Neighbor, gotta get off.
Neighbor not getting off.
I'll get the neighbor off.
Shoots, we'll get the neighbor off.
PAH!!!!
Pōhaku cannon going off.
PAH!!!!
I'm neighbor, I not getting OFF!
PAH!!!!
Brah, the neighbor is going off.
PAH!!!!
I'm neighbor, I'm NOT getting off!!!!!!
PAH!!!!
Yup, your neighbor is off,
and ye thinkst ye not getting off.
You get your neighbor off!
Off the land,
off the pan,
off the rockin bowl.
Off the top,
off the crop,
off Hawaiian gold.
Off the cash,
off the sash,
off dis fella soul.
Off my back,
off the pact,
off the dancer's floor.

So from the gout, from the mouth, from the cannon's roar,
from the boat, from the hair, from the hidden children everywhere,
from the park, from the school, from the exposure to the sun,
their comes a surge, a burning urge, to make this neighbor run.
With Kai, Kua, Nii, Wai, and Nānākuli,
here comes the wave and that castle will cave, it will transform everyone.
And neighbor is running.
Ho'okulāiwi – Das How.

A Hawaiian Telling a Story

To share, to learn, to seek, to explore, to transform, to live
For now, for after

New stories emerge
Of laughter, struggle, pain, hope
From stories shared

You matter to me
So I risk it all and tell
The next about us

Once upon a time
There came a man in a boat
We later killed him

Come the sick we die
Come the book we die again
Come the school, three deaths

Yet here we are, still
Back from *thoughts* that we were dead
With stories to tell

Once upon a time
A shy boy became a man
With kuleana
To tell through a child
What he saw and what he did
So they die no more

Help me my brother and sister
This is the story I tell
But what do you hear

(response)

*Brother, this I hear
Your story speaking to me
speaking back to you*

Mahalo
I hear it too, our stories
And more emerging

Once upon this time
A man with kuleana
Retells a story

Then he hears a voice,
An old soul is telling a
Story through a child

Das How?

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ARTICLE SIX: ALOHA KUMU

One summer. It must have been about three years ago. My brother and I, who both live on O'ahu, were visiting my parents at their home on the island of Maui. We were sitting at a table on their front porch eating breakfast. My uncle, who lives across the street, came over to talk-story knowing that my brother and I were visiting for the weekend. He comes over often to talk-story with my parents.

My uncle's daughter was in her late teens at the time and was attending the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa (UHM) where my brother and I both were working. As we talked-story, uncle was especially curious about what my brother and I did at the UHM. He also kept reminding us that his daughter was attending the UHM. My brother, who was the director of a Hawaiian program, shared some of the projects he was working on and some of the programs that might interest uncle's daughter. It was clear that there were opportunities for her in my brother's programs. Then my uncle turned his attention towards me. He asked me directly, "What you do at UH?" I answered as best I could, knowing that his real question to me was, "What can you do for my daughter?"

That was one of the toughest questions I ever had to answer. I could only describe the program I was working for and the sorts of things that the program provided. What I could offer his daughter was very limited. I was a mere worker within a program and not in a position to really provide something of worth. I felt like a failure that day.

But this experience had a bright side to it. It reminded me that regardless of where we are and what type of work we do, we need to be mindful of how we are able to contribute to the well-being of our hui. We need to be accountable to our hui. We are responsible for our hui.²³ Wilson (2008) discusses the centrality of relationships for Indigenous peoples. He discusses the importance of relational accountability within the context of Indigenous research that provides insight into the nature of our relationships in general. According to Wilson, “Relationships don’t just shape Indigenous reality, they are our reality” (p. 146). As a Native Hawaiian working at the UHM and as a Native Hawaiian focused on relational accountability, I reflect on what I perceive as my kuleana as a member of distinct yet in some ways overlapping hui. Doing so will help me to better understand how I am to be accountable as a Native Hawaiian academic to these hui. Reflecting on my experiences may also provide insight for other Indigenous academics who seek to help their own hui. I am reminded of the question posed to me by uncle, “What can you do for my daughter at UHM?”

Nānākuli Ea

Nānākuli is located on the leeward coast on the island of O‘ahu. Nānākuli is famous in Hawaiian tradition as the place where Māui the demigod was born and where he snared the sun so the kapa his mother Hina was making could dry. Nānākuli is also known for its beautiful beaches and rich fishing grounds. The people of Nānākuli are

²³ I use the term hui to refer to a group or groups defined by relationships—ethnicity, geography, interest, religion, struggle, vocation, friends, ‘ohana, etc. We are members of multiple hui simultaneously.

friendly, have a strong sense of place and community, and are resilient. The majority of the area that makes up the town of Nānākuli is located in a Hawaiian Homestead designated community. Of the approximately 12,600 residents in Nānākuli, 42% are Native Hawaiian.²⁴

I began teaching at Nānākuli High and Intermediate School (NHIS) in 1995. It was my first full-time teaching job with the Department of Education. Teaching at NHIS was stressful. I was a new teacher dealing with all sorts of issues—classroom management, developing curricula, filling out purchase orders, figuring out who was actually in charge of the school, upset parents, and just trying to help my students learn. The faculty, staff, and the students at NHIS, however, were friendly and patient with me. Although stressful, NHIS was a good place to teach. There was a genuine sense of aloha at NHIS.

I was impressed by the quality of the programs being offered at NHIS and how talented the students were. NHIS had an award-winning art program and a highly successful performing arts program. I remember the first drama performance I attended at NHIS. The students performed the Disney play “Beauty and the Beast.” The students in the play did an incredible job! Their singing, their dancing, their acting, and their overall professionalism and maturity made me realize how talented and special the Nānākuli kids were. I also saw how dedicated the faculty and staff were to the kids. Although many of the students at NHIS struggled academically²⁵, it was clear that the

²⁴ US Census Bureau, 2010. See <http://quickfacts.census.gov/qfd/states/15/1553900.html>

²⁵ US DOE, Native Hawaiian Education Program grant application—Project Ho’okulāiwi.

teachers were providing alternative learning opportunities for the students and the students were excelling in them.

In 2007, I decided to leave NHIS for a specialist position at the UHM-College of Education. This decision was a difficult one for me. I really felt that I would retire from the Hawaii Department of Education (HDOE) as a NHIS teacher. But I realized that I was being afforded a rare opportunity.

But within a week after leaving NHIS, I found myself right back in Nānākuli working with university students who were training to be teachers. This was a good thing. I was able to continue working in Nānākuli and maintained strong relationships with the faculty and staff. As I worked with the university students at Nānākuli, members of the faculty and staff inquired about the UHM program I was working with and opportunities for them to pursue graduate degrees.

There are many reasons why veteran teachers choose to pursue graduate degrees.²⁶ The majority (75%) of the teachers who are currently in the master's in education²⁷ (M.Ed.) program claimed that one of the main reasons for pursuing a graduate degree was that it would lead to an increase in pay. Ninety-five percent of the M.Ed. teachers surveyed, however, also commented that graduate studies would help them find effective ways to help their students be successful in the classroom.²⁸

²⁶ Aloha Kumu Program Survey, 2011.

²⁷ Reference to students in the Aloha Kumu Program.

²⁸ According to the 2009 Hawai'i State Assessment, Nānākuli students scored well below State averages in reading and mathematics. Only 41% of the K-12 students tested in Nānākuli met proficiency in reading while 25.3% met proficiency in mathematics. Only 67.3% of Nānākuli students graduate from high school on time.

According to Ronn Nozoe (2010), Acting Deputy Superintendent for the Hawai'i Department of Education (HDOE), effective teachers have the greatest impact on ensuring that students are college and career ready upon graduation from high school.²⁹ Superintendent Kathryn Matayoshi (2010), in a discussion on the HDOE's application for the Race To the Top Program funding, stated that there is a critical need for effective supports for both teachers and principals to ensure student success.³⁰

A teacher-professional development program, which included a master's degree program, for Nānākuli teachers was developed and implemented in the spring of 2011 in response to the requests from teachers within the Nānākuli School complex³¹ as well as the concerns from the Nānākuli community. The program recently was renamed Aloha Kumu. Aloha Kumu was a product of a partnership that included the Sovereign Councils of the Hawaiian Homelands Assemblies, the UHM–Ho'okulāiwi Program, and Nānākuli teachers.

Aloha Kumu

According to Maori scholar Graham Smith (2004):

Where Indigenous peoples are in educational crisis, indigenous educators must be trained to be change agents whose primary task is the transformation of

²⁹ Office of Curriculum, Instruction, and Student Support–Department of Education, State of Hawaii (Producer). (2010). *Back to school part 1: The race to transform our education system*.

³⁰ *ibid*

³¹ The Nānākuli School complex includes Kawaihona Public Charter School, Nānāikapono Elementary School, Nānākuli Elementary School, and Nānākuli High and Intermediate School.

undesirable circumstances. They must develop radical pedagogy that is informed by their cultural preferences and by their own critical circumstances. They must be taught about the importance of reflecting on and questioning their work. (p. 51)

The Aloha Kumu program consists of professional development workshops and a master's in education degree program in Curriculum Studies from the UHM. The Aloha Kumu program is modeled after a teacher-education program developed by Dr. Margie Maaka and Wai'anae community members in 2007 for teachers in the Wai'anae school complex. The workshops and courses in Aloha Kumu focus on language and learning, critical pedagogy, school reform, Hawaiian history, Hawaiian education, language immersion, Hawaiian and Indigenous research, mo'olelo, Wai'anae/Nānākuli ahupua'a, and critical reflection. The program is intent on helping teachers think critically about education's relationship to economic, political, and cultural power. Education theorist Michael Apple (1996) states that the curriculum in schools:

... is never simply a neutral assemblage of knowledge, somehow appearing in the texts and classrooms of a nation. It is always part of a selective tradition, someone's selection, some group's vision of legitimate knowledge. It is produced out of the cultural, political, and economic conflicts, tensions, and compromises that organize and disorganize a people. (p. 22)

The importance and centrality of the Hawaiian language, culture, traditions, aspirations, and worldviews is taken for granted in the Aloha Kumu program. Students in the program will graduate with master's degrees in spring 2012.

A Community Partnership

The Aloha Kumu program is a partnership, more so a hui, of communities focused on a kuleana to the kids in Nānākuli. The hui members collaborate to set the program goals and objectives; develop courses and workshops; author grants to support teachers; and to conduct program evaluation. Leadership for Aloha Kumu is shared amongst the hui. Aloha Kumu is a learning process for all involved. Aloha Kumu is an example of a focused effort to take control of education for our kids through teacher education.

Lessons learned – Lessons learning

So in the midst of the Aloha Kumu program, what lessons have we learned so far as we take action to transform education? A more formal evaluation of Aloha Kumu will take place at the conclusion of the program. But I reflect on Aloha Kumu midstream knowing that ongoing reflection on the process of taking action is vital—especially when trying to ensure a sense of pono within our hui. Paulo Freire (1972) suggests that the development of critical thought and reflection is essential to liberation and emancipation. Critical reflection allows individuals to appraise, recreate, and improve their realities. I am hoping that sharing my reflections on Aloha Kumu will not only help our hui to holomua but also help other hui work for change for their own.

The following are things that I realize and reflect on through the Aloha Kumu program:

- Staying focused on our kuleana to the Nānākuli kids was vital to keeping the Aloha Kumu hui on track amidst the challenges we faced regarding acquiring funding, teacher recruitment, and program logistics. The challenges we faced throughout the program had the potential to derail the effort. Hui members however, are driven by a common understanding of and a focus on our kuleana.
- Open and respectful dialogue amongst Aloha Kumu hui members reflects a commitment to empower the group as a whole. According to Paulo Freire (1972), “Leaders who do not act dialogically, but insist on imposing their decisions, do not organize the people—they manipulate them. They do not liberate, nor are they liberated: they oppress” (p. 159). Although leadership for the project was shared, dialogue has been an integral part of the hui’s relationship.
- There is power in action. The efforts of Aloha Kumu have created a positive momentum for change within the Nānākuli community and within our individual hui. Action plans are being developed to address other community and education issues as a result of Aloha Kumu. This has led to an incredible amount of visioning within our communities fueled by a confidence that is a result of hui accomplishments.
- Celebrations are necessary. We celebrate everything—even when things go terribly wrong for us. We find something to celebrate. I especially enjoy celebrating the fact that everyone in Aloha Kumu, in particular the Hawaiians

and the lone Maori, is a little crazy. Humor helps me to see the beauty in their craziness. Patience is definitely a virtue.

- Critical reflection on the transformative impact we are having must be ongoing.

The following question helps to guide our reflection, “Is transformation really occurring as a result of Aloha Kumu and how do we know this?” I see evidence of change occurring within Aloha Kumu. Some of the evidence is obvious and some more indirect. The teachers are analyzing their practice through a more critical lens as evident through their writings and class discussions; they are creating action plans for change; they are already implementing these action plans; and they are requesting more knowledge to give them more critical insight into the education and well-being of their kids. In regards to the non-teacher members of Aloha Kumu, the project is leading to more projects. The knowledge we gain through the Aloha Kumu experience is helping us to build capacity within our respective hui to execute more change initiatives. I feel that through Aloha Kumu we are becoming agents of change.

- We also need to reflect on the impact Aloha Kumu is having on our relationships—with the community, with each other, with the teachers. Relational accountability is a driving force for the kuleana work we do through Aloha Kumu. Harmony within our relationships will result in harmony within ourselves.

Reflection on a Kuleana and a Question

Aloha Kumu has created a momentum for change. Aloha Kumu is an example of a hui working for change. As I reflect on Aloha Kumu, I hear my uncle asking me the question about what I can do for his daughter. His question continues to motivate me to help our lāhui. It is, however, right at this moment, upon critically reflecting through the writing of this paper that I realize how to respond to uncle's question. Uncle. With all due respect, I will help you folks in whatever way I am able to. But the question, uncle, is perhaps one that we are helping your daughter to answer. "What will she be able to do for herself and for her lāhui?"

It is up to us to be and effect the change we seek. Nobody will do it for us.

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ARTICLE SEVEN: CELEBRATING: A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY

This collection of stories and thought pieces is part of a celebration of who we are as Indigenous peoples. Celebrating is a vital part of our spiritual journeys. Here, I celebrate those that are dear to me. I encourage my Indigenous cousins to celebrate with me as you celebrate your people.

Celebrating A Spiritual Journey

“Uncle, You look angry all the time”
said an old soul talking through a child
“Uncle, you sound angry all the time”
said an old soul talking through a child
“Uncle your anger is making me angry, all the time”
said an old soul talking through a child

“Celebrate, Uncle”
To lighten the weight of your spiritual journey
“Celebrate, Uncle”
Because we see ourselves in you
“Celebrate, Uncle”
Because we want to celebrate too
“Celebrate, Uncle”
Because we love you
“Celebrate, Uncle”

Let the celebrations begin

Spiritually we are moved to celebrate. Join us in the celebration. Join us in the celebration of our spiritual journeys, of who we are, and where we are from. Join us in the celebration of all that we do in the name of our people. Join us in the celebration of each other.

I wander spiritually through writing, guided by our kūpuna and not the rules of another, through celebrations past and present. I wander, spiritually writing, from the place that matters the most – home. And the wandering encourages a soul to smile, tear, laugh, remember, and look forward. And the wandering helps the events of the past turn into stories for the future - stories that will naturally become a celebration of the spirit that moves us. The stories remind us, that everything we do for our people, our ‘ohana, and our ‘āina is spiritual and needs to be celebrated.

“Celebration is a way of spreading the light around.”
(Cajete, 1994, p. 73)

Celebrate, Kids

Grandpa’s books get choke stories - stories of the fantastic, the ordinary, the dramas, the first-times, the births, the deaths, the daily stuffs, the holidays, the families, the strangers, the visitors, the hopes and dreams, the happy, the sad, just everything. I’ve never read any of his books, but I know what’s in them. I asked. He told me that he writes, “everything.” He takes notes on life, just in case he forgets, or maybe just in case we forget. So “everything” is in Grandpa’s books.

Grandpa was the one who inspired me to start writing “everything” ten years ago. So I write “everything”, just in case, one day, I forget. Just in case we forget.

On New Year’s Eve, we all sat in his garage watching the little kids play fireworks on the street. We shared stories throughout the night. We were telling the stories we either wrote or will write some day. It was good fun to just cruise and talk-story while the kids tried to blow up the neighborhood.

His garage, like the rest of his house and yard, was covered with Christmas lights. There were strings of lights everywhere - strewn along the top edges of the house, surrounding the window frames, on the plants and trees, on the mailbox. Cool! It was an awesome sight to see. The lights made the whole place look festive. There must be stories about the lights in Grandpa’s books because it’s obvious that he loves to celebrate the holidays. He loves his lights.

We talked about all kinds of things that night while sitting in the lighted garage. Grandpa said something in particular that continues to resonate. As he spoke about recently celebrating his birthday, he said to everyone sitting around him, “You guys gotta appreciate what we have, we all so fortunate.” And then he paused for about a minute while everyone contemplated in silence what he just said. And then he gestured in the direction of the kids playing on the street and said, “Look. I’ve lived to see my great-grandkids.”

Hui! Great-grandkids
“Everything” is there
Just in case you forget
Just in case, one day, you like know
Just in case, one day, we no stay
Just in case, one day
you need a string of lights to spread all over the yard
You now where “the lights” stay
“Everything” is there in the stories

Celebrate, Tita

Eo, Tita

Eo Tita, here is a string of lights for you, just for you. Amidst life’s challenges, the stuffs that would make others crumble, you still remind us to celebrate like you.

Eo Tita, here is a string of lights for you, just for you.

To put in your room, like stars that shine through the darkest of nights.

Eo Tita, here is a string of lights for you, just for you.

Because we alive, life is short and yes, celebrating – das how.

Eo Tita, here is a string of lights for you, just for you. To show others the way to your beautiful world.

Eo Tita, here is a string of lights for you, just for you. And with this string of lights, we also celebrate you.

Eo Tita

Celebrate, Uncle

Cruising with Kūpuna

My uncle is a really good fisherman. He has been fishing his whole life. He shares what he knows about fishing with me and my daughter. I appreciate this. I fondly remember fishing with my uncle when I was growing up. I hope that my daughter enjoys fishing with her uncle, too.

About a year ago, he got a new boat. It was a flashy boat with a big outboard motor. I didn't know too much about boats, but that boat looked fast. He asked my daughter and me if we wanted to go with him to test out the new boat. I was a little hesitant at first but I reflected on the fact that he had been fishing and boating since he was a child. What could go wrong? We would be on the water with an expert. So I agreed that we would go.

We took the boat to the boat ramp, loaded it into the water, we got in, and began cruising around Lake Wilson. For about the first hour, we were easily making our way across the lake. We were cruising. Then my uncle suggested that we see how fast the boat could go. I didn't want to seem like a whimp, so I said, "Yeah! Let's go!" But inside, I was saying, "No! Let's not!" He had this look on his face that really concerned me. He looked angry! He looked crazy! He looked like he wanted to go really fast! He pushed the throttle forward and the boat lifted out of the water as it darted forward. We were going so fast, it felt like the boat was no longer touching the water. It felt like we were

flying. And he still had that angry, crazy, I-want-to-go-fast look on his face. A huge wake trailed behind us as we sped along the winding lake. We were going terribly fast!

I must have looked scared because he turned to me and yelled, "Brah! No worry! I know this lake like the back of my hand!" What happened next was unbelievable! Just as he finished talking, the boat slammed into large mound of dirt and rocks that lay just beneath the surface of the water. There was a loud crash as the boat came to an immediate stop. The large wake that trailed behind the boat suddenly turned into a huge wave that crashed over us. The rear of the boat lifted into the air and slammed back down. The outboard motor continued to scream but the boat wasn't moving. We were stuck on this mound. Everyone was OK but the boat was stuck and hopefully not damaged. We tried to free the boat by rocking it back and forth. We tried a variety of things but none of them worked. The boat wouldn't move from the mound.

Uncle and I got out of the boat. We were knee deep in the water standing on a small ledge directly under the boat. There was barely enough room for the both of us. I grabbed the railing of the boat and was ready to push. My uncle, however, was just standing calmly in the water with his back facing towards me. Again, he was standing just a foot or two away from me. I was ready to push the boat and he was just standing there. Then I heard water trickling. Water trickling? Then I saw what he was doing. My uncle was urinating in the water. Unbelievable! I didn't know how to react. So I waited in disbelief for him to finish. When he finished, he turned to me and said, "Watch out. Somebody took a piss over there." The urine was still warm as it drifted towards me and

surrounded my legs. I was standing in my uncle's urine. I laughed with him as he made jokes about the urine, but inside, I was crying. We eventually freed the boat from the mound of mud and my daughter and I survived the ordeal. That day, my uncle gave me a new nickname – Shee-Shee Boy.

Celebrate, Everybody

Glass Ball

I heard this story at a party. One of our uncles, a great story-teller, shared this with all of us. One time, there was a haole man sitting on a rocky beach looking out into the ocean. He wasn't just gazing. He was watching something in particular that was floating on the water. Two uncles were sitting in their car that was parked on a cliff just above the haole man. The two uncles were watching what the haole man was doing. They saw that his attention was focused on a huge glass ball that was floating on the water. A glass ball is a fishing float used by Japanese fisherman to support their fishing nets. Sometimes, these fishing floats dislodge from the nets and drift with the currents. Many glass balls find their way to this place. It is a good thing to find one of these glass balls. It is like finding treasure in the ocean. So the uncles watched the haole man as the waves nudged the glass ball closer and closer towards the shore. The haole man was getting excited as the glass ball moved closer towards him. The uncles patiently watched the haole man and the glass ball for about an hour. The glass ball slowly moved closer in and the haole man waited in anticipation to claim his prize. When the glass ball moved within swimming distance of the haole man, enough of a distance for him to actually get

it, one of the uncles pulled out a rifle from the car and shot the glass ball. The two uncles laughed out loud as the glass ball shattered.

When uncle was telling this story, everyone at the party was engrossed in it. They were all eagerly waiting to hear what happened. As soon as uncle told us that he shot the glass ball, everyone, even the kids, erupted in laughter. Or were we cheering? It was a cheering sort of laughter. We all were cheering, laughing, celebrating.

and
after he shot the glass ball,
he held onto the rifle,
and the two uncles
continued watching
the haole man

Celebrate, Grandpa

Grandpa them use to play this one song all the time. I think it was his favorite.

Whenever we went to the house, Grandpa's gang would always come over and play music. All night. Grandpa could jam you know. And all the uncles could play something - ukulele, guitar, whatever. Usually right after dinner, they would bust out the instruments and geevum. Good fun. He would play his favorite song. He would sing the words and it would just blend with the guitar perfectly even though his voice would waver and fade in and out. Sometimes his voice strained but he kept on singing and playing. It was as if the song was playing in his head and we were only hearing what his tired fingers and his expiring voice could keep up with. But it still sounded good. And

there were parts in the song where the notes were too high for him to sing. I remember seeing and hearing him sing these parts of the song. With his eyes shut, he would tilt his head back, his eyebrows would rise up, and he would sing with all his might. But his voice would just fade out. He would keep playing and mouthing the words and when he got back to a lower note, his voice would fade back in. And he just kept on singing and playing without hesitating. I'm not even sure if he realized that his voice faded out for a while. But it didn't matter. We heard him.

Celebrate, Peace Agents

The kumu in you, the parent in you,
the brother and sister in you,
the God in you, the good in you, the place in you,
the hope in you, the kuleana in you, the aloha in you.
Celebrate, Peace Agents.
The diligent, the dedicated, the real, the hard-working,
the dish washers, the weed pullers.
Celebrate, Peace Agents.
You, the Peace Agent.
Inspired
by compassion,
world citizenship, experiences, religions, koko,
a desire for change, aloha for all?
To end poverty, racism, injustice, manipulation, genocide, bullying, stress?
Celebrate, Peace Agents,
The aloha in you.

Celebrate, Beautiful Souls

The following is an e-mail sent to our students regarding their participation in a conference.

Aloha Kākou,

Hope you all are doing well.

We (Nā kumu) wanted to add to the positive comments shared by others regarding your participation in the conference. The teacher educators in attendance were especially taken by your level of engagement and your overall enthusiasm. Right on! The comments they shared were good to hear but come at no surprise. We know you guys getum!! It's good to see that our national and international counterparts also recognize the quality of our students.

Of special note - On the last day of the conference, we were eating breakfast with a teacher educator from Aotearoa. We spoke about our work, our students, our research, etc. After a somewhat lengthy pause in our conversation during which we both focused on our meals while also reflecting on the experiences shared, she broke the silence by saying, "Your students are beautiful." We couldn't agree more. Yours is a cohort of beautiful souls.

We hope that you were inspired by the people you met and the conversations you participated in at the Hui. This was a special opportunity for all of us to learn about Indigenous research by getting to know those who are at the forefront of a movement.

Aloha, Nā Kumu

Celebrate, Wanderers

The 'iwa are coming home

The 'iwa are coming home. We stand in the loko at low tide. We stand with the water just surrounding our ankles. The 'iwa are soaring above. Choke 'iwa are above us. They dive one by one into the deep part of the loko, not for fish but for the fresh water springs in the loko. They thirsty. And when they are done, they swoop over the ocean and head back home for 'Alau.

The 'iwa are coming home

Celebrate, Auntie

We go to church once in a while. We like it there. The people are good.

The church is a special place for someone that is very dear to us.

We go to church to help her do things. We help her with the church fundraisers.

Sometimes we help her clean the church grounds. At times, we just go to keep her company. Church is a spiritual place because she is there. We are there for her.

The church is a spiritual place for her so it is a spiritual place for us.

Celebrate, 'Ohana

It's just like hearing an echo. There is an 'ohana that lives next to us in Wahiawā. Their house is really close to ours. We can hear everything coming from the house –

Everything. At times, it actually sounds like they are in our house. I'm sure they hear everything that's going on in our house too. Their lives, according to what we hear, are eerily similar to ours - the joking, the laughter, the singing, the dramas, the "wife

bossing around the husband”. When we hear them, it seems like we are listening to our voices, and our lives, echoing off their house. We’ve grown accustomed to hearing our neighbors’ lives playing out. In some ways it is comforting to hear them because they remind us that we are not as odd as we think we are. I wonder what they make of the banter coming from our house?

Tonight, the ‘ohana next door is quieter than normal. But I can hear them softly singing. Real soft. *“Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you...”*

It is the little boy’s birthday. He’s a good boy, that one. In my mind, I imagine the family huddled around the boy and a birthday cake with his name on it. The glow from the birthday candles is illuminating his smiling face. Everyone is smiling. Everyone is softly singing. Mom and Dad softly sing to him that they wish they could give him everything beautiful in the world. Brother and sister softly sing to him while they anticipate the time when they too will be celebrated, on their birthdays. And the boy softly sings to himself a song that tells his soul that Mom, Dad, Brother, and Sister are his world. Happy Birthday, Boy.

Amidst the struggles that all families experience, amidst the weight of our spiritual journeys that often sends our emotions to the extremes, we sometimes forget that the people, that need to be celebrated are the ones that are closest to us. They bare the brunt of the storms that our spiritual journeys cause.

Happy Birthday, Everybody.

“Celebrate, Aunties and Uncles”

To lighten the weight of your spiritual journeys

“Celebrate, Aunties and Uncles”

Because we see ourselves in you

“Celebrate, Aunties and Uncles”

Because we want to celebrate too

“Celebrate, Aunties and Uncles”

Because we love you all

“Celebrate, Aunties and Uncles”

the ones that are closest to you

Celebrate, Everybody

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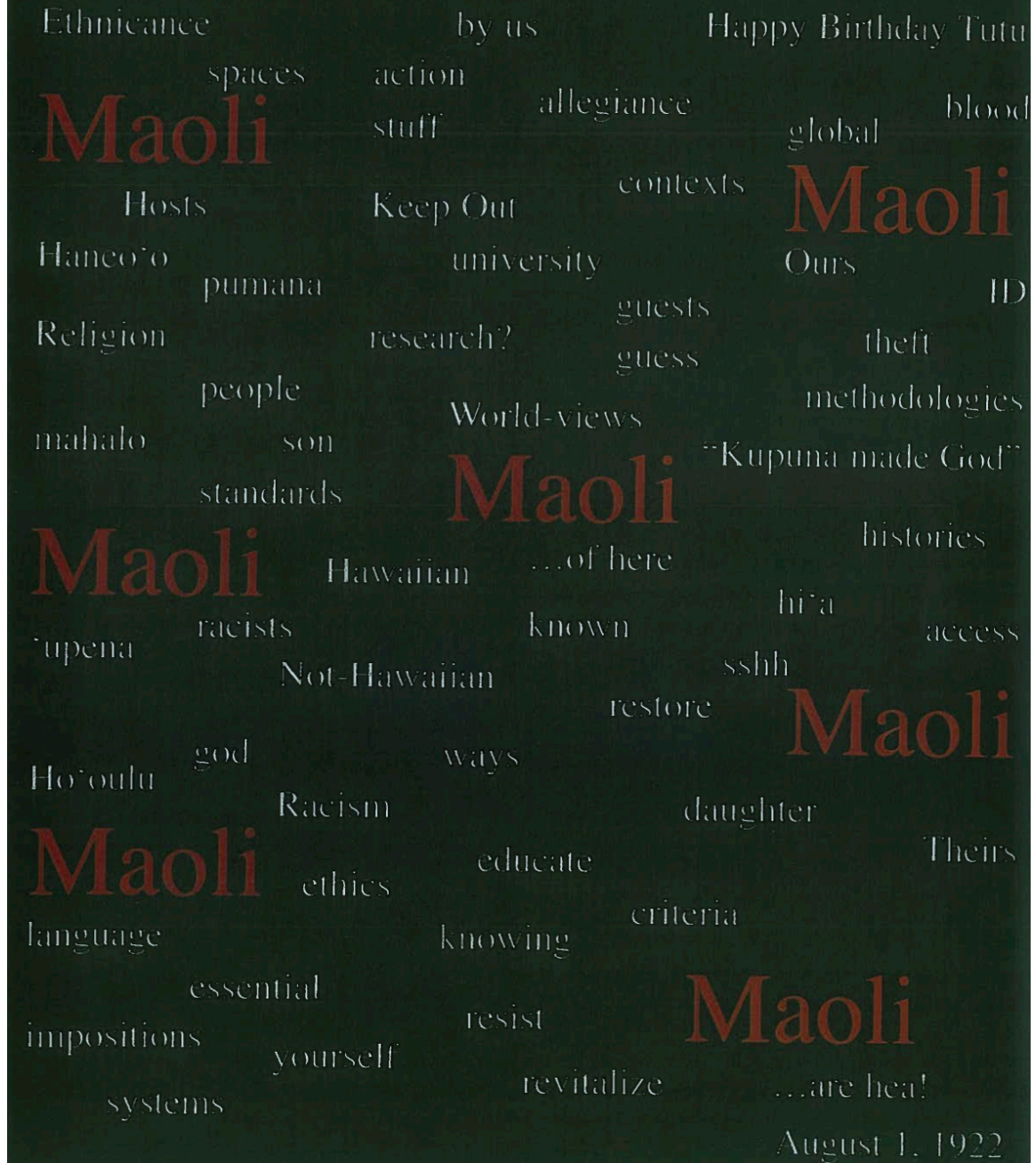
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APPENDIX A

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Educational Perspectives

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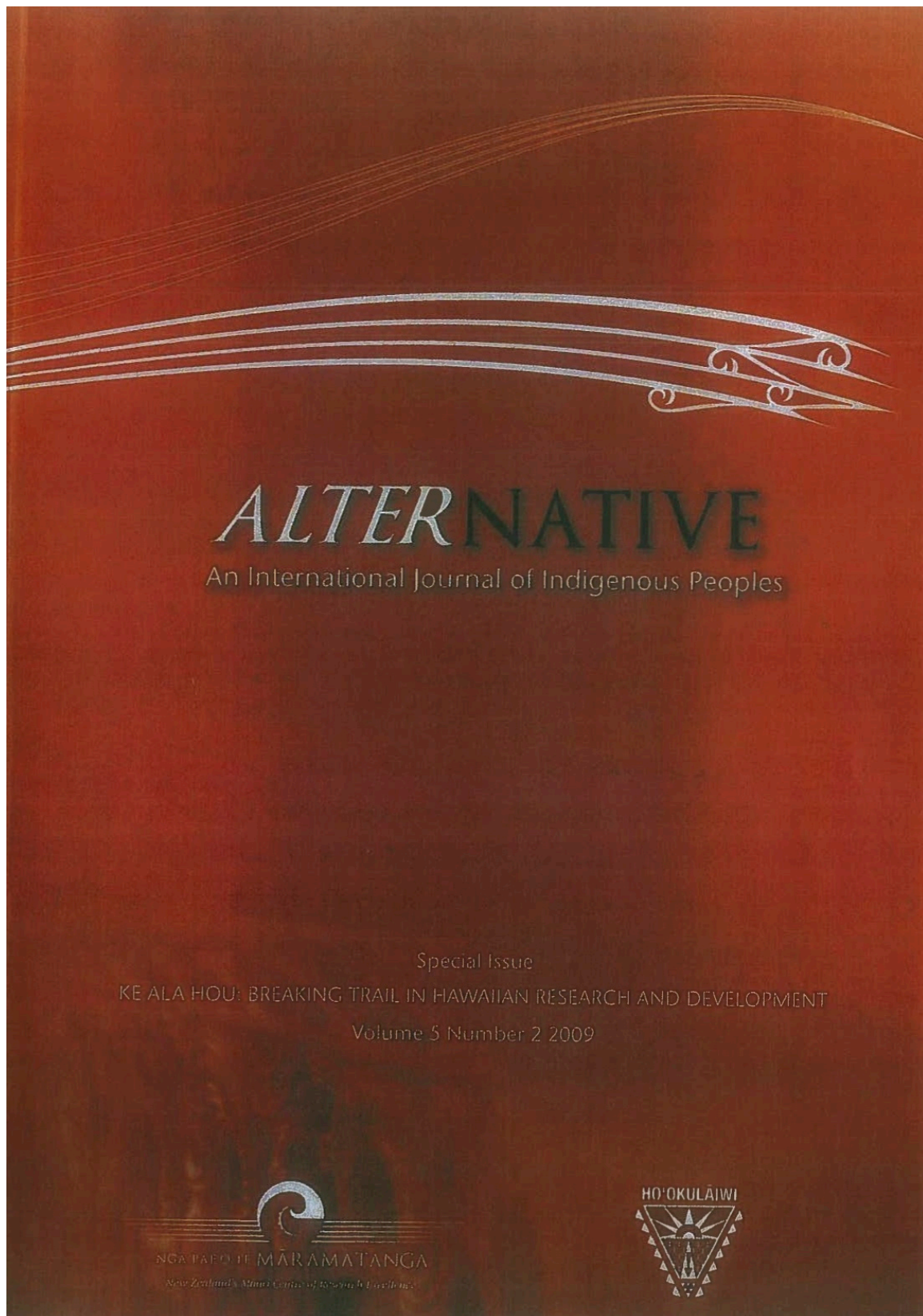
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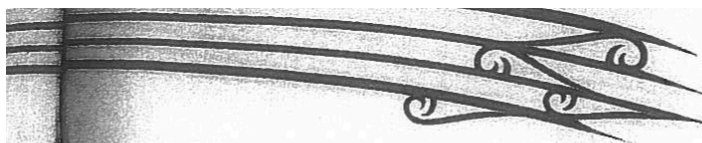
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