Two Perspectives on Political Narrative in One Activist Family

Jonathan and Jamaica Osorio

This essay was originally delivered as a plenary address by poet-activist-scholar Jamaica Heolimeleikalani Osorio and her father, Hawaiian Studies professor Jonathan Kamakawiwo'ole Osorio. The address was given at the World Indigenous Peoples Conference on Education (WIPCE) held in Honolulu in the summer of 2014. Together these presentations explore the momentousness of the recovery of our own narratives in our native and adopted languages to Kanaka Maoli well-being and to our ability to continue the struggle for national restoration. Both perspectives see tremendous stakes involved in the Hawaiian movement, especially the survival of aloha for the land and nature, and for a recommitment of aloha to each other.

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In the early summer of 2014, my daughter Jamaica and I were invited to share the honor of delivering the keynote address on one of the final days of the World Indigenous Peoples Conference on Education at Kapi'olani Community College in Honolulu. Since the subject of the conference was "E Mau Ana ka Mo'olelo," we decided against collaborating on our presentations, in part because we believed that there would be a consistency in our messages whether we tried to manage those narratives or not. Similarly, we have done very little editing of those speeches for this essay and present them largely as we delivered them.

JAMAICA RECITES:

Kumulipo

What happens to the ones forgotten
the ones who shaped my heart from their rib cages
i want to taste the tears in their names
trace their souls into my vocal cords so that i can feel related again
because i have forgotten my own grandparents' middle names
forgotten what color thread god used to sew me together with

There is a culture
somewhere beneath my skin that i've been searching for since i left
but it's hard to feel sometimes
because at Stanford we are innovative
the city of Macintosh breeds thinkers of tomorrow
and i have forgotten how to remember

But our roots cannot remember themselves
cannot remember how to dance if we don't chant for them
and will not sing unless we are listening
but our tongues feel too foreign in our own mouths
we don't dare speak out loud
and we can't even remember our own parents' names
so who will care to remember mine if i don't teach them

i want to teach my future children
how to spell family with my middle name—Heolimeleikalani
how to hold love with Kamakawiwo'ole
how to taste culture in the Kumulipo

please
do not forget me
my mana
do not forget my soul
my father
Kamakawiwoʻole
who could not forget his own
Leialoha
do not forget what's left
cuz this is all we have
you won't find our roots online
we have no dances or chants if we have no history
just rants
no roots
just tears
this is all i have of our family history
and now it's yours

ʻO Kahinuonālani ke kāne, ʻo Waiwaiʻole ka wahine
Noho pū lāua a hānau ʻia ʻo Charles Moses Kamakawiwoʻole, he kāne

ʻO Daisy Kaʻaiʻawaʻawa ka wahine, ʻo Charles Moses Kamakawiwoʻole
ke kāne
Noho pū lāua a hānau ʻia ʻo Eliza Leialoha Kamakawiwoʻole, he wahine

ʻO Eliza Leialoha Kamakawiwoʻole ka wahine, ʻo Emil Montero ke kāne
Noho pū lāua, a hānau ʻia ʻo Elroy Thomas Leialoha Osorio, he kāne

ʻO Elroy Thomas Leialoha Osorio ke kane, ʻo Clara Kuʻulei Kay ka wahine
Noho pū lāua a hānau ʻia ʻo Jonathan Kay Kamakawiwoʻole Osorio,
he kāne

ʻO Jonathan Kay Kamakawiwoʻole Osorio ke kāne, ʻo Mary Carol Dunn
ka wahine
Noho pū lāua a hānau ʻia ʻo Jamaica Heolimeleikalani Osorio, he wahine.

Do not forget us
mai poina

—Jamaica Osorio, 2009

JAMAICA SPEAKS:

I begin almost every performance or talk with that poem. We are taught as Kānaka Maoli that when we introduce ourselves, we begin by introducing our ancestors and our home. It is a way of honoring those who brought us into existence by remembering the connection between our work today and their work yesterday. The poem ends with a very abridged version of my moʻokūʻauhau that travels up my father's genealogy, through his father, Elroy Thomas Leialoha Osorio, his mother, Eliza Kamakawiwoʻole, and her parents, Daisy Kaʻaiʻawaʻawa and Charles Moses Kamakawiwoʻole, and his parents, Kahinuonālani and Waiwaiʻole, who all lived and loved Hawaiʻi Moku o Keawe from Hilo all the way up the Hāmākua coast. These are just some of the many people whom I honor by being here today. I also honor my mother, Mary, and her family—her mother, Genevieve Offer, and father, Edward Dunn, and the lands they represent. Being born and raised on Oʻahu ka ʻĀina o Kākuhihewa, I honor the generations of aliʻi, like Māʻilikūkahi whose innovation and aloha ʻāina were a bountiful benefit to his people. I am here today to share a bit of the stories that led up to my own and made my story as a Kanaka Maoli queer mana wahine possible. Thank you so much for having me and for making space for this moʻolelo to be told.

JON SPEAKS:

Aloha mai e ka Poʻe o kēia Moana nui a me nā kānaka mua loa o ka honua.

My name is Jonathan Kay Kamakawiwoʻole Osorio, and I have been privileged to be a professor on the faculty of the Kamakakūokalani Center for Hawaiian Studies these past 22 years. I began my teaching career right here on this campus as an Instructor of History in 1991. It is like coming home. I have also been privileged, fortunate, blessed to have been nurtured by a wonderful family: those who preceded me through both my parents, Clara Kuʻulei and Elroy Thomas Leialoha Osorio; my extraordinary wife, Mary Dunn; and my children Kānealiʻi, Kamakana, Jamaica, Haliʻa, and Lehuanani. I have come to understand how much of who I am was shaped by these people.

As I have visited some of the presentations here at WIPCE, it has been very clear that the emphasis on continuing our stories is most appropriate for the times we face, not just as indigenous peoples but as beings on this planet. My work over the past few years has focused more and more on the desperate futures faced by both

indigenous and nonindigenous people as a global economic empire systemically undermines our national governments, exploiting things we never believed could be exploited and creating for itself the revenues and policies designed to make itself ever more powerful.

I have a growing sense of uneasiness about the shape, sound, and presence of urban Oʻahu. Walking through downtown Honolulu or San Francisco or Suva for that matter, I am overwhelmed by the paradoxes of the wealth that builds cities, freeways, and shopping malls, and the poverty that leaks out from these buildings and onto the streets. Equating the word "development" with malignancy might have seemed outrageous once upon a time—something you might hear only from some left-wing beat generation poet. But increasingly we are seeing the signs of despair among our people, a wearying sense that the glut of modernity is not making us more prosperous but merely depositing one more concrete and plastic idol on a wasteland of concrete and plastic.

But increasingly we are seeing the signs of despair among our people...

I thought of beginning this talk with the bleakest images I could summon. The truth is that none of us are unaware of the ways in which global capital and massive consumption compromise the health of our seas, the welfare of our people, our sovereignty over our lands and resources, and our own internal laws and policies. Native peoples, out of a sense of responsibility for our worlds, our fauna, our ʻāina, have far greater concerns than those metropolitan peoples who have been reared and sheltered in the expectation that global trade and free markets would bring not just prosperity but security and even tolerance and humaneness to society.

The metropolitans must deal with their sense of expectations betrayed. But for kānaka, we still have our worlds, our families, our pasts and futures to protect. That wearying sense of despair to which I referred earlier is dangerous and useless to our task at hand. Let us simply remind ourselves that the great work of reforming our economies and restoring and strengthening the health of our lands and people needs to take into account the fact that we are not alone in our islands. In this very American society Hawaiʻi has become, it is quite obvious to us kānaka that real political and economic reform runs up against 100 years of plantation mentality and more than 50 years of labor movements struggling for dignity and fairness. It is not easy for the descendants of those who struggled for economic gains against a truly racist colonial government a half century ago to ally

with kānaka whose principal message is that people cannot continue to exploit our ʻāina as they have. We cannot continue to live like Americans; we must, not just for the land's sake and for our fellow creatures, but for our own descendants' sake, lead more modest lives.

Even oppressed people—laborers, migrant workers, elders—so many practically discarded by what is now a global system of opportunism, digestion, waste, and depletion of resources—will not eagerly take up solidarity with indigenous people unless we can point them to ways to improve their lives and livelihoods. Yet it is the poor, homeless, and indigent who actually provide for us the clearest reflection of our own history and our determination to reclaim our lives. For we kānaka continue to be arraigned with many of the same kinds of stereotypes that are used to create policy for the underclasses of modern society. While the poor in metropolitan societies might be judged helpless or unfortunate, undereducated, or perennially disadvantaged, they are also often targeted as likely criminals, underperformers in schools, and undesirables for employment. Indeed there is very little difference between the ways governments characterize the members of that underclass and the native people living among and around them.

More importantly, when we consider the poor in urbanizing nations—that is, those whose incomes cannot pay for adequate shelter, nourishing food, reasonable health care, and good education—that ratio of poor to the well-off is increasing as profits are directed into narrower and more deliberate channels. In that sense many native people, though not necessarily Kānaka Maoli, are better off with land, shelter, and food, at least in comparison with regional migrant workers and unemployed people of color in American cities. We Kānaka Maoli in Hawaiʻi, without tribal lands and with our people scattered throughout our islands, and with so few living in Hawaiian communities, and hundreds of thousands living outside of our islands, have nevertheless been able to construct a story, a moʻolelo about how to survive and assert our identity in public policy, education, the arts, and the marketplace.

Our struggle to dignify ourselves, our ancestors, and our legacy within these islands has amplified our voices even through times of massive dying, political and economic dispossession, and a brutal campaign of assimilation that almost permanently removed the sound of our language from our families. We have added those experiences to our memories of our ancient kūpuna and our aliʻi, in song, poem, story, and published scholarship. We are now, and have been,

telling the story of how a million people could live in these islands, sustained by their produce and the genius of good management and conservation. That is a story we must not keep to ourselves. It must be the foundation of our demand to this fearsome global economic empire that these islands, their resources and the people living here, are the kuleana, the responsibility of the Kānaka Maoli.

We must be able to convey the very same message to those who cannot make similar claims and are even more vulnerable to the same kinds of oppression. We must share our stories with those who are not native because we cannot win this struggle alone and also because the solution to the ugly and brutal economic inequalities in the world is not simply a class warfare that replaces one elite, one profiteer, for another. We must raise the consciousness of those around us, as we have raised our own, to understand the full sacredness of our world and our relationship with it. I believe this story will resonate quickly and clearly with the poor and marginalized in metropolitan Honolulu and Auckland and Albuquerque who have already been forsaken by their own system.

...the solution to the ugly and brutal economic inequalities in the world is not simply a class warfare...

Poor and destitute people, especially those living far from their homelands and their ancestors, have difficulty voicing an opposing narrative to the one that describes them as powerless, ignorant, and unemployable. But at least we can say with all of the conviction that comes from our own memories, this land belongs to us. This ʻāina is ours.

I am confident that while you have been here in our homeland, you have heard the stories of our pursuit of independence from the US, the restoration of our government, and the resurrection of our nation. I am sure that you have heard people say that the Kānaka Maoli are not united—some want independence, some want the kingdom back, some prefer to be native Americans. It is true that we do not share a single version of a political future. Perhaps we get that from living with the Americans. But we do share an increasingly unified story of who we are, how we formed a nation-state in the 19th century, and how the United States government conspired to steal our nation from us and continues to occupy us militarily and politically.

This recognition is already changing the terms of the conversations we have among ourselves about our future. Less than a month ago, the Pouhana or Chief Executive Officer of the Office of Hawaiian Affairs sent a letter to the US Secretary

of State asking for clarification of whether the Hawaiian nation still exists under international law, and whether the OHA trustees might be held criminally liable for attempting to create a new political entity while the original sovereign kingdom was still in existence. It was a bold gesture designed to create some movement in our nation building, and it succeeded in drawing together thousands of online supporters and hundreds of actual troublemakers to the Office of Hawaiian Affairs in support of CEO Kamana'opono Crabbe.

We see many signs of the growing strength and vitality of native movements throughout the world, and we also see signs of the limitations of empire. Every individual who is disenfranchised, every community that is disinherited becomes the potential enemy of empire. But I will make clear that native peoples should not be seeking to make allies of empire's enemies. Instead, we should be using a significant historical moment to clarify for ourselves and teach other oppressed people in the world the possibilities for this earth and all of its sacred life forms, and the need to very intentionally remove ourselves from a path that has no hopeful destination.

And this brings me to what I hope is the optimistic part of this conversation. While governments and corporations, banks, labor unions, and universities continue to stress the importance of investment, jobs, proper training for the workforce, the removal of trade barriers, and fortifying laws that increase the reach and power of already powerful corporations, there is a countervailing force in the world. I believe that there has been a change in the way people think about native cultures. When I first began teaching Hawaiian Studies almost 25 years ago, I felt the need to explain how there could be a story about Papahānaumoku giving birth to islands and her daughter birthing taro before birthing human beings. Because parts of the story seemed supernatural, my only real goal then was for the students not to dismiss my ancestors as gullible and superstitious fools. Gradually I began to understand the relationships between the different parts of nature: the relationships between taro, water, land, and human were precisely what the story was designed to explain. I gradually began to understand that this story was not just useful and important for the kānaka who lived a thousand years ago. The story was meaningful for us today. Indeed, I noticed that the more involved students became with the taro garden at Kānewai, or the fishpond at He'eia, the more meaningful and instructive the story of Papa and Wākea was for them.

I believe that there has been a change in the way people think about native cultures.

We need to tell the old stories and also new stories about ourselves. We need to allow other people, nonnative people, to discover themselves in the stories that describe how we live responsibly for the ʻāina, our ancestors, and ʻaumākua. We need to demonstrate to visitors the depth and richness of lives that acknowledge the spirit of other living beings and how they are a part of us. And here is the point. It really is not possible to think of a mountain summit, a fishery, a taro garden, an ulu tree, or an entire island as both a being that shares your spirit and as property in the same breath.

We need to tell the old stories and also new stories about ourselves.

I believe we are making progress. I no longer worry that people outside our community dismiss our protests when construction digs up ancestral bones. For one thing, I know that we kānaka have become more articulate about how the iwi (bones) of the body retain the sacredness and house the spirit of the departed. But we also know that bones deposit nutrients into the earth and make it more productive. The story and the practice of the sacredness of iwi, like so many of our stories and practices, has practical applications.

Similarly, Mauna Kea is a sacred space violated by the presence of a dozen large telescopes and about to feel the construction of one of the largest telescopes in the world. Mauna Wākea is not just sacred because it is the highest peak in the Pacific and looks majestic and commanding from every vantage point. It is sacred because rare and vulnerable species inhabit its summit. It is sacred because its mass creates its own wind and rain patterns affecting the climate and the water resources of the land below. Our ancestors treated that summit with great respect, journeying there for the wealth of its rock and plants, always careful to take only what was needed, only after prayer, and always doing as little as possible to disturb its serenity.

Ultimately, it is about reverence. Revering ancestors, sacred places and revering the life around us are necessary to revering ourselves, to seeing and knowing ourselves as splendid products of three billion years of evolution and thousands and thousands of years of cultivating human relationships. Native people, almost by definition, are connected to land and to nature and to one another enabled by that reverence. Seeing all of these living beings as connected to us brings a dignity and meaning to our lives that is so very much richer than thinking of ourselves as consumers and commodities.

And so I will end with a short story that I have tended for most of the years of my life and shared with anyone who will listen. When George Helm, Walter Ritte, and Emmett Aluli formed the Protect Kahoʻolawe ʻOhana (PKO) in 1976, they committed themselves and every member of that group to risk their lives, their freedom, and their futures to rescue Kanaloa (the ancient name for Kahoʻolawe) from the US military, which had been bombing and shelling the island for almost 40 years. At first no one gave them a chance to succeed against the US Navy in a state that had become so patriotically American since the Second World War. As they placed people on Kanaloa to compel the military to stop its operations even temporarily; as they went from school to church to any public gathering to talk about Aloha ʻĀina, the familial and loving relationship that historically and naturally engaged the Kānaka and the ʻĀina, the land; and as the media began to take this movement seriously, there were some in our native community who wanted to make that movement into something that it was not. Impatient to return Hawaiians to political power, some even argued that the ʻOhana should take up arms against the US. This, the PKO under the leadership of these gifted visionaries, and with the guidance of the kūpuna on Molokaʻi, this they refused to do.

When George Helm and Kimo Mitchell disappeared on Kanaloa in March 1977, Kānaka Maoli lost great leaders. But we did not lose their message, Aloha ʻĀina, the sacred love between the land and all of its offspring including Kānaka; Aloha ʻĀina, which binds us into this relationship and obligation to care for our islands and our seas. We have Aloha ʻĀina branded into our souls, and we continue to teach our children and grandchildren with fervor and conviction. This is the message, this is the story we must now tell those around us who do not share our ancestry but will most certainly share our fate if we fail to change the way human beings understand their lives. And now my narrative gives way to my daughter's.

JAMAICA SPEAKS:

In October of 2013, during heated debates over marriage equality in Hawaiʻi, a group of Hawaiian "leaders" put together a commercial stating that the Bible is "the highest law of the land" and that same-sex marriage would "violate our traditional sense of ʻOhana." This statement, made by 10 or so state and federal employees, lacked any historical mana—which is to say, it conflicted with the overwhelming evidence found in our nūpepa (19th- and 20th-century Hawaiian-language newspapers) and other Hawaiian literature sources showing that our Kanaka Maoli

sense of aloha, ʻohana, and sexuality stretches far beyond the restrained imagination of the Bible. The commercial spoke volumes about the widespread erasure and ignorance of Kanaka Maoli literature, bodies, and sexuality even within our own communities.

My father spoke about physical displacement and disenfranchisement—an issue far too many of us are familiar with—and about the importance of bridging gaps between our communities by sharing and weaving our moʻolelo together. I want to talk a bit about the importance of understanding our own moʻolelo first as a way of understanding our identity, before we begin to make wild claims on what it means to be Hawaiian or ʻŌiwi and a part of this growing Lāhui.

There are many ways to displace a person. Many of our people know firsthand the trauma of being removed from our homelands. Some call this migration. I prefer not to sugarcoat it so much—not to call it anything other than theft, trauma, removal. We indigenous peoples understand the weight of diaspora, of being pushed off our ancestral lands and ripped away from our mothers. But physical displacement is not the only kind of diaspora our ʻŌiwi bodies know.

There are many ways to displace a person.

So many of us ʻŌiwi people have been led to believe a narrow version of our own stories. I see this most clearly in the obstacles faced by our queer and māhū people who are confronted with criticism and disapproval not only from the long-term visitors in our homelands but from our families as well. I was lucky enough to grow up in a family that celebrated all the ways Kanaka Maoli love manifests. It became incredibly clear to me that the conflict around queer bodies in our communities was one of erasure and exclusion rather than cultural preservation.

To claim that the attempt to contain and quarantine queer bodies is a method of cultural preservation or a way to protect "traditional Hawaiian values" is to disrespect our kūpuna, our aliʻi, and our akua who celebrated the numerous ways we know how to show and give aloha. We should not disrespect our history so much as to claim that our kūpuna would be satisfied with or even tolerate this kind of homophobic exclusion.

The Akua and Aliʻi in our moʻolelo—Papa and Wākea, Haumea, Hina, Māui, Hiʻiaka, Kamapuaʻa, Kamehameha, ʻUmi, and Kahekili—all offer visions into a past life where what we consider today to be queer and sometimes even blasphemous is in fact a normal part of daily life. Our moʻolelo show us the many ways

our love and our relationships can be celebrated. The love shown by our ancestors resists our contemporary normalized notions of patriarchy, heteronormativity, and violence. Returning to our moʻolelo has tangible benefits for all kānaka because it offers positive and alternative depictions of our kāne and wāhine that resist the widespread stereotypes that often surround and injure our native bodies.

The wonderful part about our kūpuna and the work they did to preserve our culture for future generations through the nūpepa, by serializing countless stories in a one-million-page archive, is that we can see these reflections for ourselves. I am not asking anyone to take my word for it. Instead, I am insisting that we as a community should return to our ʻōlelo makuahine and seek our foundations and support from our kūpuna and our moʻolelo rather than from the teachings brought to us from faraway places that knew very little about what fed and nourished our people for thousands of generations.

Because our moʻolelo are the moʻokūʻauhau of our bodies and of our ʻāina, the mana of our literature is far more powerful than anything scripted by the legal imagination, so fixated on fact, control, and exclusion that nothing other than displacement and trauma can be expected in its wake.

Albert Wendt, the grandfather of contemporary Pacific literature, wrote in his essay "Towards a New Oceania:"

> I belong to Oceania—or, at least, I am rooted in a fertile portion of it—and it nourishes my spirit, helps to define me, and feeds my imagination. A detached/objective analysis I will leave to the sociologist and all the other ʻologists who have plagued Oceania.... Objectivity is for such uncommitted gods. My commitment won't allow me to confine myself to so narrow a vision. So vast, so fabulously varied a scatter of islands, nation, cultures, mythologies, and myths, so dazzling a creature, Oceania deserves more than an attempt at mundane fact; only the imagination in free flight can hope—if not to contain her—to grasp some of her shape, plumage, and pain.

I am here today to argue that there is no fact elastic enough to hold the Kanaka Maoli body, whose love is so vast, far-reaching, and immense that we had to scatter ourselves across the largest ocean on this planet just to be fed and have room to expand through our aloha.

So I am not attempting to offer a fact of Kanaka Maoli or ʻŌiwi culture. I am, instead, insisting that we free ourselves from the shackles of alleged fact that have been tied to our roots, squeezing them dry and leaving our bodies frail and malnourished. I am insisting that we create and honor a community that makes such boundaries and definitions irrelevant. We have been conditioned, since the arrival of foreign bodies and ships, to believe that boundaries protect those within them and that those who are excluded are a necessary collateral loss. We indigenous people cannot survive these losses. We must (re)member our ʻohana—they are our brothers and sisters, mothers and daughters, sons and fathers that we have left beyond our borders. To lose any of our kānaka would be to disregard the moʻokūʻauhau of our ʻāina that insists that we are all significant to this nation-building movement. We must remember that there is no loss so insignificant that it would not weaken the foundation on which we intend to hoʻoulu lāhui, build a nation. Let us imagine and fight for a lāhui made stronger by its dismissal of such typographic markings, a lāhui that is rooted in relationships and kinship in a way that transcends the assertion of fact and borders.

Imagine the power we could wield as a lāhui if we insisted that aloha was the highest law of the land...

Imagine the power we could wield as a lāhui if we insisted that aloha was the highest law of the land and that reciprocity and kinship and ʻāina were our inspirations for ʻohana. Imagine the many ways our lives would expand, and the better we would all be for it, and the mana we would hold from building a cohesive and inclusive lāhui. To do this we must transform the way we relate to each other and insist that our nation-building movement begin, be inspired by, and end with aloha.

I am not speaking of aloha as it has been watered down and evoked by the tourist industry as passivity. I am speaking of aloha as a radical form of activism and healing, and it is also a form of resistance. In a world full of violence, hate, and oppression, what could be more radical than choosing love over hate, choosing love over fear, choosing inclusion over exclusion. Nothing. Aloha means, on top of

making these difficult choices, that we love our kūpuna and moʻolelo enough that we will not stand by and watch as they are erased by the colonial machine.

Who among us could applaud our kūpuna, had they too celebrated fictitious and violent boundaries and denied their own ʻohana the safety to love and be loved in our homeland. If we are all, as we insist, interested in cultivating a lāhui, it is only pono that we do that in the name of all our kānaka and in the name of love.

I tell these stories here today because I think these moʻolelo are significant for our past and our future. I believe it is my kuleana to ensure that we hoʻomau (continue) to share these valuable lessons with each other. I also share these stories because I believe there are lessons here for our ʻŌiwi brothers and sisters. I want to encourage our people and the people of the world to return to their ancestral literature. Find home in story, song, dance—unearth the voices of your lands and ancestors. The process of discovering my story has shown me just how much of my reflection has been shunned by the contemporary narrative. Every part of me is unquestionably and unapologetically Kanaka, and the narratives that would claim otherwise are cancers on our culture. Any attempt at exclusion is exceedingly dangerous and undermines our history of aloha, two thousand generations in the making.

I want to offer this keynote and my work as a voice of resistance to the silence that has cloaked this aloha, masking it as something it is not, as something conditional. I want to offer my voice as an answer to a silence that has choked us all and left us weaker than our ancestors intended. I speak in honor of all the Kānaka Maoli before me who have ever felt less Hawaiian for the way they loved, and in hope that the Kānaka Maoli after me will never know that feeling.

I want to offer my voice as an answer to a silence...

As important as it is that we return to the moʻolelo of our kūpuna, it is also essential that we create and continue an archive for our moʻopuna to come. We must leave a record so they too may negotiate their identities through the narratives and mana of their ancestors. This is precisely why kānaka like my father and me and so many others have committed ourselves to composing mele, stories, lectures, poems, plays, and paintings, committing our lives to the creation of literature and art. From the very beginning, Kānaka Maoli and other ʻŌiwi people asserted and archived their identities through art. Our kuleana is to continue that practice today and into the future for our moʻopuna, as our kūpuna did for us.

I want to give breath today to the idea that loving each other and loving our ʻāina go hand in hand. Neither can be achieved without the other. Aloha ʻĀina is a political as well as a cultural statement. It is patriotic to love and care for our resources just as it is patriotic to love the people who were born from her. If we want to respect our natural resources, we must respect our cultural resources and the people who embody them.

With that said, I'd like to invite my father back on the stage as we prepare to close our moʻolelo, in the way we often do, with mele.

JON AND JAMAICA SING:

Kāhea i ke Aloha ʻĀina

1. We climb Kehena's majesty
We rise to stand and stare
We gaze through eyes of many hues
And see our nation there

Hui: E Hawaiʻi ʻĀina milimili
We promise life to you
E Hawaiʻi he poʻe launaʻole
We make our own dreams true

2. We plant our feet into the earth
And hear the waters sigh
We peer as ancient warriors
In stillness pass us by

Hui: E Waipiʻo he ʻāina uluwehi
We drink your waters clear
E Waipiʻo ko mākou mānowai
We find our spirits here

Bridge: We plant our souls into the earth
Our hands and eyes alive
Our spirits rise, our people cry
ʻO Hawaiʻi nō ke Aliʻi

3. We look upon the mountain there
Its thunderous peaks defiled
We stand within its shadow
Bitter thoughts reconciled

Hui: Mauna Kea, he wao akua nō
To your sacredness restored
Mauna Wākea, ʻo ka Mākua nō
We pledge our hands once more

4. Our mothers birthed this mighty land
And for our children yearned
Our kindred spirits call to us
To the ʻāina we return

Hui: Aloha ʻāina, kauoha nā kūpuna
This land was left for you
Na kākou kūkulu i ke ea
We make our own dreams true

—Jon Osorio
Waimea, October 2013

About the Authors

Jonathan Kay Kamakawiwoʻole Osorio is a scholar of 19th- and 20th-century political and social history in Hawaiʻi and has written chapters in a half dozen books, journal articles and reviews, scores of political opinions for news media, and a book, *Dismembering Lāhui,* which details the colonization of Hawaiʻi as a slow and insinuative process that heavily depended on Hawaiians being converted to the law. He has also been a constant activist and advocate for Hawaiian self-determination, attending and organizing protests and demonstrations for Hawaiian-language immersion schools, for protection of the land from military abuse, and in opposition to imperialism, including American imperialism, and he has submitted an intervention at the Permanent Forum for Indigenous Issues at the UN calling for decolonization in Hawaiʻi. He is a full professor on the faculty

at the Kamakakūokalani Center for Hawaiian Studies, where he has developed and taught classes in history, law as culture, music as historical texts, and research methodologies for and from indigenous peoples.

He is a former Kellogg International Fellow, a practicing Lutheran, and a committed husband and father. He and his wife Mary live in the Pālolo valley rental in which they reared all five of their children.

Jamaica Heolimeleikalani Osorio is a Kanaka Maoli activist, poet, musician, and educator, and a PhD candidate in English at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. Her introduction to formal education began in her hometown of Pālolo at ke Kula Kaiāpuni o Ānuenue, where she honed her aloha for 'Ōlelo and 'ike Hawai'i. Jamaica is an honors graduate of the Comparative Studies in Race and Ethnicity program at Stanford University and a Master's graduate of the Arts Politics program at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts. She is a widely published poet and professional performer. Jamaica has shared her poetry throughout Oceania, on five of the seven continents, and at the White House by invitation of President Obama. In her free time, Jamaica facilitates poetry workshops for local and Kanaka Maoli youth in Hawai'i and is a board member of the award-winning organization Pacific Tongues.