

# Wisdom was the Warmth of my Grandmother's Bosom

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*What does Pacific Island/Oceanic wisdom mean to you?*

When I was a child, wisdom was the warmth of my grandmother's bosom where I would fall asleep. When I was a teenager, wisdom was my mother reminding me how her mother use to hold me in her arms as I fell asleep in her poli. I am now just past a half a century old and wisdom is my niece falling asleep in my arms with her manawa on my umauma.

*How/why do you bring island wisdom into your scholarship?*

Sit and let me share a succession, a series of stories that tells of how we come from the sacred drum that beats the sounds of lava gushing through the crevices of Mother Earth and being released into the sky. These stories I tell you - so we can find how we are similar rather than different. Should you only see the difference between us - I will carry you until you come to realize that you are tired of being a burden and would rather be a solution and walk beside me.