

Honoring Dr. Charlotte Tsoi Goodluck: Indigenous Women Warriors Rising

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Abstract: Mentoring comes in many forms. We, as co-authors, one as a junior faculty and the other as a doctoral student at a predominantly white higher education institution in the Pacific Northwest, were blessed to be in community with Dr. Charlotte Goodluck. She was an inspirational Indigenous woman scholar warrior who passed away on December 3, 2014. We use this reflection to honor our relationship and the interactions we had with her. Her passing awoke and affirmed the wisdom of our intellectual ancestries. As we continue our respective journeys in the academy, we are stronger and more spiritually grounded. Our ancestors and their energies fuel us like intertwining braids. When we honor Dr. Goodluck and the deep meanings of our engagement and interactions with her, and how we make sense of our lived experiences, we honor our communities and the work we do collectively to rise up as a community of warriors!

Keywords: Indigenous women leaders, mentoring, social work

Honoring Dr. Charlotte Tsoi Goodluck: Indigenous Women Warriors Rising and Walking in Beauty

In beauty I walk “Hózhó náhasdlíí”

With beauty before me I walk
With beauty behind me I walk
With beauty above me I walk
With beauty around me I walk

It has become beauty again
It has become beauty again
It has become beauty again
It has become beauty again

Hózhóogo naasháa doo
Shitsijí’ hózhóogo naasháa doo
Shikéédéé hózhóogo naasháa doo
Shideigi hózhóogo naasháa doo
T’áá altso shinaagóó hózhóogo naasháa doo

Hózhó náhasdlíí’
Hózhó náhasdlíí’
Hózhó náhasdlíí’
Hózhó náhasdlíí’

Dr. Charlotte Tsoi Goodluck was professor emerita of sociology and social work. She passed away on December 3, 2014; she was 68 years old. She was born in Ft. Defiance, Arizona, on October 14, 1946 and was a member of the Navajo Nation, born of the Black Sheep Clan. She earned her bachelor’s degree in anthropology from Prescott College, a master’s in

social work from Smith College and a Ph.D. in social work from the University of Denver. Dr. Goodluck began her career as a social worker at Jewish Family Services in Phoenix, Arizona in 1973 and was the project director of a program that placed Native children with Native families before the enactment of the Indian Child Welfare Act. Her work contributed to the development of the Indian Child Welfare Act (ICWA)¹ and her scholarship focused on the strengths of Native American children. She was a social work educator from 1987 to 2014, beginning her academic career at Northern Arizona University (NAU) where she served as a professor of sociology and social work. She retired from NAU in 2008; she then became the founding director of the Bachelor of Social Work (BSW) program at Portland State University, and laid the groundwork for Native American and other minoritized students to access and succeed in higher education. Dr. Goodluck’s gentleness, sense of humor, and steadiness in the face of challenges were especially admired and appreciated by both her peers and students. Her greatest legacy will remain in the thousands of students she taught and practitioners she mentored during her lifetime, the hundreds of Native American children she was able to advocate for, and the scholarship she left for the next generation of academics. Her deep love and compassion for Native American children will forever be felt. Her metaphor

¹ICWA is a federal law that seeks to keep Native American children with Native American families. Congress passed ICWA in 1978 in response to the alarmingly high number of Indian children being removed from their homes by both public and private agencies (NICWA, 2015)

for her life was *hozho naasha* (*walking in beauty*). She truly did walk in beauty, and taught many of us this life lesson.

Dr. Charlotte Goodluck, Our Intellectual Ancestry: Indigenizing Mentorship

In many Indigenous cultures across the earth, it is protocol to acknowledge the ancestors: who they are, where they came from, and their contributions to cultures and community. We do this in a way that is humbling and respectful. Sometimes it's how we introduce ourselves, acknowledging our names, family, clan and tribal affiliations. Sometimes it's how we celebrate the contributions these people make to society, by acknowledging them in our scholarship. This acknowledgment pays respect to those who came before us and acknowledges the sacrifice and struggle they have made so that we, the future generations, can have a better life. "Culturally speaking, acknowledging our ancestors and elders is not only a form of honoring their lives, but also a demonstration of humility recognizing that no matter our location, we are sitting upon the laps of those who have gone before us and simultaneously contributing to the well-being of those who will follow us" (Beltrán & Mehrotra, 2014, p. 107). It is this process of acknowledgment that is part of an indigenized mentoring approach—acknowledging our social locations, the privileges we possess, and responsibilities we carry not only of ourselves, but also of our communities. This acknowledgment is grounded in Indigenous ways of knowing that recognize our relationships with each other, with the land, spirit and the ancestors, past and future. Indigenous ways of knowing guide behaviors and beliefs; they are based in an ancient wisdom of communal cooperation to maintain harmony with ourselves, our community, our land, and our spirit. Much of this knowledge is expressed through stories, oral histories, rituals, legends, ceremonies, songs, and other means of communication. An indigenized mentoring approach is based on humility, wisdom, patience and love. Indigenized mentors' experiences have not only helped to build knowledge, but have cleared a path for us to be able to continue this work, foster mentoring relationships throughout our professional and personal development, and create a path for the next generation of scholars. It is an understanding that, although we are individuals that contribute to

knowledge, we have a collective history that is fluid, moving and growing. We acknowledge that we would not be here now if it were not for those who came before us, like Dr. Goodluck. With that, we have a responsibility to the next generation of scholars.

It is no secret that the academy is centered on the predominantly white, masculine, hetero-normative values and Western knowledge acquisition based on positivist/post positivist methodology. What is also clear is that this system creates challenges for anyone outside of that value system. Unfortunately, many scholars do not view Indigenous oral histories, personal narratives, and accounts as legitimate sources of knowledge. For many women of color, scholars' narratives, storytelling, creative literature, and poetry have been effective forms of sharing of knowledge (Mihesuah, 2003). For women and people of color, in particular, we attempt to carve out a place where we can privilege our own experiences and knowledge in ways that respect, honor, and validate our positionalities, our communities, and our cultures. This is a challenge and burden that many of us understand going into the academy. Additionally, this reality creates obstacles and barriers for us to develop knowledge systems that are grounded in community, cultural humility, and healing for those from marginalized communities. The environment is hostile. Despite such hostility, our intellectual ancestors have created a path for us, in this generation, to develop teaching, research methodology, and scholarship that are based in Indigenous knowledge systems; this validates our authentic and collective selves and elevates the voices of our communities.

It is important to acknowledge our intellectual ancestors; in doing so, we develop a broader understanding of how we are interconnected, develop a more holistic understanding of knowledge that honors the sacrifices and struggles of these individuals and the communities they come from. This acknowledgment goes beyond the traditional form of academic citation of published work (Beltrán & Mehrotra, 2014) to acknowledge their social and cultural contributions as well. For many Indigenous scholars and researchers, our knowledge does not simply come from published academic journals, but from beautiful, deep, and rich sources of knowledge that have been developed since time immemorial. It is vitally important to recognize the sources of knowledge that are centered on Indigenous ways of

knowing and being, and to honor and respect those who have sacrificed and came before us.

Dr. Goodluck is an intellectual ancestor to many social workers, sociologists, researchers and scholars. She was deeply dedicated to the well-being of Native American children and sacrificed a great deal in her life to help Native American children get access to care and to their culture by helping them to be placed in Native American homes. She believed wholeheartedly in power of higher education and supported both Native American and non-Native American students to access higher education. She believed in the power of knowledge based in community and cultural understanding that could benefit both Indigenous and Western scholarship. She was steadfast in her commitment to the development of knowledge that was grounded in Indigenous ways of knowing, and to understanding how the strengths and resiliencies of Native American children can help develop interventions that support growth. She was instrumental in developing the policy that implemented the Indian Child Welfare Act in 1978, a policy that has helped thousands of Native American children in this country (NICWA, 2015). While she was the program director at Jewish Family Services, she understood the need for Native American children to be connected to Native American culture. She helped place hundreds of Native American children in foster care into homes that would support their cultural needs. She was supportive of Native American scholars and students. She went above and beyond in supporting all students to be successful in the academy as she encouraged them to stay grounded to their sources of wisdom, love and respect, especially when the struggles in school became overburdensome. Additionally, she helped many social work practitioners and junior faculty to facilitate change in their respective roles and responsibilities by encouraging them to keep true to their authentic selves and focusing on accountability to the community.

Reflections by Danica Brown: Dr. Goodluck's Fierce and Beautiful Mentoring Spirit

I am Ahchishi Okshulba, Danica Love Brown, MSW, CACIII, and Doctoral student. My names are Aspen Leaves Turning Gold, Honeysuckle Breeze, and Morning Star. I am Choctaw of the White Crane

Clan and Scottish of the Ross clan, born and raised in Northern New Mexico. My life experiences have shaped my worldview and informed my social work practice and my desire to learn more to develop ontological, epistemological, theoretical, and methodological frameworks that are grounded in Indigenous knowledge and deep love for the People. I view research as a form of ceremony. As researchers, we are placed in the role of creating pathways of healing for our communities. It is by centering the needs of the community that this work can be done. It is out of a great sense of respect and love that I hold for the People that I do this work. It was largely through my relationship with Dr. Goodluck that I have been able to come to understand, appreciate, and incorporate this worldview into my practice.

When looking at doctoral programs in schools of social work, I was seeking an institution that centered its scholarship on social justice issues and that would provide opportunities to work with Native American communities, scholars and researchers. I had the opportunity to work with Dr. Goodluck at Portland State University, and chose this institution specifically so I could learn and grow with her. Dr. Goodluck's reputation as a social worker, scholar, researcher, and advocate for social justice and Native children is impeccable. Although I only had three years with Dr. Goodluck, the impact of her mentorship left a significant imprint upon my work and has permanently changed and shaped me. Dr. Goodluck's mentorship and guidance was invaluable. She helped me navigate the politics of doctoral study, provided invaluable insight into my scholarship and guided my desire to continue research within Native American communities in a manner that was both rigorous and healing for our Native American communities. Dr. Goodluck was not only my academic advisor but my elder, mentor and intellectual ancestor, too.

Throughout the time I have been involved in school, Dr. Goodluck supported me as my academic advisor, but she also supported me as an elder, a confidante and friend. Dr. Goodluck clearly had high expectations of me and for my academic journey. She encouraged and supported me in developing a body of knowledge that was based in my own understanding and worldview. Dr. Goodluck challenged me in ways that were grounded in love and compassion, yet also in critical analytical thought and intellectual rigor. She was generous with her wisdom and helped me navigate the

academic political system, a system I was not prepared to negotiate. Dr. Goodluck was always in my corner to support, encourage, and to provide clear guidance and wisdom for me. If it were not for Dr. Goodluck's intellectual ancestry, I would not be where I am now. I miss her guidance and wisdom to this day.

Reflections of Dr. Charlotte Goodluck

It is hard to know where to begin. In the early 2000's I had heard of Dr. Charlotte Goodluck's work through the Seventh Generation Project out of the University of Denver. This was a substance abuse prevention program centered on Native American culture and values. Although I was not directly involved in this project, I was working at the Denver Indian Health and Family Services (DIHFS) as a substance abuse and mental health prevention and treatment provider. For years, I heard from Native American youth how this project positively impacted their lives and their understanding of their lives in an urban environment. Later, I had heard about her work with Native American children and her scholarship around well-being indicators for Native American youth, which focused on the strengths and resilience of Native youth. Her work was some of the first of its kind focusing on the strengths of Native American families and children rather than pathology and deficits. I am interested in this line of scholarship – addressing health and wellness with Native American women in a way that is grounded in Indigenous ways of knowing – so the opportunity to meet Dr. Goodluck in the summer of 2010 was exciting for me. Her scholarship and direct practice as a social worker influenced me greatly, even before I ever met her.

Upon meeting her, I became excited at the prospect of applying to and attending graduate school. It was her direct intervention that guided my decision to enroll in graduate school and my decision on which university to attend. The prospect of being able to work and learn with her was an opportunity I could not pass up.

This journey was both exciting and terrifying at the same time. When I decided to attend graduate school and start a new life in a new city, I only knew a few people there. Dr. Goodluck reached out to me and became my touchstone in this journey, not only as

an advisor but also as an elder and friend. I was so honored when the school assigned her to be my academic advisor. I was the first and only doctoral student she advised. I became known in the school of social work as “Charlotte's doctoral student,” a title that I proudly hold to this day. From the moment I started the PhD program, I found Dr. Goodluck to be supportive, caring and loving. Yet, she clearly had very high expectations of me and my research and scholarship. She had a way of encouraging and guiding that was what I needed, when I needed it. She brought out the best in me while pushing me to produce rigorous work.

I was not fully prepared for the complexity of graduate school. I understood that it would be challenging in many different ways, but I was not prepared for some of the challenges that I was about to face. Although I was facing significant obstacles and barriers, Dr. Goodluck was always there for me. In the beginning, I would think of her as a “Native Auntie” (this is common in my community wherein female elders act as aunties), but what became clear was that Dr. Goodluck was much more to me than that, and I was more to her; she treated me as an intellectual equal. Dr. Goodluck was humble and wise, and did not take up a great deal of space as a leader. She listened and contemplated, rather than leading and arguing. She was a warrior and held a great deal of social capital, and only leveraged her social capital when she felt it necessary. I learned a great deal from watching her and how she interacted and negotiated in this space. I realized that Dr. Goodluck was not only a compassionate advisor; in many ways, she was protecting me in her silent, warrior-like manner and supporting my work behind the scenes. For this, I am eternally grateful.

I have been conducting research that is based in deep qualitative and Indigenous methodologies and reflexive in nature. My work has been focused on conducting research within my own community. In the process of developing a reflexive methodology that is grounded in Indigenous ways of knowing, I sought out the council of my elders (or what Western research calls member or peer checking) as well as senior Indigenous scholars, checking with participants and community stakeholders, then started a reflexive journal. Dr. Goodluck was one of the people I sought counsel from when developing a reflexive process of addressing power and privilege in my work.

In the summer of 2014, I conducted a participatory research project wherein I was also a participant in the research. Participatory research recognizes and values the unique strengths and shared responsibilities of all research partners; for me this includes my intellectual ancestors. Although researchers have established principles that capture key elements, these guidelines were not designed to address the methodological issues that arose. More researchers are being trained and returning to their own communities to conduct research, myself included. This introduced new methodological considerations as I moved from conventional researcher/researched relationships to conducting research in my own community. Recent scholarship has examined the inherent complexity in social locations and identity, and recognized that boundaries between who is an “insider or outsider” to a particular community are not easily delineated (Tuhivai-Smith, 1999). When research participants and researchers are from the same community, there may be concerns about the potential for bias in the research product as well as methodological issues that arise as the researcher/researched relationship is blurred. There is also recognition of the advantages of these new relationships and perspectives as seen in the call from leading scientific agencies to train more scientists from underrepresented populations in order to increase diversity and promote culturally-relevant research. These are the issues that I struggled with, which Dr. Goodluck’s sage advice helped me to understand and better address in the development of my research practice.

In this particular project, I was confronted with an ethical issue around power and positionality that needed to be addressed, and I was at a loss on how to properly resolve it. Although I was keeping a reflexive journal, I felt that I needed to receive counsel, specifically from an elder and senior Indigenous researcher, to address the specific issue I was facing. This project was to represent my comprehensive examination, and I felt I had a great deal riding on the completion of this project. Two of the participants had shared early in the study that they would be leaving the state. One got an internship in Washington D.C. and one had plans to move out of the country. As this was a small sample, and I was also a participant, I became distressed about not being able to complete the project and being held back in my doctoral process.

As part of my cultural upbringing, I have always sought out the insight and wisdom of my elders, especially those who I know understand the complexity to a specific issue. I sought out the guidance of Dr. Goodluck, as my academic advisor and as a seasoned Indigenous researcher. Specifically, I considered her as my elder, an intellectual ancestor. Most importantly, I trusted and respected Dr. Goodluck. I met with her to discuss the issues that were coming up for me, and sought out how I should best address them. I was concerned that I would be using my power and positionality as a friend, participant, and researcher to manipulate the participants to stay involved in the project. But I was also concerned that I would not be able to complete this project.

In Dr. Goodluck’s gentle and wise manner she sat with me, listened to me intently. She gave me space to process my experience and feelings. Then she asked me one simple question: “Is this about the study, or is this about your sisters leaving you?” It all became clear to me. The participants never said to me that they were not going to participate in the study. The anxiety and the fear I had was not about the study, it was about an old and deep wound that I have around the fear of abandonment. I was deeply saddened that I thought I was going to lose two of my sisters, two women who had been there for me and were my confidants. A fear I thought I had already processed through and dealt with. Charlotte sat with me, and we met a number of times afterwards, to process my feelings and experiences about this.

We completed the study without incident. We adapted to the needs of the group and completed the study in a way that was respectful and healing for all involved. What Dr. Goodluck taught me was that research, when conducted in a thoughtful and respectful manner, can be healing and is an act of ceremony, even for the researcher. Her steadfast support of me throughout my doctoral program has given me so much more than just the skills to conduct research. She has taught me what *hozho naasha* means: to “walk in beauty,” and to be an intellectual ancestor. I continue to do the work I do, in the manner I do it, for the love of my ancestors and for the love of Dr. Charlotte Goodluck.

There have been times when it was made clear that higher education was not meant for me. Not only were there times when I felt that the academy did not

understand or support my work; I also felt that there were obstacles put in place that created a hostile environment for me. As a Native American woman conducting Indigenous research, I felt isolated and alone in this environment and was not sure if there was a place for me and my work in the academy. My intellectual ancestors, including Dr. Goodluck, helped me to understand that these feelings were appropriate and well founded. She shared with me that she too had similar experiences. She assured me that as Native American women, not only are we strong enough to get through this, but that we have a responsibility to the next generation of Indigenous scholars to persevere and continue the path that has been laid before us. Dr. Goodluck's indigenized mentoring approach has helped me to remain in school and has set a high standard of mentorship that I can only hope to achieve.

Reflections by Dr. Alma M. Ouanesisouk Trinidad on Dr. Goodluck's Welcoming Spirit

I am Alma M. Ouanesisouk Trinidad, a tenure track assistant professor at Portland State University in a shared position with the School of Social Work and University Studies. I was born and raised on the island of Molokai, Hawai'i with strong roots in my People's legacy of tending to the land and the contentious historical trauma of the sugar and pineapple plantation eras, as both my paternal and maternal grandfathers devoted their lives for such labor. My ancestors are from Paoay (town), Ilocos Norte (region), Philippines. As an Indigenous Ilokano and Pinay (Filipina-American), and a woman of color partnered to a Lao-Indian refugee (hence taking my partner's surname, Ouanesisouk, as a middle name), I often observed that our communities of color were neither well represented nor embraced in the academy. Every step of my professional trajectory has been met with extreme challenges and heavy burden. Key mentors along each developmental phase played significant roles in keeping my spiritual groundedness in our collective work. Dr. Charlotte Goodluck played such a role for me at a key time as I launched my career in academia. For the last six years, our relationship grew. She passed on December 3, 2014. Her guiding light, words of constant love, encouragement, and affirmation throughout my journey kept me strong. Fueling deep fierceness and spirituality, her Navajo mantra of "walk in beauty" gave me a source of

strength. It is that mantra that has helped me rise as a Pinay scholar of aloha, a stance I have developed through this journey.

She Had Me at "Undergraduate" Education and Mentoring: Start of a Fabulous Relationship and Crucial Beginnings

I first met Dr. Charlotte Goodluck in early 2009. She was part of the faculty search committee in which I ended up being the chosen candidate for the position I currently hold at Portland State University. I clearly remember a question she asked me that stuck with me through the years since my interview. She asked for past examples of my mentoring of youth or young adults, particularly in undergraduate education. Thinking back, this question resonated with me so deeply, because of my own path to higher education. I shared how I am a product of many culturally-specific and culturally-responsive programs and extracurricular activities that molded me, pulled me up, and crystallized my own goals.

She also inquired about my views about teaching minoritized undergraduates. At that time, having not had formal arrangements teaching undergraduates, I shared more of which courses were relevant and meaningful to me during my own undergraduate experience.

Charlotte² was part of a search committee that was 1/3 people of color. To this day, I sustain close relationships with these individuals. Charlotte became my informal mentor in my home department. Over the years, Charlotte remained engaged with me, checking in on how my teaching and research have been. For the first five years of my career, I taught a Freshmen Inquiry course on Race and Social Justice. Her office was down the hall from mine. A couple times a week or more, we would spend some time together, sharing updates on things. She cared a whole lot, which mattered to me. Feeling lonely and isolated, she made me feel at home as I was actively working to create an academic home for myself.

² Dr. Charlotte Goodluck introduced herself as "Charlotte" when the author first met her and invited the author to call by her first name.

Fostering the Spirit of ‘Ohana/Pamila/Family

I was pregnant with my second child when I started in academia. Throughout my pregnancy, Charlotte would check-in often. It was a major transition, career-wise and family-wise. My family was growing; there would be four of us. Charlotte linked me to a community of Indigenous scholars and their families. They opened their homes to my family, and I instantly was welcomed with open arms. We were invited to birthdays, pow wows, and other ceremonial rituals. My family became part of this growing Indigenous community in Portland. Although we were not Native Americans, my roots and connection to Hawai‘i as a place and my stance as an ally to Native Hawaiian self-determination led me to this community, which was not only rooted in our Indigenous values, but one that provided a place to authentically practice them.

Being in community with Indigenous people fostered strong feelings of ‘ohana/pamila (family). I fondly remember a time when Charlotte attended our housewarming/daughter’s birthday party; she glowed! She later told me being there with our extended family and family friends felt so much like being on her reservation. She kept saying that it was the children’s laughter and gleefulness that made it so, which provoked strong memories for her.

My young children came to know Charlotte as “Auntie Charlotte.” Time spent with her at community gatherings was quality time spent, especially singing and drumming with other Indigenous community members. She treated my children with so much love and kindness as if they were her own children or grandchildren. My daughter was particularly fond of her, as they shared similar taste in arts and crafts.

Auntie Charlotte not only was that to my children, she extended her kindness and generosity to my life partner and I on two separate occasions, particularly times of loss in employment. She offered to pay major expenses such as childcare. We refused her offer, but were strongly heartfelt to know that she was willing to do so, just like a family member would do. When I think of those particular times, I remember sharing with her the intense responsibility for me, as a potential woman “breadwinner” in a capitalist, patriarchal world. The stress and pressure

I felt was enormous, and she affirmed her support in trying times. As a woman of color in academia, this gesture mattered a lot. It gave me strength to face such ordeals, more than once, as a life partner and a mother.

Higher Education as a Tool for Empowering Communities of Warriors

The spring before Charlotte passed, we both served on a faculty search committee for the BSW Program, the academic program she directed. As a committee, we had tough and courageous conversations on the role of higher education as a tool for empowering historically minoritized communities. There were tense moments in our committee meetings, but what was revealing was Charlotte’s grace and steadfast stance in her ideals of social justice and social change. Our shared views of higher education as the venue to rebuild and heal our communities brought clarity to our roles and responsibilities in the academy. Likewise, it was clear how building a strong infrastructure for such was a socio-political act, yet having a decolonization process in place was an ethic we both strived to uphold. It was important for us to realize how very connected we are to each other, especially in the community of social work educators.

Similarly, Charlotte was my biggest fan in my teaching and research. As I taught my Freshmen Inquiry course on Race and Social Justice, she came to learn of my work with my students. She attended many of the events planned and implemented by my students through the years, and her common response was how moved she was by my engagement and the relationships I had with them. She made comments of my constant full schedule of student meetings or meetings with community partners. The constant words of affirmation and praise of my work sustained me. She was my biggest champion! Because she was just down the hall from me, I often turned to her in times of conflict, tension, or anxiety. Always helping me bring clarity and purpose to my work, she lifted my spirits when I badly needed it. She was especially present and supportive during times when I experienced microaggressions on multiple levels as a woman of color in the academy.

As I approached the later end of my junior faculty journey (I am preparing to go up for tenure this year), Charlotte extended the invitation to teach in the BSW Program the following year. I was delighted to accept,

as my teaching load was changing. The academic school year Charlotte passed was the year I taught two BSW courses she was instrumental in developing and implementing: 1) Introduction to Power and Privilege, and 2) Social Justice Practice. I am sad that she never got to see the fruit of the labor, yet proud as I think she would have loved to have heard the impact of the work I put into those two courses.

Charlotte constantly reminded me how deep, kinship or *'ohana* (family)-like relationships were the foundation of our work. She can rest in peace knowing that the Social Justice Practice course ended with strong feelings of a community of warriors rising! Through arts and creative work, students were able to learn and actualize anti-oppressive practice. Particularly, this song composed and sung by a Native Hawaiian woman artist, Hāwane Rios (2015), was how I ended the course. It inspired my students to think of their roles as “warriors of peace” rising, each of them embodying *aloha* (love) ethics as emerging social work professionals and scholars.

Simultaneously during that year, a PhD student of Native background completed her comprehensive exam process. I served on her committee. Charlotte was her chair, but was not able to witness this major milestone. What was profound about this particular journey was its essence and spirit of women warrior rising, instilling its energy in the work done, collectively. What is evident is the imprints of our overlapping work as Indigenous women pushing for critical consciousness and social change among our communities.

How the Ancestral Spirits Awoke the Wisdom of Fierceness and Beauty

Charlotte’s passing led to a domino effect of intellectual ancestral spirits awakening within me. The evening when a dear friend and colleague, Dr. Cornel Pewewardy, smudged Charlotte’s office at the School of Social Work, I had a dream. It happened as I put my daughter to bed. My daughter joined me earlier that day to smudge Charlotte’s office. In my Filipino culture, it is suggested you not involve your children in any rituals regarding someone’s death. I somehow defied that belief as Charlotte and my daughter had a special bond like

grandparents do with their grandchildren. As I put my daughter to bed, we shared our thoughts and feelings of what happened that day. We cried some, and slowly went to bed. I entered a dream in which I met my maternal grandmother at the farmer’s market. Images of food, flowers, and people emerged. I was so happy to see my grandmother, who had passed more than a decade ago. She smiled and laughed! She embraced me and said, “Ay, kasonaka?” (How are you?). “Naraksatak ta addaka” (I am so happy as you’re here!).” Grandma went on to say that she was so proud of me, proud of my children, proud of me becoming a mother, proud of the work I’m doing in my profession and community. She was simply proud. She then told me that she needed to go to work. In the dream, she worked at a Filipino restaurant as a cook and waitress. This was nothing she did in real life. My dream continued as I returned to the restaurant to find her and another grandmother gathered as they laughed and exchanged heartfelt stories. I greeted both of them, and again both expressed how proud they were of me. My dream ended with a scene of snow sleighs, me in one and the grandmothers in another. The landscape of a bright winter day changed to a dark, rainy evening where my sleigh quickly swerved away from my grandmothers’ sleigh and headed through a wet freeway. I was unable to properly say “farewell.” I looked back to see them smiling and enjoying each other.

About a month after Charlotte’s passing, I had another dream. I dreamt of a roller coaster ride to my ancestral lands, particularly the island of Molokai (the land where I grew up in Hawai‘i), and the Philippines (the land of my Filipino ancestors). In the dream, I made stops to each place, paying homage to how the community practices social sustainability through Indigenous knowledge and epistemology. On the island of Molokai, I saw how the taro patches and the fishponds were rebuilt, and how the youth and young adults were essential in re-learning the Indigenous practices. In a rural Ilocano province, the second destination in my dream, I saw images of the community planting and harvesting rice. Interestingly, in reality, I witnessed this same image in my recent visit to Cambodia. The roller coaster ride’s final destination was a grass hut in another rural Ilocano province, where a team of midwives gathered in ceremony. I could hear them chanting and singing in rhythm and rhyme. The dream ended with a midwife assisting in the birth of a child. I marveled at this act

and image! It was interpreted as a strong omen for me.

My last dream that linked to Charlotte took place during finals week in Spring 2015. At that time, I was experiencing some major challenges in a community-based project involving youth and parents in a particular geographic place that faced deep disinvestment and poverty. Charlotte appeared in my dream. My research team of undergraduate students (some from the BSW program) and I were walking in the community, feeling quite distraught and dismayed. In the dream, which also paralleled our realities, we were shocked by what we were learning through our asset mapping team-building activity. Charlotte passes by, and tells us, "Don't worry! Keep doing what you're doing. Work where love is!" She walks away with such grace and beauty, leaving us assured that we were doing fabulous work. As she leaves, I hear Cornel's Indigenous drumming in the background.

I'd like to interpret these dreams connected to Charlotte as spiritual messages from my intellectual ancestries. Each dream communicates with me profound direction in both my personal and professional life. I am assured that my ancestors, particularly the women in my family, have paved the way. With guiding light, I am rejuvenated as I take these messages in. I hope to spend the next year thinking of ways to integrate these messages into practice as a Pinay scholar warrior of aloha. These dreams come to me in such timely manner as I go up for tenure. My ancestors, including Charlotte, are pulling me up as we rise!

Community of Warriors Rising: The Quest of a Pinay Scholar Warrior of Aloha

Charlotte's passing still makes me sad in some ways, but I feel especially blessed to have been in community with her at a crucial time in my life, as I launch my career in the professoriate. She grounded me in ways I needed to be, and provided such comfort and love to sustain me in a hostile environment. Her spirit stays with me and provides me with constant strength and resiliency.

Final Concluding Thoughts on Honoring Our Intellectual Ancestors

Women of color and Indigenous people's experiences are centered on worldviews based on a relational foundation. It is our relationships that help us maneuver and get through a Western colonized world, including the academy. It has been through these relationships with our intellectual ancestors who came before us, who have paved the way for us, and who have made sacrifices, that we have grown to understand how to walk in beauty, love, and hope through these multiple worlds. This mantra helps us, especially during times when we face conflict or are in contentious spaces, to stay true to our authentic selves and collective communities. For this reason, we need to develop models of mentorship and guidance that are centered on the needs of marginalized communities, such as an indigenized mentoring approach.

We hope this reflection honoring Dr. Charlotte Goodluck provides insight on the importance of fostering an indigenized mentoring approach in our social work profession, and the need to honor our intellectual ancestors. The academy as well as the social work profession has historically excluded our respective Indigenous communities. As more of our People occupy positions of influence and mentorship, we hope that a critical mass of us remain engaged in the field. This reflection can serve as a model for promising strategies and processes to recruit and retain women and people of color in the academy and the social work profession. Dr. Charlotte Goodluck's approach in mentoring us in our respective roles and developmental stages of our careers was grounded in Indigenous ways of knowing and being. Specifically, she encouraged us to humbly and respectfully acknowledge and honor our ancestors, who they are, where they came from, and their contributions to cultures and communities. When we do such honoring we partake in contributing to and being accountable to the well-being of those who will follow us. Such ethics help us remain grounded in our Indigenous ways, respecting our relationships with each other, the land and spirit, and the ancestors, past and future. We are guided by knowledge passed on through stories, oral histories, rituals, legends, ceremonies, and songs. Most importantly, Dr. Goodluck's relationship with us promoted processes of resisting white hegemony, and reclaiming and defining our indigenized journeys in the academy.

Honoring our voices and authentic collective selves is essential in sustaining us. Mahalo, salamat, yakato and thank you, Dr. Charlotte Tsoi Goodluck, for facilitating that for us and rising our communities! To end, here is a poem that Dr. Trinidad dedicates to Dr. Charlotte and our collective, intellectual ancestors. We hope this reflection provides others the hope and resilience to not only honor our elders, but honor our collective path to wellness and aloha.

We are a Community of Warriors Rising: A Quest of a Pinay Scholar Warrior of Aloha

I am a Pinay scholar warrior of Aloha doing the collective work of radical love,
kapu aloha, dakkal nga ayat ti comunidad,
mahalaya unay

I continue to be moved and transformed by my students, mentees, and the many community partners engaged in social justice work.

Such wide circle of community of warriors ever rising, overlapping social causes to make human life matter, every single one of them mattering.

I am awakened once again and reminded that nothing can stop the spark of collectivity, of curiosity and will of making things better. Nothing can stop that ignited flame of compassion and strong desire for peace in this global world. Nothing can put these feelings of awe, pain, and joy to death.

The ultimate issue I care about is social change and justice for the historically voiceless, minoritized, including our Filipino and Indigenous communities locally and throughout the globe.

I worry that human desire for individual power, love for materialistic things, and greed fuel the potent, stagnated darkness.

I worry many will remain in rage and not more to the light of radical love.

Despite it all, I see clearly a vision for kapu aloha, dakkal nga ayat to comunidad, mahalaya unay, or radial love.

This vision of hope, empowerment, and transformation.

It is this vision of social justice and change that grounds my spirit

as a Pinay Scholar Warrior of Aloha.

My role and responsibility is to continue this quest of a Pinay Scholar Warrior of Aloha.

I must hold that sword of kapu aloha or mahalaya, that collective knowledge, and defend its ideals and values our intellectual ancestries inspired to strive for.

It is my responsibility, as well as yours and our, to share this knowledge, to speak, and be the voice of reason, justice, care, and love for all people.

I honor those who came before me, our intellectual ancestors, those who are with me, walking with me, I with you, I with them and us, and those who will come after.

Honoring each story of struggle, pain, transformation, and glimmer of hope.

It is the spirit of this honoring that holds the essence of the work.

I commit to the continued fight, continued journey of a Pinay scholar warrior of aloha.

I commit to you, to me, to us, to our work together.

I call to you for fierceness and beauty, our community of Pinoy/Pinay and Indigenous warriors rising!

Aloha. Mahal. Ayat. Love.

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