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## 5 W's and 1H: A reflection on Educational Leadership through my Pasifika lens

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### Abstract

There is a need for greater implementation of culturally aligned leadership in Aotearoa New Zealand. Classrooms in Aotearoa New Zealand have a range of students from a wide variety of cultural backgrounds; therefore, principles of leadership need to be culturally responsive. School charters need to reflect their diverse community and needs, in particular the needs of Tangata Whenua. As educators leading inquiry in our classrooms, we often use the structural framework of what, why, when, where, who and how to explore a topic and gain knowledge. In this manuscript I employ this same framework as a means of inquiring into my own practice as an educator and the experiences that have shaped my own journey to where I am now, as a tumuaki (principal) in Aotearoa, or a Pasifika school principal. Through the process of self-reflection, this article shares my journey as I navigated the space as a tumuaki in Aotearoa, outlining my own experience of culturally aligned leadership and how this influences my leadership as a Pacific principal.

**Content warning:** Due to the reflective nature of this manuscript it touches on topics of mental health and permanent, life-altering outcomes.

### Key words

Culturally aligned leadership, school leadership, Pacific

## Introduction

*Ko Maunga Vaia tōku Maunga*

*Ko Hāmoa tōku waka*

*Ko Te Moana Nui a Kiwa te Moana*

*Ko Lotofaga tōku hapu*

*Ko Hāmoa tōku iwi*

*Ko Iosia tōku whānau*

*Ko Sautia Sone toku Matua*

*Ko Motufoua Eneleata toku Whaea*

*Ko Tuifa'asisina Eseta te mātāmua*

*Ko Talamatavao Peteru raua William Meaalofa tuakana teina*

*Ko ahau te pōtiki*

*Ko Dorothy Iosia tōku hoa rangatira*

*Ko Peter Iosia rāua ko Marie Iosia ōku tamariki*

*Ko Bert Iosia toku ingoa*

*Tihei Mauri ora*

The following is my attempt at writing an educational article. Although academic writing is not my forte, I am, however, drawn to this collective contribution. A few months ago, I found myself in a small lecture theatre surrounded by truly inspiring Pasifika educators, chatting, eating, and laughing as Pasifika people often do. We listened to an invitation about writing an article and contributing to a discussion around ‘shifting the system’ in education, through a Pasifika lens. I wondered what I could possibly have to say. Writing is not a strength but being in an uncomfortable and challenging position is not foreign to me. My parents exemplified this as migrants to a new land. I have drawn strength from my parents’ sacrifices to conjure inspiration and craft the words needed to see this paper through.

In this article, I employ the structure of the “5Ws and 1H” inquiry framework to explore six key questions, *what, why, when, where, who* and *how* and, by answering these questions, one can attain a

detailed understanding of the topic and the nature of my inquiry. I use the proposed inquiry framework to shape my reflections, by asking *Who am I? Where to next? What is in my kete? And how can I be an agent of meaningful change?* The last section concludes my reflection and is titled, *When will I know?* I share some experiences of growing up as a New Zealand (NZ) born Samoan. I unpack key personal challenges experienced as a student within the NZ education system and journey as an educator and school leader. I introduce each question in three languages, firstly *Māori* (the Indigenous language of NZ), then *Samoan* (my native tongue), and finally in *English*. Articulating my lived experiences and stories enables critical voices to be heard in the western academe, a space Pasifika school leaders and principals rarely occupy (Iosefo, Harris, et al., 2021).

### Ko wai Ahau? O ai a'u? WHO am I?

I am the youngest child of the late *Sautia Sone* and the late *Motufoua Eneleata Iosia*. I am the youngest of four siblings. *Tuifa'asisina Eseta* was the eldest child and only daughter but is sadly no longer with us. I have two older brothers *Talamatavao Peteru* and *William Meaalofa Iosia*. My parents came to NZ as part of the first wave of Pasifika migrants in the 1950s, settling in the Grey Lynn-Ponsonby area (Anae, 2020). They were a part of a generation of new explorers who left the safety and certainty of life in the villages of *Lotofaga i Safata* and *Faleasi'u i A'ana* in Western Samoa. Like our ancestral navigators and *wayfinders* before them, they braved the Pacific Ocean to conquer a new land, seek out new opportunities and create new hope (Iosefo, F., Jones, S.H. et al., 2021, Salesa, 2017).

In a strange country, learning a language foreign to their own, my parents, like many Pasifika families, found refuge and strength in their faith and the sense of community that church provided (Salesa, 2017). Newton PIPC (Pacific Island Presbyterian Church) in Auckland central, was the foundation church for many Cook Islands, Niuean, and Samoan families at the time. These wayfinders took on blue-collar jobs, for instance, as labourers, cleaners, and factory workers, jobs not desired by most white/*Pālangi* New Zealanders (Anae, 2020). My parents quickly learned that, to make it in NZ, they had to accept the cultural and racial intolerance and impatience for people who didn't speak English and who didn't learn the New Zealand way of doing things fast (Anae, 2020).

Growing up was therefore confusing. I was surrounded by my language, culture and faith at home and church; but without saying it, my parents made me feel our language and culture had no place at school, nor in the workforce in NZ. My parents' service and devotion to church was devout. They were elders, deacons and foundation members of our church and were known to be vocal and outspoken. With family, they brought over so many of their siblings and relatives from Samoa, finding them jobs and helping set them up to move into their first homes. Family members valued my parents' compassion

and courage. Many of these values and characteristics of my parents I did not appreciate until later in my life.

For my father, growing up in Samoa held very different values in comparison to those within NZ society. A life of service to the church and to the family was an honour and came before personal aspiration, even education. My father never completed primary school, he was the house boy who was called on by the family to work in the plantation, prepare food, perform errands, or be called on to *fuataimi* performances (lead performer responsible for guiding the dance and music) for the church, boys brigade, and village events. I made the mistake of believing for most of my life that my father was simply an uneducated man and I secretly harboured embarrassment and resentment towards him. Yet he had an industrious work ethic, he never missed a day of work, he turned up to every sporting event, trip, and parent interview even when he didn't understand half of what was being said to him by teachers. He always spoke his mind and tried hard to keep his promises. My father taught me the importance of always *turning up*, be it for family, for work, for your responsibilities even when it's hard or it seems beyond you. My father taught me to *say what you mean and mean what you say*. My father taught me to *honour your wife and your promises*. My father was the most intelligent and selfless man that I know. I regret that I never told him that.

*Who am I? I am my father's son*

## **Mai Konei, ke aha? O a isi la'asaga e soso'o? WHERE to next?**

*Where to next?* Okustino Māhina (2010) spoke about people of the *moana* (ocean) who walk forward into the past and at the same time walk backwards into the future. I have always held the belief that, to understand where we are going, we need to understand where we have been. I have been working in education for almost 25 years and my learning and leadership journey have been intertwined. Over that period, my growth as an educator, my resilience, my perseverance has been stripped down, bent, broken, and repaired repeatedly. Today, I am a *tumuaki* (principal). Whether I deserve that title or not, many may suggest the latter, I know that I am here by His hand and His grace. Throughout my life, I would often ask myself, *Where to next, Lord?*

With my learning journey, one significant *where to next* moment came in 1989, as a fifth form (Year 11) student at St Paul's College, Ponsonby, Auckland. Growing up with the boys from church, I felt my strongest connection to them, and I begged my parents to send me to St Paul's as I knew that's where they were heading. St Paul's College was a small Catholic school of 300 students, from form one (Year 7) to form seven (Year 13). The school is predominantly Pasifika, with the largest cohort being Samoan,

followed by Tongans and a sprinkling of Māori and other Pacific ethnicities. The Marist brothers ran the school, but only a handful were in teaching roles. The output of students who finished with fifth form school certificate or seventh form bursary qualifications (Levels 1, 2, 3 National Certificate of Educational Achievement [NCEA] equivalents) was low. Our school was not known for our academic results, but rather for our sporting prowess, particularly in the code of rugby league as we had a number of players in our school who went on to play nationally and internationally such as Mark Graham, Joe Vagana, Nigel Vagana, and Stacey Jones.

I was an average student, and in third form (Year 9), I was initially placed in the top stream class, but I struggled. Our reports always ended with a ranking of our academic ability and out of 21 students I was placed either 19th or 20th. By fourth form (Year 10), I asked to be moved out of the top stream. Although my academic ranking had improved, I found the teachers were different in my new class. They didn't try hard to motivate students like the teachers in the top stream class, maybe because they saw no real reason to, who knows? Regardless, my self-motivation was low, so I just 'cruised' through school for two years, not really trying hard or applying myself fully to my studies. In 1989, the consequence of my choices resulted in me failing my school certificate national qualification (Year 11 NCEA level 1 equivalent) and was told I would be repeating the year level again. The anticipated shame of returning to school as a second-year fifth form student; of people at church knowing, and the ridicule from mates, was bad enough. But this was nothing compared to the fear I felt in having to tell my parents. I felt sick to my stomach, and I just remember frantically trying to hide anything my parents could use as weapons against me once they heard of the shameful news. For Pasifika families at the time, right or wrong, their public face was important. Bringing shame to your parents and family name was the biggest dishonour a child could inflict.

Salesa (2017) spoke about the many Pasifika parents who moved to NZ, sacrificing close familiar and extended familial connections with their homelands and people in the hopes of providing better educational opportunities for their children. That can often create pressure and an expectation for young Pasifika people to live up to. I remember my parents' reaction when I told them I would be repeating fifth form. Mum cried and my father gave a somewhat solemn expression. I could see the despair on their faces because they had done everything, they could to give me the opportunity at education in NZ. Their hopes and dreams for my future were slipping away, and they could do nothing to stop it. My father turned to me and gave me two options, I either go back to school or find work. At the time, I didn't have my father's work ethic to find and keep a job. I knew school was my last chance to make something of myself, so I made the decision to go back to St Paul's College. I knew my parents had to tolerate the snide comments about me repeating fifth form from families at church and extended family. I thought, if they could handle it, then so could I. I don't know what it was, but things seemed to be better when I returned to school again. I was back in the top-stream class, and I formed close bonds

with my teachers. I knew failure wasn't an option this time around. My mental toughness and resilience grew.

I wish my fairy-tale turnaround story of fifth form ended there, but it does not. One of my closest friends repeated fifth form with me as well, because misery likes company. Unfortunately, and not for a want of trying, my friend failed ... again. I realised school was not a place for everyone. Now I can only speculate on what happened the night he received his results; maybe it was the pressure of feeling he let down his family again. Maybe it broke his heart seeing that look on his parents' faces once more. Maybe he felt for a moment that it was just hopeless and dark thoughts got the better of him. Maybe he had been sad for a long time, and no one had noticed. I always thought what if he just stopped, stepped back, and took a deep breath. What if he just slept on it or what if he picked up the phone and reached out to a friend. What if he just spoke to me. Whatever it was, and however it played out for him, my friend, my brother, saw no other option, and that same night he walked down to a nearby beach, and ended his life ... never to worry again. How many of our Pasifika brothers and sisters have travelled this path before?

*To my brother \_\_\_\_\_, I carry you always, my success is our success, my dreams and hopes to keep you alive forever. Rest in love my uso.*

*Where to next?* As a Pasifika educator, as a leader, I know and understand failure. My time at high school, the shame of repeating fifth form, the loss of my friend has helped me understand the pressure that young Pasifika and Māori men can sometimes put on themselves. As a result of this, I know that, in a school setting, students need to know that they can make mistakes, they need to know it's not the end of the world if they do not pass a test or fail an exam. Students need to know forgiveness and experience compassion when they make mistakes, and it is our role as Pasifika leaders to demonstrate this compassion in our schools and classrooms. Students need to know we can have hard conversations, but our bridges are not burnt, there is always a way back. Our Pasifika and Māori families need to see and feel that their kids are appreciated and loved at school by the staff (Webber et al., 2018). That their experiences with schooling can be anywhere on the spectrum between good or bad. However, these experiences at school do not have to define students' lives. Schools and staff need to value and clearly express to families that their language, culture and identity are not barriers to students' learning, but are strengths and assets for their children to build a strong foundation on (Webber, 2012).

*Where to next? To the future, with hope and determination.*

## Ke aha kei roto i taku kete? O ā isi mea e totono a tatou ato? *WHAT is in my kete?*

*What is in my kete?* My failures.

I reflect on my own experiences and cannot help but ask myself what difference could have been made for me at school? What difference could have been made for Māori or Pasifika students who had similar or worse experiences at school? When I think about my primary and secondary education, I cannot recall a single Pasifika teacher, other than in Sunday school. What difference would that have made? Someone who I can see myself in? Someone who knows my stories and has similar experiences. Someone who understands that, at times, there are other priorities for our Pasifika families other than school, such as funerals, church commitments, the duties and responsibilities our parents have to the wider family and community. As a tumuaki (principal), I wonder what difference I can make? Will I be a wolf in sheep's clothing for our Pasifika and Māori community, a brown mouthpiece for a culturally biased system? I ask myself pedagogically, what is in my leadership toolkit? How can I improve educational sites and practices for the betterment of Pacific, Māori and marginalised groups?

*What is in my kete?*

Most of my teaching career I had been exposed to the leadership styles of white, middle-class leaders who focused on the adoption of skills, acquired knowledge and best practice that was data-driven for particular academic outcomes (Benham & Murakami-Ramalho 2010). However, I felt that this type of leadership took me away from my Samoan identity and often conflicted with the core values that I was raised with. But, through my learning journey as a leader, I came across Shellie Spiller's (2016) culturally aligned leadership (CAL) approach. This leadership approach resonated with me and helped me to connect my leadership style with my family, my church, and my Pasifika colleagues I worked alongside over the years. They all have a natural ability to break down barriers for our families. The ability to uphold the mana (pride) of the whānau and to create a safe space where they feel valued and will be heard. As defined by Spiller (2016), CAL is symbolic of a metaphorical, visual image of a British colonial ship and a Polynesian double-hulled waka as one. This image represents the voyager, the explorer, the skilled navigator. These navigators were known to be brave and determined; they were known to be strategic and trusted, and to hold great *mana* (power, prestige) amongst the crew as their knowledge was ancestral knowledge passed on from generation to generation (Iosefo, F., Harris, A., et al., 2021). Like the early voyagers who navigate the enormity and dangers of the moana or open ocean, a CAL must possess the ability to *noho puku* – sit in the belly of a storm and raging sea. Then remaining calm, read the elements, the signs and respond accordingly to navigate their next steps (Spiller, 2016).

The metaphor of the voyager fills me with mixed emotions. I admire the courageousness of the early voyagers, but I am also saddened as I reflect on the injustice that haunts the partnership between *Tangata Whenua*/Māori and the Crown in this country. A partnership forged under the Treaty of Waitangi (The Treaty) 1840, to ensure joint governance and collective decision making in Aotearoa. It was an agreement not honoured by the Crown. As the partnership was not viewed equally, the issue then became *whose knowledge counts more*. A knowledge hierarchy is established which elevates and cements the Crown's dominance and their Eurocentric paradigm of the world. This meant that, for generations to come, the Crown alone would dictate what would become law and what would shape society in NZ.

Therefore, there was no space for Māori and their knowledge, language, values and culture, to have any meaningful input over their future (Benehem & Murakami-Ramalho, 2010) as they were dismissed by the Crown as an equal governing partner. To understand the challenges for a CAL in a *kura* (school) in relation to The Treaty, we need to understand the Treaty itself and the impact of that failed partnership. Hoskins (2018) spoke about the two versions of the Treaty. The Treaty of Waitangi (in English) and Te Tiriti o Waitangi (in Te Reo Māori), and the two different assurances given to each respective document. Hoskins (2018) articulates:

The Māori language version of the Treaty of Waitangi (1840) cedes “kawanatanga” (‘governorship/governance’) to the Crown in Article One, while affirming in Article Two the “tino rangatiratanga” (unqualified authority) of hapū (Māori tribal groups) over all things valued by them. (p. 162)

What was denied by the Crown and conveniently lost in translation, was Māori never relinquished their sovereignty; Te Tiriti o Waitangi affirmed it. The Crown's failure to honour the Treaty partnership saw the establishment of a knowledge hierarchy which elevated their Eurocentric paradigm with a systemic oppression of Māori, their language, cultural identity, and knowledge.

“Schools function to serve the interests of dominant groups (Apple, 2001) and those who benefit least, occupy marginal positions ... it is more difficult to ... speak from the margins.” (Fitzgerald, 2006, p. 203). Fitzgerald recognises a systemic bias that I feel still exists, that is historic and deeply embedded in NZ education. I strongly believe each *kura*, its respective *kaiako* (teacher) and learning community must take steps to collectively acknowledge and address the biases that exist by reflecting on key questions. How do the policies in our *kura* and our teaching practices and pedagogy impact Māori learners? What barriers might our current systems in schools have to Māori success? How can these questions and robust conversations be beneficial for everyone? To me, a commitment to empowering genuine success for Māori, creates a successful blueprint for all marginalised groups.



A wayfinder through CAL must then possess the qualities outlined by Benehem and Murukami-Ramaiho (2010) of a light and sound leader. The ability to keep their finger on the pulse of their respective learning communities. They should continue to earn their standing and *mana* with their *whānau* and possess the skills to bring together the many stakeholders. It is also their burden of responsibility, to create a safe *rangatira* space for our stakeholders to gather, and safely share their knowledge, their stories and perspectives.

The rangatiratanga space can represent the untethered ocean of emotions and epistemologies for some whānau members and a CAL would need to skilfully navigate, listen carefully to, and respond to, appropriately and respectfully (Spiller, 2016). If a CAL can make those present feel safe and valued, it can create a legitimate platform for marginalised groups to speak, particularly Tangata Whenua. A vision reflective of the knowledge of multiple groups and a shared control of where to next in the learning journey of their children can be empowering.

*What is in my kete? Empathy. Belief. Passion. Courage.*

## **Me pehea e whakawhanake aku mahi? O ā ala e fai ai a'u ma tangata e suia mo le lelei sili? *HOW can I be an agent for meaningful change?***

I believe that to be an agent for authentic change for Pasifika and Māori in education, I must remember those who have gone before me and led by example. I want to draw on the experiences of my world, my parents and the wayfinder trail blazers who have set a path for us as Pacific people, Pacific educators, and Pacific leaders. For many Pacific Islanders growing up, church was the breeding ground for lessons in discipline and striving for excellence. Whether singing in the choir or participating in the dreaded Easter or Nativity plays. With the latter, even if you held a non-speaking part like a palace guard or a lowly servant, you had to give an academy award winning performance. Why? Two reasons, firstly you're performing for the Lord, no VIP guest is higher than the Almighty. Secondly, there is no harsher critic in the world than a Pasifika parent watching you in a Sunday school play. American idol judges have nothing on that. It's ironic, because you know your parents are more preoccupied with your performance than the actual Easter and Nativity message, because your performance is public, and it reflects on them!

As a CAL and leader for change, I need to respect the ability I have to hold the attention of an audience and the responsibility I have to deliver an honest, clear and concise message. I need to be brave like our fearless and strong women, our matriarchs who hold families and communities together and will not compromise on their high standards and expectations. Why the high standards and expectations?

Because when it comes to their families and faith, there is too much at stake to be lackadaisical. I must try to talk less and listen more to those I serve and lead. Easier said than done? Maybe.

The challenge of being a change agent for Māori and Pasifika, is working from a mandated or legitimate platform. Without strategic directive and support at a governance level, then any discussion or change initiative will be tokenistic. It needs to be grounded in an official framework, a strategic vision that measures accountability at the highest level.

According to the Education and Training Act 2020, Boards of Trustees (BOTs) must honour Te Tiriti o Waitangi and Article 2 linked to Tino Rangatiratanga that ensures "... plans, policies and local curriculum reflect local tikanga Māori, Matauranga Māori and Te Ao Māori ..." (Section 9), and have reasonable consideration around the accessibility of instruction of Tikanga and Te Reo Māori for all students and plans for equitable outcomes for Māori students.

I have worked in educational organisations where, if this *Pou*/legislation was mandated today, then the BOT and senior management team in those spaces I believe would genuinely struggle to meet those commitments. I feel an unconscious bias can exist in the ideologies, practice, and pedagogy of some kura. I believe that long-held beliefs can be deeply embedded in the culture of some schools, where BOT and staff could create barriers to protect those beliefs.

I have experienced the impact of challenging the existing culture within a kura and its long-held teacher schema (their beliefs and values around teaching) (Argyris & Schon, 1974), and it is one of the biggest hurdles with any change initiative. I found I needed to show respect for the existing values and beliefs. I needed to acknowledge the legacy of those who have gone before us. Our learning communities and all our key stakeholders must feel that sense of belonging in a school. They need to see themselves and their aspirations for their children's learning in the school's vision.

*HOW can I be an agent for meaningful change?*

*Nāku te rourou nāu te rourou ka ora ai te iwi. With your basket & my basket the people will live.*

*'E so'o le fau I le fau' – Unity is strength.*

## **Hei āhea whakawhanake ai? Le faataunuina? *WHEN will I know?***

So, in conclusion, *When will I know* if the leader I am striving to be is having a positive impact and change for the Māori and Pasifika whānau in my own kura?

*Who am I?* I am a New Zealand-born Samoan. I have been brought up by parents who were part of the first wave of Pasifika migrants to NZ in the 1950s and were made to feel that their language and culture had no place in NZ society. Tangata Whenua in Aotearoa have endured nearly 200 years of Eurocentric hierarchy, which impacted things like kura and teaching practices that did not reflect the Tangata Whenua paradigm.

To understand the feelings of mistrust, injustice and grief Māori have with the systemic bias in NZ education, we need to understand the Treaty itself and the failed partnership between the Crown and Tangata Whenua, and the devastating impact for Māori. It is difficult to fathom the impact of the oppression on Māori, or what has been lost in relation to their identity and the injustice of being denied as an equal Treaty partner.

The following narrative is a snapshot of a significant moment in my teaching career that shaped my educational leadership journey. It captured an engagement one evening between a governance group and a community group I supported. The narrative highlights my view on that night and assumptions and broken promises I felt that were made at the governance level.

*The jostling for chairs, the shushing of our tamariki, the clanging of pots and plates on the kitchen table for our emergency hui-fono. An air of uncertainty, like the arrival of Colonials to our Pacific Shores. Bringers of death or prosperity? Our leader opens with a karakia to bless the food and the impending talanoa. The Visitors, their multi coloured post it notes at the ready, skip their pepeha as irrelevant and speak at our whānau as a matter of course. "The ministry requires your input ..." But not me, they whisper under their breath. The strangers to the long white cloud, white being the operative word, have kicked over the peace token laid down by their hosts. So, we rise up, we disarm their ignorance and assumptions with our stories. We articulate our thoughts and perspective, with our history of oratory passed down from generation to generation. We leave them with no doubt ... that we are here.*

What followed the evening with the governance group really challenged me personally. I noticed that the BOT did not note down any of our rich ideas and talanoa with the community group. Talanoa is described as an open, informal conversation between Pasifika people in which they share their stories, thoughts and feelings (Vaiioleti, 2006). One of my responsibilities with our community group was to minute our talanoa for the families that couldn't be there at the *hui*. So as a courtesy, I shared those minutes with the governance group that night, so they had a record of our *hui* (meeting).

The following morning, I was asked to meet with governance group leaders. They told me off for minuting the hui, and publicly sharing the minutes with members of our community which they said was a breach of privacy. As a young teacher at the time, I was mortified. I was brought up to work hard, be honest and to always respect my elders. I truly believed I had done something wrong, and I remember being emotional and asking for their forgiveness. I walked out of there feeling terrible. This resulted in me feeling ashamed and guilty. Was I wrong to try and ensure our community's voice was captured by our governance leaders?

After I let those emotions settle, I continued to feel saddened and disappointed. I knew I had to be strong for the community group I was representing despite me letting them down. Following that experience, I decided that over the next few years, I would learn to compromise and be silent on issues that arose. I was convinced that I was always in the wrong. I even convinced myself I was not worthy of leadership opportunities, so I wouldn't even try going for them when they arose. For the longest time, the traumatic experience with governance leaders stuck with me and a deficit mindset festered in me. I often doubted myself. But then I remembered, *I am my father's son*. I am resilient and used to uncomfortable situations. I have my father's work ethic which helped me overcome and prevail.

As a first-time tumuaki, I look back at that particular moment of perceived useful *tautua*/service to the community and I feel saddened, but I also feel empowered. I am saddened that I allowed that moment to have power over me, over my beliefs, my identity and how I saw my own worth. I am saddened that the governance group asked for input from our community, and they made us believe it was sincere. I am saddened because the people who held leadership positions which I was raised to respect and obey, were people whose words and actions were insincere and dishonest.

As a wayfinder navigating the choppy seas of education in NZ, I acknowledge the importance of having a stronger platform to make meaningful change in my kura for all marginalised groups but especially Māori and Pasifika. I recognise my responsibility to create a safe rangatira space for our stakeholders to gather, to be heard and feel valued. I embrace the responsibility of navigating culturally responsive change and collectively designing a shared vision and strategic direction for the school that will set us on an authentic and genuine path to honour our Treaty obligations.

When we meet our commitment for Tangata Whenua, we in turn create a blueprint for all marginalised groups, disadvantaged under this Eurocentric knowledge hierarchy, to reach their full potential. *When will I know* if the leader I am striving to be is having a positive impact on Māori and Pasifika for meaningful change...

“... when the least of us is first.” (Spiller, 2016)

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