

## Hartman Lomawaima — A Life with Education

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"I'd like to come and talk with your faculty about the museum's education resources," Hartman Lomawaima offered one day in the context of our mutual work at the University of Arizona. "What would be the best way to reach out to College of Education faculty?"

It was the year 2000, and I had recently been appointed head of the Department of Language, Reading and Culture (LRC), a graduate unit with a mission to prepare teachers, teacher educators, and education scholars on issues of linguistic and cultural diversity. Hartman was then associate director of the Arizona State Museum (ASM). More than anyone, he appreciated the wealth of human and material resources housed at ASM that could be brought to bear on our mission.

From his initial presentation to LRC faculty that fall, Hartman became an intellectual and moral compass within the University of Arizona's College of Education, opening what often seem to be impenetrable institutional and disciplinary doors and, by virtue of his powerful (and charming) personality, forging lasting relationships between ASM, the College, and the community we both served. Our faculty and students found their way to the ASM Library, with its rich and rare collection of books, maps, and sound recordings on Southwestern Native peoples. This knowledge and these resources became the staples of many education classes, including my own. Even when only a few faculty and students showed up for a museum tour, Hartman would personally guide them through the museum's holdings; he recognized the cascading benefits of individualized investment in education. During summers when LRC co-hosted the four-week American Indian Language Development Institute, a program for educators of Native American children and youth, Hartman gave presentations to participants and led them on (more) personally guided tours. He was especially concerned that the museum's holdings be accessible to the peoples they represented. I still recall poignant epiphanies when Institute participants – most of whom were Native – heard the voices of a relative speaking in the Indigenous language on a museum tape recording, or recognized an ancestor's face in an historic photograph. This was education that not only edified but that reconnected genera-

tions, inspiring young and old with the wisdom of the past. Ultimately, Hartman was persuaded to join the College of Education Dean's Advisory Board, becoming its president in 2004 – the same year he was appointed ASM's permanent director. The College's material resources and its outreach to Native programs across the university and to the larger public grew immeasurably under his visionary leadership.

These are just a few of Hartman's institutional contributions to education, which he carried out with characteristic enthusiasm and relish. But his educational contributions far exceed the institutional; he was never a man bound by institutional parameters but rather a person who lived education in the fullest sense. From his early years growing up with his maternal grandparents, who traveled widely with their arts and crafts business, taking Hartman with them to county and state fairs throughout the West, Hartman possessed an insatiable curiosity about diverse peoples and cultures, and the human capacity to create objects of beauty. When one was in conversation with Hartman, it was never half-hearted; he was engaged and deeply interested. He wanted to know, to understand, and one sensed in him a palpable desire to learn new things.

In turn, Hartman was immensely generous in sharing his own collected wisdom. On several occasions my husband, John Martin – an anthropologist at Arizona State University – invited Hartman to speak in his "Indians of the Southwest" class. I sat in on one those presentations, when Hartman was joined by his wife (and my long-time writing partner and friend), Tsianina. They had decided to teach the class about Hopi kinship by performing a traditional wedding ceremony in which each student would play a role. For the "groom," Hartman selected a freckle-faced Anglo youth; the "bride" was Akimel O'odham. In this ceremonial performance Hartman even made room for the proverbial White anthropologist (my husband). It was an experience unlike any other the students were likely to encounter in their schooling – a lesson in cultural "difference" and human social relationships they could never glean from a lecture or the pages of a book.

This was Hartman: ever-generous in sharing his Hopi world, wise in understanding and crisscrossing cultural borders, and in total possession of himself as a Hopi man who walked ably and seemingly effortlessly in multiple cultural worlds. He never cast judgment on those with less capacity for cultural border crossing than himself; he

educated by example. All of this was tempered by a quick (and sometimes devilish) sense of humor. When Hartman laughed, his smile lit up the room. One simply could not be in his presence without feeling uplifted – and educated.

Those of us fortunate to have known Hartman will long remember him as an educator who taught through living example. He did indeed strengthen the education function of the museum and the university he so loved, in myriad ways. But it was in his demeanor and his actions that he taught the most profound lesson – of how to be a human being.