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**Be/longing to Places: The pedagogical possibilities
and his/her/stories of shifting cultural identities**

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Abstract

Looking to the places we live to inform our understandings of identity and belonging, this métissage of place-based stories draws on personal narratives and intergenerational stories to re/create meaning in new spaces and contexts. Through the interweaving of personal and academic stories, this research provides a space for critical engagement, creative scholarship and learning. The pedagogical possibilities of places and understanding of curriculum as both the lived experiences and knowledge/s that shape and in/form our identities and understandings. As newcomers, settlers, and treaty members, living on Turtle Island/North America, perhaps we must begin by looking at the places where we live and dwell, to better understand our responsibilities to both the land and peoples. Unsettling narratives that disrupt textbooks histories, and the re/telling of new/old stories. Using *bricolage* to gather up the fragments and/or pieces left behind – artefacts, memories and stories, I begin to re/trace the footsteps of my grandmothers - the re/learning his/her/stories, stories of shifting cultural identities and landscapes - and be/longing to places, while also examining how notions of be/longing are transformed through intergenerational stories and our connections to places. Stories that may help to move and guide us forward in a *good way*. From wasteland to reconciliation, this work examines the meaning of places to our lives and learning, as well as our responsibilities to land and peoples – those who came before, and the generations before us.

Keywords: métissage, bricolage, storytelling, his/her/stories, narrative inquiry, autobiography, fiction, poetry, curriculum of place, wastelands, loss, identity, belonging, Indigenous peoples, settlers, treaty members, reconciliation

Dedication

To my Great/Grand/Mother(s) – whose lives gave birth and meaning to these stories – the blood and poetry that runs through my veins.

To the Grandmothers, both figurative and blood - Teachers and Elders, the Women who have touched my life. The lived experiences, shared stories, and knowledge – passed down through the generations – and to whom I honour and hold the deepest respect.

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Chapter 1: Telling Stories

We need to unearth the old stories that live in a place and begin to create new ones, for we are storymakers, not just storytellers.

- Kimmerer, 2013, p. 341

How you remember a story and how you tell it has consequences that could last a lifetime – remember that.

- Mercredi, 2014, p. 19

Intergenerational place-based stories speak to the diverse cultural and physical landscapes that influence our lives and understandings. The earth beneath our feet - sand, rock and soil. Stories passed down through the generations - and those buried, forgotten, and/or erased. Stories of the land. As Cajete (1994) writes: “Everything leaves a track, and in the track is the story; the state of being of each thing in its interaction with everything else. The places that become part of our story and the traces we leave behind” (p. 56). Connection, loss, and un/be/longing. The environmental, political and cultural ramifications of capitalist economies and consumerist ideals. Land developed and waterways altered – leaving a trail of destruction behind. Such wasteland places can disrupt traditional notions of land as pedagogy and become our greatest teachers. The waters that flow through this earth and blood through our veins. The healing of land and bodies, and re/building of relationships – digging our hands into the soil, allowing the stories to emerge. Finding roots. Wastelands to reconciliation. Looking to the past, the un/learning of *his/story* and re/reading of sounding silences. Re/tracing the steps of our grandmothers. Stories of our ancestors, places and be/longing. Stories to help us re/contextualize our understandings of place and move forward in *a good way*. Stories passed down through the generations – and others, lost and/or forgotten. The stories of those who have been here on Turtle Island (North America) all along, and the grandmothers who travelled great distances arriving as immigrants and refugees, carrying their stories with them. Honouring the lives of those who walked here before us. Disrupting textbook *his/stories* – and the blank spaces in/between. Loss, destruction and disease. Re/envisioning a new/old story, Creation to Columbus, where *his/her/story* began. The colonization of the land, shameful history of “education,” and resilience of Indigenous peoples.

Listening and learning, our responsibilities as both settlers and treaty members. This land our *home* and collective responsibility.

Stories of place can evoke diverse notions of identity and be/longing, as well as understandings of our responsibilities to land and peoples. This métissage of place-based stories begins with an investigation of wasteland places, the questioning of personal beliefs and understandings informed by lived experiences of loss and un/be/longing. Looking to wasteland places, physical and abstract, and how they impact our well-*being* and sense of be/longing. In writing this collection of stories, I reflect on my own lived experiences, challenging previously held assumptions, while listening and observing my surroundings. The re/storying of events to perhaps offer new insight and perspective. Reconciling memories, past and present - the blurring of lines and interweaving of the personal and academic. Storytelling as research can challenge more traditional forms of scholarship, but also open-up a space for new expressions of knowledge to be shared. Wasteland places hold stories that can disrupt traditional environmental pedagogies, images of *nature* as pristine spaces abundant in wild/life. Wastelands: Places both beautiful and tragic, and the teachings they hold. Land and bodies thought beyond healing or repair having suffered great loss and/or neglect. The places where we live and dwell. The bones of our ancestors buried beneath and the birth of a new generation waking. The stories to come – the stories of the next seven generations and what their lives will *be*. What we have created, lost and/or forgotten. Unsettling narratives. The stories of places - and what we have chosen or fail to see. Looking to the past to inform our present mis/understandings. A sense of un/belonging and disconnection. The unravelling of his/her/stories, fictions and un/truths, and the re/telling of a new/old story. The rebuilding of relationships and re/new/ed sense of belonging.

This research is written as a métissage of place-based stories, using bricolage to gather the fragments or pieces left behind (Kincheloe, 2001). The re/telling of stories that evoke new/old meanings. People and places that influence our lives and in/form our ideas of be/longing. I am reminded of this influence and connection to places not only through these relationships, but also through what Turkle (2007) terms *evocative objects*, “companions to our emotional lives” or “provocations to thought” (p. 5). Objects as artefacts evoke stories. Memories of the places where I have *visited* and lived, and the people whom I have met along my way. Stories of entanglement and shared experiences that produce meaning in our lives. Wagamese (2011) recalls the words a wise man once shared with him: “What matters is what we bear away with us: the story, the song

of our living” (p. 5). Stories speak to who we are and are *becoming*, and objects hold meaning that can evoke these stories. However, the meaning of an object can change over time as we go through different life stages and learn new information (Anderson, 2011; Wilson, 2008). Stories reflect where we are in our lives, as well as diverse societal, cultural and political influences. Artefacts can conjure up memories of the past, evoke new meanings and understandings, as well as inspire the imagination. As Turkle (2007) writes, “Theory defamiliarizes objects, objects familiarize theory” (p. 307). Research as *bricolage* is a way of working to examine such materials in order to develop new thought.

The term *bricoleur* comes from the French word “bricolage,” which is used to describe a “handywoman who makes use of the tools available to complete a task” (Kincheloe, 2001, p. 680). Drawing on the work of Lévi-Strauss (1966), Kincheloe (2001) explains: “Researcher bricoleurs pick up the pieces of what’s left and paste them together as best they can” (p. 681). As a research bricoleur, I look to artefacts as “evocative objects,” fragments or pieces left behind that evoke meaning and stories to provide insight in the present (Turkle, 2007; Wagamese, 2011). As Palulis (2014) writes, I have become the bricoleur with my “artifacts from elsewhere” (p. 123).

The hand-painted bowl from Morocco, beadwork and coffee mug with traces of my first pottery teacher’s hands from Thunder Bay, the framed x-ray of my lungs from the medical immigration office in France, the crystal chandelier that hangs over my dining room table, my grandfather gave to my Nanny (maternal grandmother) from Montreal, the beautiful hand-crafted picture frame with a photo of my fiancé (now husband) and I from Iran, the found objects and display of arranged shells, acorns, dried lemons, blue jay feathers, and stones in a hand carved wooden bowl (Campbell, Journal, 2014).

These objects or artefacts are a reminder of my life – the memories, stories and imaginings (past, present, and future), of the places, that create and re/new meaning through an on-going process of learning and education.

Research Questions

The pieces left behind, artefacts, photographs, records and paper trails – are all part of this story. This métissage of place-based stories and narrative writings, emphasize the importance of a diversity of knowledges, including Indigenous and women’s perspectives. Looking to the future, I take pause – re/tracing my own steps, re/examining what I have learned and how certain places

and experiences have shaped my identities. I continue to walk further back along this path, following in the footsteps of my grandmothers and re/tracing ancestral lines - roots, movement and migration. Stories evoked through the fragments or the pieces left behind: Artefacts, artworks (i.e. poetry, song, photographs), oral his/her/stories, government records (i.e. census data, birth, marriage and death certificates), newspapers and publications, and personal communications (i.e. emails, chats and conversations). Challenging previously held assumptions, disrupting old ideas and creating a re/new/ed vision for the future. This métissage of place-based stories and narrative writings weave together both the personal and academic, movements between places/spaces and is guided by the following research questions: 1) How do intergenerational stories of place shape one's understandings of identity and be/longing? 2) How might this impact one's understandings of responsibilities to the protection of lands and the reconciliation of Indigenous-non-Indigenous peoples? This research enacts a process that might be used to further promote inquiry among pre-service teachers and educators. Looking at how one's own lived experiences influence their professional practices and the importance of this in working with both Indigenous and non-Indigenous students. Disrupting learned *his/stories* and examining how one's own personal beliefs are in/formed by the cultures and societies in which they are raised and continue to participate. Education can be a vehicle for social change, but also a tool that can divide and cause harm. Therefore, it is important to understand how one's own understandings are informed by the stories we have been taught and our role in them, as we begin to move forward as a society in recognizing the importance of a diversity of knowledges, including Indigenous and women's perspectives.

Conceptual Framework

Weaving together diverse knowledges through cross-disciplinary approaches, Davis (2009) describes the ancient wisdom of the Polynesians, and how they learn the art of navigation by beginning with the fundamental elements of the Polynesian world: "Wind, waves, clouds, stars, sun, moon, birds, fish, and the water itself" (p. 52). Through observation, inquiry and direct experience, they draw from multiple disciplinary approaches: "The natural sciences, astronomy, animal behaviour, meteorology, and oceanography" (p. 53). This art of navigation called, *wayfinding*, represents a complex system of learning that further illustrates this concept of the interconnectedness of knowledges. Wayfinding is about memory work, but also understanding where you came from in order to know where you are going: "You only know where you are by

knowing precisely where you have been and how you got to where you are” (p. 60). Drawing on a Māori educational framework using the metaphor of a fishing net to illustrate this concept, Andreotti, Ahenakew, & Garrick (2011) explain:

In order to weave an effective net one needs to have appropriate knowledge of the different fishing grounds, of different weaving patterns, floaters and weights, and of weather, currents and tides. As subsistence fishing is an exercise of service towards collective nourishment, the fisher also needs to know the kinds of fish that will meet the needs of one’s community and to be grounded and connected with all his or her relations. (p. 47)

This metaphor of the fishing net might also be translated within an academic context to represent a cross-disciplinary approach to research. In my research, I draw on this metaphor and concept of the interweaving of diverse knowledges and importance of relationships in joining together these threads of connection. Simpson (2014b) describes how Indigenous knowledge is more than theory; it is also about a lifestyle and how to nurture respectful relationships to live a good life. “Nishnaabeg intelligence is for everyone, not just students, teachers and researchers. It’s not just pedagogy; it’s how to live life” (p. 18).

In my research, I have developed a research framework guided by Indigenous theories and arts-based approaches as a non-Indigenous educator/researcher, weaving in/between disciplinary approaches, to find threads and connections where diverse perspectives intersect. As Kovach (2009) states, “Many non-Indigenous young people are attracted to Indigenous approaches as well because, I believe, it has to do with a generation seeking ways to understand the world without hurting it” (p. 11). Within an Indigenous framework, there is a strong emphasis on the importance of relationships, human and environmental, and ensuring that as researchers we are accountable to all our relations (Wilson, 2008). “My natural inclination was to see relationships, to seek the threads that connect the world, to join instead of divide” (Kimmerer, 2013, p. 42). Indigenous ways of knowing are rooted in the land and an interconnectedness of knowledges (Andreotti et al., 2011). In my research, I am guided by Indigenous principles of relational accountability: respect, reciprocity and responsibility (Wilson, 2008). I draw from both Indigenous and qualitative research methodologies that provide space for creative and arts-based inquiry, including: Bricolage, métissage, and storytelling. This research is presented in a non-traditional format as a métissage of place-based stories. A creative expression of the

understandings and knowledge gained throughout this research process. According to Sullivan (2008), “If the broad intent of new knowledge and the theoretical quest is to explain things, then art practice achieves this goal in a distinctive way” (p. 242). Storytelling as a research approach and creative practice acknowledges the importance of the personal and academic to both our lives and learning, and personal and intellectual growth.

Delineating from more traditional approaches to research within the academic community, however, can also present challenges. As Sullivan (2000) explains: “Many in the academic community, not having been taught to read aesthetic forms, reject them as representations of knowledge” (p. 223). Throughout this research process, writing and presentation of stories, my research serves as an example of the importance of the personal to the academic to one’s understandings and storying of the world. Simpson (2014b) describes the importance of theoretical pursuits not only to one’s scholarship, but also to their *being*:

‘Theory’ isn’t just an intellectual pursuit – it is woven within kinetics, spiritual presence and emotion, it is contextual and relational. It is intimate and personal, with individuals themselves holding the responsibilities for finding and generating meaning within their own lives. (p. 7)

Learning from Indigenous scholars, elders, writers and artists, as well as concepts and research approaches that value a diversity of knowledges, including emotional and spiritual intelligence - I begin to write my own stories (Hart, 2010; Wilson, 2008). Hart (2010) explains how an Indigenous epistemology, “arises from the interconnections between the human world, the spirit, and inanimate entities” (p. 8). Drawing on the work of Simpson (2000), Hart (2010) outlines seven principles of an Indigenous worldview:

First, knowledge is holistic, cyclic, and dependent upon relationships and connections to living and non-living beings and entities. Second, there are many truths, and these truths are dependent upon individual experiences. Third, everything is alive. Fourth, all things are equal. Fifth, the land is sacred. Sixth, the relationship between people and the spiritual world is important. Seventh, human beings are least important in the world. (p. 3)

Storytelling as a way of teaching and passing down knowledge has long been practiced within Indigenous communities throughout the world (Archibald, 2008a; Archibald, 2008b; Cajete, 1994; Hart, 2010; King, 2003; Sium & Ritskes, 2013). As storytellers, we all bring our

unique perspective to the re/telling of any story (Hart, 2010). Archibald (2008b) highlights seven principles of Indigenous storywork, “respect, responsibility, reverence, reciprocity, holism, interrelatedness, and synergy,” which speak to the importance of relationships within an Indigenous research/storywork framework (p. 9). My research seeks to open-up a space that allows for the creative expression and representation of diverse knowledges within an academic context, while also working to critically examine my role as a storyteller/researcher/educator throughout this research process.

Methodologies: Narrative Approaches

Storytelling and métissage. This research métissage is a collection of stories and narrative fragments that combine diverse perspectives and influences. The interweaving of intergenerational stories, lived experiences and observations. Drawing from Western and Indigenous research methodologies and arts-based approaches, I present this research as an artful interweaving, or métissage of place-based stories. Donald (2009) describes métissage using the metaphor of a braid as “exemplified by the Métis sash and sweetgrass,” in which the researcher *becomes*, “the weaver of a textual braid” (p. 8). As a researcher/educator, I am weaving together stories and narrative fragments that have helped shape my own understandings - changing landscapes, shifting cultural identities and notions of be/longing. Kelly (2012) writes: “It is by writing, by spinning the living webs of words, and by weaving the threads of our stories that we create the patterns of our existence, our unique Métis Sash, our métissage” (p. 367). Narrative approaches to research can open-up spaces for human connection and perhaps offer a space within the academic community that provides belonging for some. This research seeks to move away from binary interpretations of Western/Indigenous knowledges, to find threads of connections that join instead of divide. Embedded within these stories are expressions of meaning that bind these narrative fragments and stories together. This research is not broken down into sections as found in more traditional thesis or dissertations to include chapters and sub-sections such as: Literature review, presentation of data, findings and analysis. These elements, however, are embedded within the structure of the chapters and stories themselves.

Indigenous communities throughout the world have long used storytelling as a way of teaching and passing down knowledge (King, 2003; Smith, 1999; Wilson, 2008). Storytelling as research provides an alternative format to more traditional academic styles of academic writing that can open-up spaces for the expression of diverse knowledges (Archibald, 2008a; King,

2003). In an academic context, storytelling allows us to move away from “abstractions and rules” and to recognize an author’s positionality within a text (Wilson, 2008, p. 17). Sium & Ritskes (2013) argue that: “By telling our stories we’re at the same time disrupting dominant notions of intellectual rigor and legitimacy, while also redefining scholarship as a process that begins with the self” (p. IV). This may challenge traditional concepts of academic neutrality, which fail to position or acknowledge the role of the researcher to their research (Wilson, 2008). According to Werner (2002), “Narrative and empathetic readings can be used instructionally to counter us/them dichotomies and the process of ‘othering’ that often results from perceived cultural differences and assumed hierarchies” (p. 41). Narrative approaches to research do not aim to simplify, but allow for these complexities and tensions to emerge. Cixous and Calle-Gruber (2012) explain how life writing as *métissage* serves to challenge more dominant narratives:

We claim life writing in the form of *métissage* to be a ‘counter narrative’ to the grand narratives of our times, a site for writing and surviving in the interval between different cultures and languages, particularly in colonial contexts; a war of merging and blurring genres, texts and identities. (p. xxi)

Narrative approaches to research recognize the importance of a diversity of knowledges within an academic context. Stories that combine academic and lived experiences can offer new pedagogical possibilities and learning. In the words of Aoki (2000/2005), “Pedagogy is located in the vibrant space in the fold between curriculum-as-plan and live(d) curricula, at times a site of both difficulty and ambiguity and also a site of generative possibilities and hope” (p. 322).

Recovering the stories of the ancestors. What does it mean to be here on this soil and what is our responsibility to its protection? I think of how my ancestors worked the land and how the land worked on them (Kimmerer, 2013). How they lived and what they learned, feelings of un/be/longing and connection. Deloria (1970/2007) describes how: “Over a period of four hundred years the white man has completely changed the landscape. But the land has not given up its powers” (p. 180). We are dependent on the land and no matter how removed we are from this physical experience of being on the land – it is still the land that feeds and sustains us all. How do we re-establish these connections and the reconciliation of peoples? As the voices of Indigenous peoples, scientists, scholars and activists continue to echo and sound form across the four oceans: We have come to a fork in the road and now must choose which path to take (LaDuke, 2007; Kimmerer, 2013; Plumwood, 1993). Kimmerer (2014) believes that we are living

in a time as foretold in prophecy by *The Seventh Fire Teachings*. A time when the people would become separated from the land, the water no longer safe to drink and air polluted. A time when the Indigenous peoples and the newcomers (settlers) alike, would stand together at this fork in the road, and together, have to choose which path to take. Kimmerer (2014) describes the two paths as she envisions them:

One path is soft and green, all grassy and spangled with dew and you want to walk barefoot there. But the other path is burnt, and it's black and it's all cinders. It would cut your feet. And prophecy has become history. For at this time when the world as we know it hangs in the balance, we know we are at that crossroads.
(Kimmerer, 2014)

Kimmerer further describes how *The Seventh Fire Teachings* teach us that in order to walk down the more desirable path, we must first turn around and walk back along the paths of our ancestors. We must gather the teachings that will help guide us to and down this path where we will light the eighth and final fire. As “Indigenous peoples and newcomers,” she states, “we are all part of this story” (Kimmerer, 2014).

Uncovering the stories of the grandmothers, the blood flow through storylines - shifting landscapes, cultural identities and be/longing. Imagining the next seven generations to come and what their world will *be* – diverse land/scapes, and all that we are leaving behind. How will I answer and what are my responsibilities to future generations when I asked the question: What did I do to prevent this change (climate change is creeping)? And while this story is about working to stop climate change – the re/invention of new/old ideas and knowledge to better prepare for this future, it is also about re/establishing connections to the land. Reconciliation: The healing and re/building of broken relationships to the land and people. As I begin to re-trace my own steps, I return back following the footsteps of my grandmothers, collecting fragments and/or bread crumbs, the pieces left behind – stories of their lives and be/longing to places. The knowledge that has survived and what has been lost, new/old understandings – with a renewed urgency to re/write this story. As Simpson (2011) writes: “Thinking about those old stories, dreaming and visioning a different future, those are the seeds that will use to plant our new garden. As it is so often in my culture, the old story this time begins with the women” (p. 106).

Research Design

Bricolage.

*what trails
we leave behind
that piece
together a story
of fragmented
images
records
artefacts
re/interpreted
and told anew*

Weaving together “theoretical threads,” the research bricoleur looks to find relationships, the interrelatedness of knowledges and diverse ways of knowing (Kincheloe & Berry, 2004, p. 107). Lévi-Strauss (1966) describes a research *bricoleur* as someone who creates structures using the “remains and debris of events: in French ‘des bribes et des morceaux’ or odds and ends in English, fossilized evidence of the history of an individual or a society” (pp. 21-22). Drawing on this concept, I use bricolage to help guide me in my research process, while gathering up the pieces of fragments left behind: Government records and other documents, photographs, artefacts and objects. Using bricolage as an approach to this research allows for new directions to present themselves throughout the process and new possibilities to emerge. Bricolage further avoids a reductionist approach to “data collection” and “analysis.” As a research methodology, bricolage disrupts predefined structures and allows for a more, “complex and textured notion of scholarly rigour” (Kincheloe & Berry, 2004, p. 1). Bricolage is a creative process that further allows for multiple perspectives and methods to present themselves throughout the research process. New meanings and understandings can be evoked through these stories, memories and artefacts - that link us to the past and bring us into the present (Dewey, 1976). As Smith (1991) writes, “As human beings we are surrounded by ‘expressions of life’ (Lebensausserrung) in texts, artefacts, gestures, voices, and so forth” (p. 191). As I write this collection of stories, I continue back along the paths of my grandmothers - tracing ancestral lines, shifting landscapes and cultural identities. Gathering up the pieces or fragments, or “remains and debris,” that might further provide clues or insight into my family’s past (Lévi-Strauss, 1966). And throughout this research process, I continue to ask myself the question: What does it mean to belong to a place, and how does this

influence one's sense of identity and be/longing? I begin this research by observing my present surroundings and understandings and also examining past experiences, while starting to dig a little deeper. Following paper trails, government records (i.e. census data, birth, marriage and death certificates), newspapers, publications and other print sources, oral his/her/stories, personal communications (i.e. emails, letters, and conversations), artefacts and artworks (i.e. photographs, stories and poetry), and *visiting* places (Chambers, 2006). I start to learn through and from these stories, so that I might begin to move forward with a greater sense of knowing where I come from in order to know where I am going (Davis, 2008).

As a form of social action, bricolage allows for new knowledge to emerge, transforming “traditional narratives and discourses, and research methodologies” (Kincheloe & Berry, 2004, p. 106). Throughout the research process, the research bricoleur must also examine his or her own positionality within a ‘web of reality’, looking at how different social structures and influences impact their understandings, while working to uncover “the invisible artefacts of power and culture” (p. 2). Bricoleurs recognize that Western lenses have often caused “heartbreak and suffering” for those who are not part of a favoured, “Race, class, gender, sexual, religious and ability-related demographic” (p. 19). The research bricoleur seeks to learn from the excluded, including Indigenous knowledges and ways of knowing, and to question imposed power structures and hierarchies. “Bricoleurs take seriously our creative responsibility to break the lenses of present ways of viewing the world” (Kincheloe & Berry, 2004, p. 19). Bricolage, as a research approach, further serves to redefine notions of academic rigour within the academy that have long served (and continue) to exclude a diversity of knowledges.

Research as conversation. In my research, I did not recruit “participants” in order to share and analyse their stories, rather I draw from my own lived experiences, memories, family stories, artefacts, records, communications and re/visiting places. This research is an on-going conversation. As Archibald (2008a) writes: “Research as conversation is characterized as an open-ended interview with opportunity for both sides to engage in talk” (p. 377). It is about listening and observation. Learning from the relationships that in/form our identities and shape our worldviews. Archibald further discusses how it was through her research that she began to realize the importance of “oral and heart memory,” turning off her tape recorder during interviews, so that she could listen more deeply to honour a shared human connection (pp. 377-378). Archibald continues to explain “Effective storywork grows out of the actions of

interrelatedness and synergy formed by the storyteller, the story, the listener, and the context in which the story is used” (p. 373). In my research, I highlight the importance of one’s lived experiences to their understanding and meaning within their lives. Archibald (2008a) describes research as “an open-ended interview with opportunity for both sides to engage in talk,” which leads to interpretation, “research as storytelling” (p. 377). Kimmerer (2003) further explains: “To me, a good experiment is like a good conversation. Each listener creates an opening for the other’s story to be told” (p. 77). Throughout the research process, I have worked to maintain this on-going conversation and receive feedback from those involved in this process in order to try and incorporate multiple perspectives. As Simpson (2011) explains, there are many versions of the truth and each is dependent on one’s own lived experiences.

The writing of research. In the writing of this research, I attempt to move away from more traditional academic jargon and terms to a language that value human connection and tells a story that might reach more diverse audiences. Kurtz (2013) explains how she attempted to move away from the objective language of academic writing in her own research: “Research language in human ethics documents includes terms such as subjects, analysis and dissemination, whereas we used ‘women’ rather than subjects, ‘letting the stories speak for themselves’ rather than analysis, and ‘sharing knowledge’ in place of dissemination” (p. 225). In my own research, I also try to move away from this objectification and jargon (i.e. participant, subject, etc.), using storytelling as a way to recognize the importance of relationships, while remaining mindful of the Indigenous principle of relational accountability: respect, reciprocity and responsibility (Wilson, 2008). I am accountable to all my relations, and as I continue to write this research I must also continue to keep this in mind. Research as storytelling further acknowledges the role of the audience, each listener/reader taking away from a story what “resonates” with them. This research further recognizes the importance of others’ lived experiences in shaping their understandings and meanings in their lives (Williams & Tanaka, 2007).

Ethical Considerations

Honouring our relations (human and non-human) is also about reciprocity, giving back and sharing what is learned (Haig-Brown, 2008). Acts of reciprocity can be manifested in many ways: The sharing and presentation of artworks, the recognition of the contributions of others through a culture of gifting, practicing and supporting sustainable agriculture, environmental stewardship and providing care for those around us (Kimmerer, 2013; Schor & Thompson, 2014).

In living reciprocity, there are many ways to give back – and through these acts of creation and care, we can also help us to build and restore our relationships to the land and people. Hoffman (2013) explains how, “The principles of respect, responsibility, and reciprocity exist in the context of a relationship” (p. 196). It is important to me that my research is not to the detriment of others and that I keep this as an open and on-going conversation. Research as storytelling allows listeners/readers to interpret and find their own meaning without imposed restrictions and/or analysis (Wilson, 2008). An important part of this research process is considering the impact of my role as a researcher within my extended circles. Wilson explains how one must know their role, question their motives, and reflect with both heart and mind, to ensure their research does not bring harm to others as an important part of the research process. Archibald (2008a) further discusses how she came to understand her responsibilities as a researcher in addressing the concerns about the appropriation of others’ stories through the teaching and concept of reciprocity. A learner has the responsibility to take that which is given to them and to share it with others. According to Chambers (2004) research that draws on narrative and autobiographical accounts can pose ethical challenges when our lived experiences and relationships have the potential to expose the identity of organizations and/or individuals in what could prove to be an unfavourable position. In certain situations, writing and memory work may not always allow me to obtain the permissions of the individuals with whom I may no longer have contact, or that implicate such a large group of individuals that obtaining written consent would not be feasible. Efforts to fictionalize locations or use pseudonyms to protect individuals’ identities could change or compromise the meaning and significance of places and the relationships to individuals expressed through this *métissage*/ collection of placed-based stories. Taking all of this into account, I have also presented these issues to the university’s research ethics board and have received the necessary approval and permissions to proceed with this work.

Chapter 2: Wasteland Places: Disrupting Environmental Pedagogies and Narratives

Wastelands are places where no medicines grow, only plants called “weeds.”

- Lee, 2016

we are our pollution our waste our wanton disregard we are digging the mass graves of tens of thousands of species every year with innovations that are fueling out of control capitalism-consumerism because we are addicted to buying stuff we don't need and probably don't want

- Cole & O'Riley, 2012, pp. 20-21

Disrupting narratives that complicate our understandings of curriculum, engage bodies and minds - and re/connect us to the land. Wastelands are places that most would prefer to ignore, but they are as much our creation as the aesthetic environments where we most desire to live and dwell. As Jardine (2008) reminds us: “Earth-places can be great teachers” and “there is learning to be had in the terrible presence of things and their ways” (Jardine, 2008, p. 14). There is often discussion of environmental education and science curriculum guided by the *natural* world and places/spaces, but what happens when these places/spaces of loss and destruction? Land, water, and bodies. Places/spaces most undesirable – out of sight, and thought beyond repair. Can these places also be spaces of learning and healing? How might wasteland places guide us in disrupting mainstream environmental narratives and pedagogies to create new understandings? Chambers (2006) describes how *visiting* places can become “sites of inquiry and pedagogy” where memories and stories come alive (p. 35). She further discusses how in *visiting* places different questions can arise, including:

What knowledge is held there and here, and what if any is still accessible to us, and what is gone? What are our responsibilities to these sites? What can these places teach us, not just about the past, but about now and two days from now? (Chambers, 2006, p. 25)

Land. Water. Bodies. Wasteland places hold stories that can raise important questions, as well as discussion of our responsibilities to both land and peoples.

The following narratives look at wasteland places as sites of learning and inquiry and are guided by personal and environmental narratives of destruction, loss and healing. These stories and narratives fragments, raise questions that reflect on the meaning of wasteland places/spaces to and within our lives. Mcleod (2014) discusses how we are connected to the land through our stories: “Stories are not abstract and cut off from the living world around, but completely enmeshed in the concrete world of sensations of the body and also the connection to the sensations of the land” (p. 93). Through observation and consideration of natural and artificial (man-made) environments and bodies, particularly, the places/spaces that have been neglected, suffered loss and/or disease - stories begin to emerge. Stories found buried beneath the wreckage and debris, slowly leaking through cracks of concrete foundations and sidewalks. As well as sanitized landscapes that impede the growth of diverse plant life and species, disappearing habitats and nesting grounds. The allure (and shine) of the capitalist society – and insatiable hunger of our consumerist ideals. Monoculture wastelands and clear-cut land/scapes used to feed both our bodies and desires. Commercial fields, farmlands and manicured lawns – herbicides, pesticides and fertilizers. Changing air. The rise of grass root organizations, environmental awareness, and the protection of lands. Learning through engagement and reflection with/in these places/spaces, land, waters and bodies. My body, a wasteland. A place where life was taken, and healing and new life would eventually take hold. The re/generation of life within wasteland places/spaces and the teachings they hold are not only a reminder of loss and/or destruction, but also of restoration and health (Kimmerer, 2003; Lee, 2016). When life begins to return - and takes hold, so are our stories re/written. But these stories of wasteland places should not be forgotten or erased, they carry important teachings of how to live/not to live on the land (Kimmerer, 2013). Wasteland places remind us that all life is connected and the ability of the land and bodies to heal and re/generate life is as volatile and hopeful as the power of human hands to destroy it. As Swamp (2010) writes, “We are all life forms. If nature goes down, we go down with it, because we are only one part of that life form” (p. 20).

Living in Kent, Ohio, where the Cuyahoga River runs through – is a place that holds one such story of environmental devastation, restoration and health (Deloria, 1970/2007; National Park Service, 2015). The Cuyahoga River was once a waterway so polluted that it was thought beyond healing or repair. A river, where today I walk alongside with my infant daughter asleep in her stroller, and a re/new/ed sense of life. The sound of water running and wild/life returning, the

land and waterway now protected (Ohio History Central, 2018). Lee (2016) describes wastelands as places/spaces where it is believed there is nothing left that is salvageable: “Wastelands are spaces deemed unworthy of healing because of the scale and amount of devastation that has occurred there” (para. 29). In these places/spaces, the work of restoration and/or healing appears a daunting, if not impossible task. Wastelands are places/spaces, we often willingly chose to ignore or avoid – broken bodies, polluted lands and waterways, garbage heaped high and chemical waste running deep. Beginning anew, turning the page, is often a much easier solution than diving into the complicated mess of wasteland theory. However, it becomes increasingly difficult to continue to ignore or avoid these wasteland places/spaces, as they slowly start to *become* us. Bodies traumatized by illness, drugs and/or disease. Contaminated lands, abandoned and/or forgotten, leaking toxic chemicals back into waterways, and eventually back into our bodies. But where there is loss and destruction, there is also the possibility of healing – and there are the stories to help remind us of this. Lee explains wasteland theory: “Here we understand that there is nothing and no one beyond healing. So we return again and again to the discards, gathering scraps for our bundles, and we tend to the devastation with destabilizing gentleness, carefulness, softness” (para. 32). As we enter in to these stories, we also begin to see small glimpses of hope. Lee continues to write: “To provide care in the wastelands is about gathering enough love to turn devastation into mourning and then, maybe, turn that mourning into hope” (para. 33). Returning to these places/spaces, re/visiting the wreckage and debris, places/spaces most undesirable, ignored and/or forgotten – is often a most difficult journey, and for some, it means reliving past traumas, as we begin to move forward in a process of healing and reconciliation.

Land, Water and Bodies

Land.

Home is but a place where one stops moving awhile.

- Qitsualik, 2005, p. 49

America: Land and un/home. I had reservations about moving to America, but saw it as temporary resting place. A transitional home where my husband and I might stay awhile, gain financial stability and experience, while remaining open to the possibilities this new land/scape might provide us. After much discussion, consideration and thought, my husband and I made the decision to move to Ohio, where he accepted a job offer as Assistant Professor at a state

university – and where we would begin our transition and move to the USA. Together we have travelled and imagined ourselves in different places, learning through disappointment and opportunity. As Palulis (2014) writes, “Strangely, the graduate(d) student is unlikely to find a position at home. We always leave home as a prerequisite in the transition from student to professor” (p. 121). We first arrived in Kent, Ohio, with the hopes of beginning to integrate ourselves into the local life and culture, and perhaps settle awhile. But at the same time, I also remained hesitant to put down roots or build connections that might keep us here longer. Despite these reservations and uncertainties, I saw this as an opportunity for me to be able to spend more time on my writing and complete my Ph.D., and besides, I knew that soon enough we would be back in Canada. In the beginning, I struggled to balance these feelings and sense of un/belonging in a place I saw as temporary. However, I also saw it as an opportunity for me to confront my own prejudices and stereotypes towards the American people, culture and politics: Capitalistic ventures, racial inequalities, excess (and poverty), and a boldness of character. Our move to the United States felt like an un/homing of sorts, the feeling of un/belonging in a country to which I did not want to belong, as I continued to imagine our return *home*.

In early 2016, after our first year living in the neighbouring city of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, (or “Caucasian Falls” as I later heard as a nickname), my husband and I decided to move to the city of Kent, Ohio, a place we felt was a better suited location and choice for our family. A small but vibrant university town with a newly renovated and revitalized downtown area situated along the Cuyahoga River. However, as a university town with a large student body population and existing student housing, we found very limited family housing options available for rent and decided to consider home ownership. Looking to buy a house in Kent, Ohio, we visited many places in varying states of neglect and disrepair. My husband and I agreed that we would be willing to take on a house in need of some work and repair, if we could find a home in our desired location close to the downtown and walking distance to the university. In the process of looking for our new home, we also visited more modern ready-made homes on the outskirts of town, new subdivisions with large open spaces and treeless flat lawns. The instant fashion and uniformity of outlying housing developments had little appeal to our aesthetic yearnings and desire to create a home. Houses that rise quickly and are often sold before they are even built with “lake views” of manmade ponds filled with fish for the entertainment of catch and release. But all I feel when I walk through these types of homes is a sort of emptiness where stories lay

sanitized beneath concrete foundations. More land cleared for the rise and development of another new housing projects - the shine and allure of the new, and disregard for the old.

Speaking with my husband, I was trying to find the words to describe this feeling – the shine and allure - illusion and emptiness, of the American dream. Reflecting on this conversation with my husband, I was reminded of the novel, *Raise high the roof beam, carpenters and Seymour an Introduction*, written by the American author, J.D. Salinger. In this work of fiction, Salinger's (1963/1965) character, Zooey, provides a rather humorous response when asked what he thinks of the rise of housing developments in America:

Zooey said they were 'nice.' He said it would be very nice to come home and be in the wrong house. To eat dinner with the wrong people by mistake, sleep in the wrong bed by mistake, and kiss everybody goodbye in the morning thinking they were your own family. He said he even wished everybody in the world looked exactly alike. He said you'd keep thinking everybody you met was your wife or your mother or father, and people would always be throwing their arms around each other wherever they went, and it would look 'very nice.' (p. 68)

However, this wasn't the description I was searching to remember. After further searching and recollection, I found the passage I was looking to find that described this sentiment I was trying to better describe and express myself. The passage I was looking to find was found in a novel written by American author, Henry Miller, whose writings and works were banned in United States of America for almost three decades from the early 1930s to 1960s (Hoyle, 2017; Machlin, 2013; Rosset, 2018). Known for his sexually obscene and fictional autobiographical novels and writings, his works would one day become known as American classics. After having spent many years living abroad in Paris, France, Henry Miller, would eventually return to United States of America where he would continue his work and writing. Upon his return to America, however, his writings would begin to take on a new tone and address different subject matter, but the places he lived and traveled continued to play a central role within his works and writings.

I first purchased a copy of one of Henry Miller's novels at a book market in Paris, France, and since that day, he has remained a curiosity to me as a person and author. His writings once heavily criticized and censored, loved by some and much hated by others, can both enthrall and disgust. I remember that day in Paris, when I first found a copy of his novel, *The Rosy Crucifixion: Sexus*, while wandering among the rows of used books with a friend visiting Paris

for her research at the national libraries. She was searching for a collection of children's novels no longer in print, and I went with her, wandering and browsing the stands - losing myself a little in the seemingly endless rows of books. The books themselves - worn covers, yellowed pages and cracked spines, held stories of their own - someone's handwriting in margins, notes and/or scribbles. I sometimes try to imagine the reader/s who chose to leave their mark in the margins, the different hands that held and turned these pages - the fragments and/or breadcrumbs left behind, thoughts, notes and/or reflections. For years, I never bought a new copy of any book, I read by chance - whatever work of literature I stumbled upon next. After having spent several years living in France myself immersed in a world of reading French literature, I decided it was time to return to Canada - and with the dying off most used bookstores no longer able to compete with the rise of large chain bookstores and internet sales. I walked into the Canadian bookstore chain, *Chapters*, on Pinecrest in Ottawa. I was in search of a book I once read, but had lost somewhere along my travels: *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*, by Henry Miller. A book, that has always remained with me in some way. Describing our most recent ventures in home ownership, and looking for the words to describe my own feelings of unease and distaste for this culture of housing developments, quick-rise or "cookie-cutter" homes. I picked up, *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* and began to re/read. In this work, Miller (1945/1970) describes his travels through the state of Ohio, during a time when industry and factory work were still its stronghold:

I am glad I got to see these Ohio towns, this Mahoning River which looks like the poisonous bile of all humanity had poured into it, though it truth it may contain nothing more evil than the chemicals and waste products of the mills and factories. I am glad I had the chance to see the color of the earth here in winter, a color not of age and death but disease and sorrow. (p. 32)

Miller (1945/1970) continues to describe what he writes is the saddest part of it all: The thousands of automobiles lined up outside of the factories. He discusses the challenges of living and working in this type of environment, the creativity that is stolen and humanity that is lost. The automobile, he writes, is symbolic of this "falsity and illusion" of the American dream:

They don't realize when the American worker steps out of his shining tin chariot he delivers himself body and soul to the most stultifying labor a man can perform. They have no idea that when it is possible, even when one works under the best possible conditions, to forfeit all rights as a human being. They don't know that

the best possible conditions (in American lingo) mean the biggest profits for the boss, the utmost servitude for the workers, the greatest confusion and disillusionment for the public in general. They see a beautiful, shining car which purrs like a cat; they see the endless concrete roads so smooth and flawless the driver has difficulty keeping awake; they see cinemas that look like palaces; they see department stores with manikins dressed like princesses. They see glitter and paint, the baubles and gadgets, the luxuries; they don't see the bitterness in the heart, the skepticism, the cynicism, the emptiness, the sterility, the despair, the hopelessness which is eating up the American worker. (p. 33)

A wasteland that sparkles. Miller's descriptions are perhaps still most relevant in today's capitalist/consumerist society, where we continue to consume at alarming rates. Garbage trucks circling around city blocks, collecting and disposing of our remains. The waste and discards of our time and cultural obsession with the convenience of single-use disposable plastic and other non-compostable, non-recyclable goods - that all end up in a landfill somewhere. But this illusion of wealth that continues to consume and degrade our environment will eventually find its way back to us, as these landfills continue to grow closer to home - and we continue to consume at alarming rates, as both the creators and manufacturers of these wasteland places.

Henry Miller (1945/1970) wrote *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* in the early 1940s when Detroit, Michigan, was still a booming city and the automobile manufacturing industry was at an all-time high in America. At the height of the Detroit's wealth and prosperity as the automobile capital of America, Henry Miller, predicted its fall: "The capital of the new planet - the one, I mean, which will kill itself off - is of course Detroit" (p. 41). Visiting Detroit, Michigan in late 2015, I was captivated and drawn in by this city, as we drove around neighbourhoods of abandoned houses. A place, Miller (1945/1970) once described as "soulless," echoed this story. A place once filled with people, now emptied - abandoned houses and graffiti covered walls left half-standing. The city has been wounded by the rising violence, crime and poverty rates, post-industrial boom (Hunter, 2017; Witsil, 2018). Detroit is city that holds many stories (and teachings) about the costs and consequences of capitalism. But what struck me most about this place during my visit to Detroit was the community of artists and activism alive here. When all is lost, sometimes the rules change - and the people begin to re/claim their space within it (Ewing & Grady, 2012; Hencken, 2010). To un/home - to be forced to leave, or be left homeless in a

place called *home*. The automobile industry abandoned the land and *properties* where they built their factories, and the people who depended on them for work to support and feed their families. The car industry and manufacturers walked away with their names still intact and cars on the roads – as they continue to turn profits, even today. Decades have since passed but the city of Detroit has still never been able to recover from its many losses. In 2013, the city of Detroit officially declared bankruptcy with its crumbling infrastructure and lack of essential services. Today, the city of Detroit continues to search to find new ways to rebuild after years of continued losses and damage (Lobosco, 2018; Williams, 2018).

During my stay in Detroit, one of the most memorable places I visited, was the outdoor “art environment” that is the *Heidelberg Project*. A neighbourhood transformed through art and activism – the re/claiming of neglected and/or abandoned residential spaces. The project began when artist, Tyree Guyton, returned to the neighbourhood where he grew up, a place, like so many other neighbourhoods in Detroit that had suffered many losses after the collapse of the automobile industry and the exodus of the people in search of new livelihoods (HP, 2018). The neighbourhood prior to its transformation was known for its poverty, gun violence and drug-use. Tyree having lost three brothers to city streets wanted to realize a different future for himself, and with the courage of his Grandfather urging him to pick up a paint brush instead of gun – he did just that. Tyree turned this nearly forgotten neighbourhood into a living art space, transforming abandoned houses into colourful scenes, and collecting found objects to create public art installations. Stories of loss. Possessions left behind, household items and children’s toys – abandoned and/or forgotten, given new life.

While visiting the *Heidelberg Project*, the many found objects, household items and children’s toys, that compose these art installations, were also reminiscent of my own childhood. And perhaps it is through these works that we might also begin to see our own role and complicity in this culture of consumerism – the objects, things and *stuff* we leave behind. Tyree (2018) explains how stories begin to emerge from within these *piles of trash*, and describes his art as “a medicine” and “bitter pill to swallow” (HP, 2018). The *things* we leave behind – objects discarded, thrown away and/or forgotten, now here before us. The *Heidelberg Project* is as a reminder of the past and present living with a re/new/ed vision and message for a better and more sustainable future: “The HP believes that a community can redevelop and sustain itself, from the inside out, by embracing its diverse cultures and artistic attributes as the essential building blocks

for a fulfilling and economically viable way of life” (HP, 2018). Tyree Guyton, not only transformed his old childhood neighbourhood, but through the process, inspired others to begin to re/imagine a different future for this city he calls *home*. The shine and allure of objects dulled by time, neighbourhoods, turned wastelands – the Heidelberg project, is a bitter-sweet reminder of this new/old story, the American dream. And again, when I hear the slogan from the now President’s former election campaign, “Make America great again.” I again ask the question: Is this the America he is talking about? (Trump Make America Great Again Committee, 2018).



Figure 1. Heidelberg Project, Detroit, MI (Campbell, photograph, 2015)

Election day (2016). Watching the US elections without a vote to cast, I would like to pretend as though this is someone else’s problem, but it’s not. I live here. In this place of rising tensions and self-interest, this does affect me. A country with enough economic wealth and abundance to care for the land and people. What went wrong? America has become a wasteland of neglect for the relationships that sustain us all. Broken relationships, land and people. Remembering those who walked here before us. How disappointed they must be tonight to see what a mess we’ve made of it all. I am surrounded by reminders of our disregard for these relationships, and for the next seven generations to come. The black and blue bins set out on the curb every week that contain the stories of our waste. Perhaps, this political win reflects the sentiment of the time – and it is our creation. But whose turn will it be next to clean up the mess?

Where do we begin to find healing amongst the people in a climate of rising distrust and self-interest? Where are the stories to help guide us? (Campbell, Journal, November 8, 2016)

Kent, Ohio, USA. Many of the homes in of city of Kent, Ohio, a small community situated along the Cuyahoga River, were built during a different time and era. Many were constructed during the early to mid 1900s, during the height of the industrial era, but there are also homes reminiscent of the earlier times that also hold stories of this place – its rise and fall, and revitalization. Little is documented about this place prior to the 1800s, other than the area was “previously wilderness,” and like most stories – this documented history begins with settlement (Di Paolo, 2009). There is little mention of this place, the land or people, before the arrival of the first documented settlers. The stories that reside here, and the name of the *Cuyahoga* River, that flows through the heart of the city, perhaps tells a very different story. The *silenced* stories of these places and names. During the late 1700s to early 1800s, the land that is today known as the city of Kent, Ohio, was surveyed, divided into lots, and sold. During this early period of settlement, however, the town was then known as Franklin Mills Township, after the construction of a grist mill by “founding father,” Jacob Haymaker (Kent Historical Society, 2018). This history is written with little or no reference to the people and names of places that were here before, the people who lived and depended on this land, before this division of lands and the re/naming of places. There are glimpses of these performed silences in the many of the texts we read. As Di Paolo (2009) writes: “The Haymaker family was more often visited by Indians, including some who lived in present-day Cuyahoga Falls, Silver Lake and Streetsboro” (p. 4). As so many stories begin - a timeline is drawn from settlement forward, and the stories and names of these places are often ignored, forgotten and/or erased.

The city that is now known as Kent, Ohio, has experienced many changes and transformations over these last twenty decades. Stories that have shaped the land/scape and cultural identities in different ways - as well as the stories less spoken about, forgotten and/or erased. A recorded timeline that begins with settlement and highlights the more favourable stories of the city’s past. During the 1800s, Franklin Mills Township, was known for the underground railroad that provided passageway to slaves trying to reach Canada. A celebrated history, marked by a plaque, situated near the old railway station along the banks of the Cuyahoga River in the center of town. However, during the early 1900s, there is also the less pronounced history of the Ku Klux Klan’s presence in county, and Kent was one of the places where Klan members

gathered and rallied. The Kent rally in the 1920s, reportedly drew a crowd of 10 000 people (Di Paolo, 2009). During the 1910s and 1920s it is believed that Klan membership was close to 50 000 in the neighbouring Summit county, and membership still exists today (Ohio History Central, 2018). However, this history is less spoken about or displayed on plaques around town, labeled as “a shameful chapter” in Kent’s *history*, there is also much to be learned from this chapter in today’s rising political climate (Di Paolo, 2009, p. 159). The KKK, a white supremacist group that believed in the preservation and purity of protestant “American” values:

The Klan, the robed society that rose from the ashes of Confederacy to terrorize freed slaves, was enjoying a rebirth as it rallied followers in a nativist crusade that targeted not only African-Americans, but immigrants, Catholics, Jews and other minorities it perceived as threats to traditional “American” values. (p. 161)

The division of people, and persecution of racial, religious and minority groups – does not just go away. The pronounced hate and belief that certain people do not belong is not only a sentiment of the past, but also the present - and over time, these sentiments can be transformed and manifested in new ways and leadership. Broken relationships and changing land/scapes, the stories that shape us. During the post-industrial era in Kent, Ohio, the Cuyahoga River was known as one of the most polluted river in America, a river so full of toxic waste and debris, that it caught fire on several different occasions (Latson, 2015; Ohio History Central, 2018; Rotman, 2010). During the 1970s, the town and university campus became the focus of national and international attention when the Ohio National Guard opened fire during the anti-war protests, killing several students in what is today remembered as the Kent State shootings (Lewis & Hensley, 1998). A town seeped in a history of shame, loss and destruction. From railroad to university town, the story of Kent, Ohio, growth and “development,” hope and restoration, have all helped to shape its identity as a community today.

The many old houses around town are reminiscent of the different eras, or chapters in Kent’s history. From the grand old houses of earlier times to the smaller less ornate industry worker homes. Many of these older homes around town have fallen into various states of disrepair. The less desirable homes are often snapped up by investors looking to make a quick return renting to students with minimal care or repair in a town with a growing university student population. But there are also many homes that belong to individuals and families, maintained and cared for by their owners. Houses that in our experience, rarely go on the market – often

passed down or inherited within families and/or sold off market. When my husband and I began looking for a home, we considered our available options and eventually decided on a home we felt best suited the needs of our family. We finally settled on a house built in 1920s, a home that was built, belonged and owned by the same family for the last three generations. A home well-weathered and worn over the years. The new generation having little interest in restoring the property, having moved on - and found new places of their own to call home. The house was in need of a great deal of care and repair, a true “fixer-upper,” but its location close to the downtown and hiking trails, walking distance to the university, and generous backyard space to grow gardens – were all the elements we were hoping to find in our new place. The home itself had slowly been let go over the years, but was still structurally sound - and it was here where we saw both possibility and potential. The backyard surrounded by neighbouring maple, oak, wild cherry, chestnut and ash trees, provided both shade and filtered sunlight to be able to plant gardens. The main thing that my husband and I had both agreed on, was that we were not willing to compromise on not having an outdoor space. A space where we could enjoy our time and begin to work with the soil, turning lawn into gardens, restoring flowerbeds and vegetable gardens, re/introducing native plant species and learning what fruit trees and other edibles might best survive and thrive in this, our new environment. So with the help of many hands, we began the task of restoring our new/old home to its former/future glory.

***Engineered wastelands.** Chemical mixes that bathe front lawns. No unexpected weed or sapling, sprouted from an acorn, planted by a squirrel - lost or forgotten, grow here anymore. Monoculture wastelands of engineered grasses and chemical sprays used to maintain perfectly manicured lawns and appearances. Signs staked in front yards, warning small children and pets to keep off – chemicals known to be hazardous and a risk to one’s health. And yet knowing this, many continue to spray these store-bought bottles of chemical mixes and herbicides to prevent the possibility of even a single weed poking through the cracks. Chemicals that seep back into the soil and waterways, and eventually end up in our bodies. The aesthetic desire of the sterile. The dream of the perfectly manicured green lawn that still exists. No weeds, wild grasses or flowers, insects or bees can pollinate or grow here. As I walk outside in my backyard, I look down at a ground cover of grasses, clovers, plantain, mock strawberries, fallen butternuts and hidden acorns - and think of all the changes this place has witnessed. The stories that reside here and the traces people have left behind – the shards of broken glass and bits plastics found scattered*

in the grasses and buried in the gardens. The land, reclaiming and beginning to heal itself, as I try to aid in this process: Picking up the small bits of garbage, planting new trees, re/introducing native and other plant species back into the landscape. And with the arrival of each new planting and growing season, I continue this work – and through this process, I am slowly learning how to better care and create an environment that welcomes plant diversity and a future that heals. A place where my own child (and all children) can walk barefoot without signs staked in lawns warning of chemicals that can harm. But as I walk down the street, I see my neighbours out in their yards with new store-bought bottles of chemicals sprays and mixes, and I think to myself: What will it take? (Campbell, Journal, September 14, 2017)

Water.

Wasteland waterways. It is not so uncommon (or alarming) for many to walk beside a body of water or waterway littered with plastics, waste and other chemical pollutants – with signs warning, it's not safe to enter or swim in these waters - let alone drink from them. Water is our life source. Without clean unpolluted water to nourish our bodies, our health is at risk for disease. Without clean water – wildlife and diverse ecosystems are threatened. Contaminated waters, polluted lakes and rivers, oceans of plastic – floating wastelands at sea (Ruxton, Leipzig & Leeson, 2016). Economic turmoil and on-going waste mismanagement, the dumping of plastics into oceans and washing of micro-plastics down the drain – re/entering waterways and oceans, infecting marine life and food chains (Mosbergen, 2017; Said-Moorhouse, 2018). More than 2 billion people around the world lack access to safe drinking water (Unicef, 2017; United Nations, 2018). Many First-Nations communities across Canada are under water advisories for unclean/unsafe drinking water (Indigenous and Northern Affairs Canada, 2018). In 2015, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) found dangerous levels of lead in Flint, Michigan, USA, local water supply, declaring a water crisis and filing lawsuits against the state, the water unsafe to anyone to drink (CNN Library, 2018; Taylor, 2018). No so far away, perhaps closer to home than we think. The health and well-being of all life, is water. From what body of would you take a sip? Discussing another new threat of a pipeline project to the safety of the water in northern British Columbia, Canada, the Wet'suwet'en people and their allies, led a march in Hamilton, Ontario, in support of the protections of land, water - and the well-being of the people who live in these territories. Stone Stewart, an organizer for the rally, raises the issue of the complacency of people towards this and other issues: “I think a lot of folks are not seeing the

importance of the water, like here in Hamilton we have very polluted water and people are just used to it, they don't see that it's abnormal that we can't actually drink from Lake Ontario, they're just like 'oh this is the way it has to be' (Kabatay, 2019, para. 8).

The Cuyahoga River. In 2015, while visiting Kent, Ohio, before moving here, my husband and I took a scenic train through the Cuyahoga Valley National Park, which follows the Cuyahoga River (Crooked River) from Akron to Cleveland. The guided audio excursion tells a story of how early local industrial “development” transformed the land and waterways into a human dumping ground and wasteland, which led to the eventual clean-up and restoration by various local grass root and environmental organizations. Kimmerer (2013) discusses how such wasteland stories can offer important teachings of how to live/not live in the land: “We have an opportunity to learn from them [waste beds], to understand ourselves as students of nature, not the masters, the very best scientists are humble enough to listen” (p. 333). As you continue this guided journey along the Cuyahoga River to the outreaches of the National Park System, there stands a statue of an iconic American Indian figure holding his canoe, as though his descendants were no longer here with us, to tell us their version of this story. “From the unwritten stories of prehistoric peoples to the environmental disasters and comebacks of the 20th century, humans have left an impact on the valley” (National Park Service, 2015, para. 1). LaSpina (2003) argues that through the construction of such narratives, “They [Aborigines and North American Indians] are both set apart, not considered citizens, yet migrants from a primordial time” (p. 678), and as Osborne (2001) further writes, civil/liberal states often, “subdue complex realities of plurality and diversity by constructing iconic landscapes and mythic narratives intended to nurture a cohesive collective memory” (p.41). Reflecting on my experience during this visit to Kent, Ohio, I returned home to Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, where I was still living at that time, and picked up a book that had been sitting on my desk unread for several week, and turned to the first chapter and I began to read:

Every now and then I am impressed with the thinking of the non-Indian. I was in Cleveland last year and got to talking with a non-Indian about American history. He said that he was really sorry about what had happened to Indians, but that there was good reason for it. The continent had to be developed and he felt that Indians had stood in the way of this and had to be removed. ‘After all,’ he remarked, ‘what did you do with the land when you had it?’ I didn’t understand him until

later when I discovered that the Cuyahoga River running through Cleveland is inflammable. So many combustible pollutants are dumped in to the river that the inhabitants have to take special precautions during the summer to avoid accidentally setting it on fire. After reviewing the argument of my non-Indian friend I decided that he was probably correct Whites had made better use of the land. How many Indians could have thought of creating an inflammable river? (Deloria, 1970/2007, p. 9)

As a researcher/storyteller, with an interest in learning from Indigenous scholars, elders, writers and artists, and through Indigenous methodologies and approaches, I try to understand the story of the Cuyahoga River from different perspectives and through different lenses. Looking and understanding the colonial violence that led to the devastation of the land and waterway, and the suppression and violence against Indigenous peoples throughout history, and that is still ongoing today. But I also view this story through a colonial lens of environmental activism and restoration, a process of healing and re/building of broken relationships. Chambers (2006) describes her experience moving through a landscape seeped in colonial history and devastation, “The memory and the life of this place are both precious and precarious” (p. 33). The story of the Cuyahoga River, is a story of environmental degradation and devastation, healing and hope. A *history* that could have been prevented - the waterway safeguarded for the well-being of future generations, but it wasn't. This is the story, and it continues to speak to us - and teach us about this past, the *history* of this place, and the work yet needed to be done. When considering our options and deciding to move to Kent, Ohio, we also considered what opportunities it might present to us in living outside an urban center, a place where we might begin to learn more about sustainable living and agricultural practices, growing gardens and researching permaculture. When we began this transition, shifting landscapes and cultural identities - moving to Kent, Ohio, these stories of place began to emerge and speak to us in new and unexpected ways, as we continue to learn from the stories, and re/write our own story.

Bodies.

The regimentation of bodies and time.

My eyes are tired, and I can no longer write. But perhaps, this perceived failure to produce, is time the needed to rest - to become something new.

- Campbell, Journal, January 9, 2016

*time? nobody worried much about the time we knew when it was time to eat or
sleep or cruise the airwaves start a family whatever
time wasn't held captive in a clock or an hourglass
time for us was space the toc without the tic
or vice versa it wasn't even about heartbeats
or drum beats or measuring anything*

- Cole & O'Riley, 2010, pp. 38-39

The pressure to appear productive in a capitalist society that values bus(y)iness, leaves little time for imagination or creative processes. Time for allowing our bodies to heal from illness or trauma. Time to free our minds of workplace obligations and demands, to think creatively – and step outside these restraints of time. Watching the clock. Intrinsic feelings of guilt and time *wasted* – the “unproductive” minutes, hours, days, months. As Turkle (2007) writes, “Industrialization needed a clock-produced world of measurable sequence and synchronized action. Capitalism depends on regimenting human time and bodies” (p. 311). Turkle continues to describe this regimentation of time as a form of social control. But sometimes the body rebels, illness takes hold – the mind wanders. Personal values that confront these social pressures and run counter to the values of economic wealth in capitalist societies are viewed with scepticism and mistrust. And perhaps, this continued pressure to produce or appear productive is what robs us of our creative potentials, the possibility for personal growth, wealth and abundance. We no longer have time to grow gardens, to create things with our own hands – the need for wasted and instant modern conveniences becomes normalized. When we don't have the time to make things, to create, to grow – we need to buy (and throw away), in an endless cycle of consumption, production and waste. Simpson (2014a) writes:

In the space of the colonized, society is a culture of *absence* because the consumer culture requires both absence and want to perpetuate itself. Without want, consumer culture simply cannot exist. By becoming makers we disconnect ourselves from being consumers engaged in the corporate-capitalist empire, and we become producers of not just things but of our own meanings. (p. 112)

But it is not only about the damage these continued patterns and wasteful behaviours do to the environment, it is also about what this does to our bodies. When we no longer have the time to allow our bodies and minds, to heal from illness, trauma or disease, we look for quick fixes to treat the symptoms – a temporary relief. Turkle (2007) states: “Every time we fill out a medical questionnaire or take a pill, we are subjects of social discipline. And every time we enter appointments in our date book, we become kind of subjects that disciplinary society needs us to be” (p. 311). This *busy trap*, the normalization of this activity in a capitalist/consumerist society, the feeling that our time must always be spent productively or it is time wasted (Kreider, 2012). But sometimes we are left with little or no choice, life and bodies chose and direct their own course. Family obligations, loss, illness and/or disease - stop us in our tracks. A pill might offer a quick fix to lessen the symptoms, and sometimes this is necessary, but it does not always cure or address the underlying issue. Sometimes, the body guides us - in its own due time, and we are forced to listen, slow down and take this time. Healing: Mind, body and soul.

My body, a wasteland.

My body, a wasteland. It was no longer a sacred space to nourish life. Blood ran through my veins like the polluted waters of rivers unable to cleanse herself of the lingering waste. Each week I would sit in the waiting room for the lab tech to draw another vile of blood to count the hormones still lingering in my blood stream. Weeks became months and hospital visits, routine.

- Campbell, Journal, August 28, 2016

I remember the first doctor’s appointment, as the doctor examined me and checked off the boxes on her chart, explaining to me that pregnancy is a “normal” part of life. That word “normal” still rings in my ears. There were signs that something wasn’t right at that first visit, but I was blissfully optimistic that this would be a happy and life changing experience. So, I didn’t ask questions when I felt the pressure in my lower abdomen and saw my body start to expand (maybe faster than most). I assumed that everyone’s body was different and this was my first pregnancy, so every experience was new for me - and I trusted the doctor to tell me if there was any reason for concern. I was never sent for an early ultrasound to confirm everything was developing as expected. They suggested, I had my dates wrong. I suspected from what I had read that perhaps, I was carrying multiples. I never heard the stories of loss – of all the things that can

go wrong. I only ever heard the happy stories – the ones that result with a healthy baby in your arms. I was in awe of my body’s transformation, and began almost immediately - to plan for this new life that would soon be arriving. As Rock (2013) writes, “For a woman in her first pregnancy, every new sensation is a marvel, even heartburn and aching, vein riddled legs. Even puking for the cause” (p. 47). But soon, I would be living a life very different than the world I imagined, as my body took control and began to direct its own course. Field (2013) describes her experience of loss, “The world you discover in the aftermath of miscarriage seems so impossibly empty” (p. 211). Nothing had prepared me for this. If pregnancy was a “normal” part of life, I no longer belonged here. I felt betrayed, and a failure – my body had deceived me. Empty, as I sat in waiting rooms with women whose bellies continued to swell and grow with life. For me, there were no more congratulations or smiles, stories of birth or new life. I had been r/ejected from this world, a place/space I no longer belonged. My body, a wasteland.

Lost.

Wrinkles of time, stretched skin – life before my body lay broken. I can hear her in my dreams, she cries for me, and without celestial arms to hold and comfort her. I give her back to the grandmothers to soothe her tears, to make her smile – renew her spirit – and give her hope of life again. Grandmothers, take care of her - hold her more deeply and fiercely in arms that I could not extend.

- Campbell, Journal, 2011

I paced the hospital halls, clutching my swollen abdomen, clinging to the possibility of life. Following the trails of sticker decals that marked hospital hall floors: Blood. Heart. Bone. Why had no one ever warned me? As Rock (2013) writes, “Information is useful when it shows up at precisely the right time, but even then, key data will be missing. The pertinent facts may be revealed only after you needed them, or never, or you may misinterpret them” (p. 58). I felt deceived by the promise that pregnancy and birth were “normal” and “natural” biological functions, because this was no longer my truth. And now I know and understand, there are so many things that can go wrong. Rock (2013) speaks of her pregnancy loss, or a partial molar pregnancy, and how the understanding and acceptance can sometimes come many days, months, or even years later. “Now I realize that data have limits; the body follows its own course whether or not the monitors are turned on. I’ve consented first and understood later, sometimes much later” (p. 46). I too, would read and amass as much information as I could, medical journals,

articles, internet sites (after the fact), but the understanding and acceptance of this loss would continue to follow me through the next days, months, maybe even years.

January 7, 1928/2016. Today, was the day, January 7, 2016, I was to attend my PhD thesis proposal seminar, and here I lay in a hospital bed, waiting to be wheeled into the operating room – waiting for the doctors to remove ‘the products of conceptions’ and send them to pathology for testing. Words that in no way reflected my experience, this life and loss. The untold story. Today, would have been my maternal grandmother’s (Nanny’s) 88th birthday, and how I wished I had the stories of my grandmothers to comfort me. I wish my Nanny had told me that she too had lost her child and suffered this heartache. That this too, was a “normal” part of life – and that I was not alone. Not all pregnancies end with a healthy baby in your arms, and sometimes we lose that which is most precious to us - and there are no words to take this pain away. I remember overhearing my mom talking to my aunts as a child and teenager about how there had been an in/between pregnancy. My mother, as a child remembers how her Aunt had come to take care of them for a few days, and when her mother came home – how she cried. But the words were never spoken. I knew for me, that after months of waiting and testing to ensure that any of the remaining cells from the pregnancy hadn’t turned to disease. I would need to rid myself of these words – to tell my story.

My thoughts trailed far and wide. My body, incapable of life. My body, a wasteland. I no longer believed in the illusion of the body as the giver of life - when all it had done was pollute my blood stream. The road to recovery is never easy. Healing takes time. My emotional state wavered, as I tried to keep face, to appear productive – to have not thrown my academic life away, but I was terrified of what I was *becoming*. I refused to accept the state of my own depression, even when I saw it written on doctors’ charts. Sadness does not fix itself. Depression does not end the ache of loss - it is a time to grieve, and sometimes in this we find new pathways to move forward. For months, I waited in hospital clinics, more blood work and testing – until the day, my blood tested clear, and I was ready to return to hope. The time I spent caring for my physical body, also gave me time to deal with the mental and spiritual. I recognized this loss as something irreplaceable, something inside me I cannot and no longer wish to erase - a part of my life that will always be there. Eventually my body would begin to write a new story, but the traces of the old remain etched in the stretched marked skin of my body and memories.

“Water babies”. Driving by a local church in Stow, Ohio, USA, I stared at the hundreds of small white crosses lined up row upon row, as part of a prolife campaign, a reminder for many of their loss and suffering, no matter their circumstance – and my anger deepened. In my own struggle to recover from pregnancy loss - I could never imagine condemning any women of her choice. And now, I saw my cross among them. Miranda Field (2013) defines this experience of loss: “What happens is the child I’m waiting for dies inside me, but I continue to carry it” (p. 200). In grieving her own loss, she recalls a book of photographs she once saw, depicting a garden in Japan decorated with paper dolls, inscribed with messages and prayers in memory of the unborn (miscarriages, stillbirths and abortions). Reflecting on her experience as an American, she describes what a “political battleground” such a place would be in America where women who abort and miscarry are placed in different categories (p. 210). Women who abort are often denied their right to mourn their loss. The life and loss of the unborn, carries different meanings for different people, and mourning such losses can be both personal and political. Cathy Stonehouse (2013) describes a shrine in Japan that honours, “water babies,” the children who never enter this world. The shrine depicts the Buddhist god, Jizo, whose job it is to guide the unborn, “over the river” and into the afterlife (p. 176). Stonehouse describes how in Japan abortions are much less controversial, the unborn children are honoured, no matter their circumstance. I remember the first time I saw the words “missed abortion” written on my chart. “I’m so sorry,” she said to me, “there is no longer the possibility of a viable pregnancy.” It was over, and no matter how much I longed for this life to be returned to me, to believe they were wrong, it wasn’t going to change the outcome. Life and death now dwelled inside me. As Field (2013) writes, “The world you discover in the aftermath of miscarriage seems so impossibly empty” (p. 211). For myself, I knew, that one day – in order to heal and move forward, I would have to rid myself of these words and feelings of un/be/longing in a culture where they lay tiny white crosses row upon row.



Figure 2. Journal and pen (Campbell, photograph, 2011)

The Page

My body, a wasteland. As I opened the cover of my green journal, words that form memories – a time of anticipation and excitement, writings to the unborn. A time when I began to imagine my role as a mother, bringing a child in a world of uncertainties and ever-changing landscapes. My anxieties spilled over blank pages. My life writings and wanderings. The page has always been a place of comfort and belonging for me. A place that is all my own, where emotions and confusions are free to roam. The pages of my journals hold stories. Some stories, I wish I could erase - but there the emotions remain, raw and unedited. I have often found that in times of suffering there are fewer restraints. We no longer hold back the words we need to let go. As I re-open the cover my journal, pages slashed with black ink, as though an x though a page could take away the pain of memories and begin a fresh page - unscathed by the memories of a time that brought such joy, sorrow, and absence. An emptiness that lived in me. A time when I became consumed with loss of the unborn, a period in my life when I could no longer write. Blank pages. Words that flowed so freely, halted by grief. Words were worthless in restoring

what had been lost. The few scattered sentences that did find their way onto the page were nothing more than the tears that marked my grief.

A Place of Learning

I was *other*. I had no roots – no sense of belonging, or desire to belong. But as I began to put roots in the soil, to grow my garden – I also began to find healing, and through this process - a re/new/ed sense of belonging. America: A place, I never felt (or perhaps wanted) to belong. I was *other*. I celebrated in the idea/l of my Canadian identity. An identity, I would cling to when someone approached me to ask if I was registered vote: “No, I can’t vote. I’m Canadian.”

Without a political ballot to cast my vote, I was *other*. I did not belong, nor did I feel the need to belong in this place and political climate of rising tensions and stated un/belonging. I saw this place as temporary – a stopping ground or stepping stone. A place, we would soon be leaving behind us. The return *home* – the perceived safety of my Canadian identity and politics. Far from being faultless or perfect, but a place and politics that I felt better aligned with many of my personal values and beliefs. I felt as though moving to the “United States” was in many ways like taking step backwards – outdated attitudes and ideas, with the convenience and technological amenities of the modern world. A place, I felt as a Canadian, we had long ago left behind. An era of waste and neglect and lack of human and environmental values. A place where protected lands remain protected. A place where no person should be denied access to health care or education as a basic right (although still many are). A place where women are no longer left without a choice (if they have any choice at all to live without an income) to leave the workforce without the support or extended leave for themselves and/or their partners, if they do not return to work within weeks of giving birth or adoption. Time needed to heal their bodies, and/or provide care to new-born babies, young infants and children. A place where our children’s safety is of greater concern when it comes to gun control. A place where as parents and caregivers we might never have to think to ask: “Do you have guns in your home? Are they locked? Where do you store the ammunition?” before allowing a child/ren to visit or attend a playdate. Often, it is easier to remain in our comfort zone and associate with only likeminded people that share similar values to one’s own. But there is value in stepping outside of one’s comfort zone - to unsettle or disrupt belief systems, and to learn from the sentiments and values of the places we live (with the safety and well-being of our own bodies and children in mind). The thought of America has always put me ill-at-ease. A country divided by state and county lines, where public opinion, laws and

politics can differ greatly – but I live here, in the state of Ohio. The public schools in my neighbourhood might one day be the schools my own child attends. Schools that are municipally funded and follow state mandates and curriculum, and knowing this, changes certain understandings and feelings for me. The place where I live *becomes* a place of learning and responsibility. A place seeped in his/her/stories - past, present and future. The stories of the land and those who walked here before us. The stories our children and future generations will one day write. A place, that will undoubtedly shape me in new ways I do not yet know or understand, as have the many other where places I have lived and dwelled. My life in America has become a part of my identity – and this story I write.

Déraciné

Déraciné: Uprooted or displaced from one's geographical or social environment.

Origin: Early 20th cent.: French, literally 'uprooted.' (Déraciné, n.d.)

When we first began work on our house in the Spring of 2016, we also began working in the gardens. Pulling weeds and other plant species that had overtaken garden beds and no longer resembled much like flowerbeds or gardens at all, rather a tangled mess of invasive growth and weeds. Removing rotten railway ties, repairing and rerouting rainwater that pooled at the side of the house, installing new rain barrels to collect rainwater for the gardens to water during the spring and summer months, as we also began the process of amending the soil. Removing roots and invasive plant growth to allow others to better grow, while continuing to research and learn, and begin to re/introduce native and foreign plant species into this space. I am by no means a seasoned gardener, and as I continued to work in the garden – digging and planting, I also observed the new growth of “weeds” and plant species. If I could not identify the plants by name, I left them alone and I watched them grow over the season, learning their names and researching their benefits and/or habits, learning whether they needed to be re/moved from the garden or planted in a new location. After a few short seasons working the in the flowerbeds and gardens surrounding the house, the flowers and garden beds are beginning to grow and flourish - and with each new season, I continue to expand their space. My vision is to create gardens, not only to beautify this space, but also re/establish native and other plant species that welcome pollinators and draw beneficial insects - that will in turn will also benefit my newly planted vegetable gardens and orchard in the backyard. This space is by no means a large plot of land, but in less

than half an acre - there is so much possibility, and space to grow. Our original idea of considering a small hobby farm when moving here changed after a year of living and experiencing this place. Knowing that our time here might be limited and farm land can be difficult to sell if (or when) we were to ready to move and relocate again. A renovated town house seemed a better choice and much more desirable reality. But ideas change, as we continue to learn from the people and places where we live.

As our perennial beds *become* more established, I see some of the plants are begging to spread and propagate. Not wanting them to overcrowd some of the other plants in the garden and also grow these garden spaces, I dig my garden trowel into the soil, removing small cuttings and roots, while finding them new spaces/places to take root and grow. The smaller plants often take much faster than the larger more established plants that seem to need more time to adjust to their new environments. Sometimes, the larger more established plants begin to wilt and wither, uprooted, their roots don't heal as quickly. Sometimes, they need extra care, more watering and/or nutrients to help them re/establish their roots. Sometimes, they take an entire season or two to re/establish their roots, but eventually re/emerge more healthy and full. But then there are the transplanted roots that never seem to take - they fail to adapt or grow in their new environments. Sometimes, it is the location, too much sunlight, not enough – the wrong type of soil, too wet, too dry, etc., but for whatever reason, they fail to thrive. After a certain amount of time, I must decide whether to let them be and let nature take its course, or to again uproot them and plant them elsewhere - to see if they might do better, and again one day thrive.

Re/generation

Crooked sidewalks pave pathways through the old streets, but are young in comparisons to the trees that look below wondering where time has gone. How Greek life (sororities and fraternities) that stretches beyond campus trails has evolved or never changed. I try to imagine these pathways before. The land before America was America. Political boundaries and state lines drawn. Lines that are invisible to the eye, but traced on maps to ensure we know our limits. I try to imagine this place as something other than America. A home. A dwelling place. A place where the land is its own caregiver and we are its caretakers. Where gardens overtake lawns. Spray painted stones on fraternity house lawns are returned to their original resting places. Where chemical mixes spread over greenspaces raise more than an eyebrow of concern to the health of our bodies and waterways. I walk over uneven sidewalks, trying to imagine spaces

where the plant diversity is a familiar topic of discussion. I awake dreaming of garden spaces, the life that nourishes and creates beauty. I am learning to envision a different future for my daughter as she lays asleep in her stroller, returning from one of our daytime walks. She refuses to sleep indoors, preferring the sound of the birds and moving trees to sing and rock her to sleep. I think of her innocence and strength, and how one day it will become her responsibility to care for this land – what we can teach her, and what she will teach us - what we are leaving behind for her, and the next generation, and many generations to come. (Campbell, Journal, June 27, 2017)

Wastelands and Healing

The Man Who Planted Trees.

Il en avait planté cent mille. Sur les cent mille, vingt mille étaient sortis. Sur les cent mille, il comptait encore en perdre la moitié, du fait de rongeurs ou de tout ce qu'il y a d'impossible à prévoir dans les desseins de la Providence.

- Giono, 1983/2013, p. 21

Mowing the lawn, I dodge the unexpected growth of a new oak sapling, planted by a squirrel last season. I try to preserve a few in my direct path and transplant them to safer ground where they might better survive and one day *become* the age-old tree. Seeing these young saplings poking through the soil reminds me of the story, *L'homme qui plantait les arbres*, and how each day, the main character goes out onto the land to gather fallen acorns from an oak tree. The seeds he sows, that eventually start to germinate and take root and bring life back to the desolate landscape where only wild lavender grew in the valley of the Alps, Provence, France. The fictitious character of Elzéard Bouffier is left a widowed shepherd living alone with his herd of sheep after the death of his only son and wife. In his sorrow, he seeks solitude on the land where he begins to plant the seeds he gathers. Eventually, life begins to flourish again and barren land becomes forest. His work, however, reviving this landscape is not with trial, error and failure. After a year spent planting maple trees, not one survives, and he learns through this experience that it is the oak that best grows and thrives in these hills. He later learns he must trade in his sheep for hives and bees, if he wants the young trees to grow and flourish, as the sheep will only trample and destroy the young saplings that grow.

And as the story goes, most never knew the name of the man who planted the trees – and for others, his story is forgotten. But the winds continue to blow and disperse new seeds to grow, and the land becomes abundant in new plant life that becomes the forest: “Le vent aussi dispersait certaines graines. En même temps que l’eau réapparaissaient les saules, les osiers, les prés, les jardins, les fleurs et une certaine raison de vivre” (Giono, 1983/2013, p. 33-34). Many years later after planting his first acorn, the name of Elzéard Bouffier is completely lost, and the forest is believed a natural phenomenon. One day a forest ranger comes to visit these hills and witness himself this “natural phenomenon.” Upon his arrival and witnessing himself a forest amid this barren landscape, he declares the land protected and bans the burning of any outdoor fire that might jeopardize the importance of this *natural* treasure. Protected, this land might continue to grow and sustain new life - and in turn, bring back hope to the people, who once lived in this lifeless and desolate landscape. During the war of 1939, a time of great need, tucked away in the mountains with roads too treacherous to travel to haul the lumber from these much-desired trees, Elzéard Bouffier’s forest remained protected.

The land never belonged to this man. Ownership of this land was irrelevant to his happiness. He was its caretaker, and in this he found both solace and healing. A gift that he would one day inherit to the next generation – and a gift, that would continue to grow.

Arrivé à l’endroit où il désirait aller, il se mit à planter sa tringle de fer dans la terre. Il faisait ainsi un trou dans lequel il mettait un gland, puis il rebouchait le trou. Il plantait des chênes. Je lui demandai si la terre lui appartient. Il me répondit que non. Saissait-il à qui elle était ? Il ne savait pas. Il supposait que c’était une terre communale, ou peut-être, était-elle la propriété de gens qui s’en souciaient pas ? (Giono, 1983/2013, pp. 20-21)

For many, the story the man who planted a forest remained nameless and/or forgotten. The generosity of this gift was for all who might one day sit under the shade a tree that was a seed he once sowed. While Giono’s work, is a work of fiction, Elzéard Bouffier’s life on the page continues to inspire. An act of love and labour that would also bring hope and happiness back to the people who called the foothills of these mountains *home*. “Il en sait beaucoup plus que tout le monde. Il a trouvé un fameux moyen d’être heureux” (p. 44). I think of the *Man Who Planted Trees*, and how the lumber from these much-desired trees and imagined space provided such opportunity to investors seeking to turn land into profit. But here, Elzéard Bouffier remained,

sheltered from the politics of his time on hard-to-access roads. Tucked away in the mountains of the forgotten valleys of the Alps in France, the place he called *home*, and where he continued to plant without permission, or ownership of the land.

Public lands. Protected lands. Places so necessary to the well-being and health of all. I think of the recent announcement (2017) by the Trump administration to shrink Federally protected lands. Two million acres gone. Lands that provided a much-needed refuge for so many, human and non-human. Protected lands now made vulnerable and open to investors seeking to use the land for commercial purposes. The continued extraction of natural resources and subsequent loss and destruction of lands. While this decision may provide a sort of temporary wealth to some and fill a few pockets, it will not and cannot sustain a nation's economic future. Financial and economic wealth that degrades the environment will leave us all searching in the end. The land exploited, the next generation searching, for new economic opportunities to support themselves and their families. In this on-going cycle of extraction, production and waste – eventually, there will be nowhere else to go except here. We will be forced to confront these wasteland places – and we will have to think more creatively and act in new ways, not only ourselves, but the next seven generations to come, re/envisioning a more sustainable future. Eventually no one will be able to avoid or ignore these wasteland places any longer, and we will need to re/learn how to take care ourselves, the land and each other. And maybe, we are writing the stories of our time - and perhaps, there is still something more to be learned in re/visiting these wasteland places.

Land for profit. Land for development. Utah's national monuments, Bears Ears and Grand Staircase-Escalante, the first to go – perhaps, setting a precedent and putting other public and protected lands at risk. This decision is the greatest reversal of Federally protected in the United States of America's history under the Trump Administration. The President's announcement emphasized the job creation, prosperity and the economic wealth it will bring to the nation, but for many Indigenous communities here and throughout the country, it also a reliving of the past, broken promises and trauma. The theft of lands. The displacement of peoples. The protection of Bears Ears monument was designated in 2016 under the Obama Administration after years of lobbying by the Navajo, Hopi, Ute Mountain Ute, Ute Indian Tribe of the Uintah and Ouray Reservation, and Zuni. The Navajo Nation, as well as numerous environmental organizations, have announced they will be taking this decision to court (Turkewitz, 2017). Looking to

America's wasteland places. The wealth and prosperity industry brought to so many American homes and families, towns and cities – before they turned their backs and walked away, abandoning all and any responsibility. Is it possible to learn from these stories and act in new ways? Re/building and learning from these stories - the knowledge of the past, critical reflection and creative thinking to help usher in a new era of sustainability?

A work of fiction. Real life trauma. The loss of lands. A culture of waste and a disregard for the well-being of the land that feeds and nourishes our bodies. Perhaps, the very act of filling a pot with soil, planting seed or growing a garden, is an act of protest in a society that values instant conveniences and the commodification and of all *things*. Turning lawns into gardens, a labour of love and an act of defiance. Helping to restore habitats and creating spaces for people and pollinators, insects and bees - that are free and safe of chemical fertilizers, herbicides and pesticides - toxins that seep back into the land, waterways and bodies. Acts of protest and restoration, small and large. It takes many seeds to begin to realize this change. It also requires critical thought, knowledge and imagination. Walking by an empty plot of land in my own neighbourhood, I begin to imagine the plant life that could grow here and the trees that could be planted. A gathering place to help restore a greater sense of community. Giving back to the land, and through the process giving back to ourselves, and those around us. And it is here, where I begin to see hope, and the groundwork that is being done, acts both small and large – people giving back to the land. As I walk around my own town in Kent, Ohio, I see the colours of flowers and herb and vegetable gardens planted on the street corners. Land that is cared for by individuals, businesses and organizations. Some choose flowers and colour to fill their space, while others choose to plant with a greater purpose – to attract pollinators, grow fresh herbs, vegetables and other edibles to taste. A local group, *Kent Food not Lawns*, maintains a small garden patch by the corner of a parking lot filled with various plant species to attract pollinators, grow herbs and vegetable, with a sign that reads: The garden is free for all to taste and enjoy. The group has also started a seed bank at the local library, encouraging others to plant, and when they can – give back (Abbott, 2018). These local initiatives are part of a larger international organization, *Food not Lawns*, an online community, that encourages shared knowledge and local action (Food not Lawns, 2018). But there are also those who chose to act in their own and unique ways who are not part of any initiative or larger organization.

The Man Who Planted trees may be a work of fiction, but in rural Northeast India on the island of Majuli lives, Jadav Payeng, also known as “Forest Man” (Lum, 2014; McCarthy, 2017). Payeng, a member of the Mishing tribe lives with his wife and three children on Majuli Island in the state of Assam. Majuli Island is an island and place that faces the very real threat of completely disappearing due to rising water levels and erosion along the banks of the Brahmaputra River. Over the last 100 years, the Island has lost more than 70 percent of its landmass and the rate of loss is accelerating due to glacial melting and climate change (Lum, 2014). In 1979, after witnessing groups of dead snakes stretched out along the sandbanks due to a lack of shade. Payeng began planting bamboo, an easy and fast growing plant to provide shade for the creatures. In 1979, without official permissions from the local authorities, he began planting different varieties of tree species along the sandbanks. As Payeng explains, “They [the Mishing] have inhabited the area for eons, and there are no deeds or titles to land” (McCarthy, 2017, para. 4). He says he is continuing to carry his tribes’ tradition of honouring nature. Today, the once barren land has been transformed into 550 hectares of lush forest. Many believe Payeng is responsible for single-handedly planting a forest, but as he says, he did not do it alone:

You plant one or two trees, and they have to seed. And once they seed... the wind knows how to plant them, the birds here know how to sow them, cows know, elephants know, even the Brahmaputra river knows. The entire ecosystem knows. (McCarthy, 2017, para. 10)

In 2012, Payeng spoke about the many animals that have returned to the area and now live in the forest: Elephants, rhinos, deer, and tigers. But as this forest continues to grow, so does the temptation of individuals to use and exploit the land for their own personal and economic gain – threatening the future of the forest and the wildlife in it. Payeng is working to have the land designated as protected, but so far has been unsuccessful – and the forest remain vulnerable to the those trying to exploit and destroy it for capital gain. Although, Payeng continues to try to share and spread his ideas – new visions for the Island’s future and local economy, crops that could be planted, including coconut trees that would further help to prevent erosion along the banks and fruit that could be harvested and/or sold, his ideas have not been widely received or put into action. Yet his dedication to saving the island is unwavering, and he holds strong to the belief that life can be restored through the reforestation of the land (McMaster, Cotter, Daoust, Offner, Myrowich, & Saeed Al Darmaki, 2013).

The forgotten acorn.

As a fertility doctor whom I interviewed once said to me, “Nature is extraordinarily wasteful when it comes to reproduction – look at all the acorns on the forest floor.”

- Johnson, 2013, p. 126

This past week (March 2018), an oak sapling appeared in a flowerpot sitting in my stairwell landing that had been soaking up the winter sunlight from the south facing window. A squirrel must have lost or forgotten the acorn she buried in the potting soil that I had stored outside during the summer months. And unbeknownst to me at the time, during those fall and winter months, as I cared and watered my indoor and wintered outdoor plants, beneath the soil buried in a pot, a seed began to germinate - and new life began to grow. An acorn. Seed to sapling – its silent transformation. The sun beginning to shine longer and brighter with changing of the seasons, warming the soil, where this life and tree began to grow. In the stairwell on the landing sits the flowerpot that will hold the young roots until the sapling is ready to be seasoned and planted outdoors. After a year parental leave, I am returning to my work and writing at the same time my daughter is about to celebrate her first birthday. And both the experience of loss and birth that I write about have given me new perspective and understanding, that even in the darkest of places, life may be silently conspiring to amaze us in the most unexpected ways.

Wasteland Remarks

Re/creation. *Digging through the old fire pit in our backyard is like an archaeological dig. What fire and earth have reclaimed. A history of waste: Old door pull, screws, metal cans, broken glass. Remnants of someone else’s history. As I begin to dig deeper, uncovering rusted nails, screws, metal bits and debris, years of backyard burnings and campfires - I begin to look around and re/envision this outdoor space. Clearing out the old fire pit, I take and sprinkle some of the ashes around the newly planted apple, cherry, pear, and peach trees. Many of these small trees I realize may take many years to reach maturity and bear fruit, but their slow growth is a reminder of the time it takes to restore a landscape, and how quickly it can be destroyed. I have visions of gardens and an orchard that we will one day (and I already do) enjoy. I have planted blueberry, raspberry and blackberry bushes along the side fence, and rhubarb in the back corner, alongside new garden boxes and perennial flowerbeds. My approach to gardening is a combination of observation, research, trial and error. Too much sun, not enough. What will grow*

best in dry sandy soil, or soil that is clay? Diverse plant species growing side by side. I try to ensure each plant has enough space to grow and spread without overtaking another. As I continue to learn and work in the garden, I am also beginning to see this outdoor space as my canvas, and gardening as a creative act - or art. And with each new season, my work is beginning to attract the attention of more and more new visitors – small critters, insects, birds and bees, arriving to pollinate new blossoms and sample the ripening fruits and vegetables. As both caretaker and artist, I continue this work, learning from the different plants species, soil types and conditions - to find balance and beauty. In the garden and this outdoor space, however, there is also learning about loss, infestation and destruction. The removal of old branches, stalks and roots - and the re[generation] of life.

The large ash tree that has overlooked this space for probably more than hundred years is slowly taken down, limb by limb. The invasive ash boar has left dead branches and limbs that pose a danger to the safety of young daughter playing in the yard. Eventually the tree would fall and could cause damage, and so we decide to remove it before it causes greater damage and/or loss. One, two, three, four.. trees along the fence line begin to disappear, as we begin to re/establish new life and growth. My husband, someone who has never taken much interest in gardening begins to get more involved. Excitedly tracking down new apple, cherry, pear and plum trees, we hope will take root in this re/imagined space. It is the beginning of a new shared vision, one that is constantly in negotiation and flux. In this re/imagined space, my husband wants to have space to run and play, space for kicking around a soccer ball and teaching our daughter how to play when she is a littler older. But in the end the trees will tell us best where they need to be planted to get enough sun, soil nutrients and establish their roots - and the flowers and plant species that dislike the shade will need to find new spaces out of the reach of the shadows of these trees. As we continue to re/envision this space, as a place of re/creation, enjoyment and growth - we are also learning from these losses, and the new life that is taking root. (Campbell, Journal, April 30/ May 2, 2018)

Birth, (waste)lands and waters.

Broken bodies and wastelands, a patch of moss that catches a seed, dust settling, birds returning, fruit beginning to grow. Bodies that nourish and give life. This is home, this is where you belong. This soil, the beginnings of your life. The names of your grandmothers, your lifeblood and strength. And if you ever doubt this - let my

words remind you: You are loved, you belong. Let the poetry runs through your veins. For your life has meaning, always.

- Campbell, Journal, 2018

“Women have a natural bond with water, because we are both life bearers,” my sister said. “We carry our babies in internal ponds and they come forth into the world on a wave of water. It is our responsibility to safeguard the water for all our relations.”

- Kimmerer, 2013, p. 94

My body, a wasteland - meant that there was healing too. Broken bodies and wastelands, a patch of moss that catches a seed, dust settling, birds returning, fruit beginning to grow. Bodies that nourish and give life. I was paving a new road to recovery as life took hold once again and I began to experience a new wave of understanding. A new pregnancy, both a healing and painful experience, but life held me there. I waited in anticipation – and hope, that this time it would be different. The life I carried, carried me. And with the April full moon rising, spring blossoms filled the air with a re/newed scent of life - and that night, we welcomed our firstborn daughter into this world: Anahita Adelaide Swan. Her given name honours her Persian heritage: Anahita, the protector of waters, a Zoroastrian deity or yazata (protective spirit). She represents purity, healing and fertility. The waters the flow through the veins of this earth. “She [Anahita] is the mythical world river that emerges from mount Hara into the great sea and is the source of all waters” (Nabarz, 2012, p.18). Adelaide and Swan, she carries the names of her maternal grandmothers, her grandmother, Ruth *Adelaide* and great-grandmother, Mary Lewellyn *Swan*. A reminder of her/his/story, the women – and blood that runs through her veins.

After naming our daughter, we learned that at the Cleveland Museum of Art in Cleveland, Ohio, the city where our daughter was born, houses several works of art in their *Ancient Near East* collection from the Sasanian Empire, dating from the 4-6th century, the last Persian Empire before the rise of Islam in what is today known as modern day Iran. These works of art have travelled a long way from their origins and *home* – where they once held (and continue to hold) important religious and cultural meanings to many people. Taken, stolen, given. Acquired and/or housed by museums that put them on display behind glass cases. The Cleveland Museum of Art

holds a collection of works that pay tribute to the Zoroastrian “goddess” of water and fertility, Anahita: Anahita Vessel (300-500), Dish: The Goddess Anahita (400-600), Bowl (300-500). These objects hold stories of the past and take us back to these different *places*, shifting cultural landscapes and identities. So far from *home*. Perhaps, one day my daughter will also write her story, the stories of her Persian ancestry and grandmothers – the stories that led her here to this place and will also mark her identities, as she continues to learn from these places - the changing landscapes of her life, shifting cultural identities and inter/generational stories. When we learned of the museum’s collection in Cleveland, Ohio, so close to *home* in Kent, Ohio, we decided to take our daughter to see and visit this collection. As we held her up beside these ancient works dedicated to the goddess Anahita, we took several photographs to remember this day, her first visit to the museum at 4 months old. The stories these objects hold. On display in a glass case, there are no signs of damage to this piece, but later when looking at images of the vessel on the museum’s website, I noticed that on the side turned away from the public’s view at the museum is cracked. And these imperfections or flaws of time - the cracks, tell their own story.



Figure 3. Anahita Vessel, Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio (Anahita Vessel, n.d.)

Chapter 3: Loss and Un/Be/Longing

Life and loss - sweep memories through the arteries of my heart, filling cracks with gold - the freedom to begin anew - to breathe into unknown spaces – lingering scents, beauty and imagery, that lessen nostalgic associations. Ink. Tears. Words. Volumes upon volumes – fragmented memories – objects and places – that tell a story.

- Campbell, Journal, 2015



Figure 4. Cracks (Campbell, photograph, 2016)

Cracks: “How the light gets through”

There is a wooden apple that sits on my desk given to me by a friend. “An apple made of Ash – for strength (in spite of cracks),” she wrote. It is a gift that holds many meanings, shaped by human hands, the tree that gave her life and conditions that changed her. Objects hold stories (Turkle, 2007). Although, its origins and maker are unknown, I would like to imagine it was

turned with loving hands, traces of life in the rings from the tree where it all began. Sanded and polished, what caused it to crack is unknown. Perhaps, it was a dryness in the air or a sudden change in the season. As Donald (2012) writes, “Artifacts are imbued with meaning when human hands craft them, but also when human beings conceptualize them as *storied* aspects of their world” (p. 542). Given as a gift, it has become an object evocative of a friendship that spans nearly twenty years, a shared knowledge of the past and a reminder of both the fragility and strength of the human spirit. Cracks hold stories - stories of beauty, rupture and heartbreak - that speak personal truths, reflecting both our vulnerability and humanity. Daniel Scott (2012) describes the complexities of human mind and relations and the impact his son’s mental illness had on his life. “Cracks: where the light gets in says Leonard Cohen (1992), or leaks out I reply,” (p. 218). What causes such cracks is not always known, but these fractures or breaks in the surface represent a rupture of one kind or another. And it is here where stories reside and slowly begin leak through or re/surface. Richard Wagamese (2016) describes, “a ceramic heart, fractured but made beautiful again by an artist filling its cracks with gold. The artist offering a “celebration of imperfection, of the flawed rendered magnificent by its reclamation” (Facebook, February 11, 2016). He continues to discuss how, “it isn’t about the filling so much as it’s about being brave enough to enter the cracks” (February 11, 2016). As we enter in to these spaces, like the cracks in the surface of the wooden apple, memories and stories begin to emerge.

It is here where I begin by observing my surroundings, watching, reflecting and starting to ask questions, while beginning to dig a little deeper - un/covering the stories that lay buried, hidden and/or forgotten. In entering these unknown spaces, stories start to re/surface and we begin to allow for mis/understandings and mis/interpretations to be re/awakened. Stories are fluid. They can change based on who is telling the story, time and place – and how the story is being told. Stories have the power to heal, but also to harm, when we speak or act without accountability to all our relations. Thomas King (2008) describes the restorative potential, but also danger of stories: “We both knew that a story told one way could cure, that the same story told another way could injure” (p. 4). Not all stories follow a linear or predefined path, and as they begin to break away - they begin to take on a life of their own and may lead us in unknown directions. In the chapter titled, *Place work - Mapping Rhizomatic Migrations*, Chambers, Hasebe-Ludt, Leggo & Sinner (2012) describe the breaking of a rhizome and how it can grow in unknown directions. Drawing on the work of Deluze & Guattari (1988/2005), they write:

“Sometimes this signifies a new beginning from an existing place that brings forward “transformational multiplicity” in social and cultural formations, memories and historical ruminations, and concepts of un/belonging in different lifeworlds” (Chambers et al., 2012, p.104). Storytelling as research can provide a space that allows stories to become our guide, and move us in new and unknown directions, while also allowing for the possibility of transformation and new understandings to emerge.

These cracks, breaks, openings – are where stories start to leak through, and as they rise to the surface - they start to direct their own path. There is no single, linear sequence of events - no grid, or roadmap to follow. As Wilson (2008) writes: “By getting away from abstractions and rules, stories allow us to see others’ life experiences through our own eyes” (p. 17). This weaving together of stories moves through memory, time, and space. Spaces unoccupied, empty, buried and/or forgotten. It is in these spaces and listening to others’ stories with open hearts and minds, that we can begin to learn empathy and understanding. As human beings, we gain experience and knowledge through different life stages (Anderson, 2011). We are in constant motion – and even if we break, make mistakes, or lose our footing - we keep moving. Highway (2003) discusses how Aboriginal mythologies are “one vast circle” with no defined beginning or end (p. 43). We always return to stories, cycle through stories – weaving in and out of these storylines, always in motion. Highway continues to explain how lines can be easily broken: “Circles, however, and, fortunate, can be repaired” (p. 48). Perhaps, we can learn from this concept of the circle – and the healing power of stories. The less rigid structure of circles allowing for the bending and re/shaping of lines. Stories that transform, and are transformed through us - in this on-going cycle, and reciprocal relationship.

Missing Pieces

*It's as though I awoke in a different place, unaware of my surroundings,
entangled in an armour of memories - fighting against my own will to write. I
wish I could reinvent this loss into a meaningful experience, but my heart aches,
for the child I never held in my arm - a piece of me, that is forever part of this
place and story.*

- Campbell, Journal, 2016

Sometimes, I wish I could go back to where it began, the beginning or unfolding of certain events – re/invent this story and re/write history. Learn from past mistakes and move forward with new understandings and knowledge, intact. But there are pieces missing that can't be put back together. The re/building often leaves cracks that cannot be repaired. Pieces that no longer fit together, no matter how much we will them or not. How to fill these cracks with gold? How to find meaning, healing amongst the ruins? How to take and learn from the past, despite these cracks, spaces of loss and un/be/longing – to re/create a more beautiful future. There are people and places, that are no longer are part of my life – places that have been transformed, and people, who I no longer see in my day to day life, or have passed away. The silences. The absences in the texts we read. Personal and shared his/her/stories. Empty spaces. The erasure of stories that can injure and the preservation of stories that protects.

Silences. *Every silence frightens me. I don't want to lose you. Once you have known loss, you always know the possibility that new beginnings can end as quickly as they began. It changes your attitude, your perception and understanding of life. The delicate and seemingly senseless unfairness of loss; never a return. Experiences of loss shape us in many ways. For some, it becomes paralysis, numbing the body and mind to the existence and meaning of the good that surrounds us. For some, this grief and longing, can last days, months, years – and for others, it defines them. They live this identity of loss. As I close my eyes and begin to re/imagine life again, images moving, shaping new visions - life and loss, a balancing act of emotions. I am re/learning to live this loss as remembrance, and now, gratitude for the life that dwells within. A new life that is teaching me the strength and power of resilience. But when you experience a loss like this, something changes. I hold back, trying to prepare, knowing there is no preparing oneself for new beginning or ends. They always come.* (Campbell, Journal, 2017)

Family secrets.

Journal: Keep one. Throw it away afterwards. Know that words burn well, make excellent kindling; trust them to give off great light in their burning. Watch in quiet amazement as the flames heat up the hyphenated space of 'dis-comfort.' Rest in this 'uneasy' place where waking and memory and dream flicker together, falter and flash.

- Raspberry, 2012, p. 243

Stories we chose to share are our interpretations of events, past and present. We edit our his/her/stories, nothing is complete. We contend with limitations of language and media through which they are produced. Some stories we openly share, and others we reserve for private discussion – but there are also the stories we carry with us. The stories we choose to protect: Secrets. Chambers (2009) discusses how when we share personal and family stories, we limit what is being told: “As we write about family and personal experiences, we realize that we are keeping so much secret. For every experience and emotion and event that we write about, we also hold back much more, as if we are not yet ready to share most secrets” (p. 152). These blanks and/or spaces in our stories are what we leave to our audience. Sometimes we are not willing to share certain details of our lives. Perhaps, the experience is too painful, or we are not ready to talk about it. Perhaps, the memory is something we consider private and wish only to share with the person(s) in which we shared the experience. Visiting my paternal grandmother, she told me one such story about preserving the details of her own life and keeping them private. After seeing the story of Queen Victoria’s journals with intimate details of her relationship with Prince Albert and their family life being made public on the evening news, she knew she did not want this to happen to her own life (Alleyen, 2012). The details of her personal life and relationships, the letters she exchanged with my grandfather over the years she did not want shared or read by others, and she was going to ensure it. The letters she and my grandfather had exchanged over the course of their relationship were memories that she cherished, but they were hers – and they were private. My grandfather having passed away several years earlier and with the news of the Queen’s private journals being made public caused her to consider – what would happen to the recorded details of her life when she was gone? In a decision, which was much to the dismay of her daughter, she took the letters she and my grandfather had exchanged over the years, records and correspondence - and burned them.

Clermont-Ferrand, France (2011). My secret: I saw you, but told no one. I was headed back to Clermont-Ferrand after a weekend with friends in Strasbourg when they announced my train would be delayed in Lyon. I knew I shouldn’t call or see you, but I gave into my heart, “I’m

in Lyon, if you want to see me.”



Figure 5. Strasbourg, France (Campbell, photograph, 2011)

Before I left Strasbourg on the train that day, my friend told me the story of the summer he spent by the sea, the white sands of the south of France, warm waters and waking life. At night, he would walk her lonely shores as he lived under the skies of his forgotten childhood memories in *La Réunion*, magic and sorcery, his creator: Mother, wife and child. He lived untainted by the love he could no longer remember, a love she tried to erase. He worked for modest wages and at the end of the summer he boarded his train home with all his earnings in his carry-on bag. When he arrived, he stepped off the train and waved goodbye only to realize all that he had forgotten. He chased the train to Marseille, but when they found the bag, it was empty, gone – all his money, his savings, gone. He called a friend for a bed to sleep and the next morning he awoke, caught an early train home and went to find her, and when he arrived she opened the door and asked him back into her life – without a cent to his name.

I was standing on the platform waiting for my train to Clermont-Ferrand when I realized, I too, had lost it all, as he winked and waved goodbye, “I will always love and care for you.”

Telling Stories

Stories can transform the meaning of past experiences, as memories turn to words, and life begins on the page – its passage unknown. Stories become part of our memories that can resurface in a different time and place, offering us new understanding and perspective. Stories travel. Schuman (2005) explains that when stories travel beyond the context of shared experience, they can become “a source of great concern and a site for negotiation of the ownership of meaning” (p. 6). Stories are shaped by the storyteller’s lived experiences; the same way the reader/listener’s interpretation of a story is shaped by their experiences. The interpretation of a story depends on how we relate to the story. Schuman explains:

When stories stay with their owners, people who share experiences can attempt to produce shared interpretations. Access to meaning is controlled by access to stories. But stories rarely stay with their owners. In fact, what might be the most compelling feature of storytelling is the possibility that its power to transfer and transform will change the meaning of experiences. (p. 6)

Sometimes stories are relatable to our own lived experiences, and other times they are not. Engaging with stories can help to develop empathy and understanding for others. But sometimes, the reader/listener may not be ready to receive a story because of where they are in their own lives – the story may not feel relevant or relatable to their own situation or learning. Schuman continues to explain how this is also determined by access to stories, and sometimes we don’t have access to stories that can help us. But stories often remain with us, and can resurface in a different time and place - sometimes when we need them the most. Gibbs (2015), discusses how even the most painful experiences can be transformed through stories: “We come to know ourselves only through stories. We listen to the stories of others, we inherit the stories of those who came before, and we make sense of our own experiences by constructing a narrative that holds them, and holds us, together” (p. XI). Stories are in constant flux - sites of negotiated meaning, as they move from storyteller to the readers/listeners - who in turn become the storytellers, as the stories continue their journey. As I write this collection of stories, I recognize that these are my interpretations and truths, and sometimes those truths are shared, but not always – and this does not mean that another’s interpretation is not valid.

Stories are not objective. We derive meaning from various symbols and metaphors, and interpret these based on our own understandings. As we go through life, we continue to acquire

new knowledge that influences the way we tell our stories. But the page is not fluid, it is fixed. It does not allow for this movement - the continued growth and evolution that defines this process. Wilson (2008) discusses the challenge of writing down stories: "All stories reflect the storyteller and where they are in their lives. A problem with writing down stories is that it makes it very difficult to change them as we gain new learning and insight" (p. 22). But stories travel, and each new storyteller brings new perspective, edits, erasures and additions – the story re/told, is re/invented a/new. As I continue to reflect on this process, gathering breadcrumbs, fragments and memories - past and present - scattered along pathways - that continue to lead me in new directions, I also recognize that words have their limits. Language is not static, it is in constant evolution – in a continued and shared process of negotiated meaning and interpretation. These writings reflect my own understandings at this given time and place in my life. But these stories may one day be re/written, assumptions and mis/interpretations challenged a/new. Wilson continues to describe the importance of acknowledging our role within stories and the consequences of failing to do so: "When we try to cut ourselves off at the neck and pretend an objectivity that does not exist in the human world, we become dangerous, to ourselves first, and then to people around us" (p. 56). The interpretation of stories is subjective. As individuals, and members of communities and societies - our lived experiences shape the way in which we understand our realities, and ultimately shape our worldviews.



Figure 6. *Le Quai, Strasbourg, France* (Campbell, photograph, 2011)

Strasbourg, France (2011). We sat with an open bottle of wine under the cold evening stars sharing our stories. Two old friends back in Strasbourg with a contagious laughter and love for life. “But not all the stories have a happy ending,” he said.

There are stories that are meant to challenge, to help us to open our eyes and see. They are the stories that teach us a hard lesson learned, and give us new perspective and appreciation for all we have, knowing all that can be lost - and what a gift we have in life. It’s a journey of ups and downs, no constant high or low.

He told me how he had worked every day to free his mind of her, to swim in the sea and sleep under the stars, the life that had been forgotten, a life outside of crumbling caves and man-made shelters – sticks and stones – pavement and cement – love and life, his beautiful black skin, his smile, his laughter and sweet love for life.

He ripped off his clothes and dove naked into the sea – the womb – the warmth – the water, and all around him the sky lit up and the thunder rolled over dangerous depths. Swept to the shore he swam exposed to the elements, the feeling of life washing over his head. Life never

felt so beautiful. He had reclaimed what it meant to feel like a child, to return to the sea - to *be*. One man: mind, body and soul, nature beating against his flesh, his heart pounding harder and faster with each rolling wave. That summer his skin turned blacker than black and life returned to his eyes and the smell of the sea gave him new life haunted by the memory of his past. He forgave himself, bathing in the sea, re/living, re/claiming, moving, and knowing that life was about to change.

He was the father of her children, black and white, sepia toned images. I always remember his stories, the way he smiles and we can laugh together like nothing in life could ever be so bad. And the year before I left France (2008) to go back to Canada, I remember saying to him, “My life is perfect – it’s all that I’ve dreamed.” And the next morning when I woke, it all came crumbling down - and in the dust, I knew it was time. I had to leave. It was time to go *home*. And so, I waved goodbye to the life I had been living and boarded my plane back to Canada - to live in the North – isolated, a feeling of no escape. But waiting around the corner, was the most spectacular beauty, snow-covered white - and it was a late winter day, when I first met him - standing at a bus stop.

Empathic Readings

There is life in stories. Whether we are the storyteller or reader/listener, we become part of the story, lives enmeshed. We give ourselves to stories, and/or take from them what we need. There are the stories we hold close to our hearts, and others we set adrift - to one day to return to us, or to never be seen again. We draw from stories, teachings relevant to our lives that can help us develop stronger relationships. Battiste (2002) writes: “Knowledge teaches people how to be responsible for their own lives, develops their sense of relationship to others, and helps them model competent and respectful behaviour” (p. 14). As we enter stories, we open spaces in our lives to learn through others’ stories – their losses, struggles, and heartaches, as well as their joys – offering us new perspective and understandings. It is this adaptive quality of stories that makes them so accessible, and provides opportunities to learn from others – to see the world through their eyes, and strengthening relationships. Werner (2002) explains that, “Narrative and empathetic readings can be used instructionally to counter us/them dichotomies and the process of ‘othering’ that often results from perceived cultural differences and assumed hierarchies” (p. 41). For many, the page is a place of *be/longing* – a shared and/or solitary space of comfort and retreat - when mainstream spaces may represent places of *un/be/longing*. But as we begin to share

our stories, opening the door a crack (just a little), allowing others a glimpse inside – we are creating new spaces for learning, shared interpretations and understandings. As Fowler (2012) writes: “Unlearning heartlessness means taking others’ histories, narratives, work, suffering, and lives seriously, with equal value to one’s own; a lifetime of reading literature changes my heartmind” (p. 26). It is in these in/between spaces, the cracks and empty spaces – narrative fragments leak through - that provide such glimpses, snapshots - into our own and others’ lives.

Traveling stories. He inhaled deeply, as he drew in the smoke - the smell of marijuana filled the crisp evening air. He sat dressed for the cold mountain weather in knitted socks and sweater, Chefchaouen, Morocco, (2005).

I've travelled the world without ever having left this place. They come to me from around the world with their stories while I sit and knit. I'm a poor man and I'll never leave this place. I'll never taste the sweet air like others do. But when I close my eyes and you tell me your stories, it's like I've been there with you. And maybe it's true, maybe I am the luckiest man in the world.

He dreamed of faraway places, as he sat smoking his pipe, knitting a pair of woolen socks outside the small wooden shack tucked away in the Mountains of Morocco. And on that cold February night, he closed his eyes and smiled, as his imagination set sail through journeys, day and night. And if you can believe it, a poor man with the most beautiful imagination believed himself, the luckiest man in the world.

Meaningful Spaces

The lacemakers.

Lives strewn together out of fragments of histories that mark and scar our existence, as the skin stretches and expands. We were weaved together, pulled apart and re-threaded to create the knots and holes (and many miscalculations) that are this delicate lace.

- Campbell, Journal, February 2016

As I re/opened the cover of my green hardcover journal, pages lined with ink - I remember. Words that form memories – writings to the unborn. A time of excitement and anticipation, without knowing the sharp turns that lay ahead. I began to imagine my role as a mother, bringing a child into this world of uncertainties and ever-changing landscapes. My

anxieties poured out over pages faster than words could keep up. The page has always been a place of comfort and belonging for me. A place where I have learned to let go - a space that is all my own. It is where I can express my emotions, understandings and confusions. The pages of my journal hold stories. Stories I read with great pleasure - and others, I wish I could forget. But there on the page – the emotions remain alive. In these times of heartbreak, suffering, and loss, there are fewer restraints. We no longer hold back, emotions run high – and grief consume us. As I re-open the cover my green journal, pages crossed out with black ink, as though an x though a page could take away the pain, I begin to re/read. Perhaps, I thought I could cross it out, turn the page - and start anew, unscathed by the memories of a time that brought such joy and sorrow. An absence and/or emptiness that lived in me. A period in my life when I could no longer write, blank pages – the words that once flowed so freely, halted by grief.

Words were worthless in restoring what had been lost. The few scattered words that did find their way onto the page were little more than tears, mourning the loss of the unborn. There is no telling when life will begin or end. As Rock (2013) writes, “Life insists on itself, and sometimes it ends without warning. There is no way to prepare, no matter how much data you amass as a shield” (p. 58). No one can prepare for the unexpected, and it is these unknowns in life - that also become part of our story. Freda Curchack Marver (1997) describes the practice of lace making in coming to terms with her personal struggle with pregnancy loss and infertility. Lacemaking is the practice of weaving together threads that leave spaces that create patterns of intricate design, the holes or spaces being its distinguishing feature and beauty: “Lace is defined not by its threads, but by its spaces. Because of the holes, lovely patterns emerge” (p. 174). Marver describes the art of lacemaking as a laborious process which requires great patience, having all the loose threads before you, one must decide, “which to pick up, which to deal with, which to tie up in a knot of resolution and then put down, let go” (p. 74). The spaces in the lacework are what she describes as the “essence of the work,” empty spaces that were the grief that pregnancy loss left in her life. During her struggle to overcome her grief, she began to see her experiences of loss as “manageable pieces,” and to work around them. And in doing so, she became like the lacemakers, “creating something beautiful: the delicate, ongoing fabric” of her life (p. 174).

Empty Spaces: Creative Mean/der/ings**Eggshell blue (Spring 2018).**

We are sitting at the table with the lace table cloth again,

Waiting for summer, for heat, for flowers to grow.

*We are waiting for eggs to hatch, for feathers to fluff,
for birds to fly away.*

- Jori Miller, 2007, p. 1



Figure 7. Egg Shell (Campbell, photograph, 2018)

Each year, I look forward to spotting the cyan-coloured eggshells on my walks, a sign that spring has finally arrived. This year, my daughter and I excitedly watched from our second storey bedroom window, as an American robin hopped along the roof, gathering small twigs and other organic materials to build her nest. A few days later, as I was gardening at the side of the house, I looked up to see the bird had built her nest above our rain gutter. There she sat quietly atop her nest guarding her eggs, bits of blue tinsel dangling from the latest frat house party down the street, woven into her creation. I marvelled at this creative use of colour and went to find my husband and daughter to show them what I had spotted. I thought it would be such a treat to observe this wonder of nature, eggs incubating – the excitement of the newly hatched chicks chirping, feeding - learning to fly. My daughter loves watching the birds in our yard and on our

walks along the river. I began to imagine how exciting it would be for her to witness the hatching of new life for the very first time. Over the next couple of days, I would peek around the corner of the house to see the robin sitting on her nest, but a few days later - she was no longer there. I figured, she was probably out digging for worms after the rain. A few days later, I returned – and again, the nest sat empty, no robin in sight. A week passed, and still no spotting - it was then I was sure she wasn't coming back.

*The sparrows circled again and again
when my neighbor dumped a nest
from the tarp covering his air conditioner.
The eggs smashed, revealing dark circles of eyes,
pasty wet feathers and slender necks.
The red, moist skins of the nearly-born birds
laid next to the fragments of pale blue shells.*

- Jori Miller, 2007, p. 133

I imagined the empty nest, a mother's sorrow. Perhaps, a predatory bird, a blue jay or crow had robbed her nest. The nest out of reach, but in plain sight - was on top of the rain gutter on the exposed north-facing side of our house with no tree cover or greenery to disguise. She hadn't chosen the most discreet location to protect her eggs and ensure the survival of her young. I thought about taking a ladder and climbing up to see what transpired, perhaps there would be fragments of broken eggshells, evidence of one kind or another indicating what had occurred. Perhaps something had happened to the mother bird, but even so - the eggs would be long past saving now. So, I decided best to leave it alone. I didn't need to know, it wouldn't change the outcome. Now when I am out walking or gardening at the side of the house, I stop and look up at the empty nest - blue tinsel and ribbon dangling, and remember - there is always loss in life. But I also think of the joy it brought to my daughter as we watched the mother bird from the upstairs bedroom window as she gathered the materials needed to construct her nest.

Come late summer, I'll remove the nest from the rain gutter. I'll find it a new location, preserve it from the winter wind and snow. Perhaps, a bird can borrow from it next spring, or it

will remain empty. In the meantime, I continue to look up and appreciate this ornate creation, the work and labour that went into constructing this temporary home. Over the past few weeks, my daughter and I have been out walking in/between the many rain showers that welcome the long-awaited summer season. On our daily walks, we continue to spot the cyan-coloured eggshells, each new spotting met with equal or greater excitement. Newly hatched. Robin egg blue. A sign that life has returned. The cyan-coloured eggshells, scattered in all four directions - disguising and keeping predators at bay, away from nesting areas and the newly hatched young, while reminding us - that in life there is always loss, and new beginnings.



Figure 8. Broken Shell (Campbell, photograph, 2018)

Newly hatched.

I don't know if there is an Xanthos or not, and really don't care one way or another, but there must be a place in the world, perhaps in the Grecian islands, where you come to the end of the known world and rejoice, because at this dropping off place you can feel the old ancestral world which is eternally young and new and fecundating. You stand there, wherever the place is, like a newly hatched chick beside its eggshell.

- Henry Miller, 1961/1994, p. 211

The year I began to write.

Fear of exposure: The act of becoming

vulnerability truths mis/interpretations

storyteller, writer, weaver of words

“So what is it you write exactly?”

she asked (insert sarcasm here)

“words, observations, experiences, wanderings”

I responded (this time without fear)

- Campbell, Journal, 2013

I began writing as an act of inquiry. I observed patterns, thoughts and behaviours - and I wanted to understand how this influence one's way of *being* in the world, while also challenging my ways of thinking and understanding the world. But as a writer, I feared exposure. The act of *becoming* – vulnerability, opening one's heart (and mind) to criticism and judgement. The risk of letting go – allowing one's stories to take on a life of their own. Stories *becoming* other, no longer my own. Mis/interpretations. The reader's own life and understandings. But words can play games and sometimes mis/direct our paths. I have always been drawn to writers who use fiction and semi-autobiographical writings to express their ideas and experiences, including: Marguerite Duras, Simone De Beauvoir, Françoise Sagan and Henry Miller. But I also wanted to belong to a community where I could share my ideas and listen to others. However, I believed my writings were too immature and ideas too poorly articulated to persist in the world of academia. I had a perceived inability to be able to express my ideas or realize success in this context – to me, academia represented a place of un/be/longing that heightened these insecurities and evoked feelings of inferiority.

As I continued my life outside of academia - observing, reading and writing. I often felt compelled to return to an academic setting - to continue my education and learning, but had come to equate the academic as separate from my lived experiences and learning. The personal and academic occupied separate realms. I recall the first time, after making the decision to return to school to pursue an education degree – that I was asked to write an autobiographical piece as part of a philosophy of education course – *how did the personal influence my understanding of what*

education is? I have since then continued this journey - reflecting on how my life experiences have influenced my understandings, research - and ultimately, my decision to continue to pursue academic studies. Experience as education: The chance meetings, shared stories, struggles, losses, mis/interpretations, understandings and shared knowledge.

Paleokastritsa, Corfu, Greece (2005). Howl! By Allen Ginsberg (1956/ 2001), one of the many books of my life given to me by a friend on a Grecian island all those years ago. I remember that night how the winds howled and the seas roared, as I sat reading in a rented cabin, alone. I wasn't supposed to be here. How did I end up here? A stranger picked me up and brought me to this little slice of paradise: Paleokastritsa, Corfu, Greece, (2005). The year I began to write.

"Here, try this pen, you'll like it," she said.

"I'm not a writer, I don't really have a preference for pens - but I'll give it a try. I'm not sure that it will make much of a difference in my life."

We drank iced coffees in Corfu town, before we hugged and waved goodbye, headed in opposite directions, one towards Athens and the other down an abandoned road to find somewhere to set up her one-man tent for the night. As I walked along the highway that evening I saw the crosses, too many graves already put in place. But I kept on wandering until I found the campground, a beautiful and empty resting place. I could hear the dogs howl, as the cars sped around the bend - but there was no one there, except me - and my pen. As I sat on the picnic table and began to write, an elderly woman appeared carrying a fresh cut bouquet of white irises, this must be a dream I thought to myself. I could hear the laughter of young minds drunk and alive down the road, but I was happy to sit and write. And then an old Grecian man walked by, stopped and in English asked, "Where is your man?"

"He's asleep in the tent." I lied, and suddenly felt so alone, as I watched them walk off hand in hand, one with a cane and the other, a bouquet of fresh white irises.

My only neighbours that night was a Swiss family: a father, mother and their young son, who pulled up in a Volkswagen van to set up camp. They were friendly, but no one could quite understand, why was this young girl traveling alone? She's like a turtle, her life on her back. I remember sleeping that night terrified, as the dogs howled and the cars raced. I tied a shoelace to lock the zipper on my tent and slept with my Swiss army knife close to my pillow. What was I afraid of... the coyotes singing or the ugly side of human nature? The next morning, I woke up fearless in the light and packed my bags, headed to the nearest café with no conversation, but

foreign tongues all around - that is, until I met Jack.

“I heard there was a Canadian here!” a voice from behind. “I love Canada, lived there in seventy-four... best time of my life!”

I laughed.

“So where are you going?”

“I missed the bus this morning and I’m looking for a place to stay.”

“Oh, there are no buses this time of year, the only one that passes you have to flag down and you missed it, but I can give you a ride to a place I know.”

He walked over to his car and pulled out an old photograph from the glove box and handed it to me.

“See, that’s me in 1974. What a great country!” he laughed.

“What were you doing in Canada?” I asked.

“I was smuggling between the US and Canadian border.”

“Really? I just spent my summer working as a Border Guard.”

We both laughed.

“So, you want a ride? I’ve got some friends that have a restaurant and they have friends that own some cabins just down the way. I don’t think that tent is going to do you very well tonight. It’s going to storm. Hop in, I’ll give you a ride.”

I walked to the left-hand side and got in the passenger seat of his rusty little blue car and put the photograph back in the glove box.

“I don’t have money. Twenty euros to my name for the next three days, I don’t think I can afford a hotel and restaurant.”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got friends, they’ll help you out.”

“I brought this beauty over (*tapping the dashboard*) when I came here, but I never went back to that bloody place. I’m not a real Englishman, what a terrible fucking place, here, this is paradise.”

And he took me to his friends where I ate and slept like a queen in a little piece of paradise, where ancient gods roam, sipping *Montagne Bleu* tea and writing while the wind *howled* outside.

Nostalgic Longings

Longing... a return to the page. Ink flows like the spring waters flooding pathways, the old growth of past seasons submerged, rising to become the fertile banks of this year's walkways. New life, old roots. Nostalgic longings, the return to a place of fragmented memories and artefacts that evoke such feelings, but we can never return to a place that is no longer. Boym (2001) defines the term: "Nostalgia (from *nostros* – return home, and *algia* – longing) is longing for a home that no longer exists or never existed" (p. XIII). Nostalgic longings preserve the memory of the past, but also create false illusions that are present. Feelings of be/longing, places and memories, that evoke feelings of comfort and refuge. But the word itself, also denotes an absence or loss. A longing for something that is no longer, or perhaps never existed - an imagined past and future reality.

Boym (2001) refers to the Polish term *tesknota* as described by Eva Hoffman, who describes nostalgia as, "A phantom pregnancy, a "welling up of absence," of all that had been lost" (p. 12). Although, these poetic and literary representations of nostalgic longings have long inspired the romantic imagination, the term itself was coined as a medical term in 1688, by Swiss doctor Johannes Hofer. The nostalgic was referred to as someone, "possessed by a mania of longing," a disease that caused a person to lose touch with reality, consumed with the longing to return to their native land (p. 4). It was considered a curable disease to which treatment was recommended: "Leeches, warm hypnotic emulsions, opium and a return to the Alps usually soothed the symptoms. Purging of the stomach was also recommended, but nothing compared to the return to the motherland believed to be the best remedy for nostalgia" (p. 3). Despite, the origins of the term in medical history, the term continues to inspire the imagination of poets and writers. However, the nostalgic is not always considered someone stuck in the past, halted by grief and a longing for return. "The nostalgic directs his gaze not only backward but sideways, and expresses himself in elegiac poems and ironic fragments, not in philosophical or scientific treaties" (p. 13). Nostalgia can be a form of insight and reflection, inspiring creative works that stir imagination – a reflection of the past that informs the present.

Boym (2001) discusses two types of nostalgia: Restorative and reflective. Restorative nostalgia creates an illusion of a flawless past made present - the reconstruction and dissolution of imperfections that mark its history: "Even in its less extreme form, restorative nostalgia has no use for the signs of historical time – patina, ruins, cracks, imperfections" (p. 45). She explains

that restorative nostalgia seeks to maintain the illusion of a flawless past – and is deeply rooted in tradition and the notion of absolute truth, it does not see itself as nostalgia. Reflective nostalgia however, does not maintain this illusion of perfection. It does not view the past as whole, or complete – it is an interpretation of the pieces left behind. “Reflective nostalgia cherishes shattered fragments of memory and temporalizes space” (p. 49). Boym continues to explain that reflective nostalgia is not opposed to critical thinking, it does not contradict this idea of longing, or deny the emotions that resurface through memory. She further explains this concept:

Reflective nostalgia has elements of both mourning and melancholia. While its loss is never really completely recalled, it has some connection to the loss of collective frameworks of memory. Reflective nostalgia is a form of deep mourning that performs a labour of grief both through pondering pain and through play that points to the future (p. 55).

Reflective nostalgia can provide insight into the past – it allows stories to emerge through the cracks in the surface, the patina formed – the imperfections - that make us human. It does not disguise the past, or seek to return to a former state. It recognizes the past as an experience through which we might learn from our experiences of loss and un/belonging - the pain, grief and desire - to return to a place of comfort, as we begin to re/imagine a new future in looking and beginning to move forward.

The singing bird (Thunder Bay, Canada, Spring 2009).

The singing bird hangs circling inside her cage, she hops from perch to perch - with nowhere to spread her wings. And that day, while he was cleaning her cage, he gave her water to bathe - but she dreamed there was a sea outside. And when he opened her cage to feed, she spread her wings - and took flight. Away into the kitchen, they were coming in from outside. She was free, but fear turned her away. What if everything she had dreamed was locked inside that cage - and outside, nothing but cold. She could fly, but she never knew until that moment of escape. Eyes closed, she dove into the crisp morning air, plunging her heart into the sky – and opening her eyes full flight were birds of every colour. And behind her, the old house built into the hill – her open cage, hanging in the open window.

She was yellow, as bright as the sun. He had hung her cage in the window, but she believed the world a moving screen. And in a moment's time, she

exited the theatre, no one left inside. She was heading South beyond the weakening Western sun, and in the heat of day she knew she could not stay. North. When the snow would melt and the flowers smelled sweeter than this day, she would come to bathe in the water he set inside her cage. He had always been so kind, but was never very careful when he opened her cage, because he knew without knowing when - that one day she would take flight. She had forgotten the day he found her wounded by the bay, having fallen from the sky. He had taken her home and put her in the cage until all her wounds had dried. She was born from an egg, hatched in a tree - what master would not want to set her free?

He smiled the day he saw she had flown away. And when she found home, she was more yellow than bright. She had taken in the heat. And home perched on the deck, beside the open window, she whispered into her sleeping master's ear, "thank you for setting me free." And he never saw but a smile from so very far away, and that is where she built her nest and laid her cyan-coloured eggs, next to the whispering sea. She looked at the palm of her hand, and there were two lines, one that would end and another that would begin - and four small lines around the side, three short and one long. Their lives, wrapped around the palm of her hand.

Home and be/longing. What does it mean to belong to a place, and what does it mean to leave a place – to move, migrate, or be torn from the place we call home. The notion of home has different meanings to different people. From the migratory patterns of birds, to the homesteader born and raised on the land, the breaking rhizomes of wild prairie grasses, and the bones of ancestors that lay buried beneath. Places hold stories – layers of stories, stories passed down through generations. Stories that are re/created in a new time (and place). The stories we carry with us - and those that have been lost or left behind. There are places - that speak to me, and others where this feeling or connection is missing – a place of disconnect, and un/belonging. But what traces we leave behind tell the stories of our existence that alter our sense of understanding and be/longing to a place. Memories rooted in the changing landscapes of my life - a re/new/ed sense of be/longing, that moves with me. Home – was never a single space. Home – a longing to return to the familiarity of the old, while finding comfort in new surroundings.

A place I once called *home*

Figure 9. *Nanabijou (Sleeping Giant)*, Thunder Bay, ON. (Campbell, photograph, 2014)

Ottawa, Canada (February, 24, 2014). This morning I woke with a sadness in my heart, as I wandered back in dream to a place that I once called *home*. I could see the Northern shorelines of Lake Superior from the lookout at Mission Marsh in Thunder Bay, Ontario – its beauty haunting, my heart heavy. I was beginning to forget – I could no longer find my way. I could no longer remember the path we used to take to get to Soldier’s Hole, where we would swim in the summer heat, currents of fresh waters swirling and pulling – the sun shining through the cedar and birch. I felt the burden of time, memory fading. A longing to return - to find my way. But what is it that I miss - the people? The land? A life I once wanted to escape, but the experience that gave to me so much more. And why in dream, is it calling me *home*?

I sat reading, *The Way Finders: Why Ancient Wisdom Matters in the Modern World* by Wade Davis (2009). I’ve been reading the book with my morning coffee the past week, and today, as I turned the last page, I felt a sort of emptiness – what next? As I walked into the kitchen to put my coffee mug in the sink – I looked out our window to Elgin Street, where I saw a

man sitting in front of the Zesty Mart, selling his paintings with a sign that read: “donations for art supplies.” My boyfriend and I were headed out to Bank Street for a weekend brunch, but before leaving I wanted to go have a look at the man’s paintings. It was warm sunny February morning, and bundled-up - we headed across the street. Looking at the man’s paintings, vibrant colours: Blues, oranges and greens, he began to tell us his story. He told us about how he was taken from his family when he was a child and forced to attend residential school. He told us about the pain he suffered, the alcoholism that claimed his life for so many years – and how he found healing through ceremony, prayer, traditional medicines (sweet grass and sage), and art. He said that the Creator gave to him what he needed to set his life straight and to put the bottle away. But above all, he talked about the hope. The hope he has - to lead a good life, and help others.

I could feel the tears begin to swell in my eyes. He was only a child! His/story, the re/living of trauma and loss. The Canadian Parliament, only a few blocks away - it’s hard to forget that it was our government that ordered these children removed from their homes and communities. Although, many would like to ignore this shameful part of our history, as Canadians, we are all part of this story - past and present. The re/living of historical trauma, on repeat – the continued colonization of lands and peoples. How often do we walk by that man or woman on the street without question – without knowing their story, and our role in it? Davis (2009) describes the experience of a group of Penan (the Indigenous people of Malaysia) representatives, when they arrived in Canada to protest the destruction of their lands:

When sometime after my first visit, a number of Penan came to Canada to campaign for the protection of their forests, nothing impressed them more than homelessness. They could not understand how in a place as wealthy as Vancouver such a thing could exist. A Canadian or American grows up believing that homelessness is a regrettable but inevitable feature of life. The Penan live by the adage a poor man shames us all. (p. 174-175).

As we stood there in the cold, listening to this man’s story, he told us he was originally from the reserve near Thunder Bay, and would be heading home again in the Spring. And then, he pointed to one of his paintings, a flying eagle – and in the background, the Sleeping Giant – Nanabijou – in Thunder Bay, my dream. I asked the man if I could purchase his painting of Lake Superior and the Sleeping Giant (I have been told one day will wake), and I thanked him for

sharing his story. His painting, I carry with me – the memory and his/story of a place I once called *home*.

The Feeling of *Home*

Dépaycé. *Dépaycé*, to be removed from familiar surroundings, outside of one's comfort zone. The term comes from early 20th century French, the literal translation meaning: "(removed) from one's own country" (*Dépaycé*, n.d.). The smell of the book markets, the aged pages and stories of the reader's lasting imprints and influence opened my imagination, not only to the works of literature, but also the stories of the people who once held those books in their hands. My time in France was marked by expressions of language and literature, used bookstores, stands and vendors, the sprawling markets of fresh produce, food, cafés, conversation– and travel. For a long time, I hesitated writing about my experiences living in France – and what I did write, I kept hidden in private journals. I did not want to trivialize for me what were formative experiences. Perhaps, it was youthful privilege, but the challenges of finding one's way in new places – is what kept me there. It was a life, unfamiliar and exciting, full of new experiences - and challenges. As a young student, I remember a friend's parting words: *All the other students will come and go, but you'll never really leave, this place has become part of you – and I know, you'll find your way back and I'll see you within a year's time*. After returning to Canada, a longing to return to France preoccupied my mind above all else. I needed to go back. I had fallen in love with the idea this place, life and identity - that was to be my future. It was here I believed, I was free to be the person I was *becoming*. The following year (2006), I would return on a work contract. We would meet again at our usual meeting spot - and once again life would continue over drinks and conversation. Years later, after having first arrived with my student visa in hand, I realize that these stories are a part of me. This movement in/between countries and shifting cultural identities. Canada, the place where I was born. France, the country where my life began and ended (over and over again). And forever the places, I call *home*.

The second-story apartment.

As I walked into the used bookstore in Clermont-Ferrand (France) that day, the owner handed me a book that he had put aside for the next time when I came in. It was a book about the places she had known, the places she called home: 'Les lieux' de Marguerite Duras. As I continued to browse the shop and search for her

name along the shelves, there she was: A woman, writer, child, artist, elder, hero: love. She always wrote about love, what it is, was, and could never be.

I think often of my friend who first introduced me to Duras all those years ago. She is one of the most brilliant women I have ever met. She has a flame for life, and in her ripe age she knows the art of living. She is a woman that changed my life and although I never told her, she has been one of my greatest teachers. I spent hours in her Strasbourg apartment where she would feed me literature and conversation. I gulped it down cup after cup, day after day. She told me that I was her 'buvard'¹ and that I absorbed it all, but could never get enough. I saw a life so very 'delicieuse' and I can't imagine it any other way. She told me when she met me she knew very quickly that I was an artist. I write poetry as I walk down the streets and I often think of my time in Strasbourg walking alone along the quay thinking, this is it, this is where I am home. It is the place where I placed my heart and found healing all those years ago (Campbell, Journal, 2011).

I woke up this morning thinking about the last time I saw her. It's been over a year since I last laid the bouquet of tulips outside of her door, my emails unreturned – silence. It is now the not knowing, not wanting to know – a fear of loss. I knew she was getting older. She spoke of her friends beginning to pass away and accepted that death was as much a part of life as living. I first met Nicole in Strasbourg, France – a city that I knew and loved living as a young university student. I had just accepted a teaching position in a neighbouring town and would wake early mornings to catch my train at 6am, so that I could live in the heart of the city. I had everything I needed in my 12m² apartment: bedroom, kitchen, laundry, dining room, and bathroom. At night, I would pull down a ladder and crawl up to the bedroom mezzanine where I would open my window and look out at the *Cathédrale Notre Dame*, a landmark, and memory of this place.

Nicole lived on the second floor. She was a retired journalist from the *Conseil de l'Europe* and a close friend of my landlord. In my experience living in France, most neighbours keep to themselves and contact was limited to a neighbourly *bonjour/ bonsoir* in the stairwell. My first week in my new apartment, I came home after running some errands to find a yellow sticky note on my door. It was from Nicole inviting me to come and see her. Later that afternoon, I walked down to knock on her door and was greeted by an older woman with a smile. Nicole

¹ Buvard: Sous-main garni de papier poreux qui boit l'encre (*Le Petit Robert*, 2004)

invited me into her apartment and as I entered, my eyes were drawn to the library, the vast collection of books that lined her apartment walls. She directed me into a bright sunlit parlour where she asked me to have a seat. It almost instantly felt like home. Nicole explained that my landlord had told her that I had moved in upstairs and knowing I spoke English she wanted to practice speaking with me. Would I meet with her twice a week to give her lessons?



Figure 10. Cathédrale, Strasbourg, France (Campbell, photograph, 2011)

We began our lessons the following week. I have some of the most beautiful memories of that Strasbourg apartment – the friendship and laughter, a space where I felt at home. Nicole gave to me more than any other teacher had given to me before. I would leave her apartment every Tuesday and Thursday morning feeling passionate and alive. She always said that I was her teacher, but I knew deep down that she had given me more than I could ever return. There were generations between us but it never felt that way. She accepted my youth the same way I accepted her age. I would hang on her words, listening to her stories, as she shared her wisdom and understanding. When I left Strasbourg to return to Canada, I felt lost without her company, an emptiness that no friendship could replace. Nicole always challenged me to travel, study and

dream, but most importantly she encouraged me to read and write. She believed that I had a talent that I did not recognize or believe in myself. She would feed me literature, and every read she gave me was a gem and she always knew what to give me next.

As my life began to unfold in Canada, I got married, moved to Thunder Bay, went back to school, but never lost contact. When I returned to France to visit, Nicole always welcomed me with a smile and would ask when I was moving back. She supported me through my life decisions and was happy to know that I had met someone that would celebrate in mine. After several years in Thunder Bay, I wanted or maybe needed to return to France. I missed my life there. I encouraged my husband at the time to apply to different universities there so that we might return together. He was an artistic and passionate person, who also dreamed of one day living in Europe. I remember the short time before we left, packing up all our belongings, ready to move on, but never did I imagine what my life would become. “Cracks: where the light gets in says Leonard Cohen (1992), or leaks out I reply.” (Scott 2012, p. 218). Flipping through my old journal, I recognize his handwriting. He must have taken my journal to write these last words that for me would later come to symbolize the end of our common life together.

Don't be unappreciated... do you know what goes into the choosing of one single word? A word that may wander across in your excitement without even noticing but the changing of which would alter the flow of the text, disrupting you, causing unknown nightmares. The author is like a sculptor working in the ethereal realm of association... weary of the build up of meanings upon a single word. You almost forget the subject of discussion... in a world of style, we worship the magician, and language becomes the wand with which the sorcerer casts his spell.
(Anonymous, Journal, June 2011)

Before leaving Canada, my dreams began to wake me in the night – piercing symbols, a feeling that something was about to happen. My then husband had left ahead of me to find an apartment in Lyon, and I was to join him later on. Our plan was to meet in Strasbourg: the place I called *home*. New adventures, old friendships renewed. I was looking forward to reconnecting with old friends and visiting Nicole, but when I arrived something happened. Standing there before his eyes, I knew something was wrong. He told me something inside of him had cracked he needed to live a new life. He was ready to live on the fringes of society, lost in a sea of words, ramblings, philosophies, and hurt. I

didn't know what was happening to my life. We were expected to see Nicole the next day, but I couldn't face her. I was too confused and I felt like a failure.

Writing was my medicine. I wrote not to understand, but to vanquish ghosts and rid them from my mind. I was lost and alone, and I knew nothing more than to pick up my pen and write, to tell my story, to share and to heal these wounds. In a new place, alone, my husband gone – coping, trying to understand this struggle I locked myself away and began to write. Later, back in Canada I would sit with a counsellor to tell my story, and grieve this loss - to overcome this trauma, and to understand that perhaps my need to “intellectualize” she said, is something we cannot do when a mind is both beautiful and broken. The only thing we can do for ourselves is to make the choice to accept it together or alone, there is no right or wrong. Before leaving to return Canada, I went back to visit Nicole in Strasbourg one last time - and instantly she knew something wasn't right. I sat with her at that café, my eyes full of tears and told her everything and she listened with understanding. She told me there is no pain greater than this loss, and that the only way to heal my heart was to finish writing the novel I had begun, and to close this chapter of my life. During the next six months I followed her advice, I had amassed thousands of words, edited, reedited. And when finally I felt I had said it all – I had rid myself of this pain and words, I gave in. I had been trying to be strong for too long - tried to cover it up, thinking that I could fix it all – everything was going to be okay.

I never went back to Strasbourg to say goodbye to Nicole before I boarded my plane. I had news from Canada that my sister had been in a car accident and needed someone to help with her care, and I was ready to be there. It was also my escape. I left my job to return home to care for my sister and to pick up the pieces of my life. Sometimes caring for someone else can help us to forget our own suffering, so that we can begin to heal. “There is a crack in everything...” (Cohen, 1992). It is by no fault, or failure that we may stumble and fall. These moments of weakness, darkness, or whatever name we may give or call them – are the moments when we realize that perhaps somethings are meant to *crack* or break, so that the light can shine through.

Aoki (2000/2005) states, “So attuned, we note that the ‘crack’ offers us two understandings of curriculum: curriculum-as-plan and curriculum-as-live(d)” (p. 322). As life is curriculum: the life we plan is not always the life we live. As I re/read these words, I am once again reminded - that life itself, is an education. My greatest teachers are not necessarily those who have stood before me in front of blackboards, but the people whom I have met - those who

have touched my life, and taught me lessons that extend beyond classroom walls. They are the people that have a certain sensibility to the world, with both a passion and compassion who have taught what really matters most: love. As Scott (2012) writes, “What I have learned: one thing that has focused me, altered my way of reading the world: all that matters is compassion, small gestures of care, words or silence, touch or stillness: the form is not so important as the care” (p. 223).

In 2013, I returned to France, and after not being able to reach Nicole I went to see her at her apartment with a letter and bouquet of tulips, but there was no one home. I thought maybe she was on holidays and would be back soon, but I never heard any response. I wanted to thank her for all that she had done for me, her words of encouragement and understanding over the years, but most of all, her belief and faith in me. She gave to me a sense of belonging in a place that for me will always be *home*. I never heard anything more from Nicole. My letters and emails unreturned. I am not sure of what the answer is – where she is, or how she is. Nicole used to tell me her stories, not only the good things that happened to her, but also the struggles – life and loss. She once told me that as we age loss comes with more of an acceptance, through these lived experiences of loss we begin to understand – that loss is a part of life. It does not shield or protect us from loss, but the most difficult losses are those we first experience, the loss of love and life. These shared stories and experiences have shaped my own understandings – and these people and places – my life’s greatest teachers.

On My Way Home

As the years passed, I continued along this unsteady road collecting fallen feathers from eagles, hawks, ravens and crows. And at night while you lay sleeping, dreaming your escape. I stayed up, crafting a new pair of wings. I think I always knew that one day you would leave, and in a moment’s time – I would take flight – the return home. (Campbell, Journal, 2011)

Finding my way home. “The truth about stories is that is all that we are” (King, 2003, p. 2). Memories and creative imaginings, people and places, that shape our identities and lived realities. Reflecting on these experiences and the pedagogical possibilities of places, how might the meaning of these experiences - the ever-changing landscapes of our lives be transformed through story? Re/visting and understanding our connection to places, what teachings might they hold? After several years living abroad in France, and traveling Europe. I returned *home* to the

familiar landscape of childhood roots and memories – it is a place (Ontario, Canada) that I now see and understand very differently. Visiting my family’s home, I took great pleasure in keeping the fires burning, watching the logs turn into glowing ambers. Admiring the beauty of the snow-covered trees in February. Every year, I eagerly await the arrival of the spring, so I can begin to plant my seedlings, but this year will be different. I will give away the plants I have been nursing indoors this winter. After almost two years of being home in this landscape, I am leaving to find new roots. I will again collect and pack the objects that will travel with me – artefacts that evoke meaning and memories of this and other places.

There are places that become part of us - the fabric of the stories we tell and places we imagine ourselves. Each place evokes different feelings, tastes, sounds - textures of life that resonate through my being. They are the memories of a past and distant future. (Campbell, Journal, 2014).

In transient homes, I have found comfort and refuge. Places, I have lived and travelled. Amidst these changing landscapes, I have stepped back into the familiar, yet foreign land of academia. And for me the academy has become a type of second *home*. It offers me new stability in the ever-changing landscapes of my life. A place, I once struggled to belong – where I found the comfort and refuge of words, and though this a re/new/ed sense of *belonging*. I relate to the words of Palulis (2014), when she describes herself, “a wounded writer,” having first arrived at the threshold of an Aokian discourse (p. 120). “Provocative scholars of outlaw genres” (p. 120). I find comfort in her words, a space of retreat - when I need to escape the often dissonance of mainstream academia. Someone to provide space and offer a sense of “humility to disrupt the arrogance of academia” (p. 124). I continue to draw inspiration from her words, which serve as a reminder of why I am here, and of the “work yet-to-be-done” (p. 124).

Parting Ways

Last night I dreamed I saw you again, but this time in the present. I saw you standing, your coaxing smile – a dream, I could not repair. Memories of the past resurface in new places – to teach me? To not forget? To haunt? You never saw or knew I was there, that day I said goodbye, as you sat at the coffee counter immersed in your book and I stood looking in from the outside. I sometimes re/imagine that day, and tonight I saw you again – but we were in different places.

I was here, and you were there – and there was no longer the possibility of return, a place we could call home.

- Campbell, Journal, 2018

Nostalgia is paradoxical in the sense that longing can make us more empathetic toward fellow humans, yet the moment we try to repair longing with belonging, the apprehension of loss with a rediscovery of identity, we often part ways and put an end to mutual understanding. Algia – longing – is what we share, yet, nostos – the return home is what divides us.

- Boym, 2001, pp. XV-XV

It was years later (Spring 2018), when he showed up at the backdoor of my parents' house. He said he had come to ask their forgiveness, mine too. I think perhaps, he came that day thinking I might also be there. My mother told me she heard a soft knock at the back door and was shocked to see his face. He was nervous, unsure of who would be there. He said he had come to ask their forgiveness, mine too.

He sat in my parents' home sipping tea with my mother – telling her of all the places he had travelled, and how he struggled to overcome his illness. Nothing and everything had changed for me, he was still the same person in my mind. Searching, not knowing – where it is we find *home*. A place of peace, comfort and retreat, from the chaos of the mind and world.

My heart no longer aches. I had long ago grieved this loss, forgiven myself – and forgiven him too. I had no other choice. There was no longer the sentimentality of small gestures or perceived acts of kindness.

He had become a stranger to me. He was a stranger the day I met him, and even more a stranger - the last time I saw him.

My memories are of a love that is no longer. My love was for a life, that is no more - and my hope, is no longer for the life - that I thought we would live, together.

It was in choosing our separate ways that I found healing, and re/new/ed sense of hope - re/imaging my life (over and over again). New destinations. The places that will *become* part of my life story and places, I call *home*.

Two Years Later**January 7, 2018.**

I am in awe and love each waking morning, as she rolls over and raises her head, a toothless grin. The routine begins again. My body to nourish and feed her. My soul awakened by her presence. She is everything that could not be. She is life restored. And today, I chose to remember the lives that were given and taken on this day. The Grandmothers are watching, of this - I'm sure.

- Campbell, Journal, 2018

Holding my daughter in the warmth of her fuzzy star blanket, cradled close to my heart. I no longer grieve the child I once longed to hold. She lives as part of me - and it is now my daughter, I hold. Sleepless nights of comforting her small body as she fights this season's fever. I long for rest, but remembering this loss, gives me the reassurance that this moment too is beautiful. I can hold and comfort her in arms – that before, I could not extend. A child of the imaginary heavens. I spoke to her so softly, her sweet and gentle laugh, as she walked red shores peeking under stones, each moving creature, her pure delight. My dream, the night before, I knew she was gone.

Looking forward. As I hold my daughter a little closer, I think of all the places I have been and the people I have met. How they have influenced and impacted my life in so many ways – and how my life has been transformed. I have not forgotten the past, the heartbreak and suffering, but I know now – how we chose to move forward is a choice. To hold on to anger and bitterness, would no longer serve me. And it is through these experiences, the breaks and/or cracks, where the stories began to re/surface and leak through – that altered and redirected my path. Stories of loss and un/belonging that led me to the place where I found healing and a re/new/ed sense of *belonging* – and in this place, I found *home*.

Chapter 4: Grandmothers

Do all daughters become their mother's biographers, taking her history and passing it on to future generations?

- Johnson, 2014, p. 253

Given the belief that we tell our own stories backwards through our mother's and grand-mother's (Behar, 1996, 94), whose stories am I writing?

- Tye, 2010, pp. 37-38

In Retrospect

We write our stories in retrospect. The reinvention of events. The influence of families, lineages and his/her/stories. The DNA of our ancestors, bodies, carriers of genetic information, transformed – and given to new life. The stories of our grandmothers alive within our bodies, the blood that flows between generations. The birth of each new generation, a reminder - the world will never be ours again. We inherit our actions, neglect or care, to our children. Speaking with the grandmothers (in silence and voice), listening and learning, uncovering pieces or fragments of their stories. Those who cannot speak, we remember – following paper trails, records of life, marriage, birth and death, census data, photographs, recordings, artifacts, gravesites and monuments. The stories that were never shared, written or recorded, as well as those passed down through the generations. Honouring the grandmothers who gave life, their stories - the blood that flows through my veins. And through this process, becoming part of their story - memory and lives. To the grandmothers, both figurative and blood, we owe our respect. To the grandmothers, the women who gave rise to future generations, we are indebted - and to this we also owe our children, the future generation of grandmothers.

The Month of September

This chapter begins in the month of September, a month in my life that has come to represent the birth and life of grandmothers. This is where my own story and first breath of life begins - in a hospital room, in a small town in Eastern Ontario. Given life by my own mother, whose birthday celebration that year was spent in hospital, and with whom I always joke, that year, received best gift of all: Me. In the crisp autumn air, colours changing, wood fires burning

and leaves falling, the month of September has always represented a time of new beginnings in my life. The start of the new school year, academic endeavours and landscapes. The fallen leaves and organic matter beginning to decompose, to create humus – to give back to the soil, and give rise to next year’s gardens. These stories as they unfold, move in and out of memory and time – the telling of stories and tracing of my grandmothers his/her/stories. The grandmothers whose lives I shared - and others, whom I never met. Imagining, re/inventing and re/writing their stories. Stories passed down through the generations, and others found or uncovered, bringing me back to the month of September.

In writing this collection of stories, I decided to take pause - and give other stories on which I had been working, rest – and return to them later. It seemed important for several reasons to finally begin work on this chapter dedicated to grandmothers during the month of September. To begin to piece this research together - the stories, fragments, artifacts and paper trails. And it is with the support of my own mother, the new generation of grandmothers – that I could dedicate this time to this work and writing. During the month of September, my own mother travelled to come and stay with us to help care for our young daughter, so that I could dedicate this time to writing. I also saw her visit as an opportunity to be able to share this work, my research and stories – the fragments, I have gathered and collected over the last few years with her. To give her the opportunity to read this work – to clarify, and comment, and to ensure the stories dedicated to her grand/mother/s are told in a way that honours both their memory and our shared stories. The second reason, I decided to dedicate this month to writing this chapter is because of a found intergeneration connection to the month of September, the story of my great-great-grandmother: Jessie Brown. A name, I had never heard mention of before I began this research. The story of a grandmother no one really seemed to know much about - only to find, she was also born in the month of September.

The Repetition of Stories

In my family there was one person, usually the old grandmother, who was this keeper and teller, and that was also true of the larger extended family/community as well. She was loved and respected by the people, and the stories have her authority. Her loyalty was to the children and she was responsible for passing on to them this knowledge so they could have a good life and, if they were ever lost, the lessons in the stories would guide them home.

- Campbell, 2011, p. xviii

The repetitive nature of stories is what helps us remember, it is this repetition that engrains them in our minds (King, 2014). Speaking with my paternal grandmother, she spoke about how when my grandfather was alive and would get together with his siblings, they would all tell the same stories over and over again. My grandfather's family, whose origins trace to the Isle of Skye (*Eilean a' Cheò* "Island of Mist" or *t-Eilean Sgitheanach* "Winged Isle"), Scotland/Alba (Gaelic), are known to have descended from a long line of Gaelic poets and storytellers (Malkin, 2007; Shaw, 1987). My paternal grandfather's mother, Great-Grandma, was known in our family and extended community circle as a great storyteller. A woman who lived to the age of 106, I was privileged to know her as a child and young adult. As a child every summer, our family would visit Great-Grandma at her home in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island (PEI), where my siblings and I would listen, as she told us stories of her childhood spent along the shores of the Northumberland Strait in Little Sands, PEI. As children, we were most fascinated her "ghost stories" - Island legends, folklore and myths, stories of forerunners lights, buried treasures and phantom ships (Watson, 1988; Watson, 2018). The stories of the *places* – and the shifting landscapes of her life and culture identities. My paternal grandmother spoke of my grandfather's family as storytellers, much of their family history and stories recorded and re/told - over and over, again. But her family, she said, were never storytellers - and for this, she knew very little of her own family's stories and origins.

In recent years, my paternal grandmother has begun piecing together what she knows of our family's history and lineage, recording and preserving it for future generations. Giving names to the faces in old portraits and labeling photographs, images she has inherited, as well as those she and my grandfather had taken over the years. Piecing together the stories of people and places she remembers. But there are still many empty spaces or blanks, where living memories no longer serves, his/her/stories were never shared or told, and records cannot complete. With the passing of the older generation – cousins, aunts, uncles and other relatives, many of the names and connections to places have been lost. However, my grandmother did share with me what she has documented and does know about our family's history. Memories of her own childhood and family history, that helped to point me in the right direction – and a place, where I might begin and continue this family research on her behalf. In recent years, online resources including digitized records, government archives and ancestry sites, have made retrieving many

government and historical records ever more accessible. But I soon learned, relying on paper trails - isn't always easy. Written by hand, names misspelled or illegible - it can become somewhat of a guessing game, and not all records found are a true match. Common names often misdirect our paths and when we think we might have a lead, we may be chasing the wrong person, or someone else's story. MacDougall (2017) further discusses the challenge of relying on written or printed archival records. She explains that people are mobile unlike records that are "static" – and when a person leaves a place, so might their paper trail end. The spaces in/between – the movement between places. MacDougall continues to explain:

For historians who rely on archival records to locate their research subjects, space is a challenging concept because, by definition, when people leave an area from which the records have originated they disappear from the gaze of record keepers. In short, mobility between places – within the spaces – is a difficult concept to capture because records are static. (pp. 66-67)

The spaces in/between – the stories, what records cannot tell us. Trying to piece together these fragments of his/her/stories – stories forgotten and/or untold. And through this process, I soon realized that my ambition to learn and trace my grandmother's ancestral lines and stories, would not be completed in the short span of a few years - it would become a lifetime endeavour. As I continue this journey, following paper trails, gathering the fragments, piecing stories together – to pass on to the next generation, there will always be missing pieces. Weaving together these threads of stories may leave holes or gaps, like the lacework of other stories (Marver, 1997). However, in tying these loose ends together, I am at the same time creating a fabric - that I will one day leave to my daughter, as she continues to live and tell the stories of her grandmothers.

Perennial Gardens

Perennial: Lasting or existing for a long or apparently infinite time; enduring or continually recurring. (perennial, n.d.)



Figure 11. Milkweed and monarch caterpillar (Campbell, photograph, 2018)

Planting perennial gardens and reintroducing native species into the landscape, knowing the time and patience needed to help them re-establish their place, is a humbling experience. As life has shifted and taken us in so many different directions, this land/scape has become my *home*. These gardens that I have tilled and weeded, and seeds I have planted – give me hope. A sense of *belonging* to this place. But still in the back of my mind, there is always this knowing – that this place, this land/scape – may not be forever, the place I call *home*. It is but a temporary resting place. And this place too, like the others before, may one day become one of the storied landscapes of my life. Descriptive memories, fleeting images and hues of colour. The memory of bringing my newborn daughter *home*. The vibrant pink blossoms, as we drove down the tree-

lined street, the spring flowers in full bloom, as though announcing her arrival and welcoming her home. *Home* where I first began my work in the garden. While tending and establishing new gardens, I have learned that re/introducing native and perennial species into the landscape, takes time. It often can take several years for the plants to fully establish themselves and begin to grow. The first few years, they are working to build root systems, while above ground, they may appear weakly or fragile – underground, life is at work. The plants are busy building, establishing and strengthening their roots and place in the garden. There are certain plants and seeds that may not grow at all the first year, they need the cold temperatures of the winter season to unlock their dormancy to begin to germinate. At first glance these newly planted native and perennial gardens may appear sparse, but below the surface their potential is growing – and their work has already work begun. After only a few years, I find monarch caterpillars crawling along the stems of the milkweed and butterflies resting on the coneflowers (echinacea). Last year's bergamot (bee balm), mint blossoms, and anise, are swarming with bees - and hidden amongst the nasturtiums and black-eyed susans, I spot a large toad. To many this might seem insignificant - life abound in rural spaces, but when we first moved here, there were few blossoms for the bees or butterflies to pollinate, or gardens for toads to feast or find shelter. This place may not be our forever home. We may again uproot and move our family, so that our daughter can grow up closer to her grandparents and extended family. But if the opportunity does not present itself, or until that time - we will continue to plant these seeds - to re/new, create and care, for this land, as through we were here to stay. And through this process, we are beginning to envision a different future - health and abundance, for our children and the many generations to come. It is here in the garden, where I first learned to live as though I were here to stay - as though this land, were the land that will feed and nourish my own family and future generations, because it is. The time and care devoted to this space, establishing gardens to bloom and grow each season - and trees that give fruit, is for the future. Whether we stay or leave, I will continue to live as though we are here to stay. The great-grandmothers planted the seeds that grew and gave life, and while some would never live to witness the lives they nurtured – the possibilities they offered to their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and generations to come continues to live on.

Matrilineal Storylines

*what blood flows through my body
as maternal lines weave patterns
like varicose veins
tracing images, moving circles
over the steeps of my spine
telling stories*

There are stories that shape us and there are stories that we create, we are the story-makers as much as we are the storytellers, and each thread we weave evokes its own meanings and truths (King, 2003; Kimmerer, 2013; Simpson, 2011). Fragments like breadcrumbs I have gathered along the way, stories that flow through my bloodlines - images and photographs of places where I have lived and dwelled (past, present and future), and those that I am left to imagine. Places that are a part of us – and our family’s his/her/stories. The stories of my paternal great-grandmother’s childhood and youth learning along the sand shores of the Northumberland Strait, Prince Edward Island. Her love of the sea and connection to this place. Stories that provide glimpses into our family’s past, my great-grandparents first arriving on these shores from the Isle of Colonsay and Skye. The intergeneration loss of language and the re/invention of stories and folklore that found their place here. My maternal grandmother’s connection to the imagined landscapes of her father’s childhood in Scotland. An imagined place she held within to her heart, and longed to one day see. Her shared memories of growing up in the rural landscape of North Augusta, Ontario – riding horse and buggy, and climbing snow drifts to get to school. The loss of her young mother, and a family and siblings separated. The strength of family ties and familial connections, she held together. I sit at my paternal grandmother’s kitchen table sipping tea, family lines now tracing back over seven generations. We speak about the loss of human connection and community, the rise of technologies and loss of communication, intergenerational stories, what knowledge we hold and what knowledge has been lost. How these fragments and her/his/stories are transformed through me. As I trace these storylines through vast landscapes and shifting cultural identities, I continue to ask the question: What does it mean to *belong* to a place?



Figure 12. Fall colours, Otter Lake, Ontario. (Campbell, photograph, 2015)

I have always believed that my roots were in the place that I was born, the wooded landscapes and fresh lakes of Eastern Ontario – the cycles and seasons, the temperament of this land and the memories it holds. How the faces have changed with the passing of time and changing of seasons. As Wagamese (2011) writes: “It seems to me that sometimes seasons leave us the same way people do, never just gone, but degree by degree, fading like the smell of a loved one’s sweater, until the vanishing one day evolves into memory” (p. 1). I think of the Grandmothers who are no longer here with us, and those whose memories live on through us. Memories rooted in these places and changing seasons. Summers-gone-by: The Ripening fruit in the garden, buzz of the (locusts) cicadas, hymns of frogs, call of the loon and dancing choruses of fireflies; The chill of the air in the fall, crackling cedar and wood fires, scattered acorns, red, yellow and orange maples; White-covered landscapes of freshly-fallen snow shimmering in the daylight and ice rinks to skate; The smell of dampened soil, tadpoles, turquoise robin eggs, fresh leeks, dog-toothed violets and bloodroot (Campbell, Journal, 2016). Images and memories, a sense of be/longing to this place runs through my veins, but what does it mean to *belong* to a place? How are notions of be/longing transformed when generations of grandmothers and great-

grandmothers lay buried beneath? “Bones emptied of their living flesh are stones. They hold sounds. Some bones carry the dreams, the joy, the rage of their forebears. Some bones carry sweet old songs, others songs of torment and agony” (Maracle, 2014, p. 98). What songs and stories do my grandmothers’ bones hold and what songs might they sing to the living? How do notions of be/longing transform one’s sense of identity when looking to the past to inform our own understanding of the past, present and future? Simpson (2016) describes the meaning of the word, *kobade*, a word to express this intergenerational connection:

The idea of my arms embracing my grandchildren is communicated in the Nishnaabeg word *kobade*. According to elder Edna Manitowabi, *kobade* is a word we use to refer to our great-grandparents and our great-grandchildren. It means a link in a chain – a link in the chain between generations, between nations, between states of being, between individuals. I am a link in a chain. We are all links in a chain. (Simpson, 2016, para. 22).

Stories that link us to the past and bring us into the future. The intergenerational connection of great-grandparents to great-grandchildren. Knowing that we are part of something that began before we were here and extends beyond us. Knowing and learning the names of our great-grandmothers, their stories and the places they called *home*.

Paternal Grandmothers

“Grandma” (Norma Jane (née Trodden) Campbell).



Figure 13. Grandma (Norma Jane (née Trodden) Campbell) holding me (Ashley Elizabeth Campbell-Ghazinour) as an infant.

*Tea, fresh rolls and soup
she is my only living line
of grandmothers
of curly grey and white hair
of youthful stories
and memories of the past*

Speaking with my paternal grandmother (my only living grandmother) about my research, trying to learn and understand more about my family’s past, she spoke of her own childhood and

family, the unknowns. The grandmother she never knew, stories that were never shared or told – a link to her past (and mine) that was missing. When I think of my relationship with my paternal grandmother, “Grandma,” the many shared memories and experiences, I also begin to think about this absence in her life, the memories and relationship she was never able to have with her own maternal grandmother. The unknown story, and missing piece or link in our family’s history. As children, the relationship we have with our grandparents is unique. They are a gift – they carry the stories of our past and connect us to our families. An intergenerational bond that offers a unique perspective - witness to the changing social, political and physical landscapes, and the lives of those walked here before us. A knowing and understanding of how things have changed over the years - and how some things never change, they always stay the same. The rise and development of new infrastructure and technologies - and understanding perhaps, that progress doesn’t always mean for the better. That which has been created - and what has been lost, forgotten or left behind. Grandparents have lived and experienced many changes and throughout their lives, gained new perspective and understanding. The knowledge of the grandmothers, their lives and experiences, passed down through the generations through stories. Lasting memories. And perhaps through their stories, we might also gain new insight and understanding with a re/new/ed vision for the future.

During a visit with my grandmother, she shared the story of when she and my grandfather were first married and looking to buy a home. A place where they could raise their young family and was possible to afford, when they came across an old farmhouse, my grandmother said, “suited her just fine.” The place they called *home* - where they would raise their children, and their grandchildren and now great-grandchildren, would return to visit. At the time, when my grandparents were first looking to find a home for their family, they were looking for just that – a home. A place to live and raise their children. It wasn’t until after the purchase of the old farmhouse that they would learn, from a neighbour – all that it entailed. Unbeknownst to my grandparents at the time, the old farmhouse extended beyond the reach of the barns and surrounding fields to include two hundred acres of forested land. “The bush,” as we called it as kids, growing-up beside our grandparents. Our childhood home a short distance away, walking through the field and down the lane to get to Grandma and Grandpa’s house, or “the Farm” as we called it. My siblings and I grew up with a sense of *belonging* to this place. A land/scape that would in many ways come to define our childhood. The privileges of learning on the land, and

time spent outdoors – the fresh air, open fields and forests. Early spring walks, the smell of the woods and freshly melted snow, purple violets peeking through the blanket of mushy rust coloured leaves, the creek running high, the water trickling over fallen logs and stones, or “the Waterfall” as we called it. I always thought Spring was always the best time of the year for a walk in the woods, before the blackflies became unbearable and mosquitos arrived. But each changing season, brought its own wonders. The song of the cicadas in the summer heat, searching for salamanders under rotten logs and fallen trees. School buses arriving in the fall, the tractor wagon loaded with hay bales placed for teachers, parent chaperons and students to sit. Riding behind the tractor back to the tree fields in search of the perfect Christmas tree. Friends and family bundled in their warmest winter wear, legs dangling over the edge of the wagon hitched behind the tractor headed back to “the Beaver Dam.” Bonfires were lit and snow cleared off the frozen marsh that became our skating rink in winter. In early spring, the school buses would again arrive full of students for a class trip and nature walk, or Phys Ed and science class outside. Growing up in a rural community, my grandparents welcomed the many different school, church, and community groups – a place of gathering, and learning.

“The Farm” was never a fully operational farm, although at different times, it hosted a herd or two of cattle, and the odd barn cat – but it was mostly known for its Christmas trees. In the early days when my grandfather was working on the railroad, my grandmother said he was often asked by the other railroaders, if he wouldn’t mind cutting and bringing them a tree from the farm for the holiday season. The idea of always cutting the younger trees wasn’t sustainable in the long-term and gave him the idea to create something more lasting. A tree farm, that has now been operational for over 50 years. Every year my Grandparents would order a new shipment of evergreen saplings to be planted in the fields surrounding the house: Spruce, scotch, red and white pine. Pruned and planted in the spring, cut and harvested during the holiday season - visiting the Christmas tree farm, has become a tradition for many in this rural community and neighbouring townships. Nearly all their grandchildren, including myself, have worked on the farm at one point or another, greeting and giving customers directions, handing out candy canes, colouring books, and handsaws for cutting their tree and rope to tie it to the roof of their car. My grandmother spoke to me about how in recent years even the Christmas tree business has begun to change since they first began operation. The many excited faces, young and old, arriving - ready to head out into the cold, back to the fields in search of the perfect Christmas tree. The odd

branch sticking out, slightly misshapen, decorated – it was perfect. But over the years, the ideal of the Christmas tree has changed, as the holiday crowds arrive in the search of the ever perfect or “sophisticated” Christmas tree, as my Grandma referred to it. Flawless and artificial looking, not a limb out of shape. Truckloads of trees arriving on transports to large chain store lots – perfectly groomed, removing the experience of being in the outdoors, even in rural communities.

Each spring, my Grandma, continues to wait for the new shipments of saplings to arrive, while keeping watch over the fields, the many comings and goings around the farm. In summer season, she can usually be found out cutting the lawn, planting flowers, household chores and yard work, running the farm - and cooking for the grandchildren nearby. Come late fall and winter, she can be found back in her workshop behind the house, working on her Christmas wreaths, while keeping the house warm and wood fires burning. The history of these places and the many changes the grandmothers have lived and witnessed. Changing landscapes and technologies. My grandmother explains to me that the hill or mound behind the barn, that I never much paid attention to before - is where the old root cellar used to be. This was where people use to store their food during the winter months, before the invention of home refrigeration units. A time when most planted and grew their own gardens, food to feed and nourish their families (and communities). I think of how my grandmother’s childhood must have looked so different from my own, and how my childhood - will look so different from that of my daughter’s. The rise of new technologies, electronic gadgets, personal devices, smartphones, market superstores and online shopping. How these technologies have come to define this generation, and what this will look like to future generations looking back. How the land (and climate) have also changed, and the importance of learning from the grandmothers and older generations, as we continue to move forward. Because what we do today, will also shape our children’s futures. As a new mother to a young daughter, I continue to do my best to provide opportunities for my daughter to know and spend time with her grandparents and to have these relationships with her grandparents. I also want her to see and understand that how we live today will impact the way we live tomorrow. To provide and nurture these connections to places, and sense of belonging, family and community – past, present and future.

My Grandmother, now in her eighties, continues to run and manage the Christmas tree farm with the help of family, after the passing of my grandfather several years ago. In the late fall, before the holiday rush, the old shed behind the house will once again be transformed into

her workshop - a table set up with her tools, and trimmed boughs and bows for making her Christmas wreaths. During this busy season, she appears from her workshop to greet the customers, or share a story – with one of the regulars, who return year after year. Many now bringing their children, grandchildren and even some great-grandchildren. With the birth and arrival of my daughter, “Grandma” has become “Great-Grandma,” and in her role as a great-grandmother, she continues to carry the stories of our family forward. Witness to the many changes, new lives and losses, as she continues to welcome the new generation of great-grandchildren into her home.

“Granny Trodden” (Mabel Alice (née Buker) Trodden).



Figure 14. Mabel Alice (née Buker) Trodden (paternal grandmother's mother)

I thought a long time about what to write about my great-grandmother, Granny Trodden, who I was privileged to know growing up, visiting her in her home, in Smiths Falls, Ontario, and later visiting her at my grandparent's house, or at the nursing home in Merrickville, Ontario. I

know she raised her own children, including my grandmother, outside of town on the farm or “old homestead,” but this is how and where I remember her - at *home* in town, and later visiting her at the nursing home. I reflected a long time about what to write about her, the meaning and experience of knowing a great-grandmother. How I saw her as a child and my relationship with her as a great-grandchild. I thought about asking my grandmother to tell me more about her experience growing up and her relationship with her mother. But the relationship between mothers and daughters is often very different from the relationships we have with our grandmothers. As grandchildren, we see our grandmothers through a different lens and from the unique perspective of children. We do not see their faults or flaws, but see them through the eyes of innocence and love. There is a certain sense of wonderment and admiration for grandmothers – their age and experience. My grandmothers were all so precious to me in many ways. As a grandchild and great-grandchild, I know that I saw and understood these relationships with my (great)grandparents differently than my parents or grandparents did with their own parents. Granny Trodden was never a storyteller. I don’t ever remember her speaking of her own childhood or memories, family anecdotes or lived experiences, but what I do remember about her, is the texture of her skin. Soft hands, deep wrinkles and glasses. I always think of her wrinkles, the creases and folds – and softness of age. I think, I always hoped that one day, when I was an old lady - I would inherit her wrinkles. The storylines of her experience. I was fascinated by the appearance and texture of her skin. Her wrinkles were so interesting and beautiful to me as a child. When I think of her now, the memory of my great-grandmother, her aging body and gentle demeanor – I think of the way a river passes through the earth, the turns and bends – depths and banks. The way the exposed mud along the river banks cracks as it dries in the sun. The fractures in rock. The way the tide leaves ripples in the sand. The textures of the earth and soil. What I remember most about my great-grandmother, more than any story that was ever told, is the texture of her skin. The storylines of her life, and wrinkles formed by time. As a young child, I don’t think I fully understood what it meant to have a great-grandmother, the intergenerational connection – and blood that flows through my veins. But as I reflect on this experience and relationship, I am so grateful now that I have a living memory of her, the way I remember her.

Granny Trodden would have never known her grandmothers. I never heard speak or tell of her own mother until I began to ask our family’s past. I never thought to ask these questions as

a child or teenager, and to my memory I never heard anyone ever talk about my Granny Trodden's mother. The missing pieces and connections to our past. My Grandma told me that Granny Trodden had lost her mother at a young age, and grew up, possibly never having her mother's stories to pass on. Perhaps, it was difficult for her to talk about, or she grew up in an era where it was taught not to talk about certain things. The past was better left in the past. However, I suspect that the early death of her mother never provided her the chance to learn her mother's stories – to know where she came from, her experience and family. My grandmother has very few memories of her mother ever talking about her childhood or mother. Small glimpses into the past. The missing links that connect us to our families and his/her/stories.

The Unknown Story: Great-Great-Grandmother (Jessie (née Brown) Buker)



Figure 15. Faux alligator skin trunk (Campbell, photograph, 2016)

As I began searching through old records and online archives, what I found was a connection to my past: Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandmother), and what we shared was unique, the same date of birth: September 19th, generations apart (as recorded on her death certificate, See Appendix A). When I showed my grandmother what I had found, she told me she had something for me – something hadn't yet decided to whom it should belong. Her niece had asked her, as

the oldest living female relative in the family, if there was someone she would like to pass on a piece of furniture she had inherited from her grandmother (Mabel (Buker) Trodden/Granny Trodden). The piece of furniture she spoke of was an old metal framed wooden trunk covered in faux alligator skin with the name, “Jessie Brown,” written across the front, and inside, several old photographs. My Grandma (paternal grandmother) knew very little about the story of her maternal grandmother, Jessie (Brown) Buker, who died when her own mother (Mabel (Buker) Trodden) was still a child. What my grandmother did remember hearing from her own mother, was that Jessie Brown died of a physical weakness in her body, after doctors had warned her against having more children. Her health declined after her physical body started to shut down after the birth of her youngest child. According to her death certificate Jessie (Brown) Buker died on December 21, 1923, at the age of 35, in Brockville, Ontario, Canada. The cause of death listed on her death record states that she died of “paresis” (See Appendix A). Paresis is “a condition of muscular weakness caused by nerve damage or disease; partial paralysis,” a medical term that comes from the late 17th century Latin term meaning, “from para- ‘alongside’ + hienai ‘let go’” (paresis, n.d.). A young woman whose physical body left her no choice, but to let go. Forced to let go of this world and physical body, leaving behind her young children and family. But perhaps, learning more about her story, might also provide a key to unlocking the many unknowns in our family’s past. Born in September, and leaving this world - at the young age of 35. September, as I write this story, also marks my 35th birthday – and the year, I write her story.



Figure 16. Photographs inside the trunk (Campbell, photograph, 2016)

Engraved on a family headstone in Elmwood Cemetery, Perth, Ontario, are the names of Jessie Brown's husband, "Alex" or Alexander Buker (1888-1946), and daughter, Minerva Buker (1910-1939). On the headstone, Jessie's Brown's name is recorded as, "Jessica Brown" (1887-1923); however, no other found records indicate her full name to be "Jessica" (Ancestry.com, 2012b). Beyond what my grandmother knew about her maternal grandmother, no one in our family, or those still living to share their memories or stories, knew much about Jessie Brown. It was believed by several family members in our family that Jessie Brown had been of Scottish descent and had arrived as a new immigrant from Scotland to Canada. My grandmother told me that from what she knew from her mother (Mabel (Buker) Trodden), that her grandfather had remarried after the death of her grandmother (Jessie (Brown) Buker), and that her mother (Mabel (Buker) Trodden) was raised by a step-mother, and rarely to her memory, did she ever speak of her birth mother, Jessie Brown. My grandmother said that after the death of her grandmother, her mother (Mabel (Buker) Trodden) had told her that she was often left to care for the younger children and many household responsibilities by her step-mother.



Figure 17. Photograph found inside the trunk; Left to right: Alexander Buker, Jessie (Brown) Buker and Percy Brown (Campbell, photograph, 2016)

I learned from found records of her death and gravesite, that she had lived and died very young. But who was Jessie Brown? Other than a trunk with the name, “Jessie Brown,” written on front, and the few photographs found inside, no one really knew much about the life of Jessie Brown. It had long been believed that our family was of Scottish (maternal) and Irish (paternal) descent. However, locating Jessie Brown’s record of death now provided new information to indicate that she in fact was not Scottish, but had in fact arrived, as a first-generation immigrant to Canada, and was of British descent (See Appendix A).



Figure 18. Copy of a portrait of Jessie Brown

Who was Jessie Brown? As I look at her image, the photograph found inside the trunk, I start to study her image. Her hair pulled back, white sleeves rolled – round glasses, and young face. Seated in front of her husband (Alexander Buker) to the left, his right hand placed on her waist, and a young man dressed in a suit and tie, my grandmother believed was her brother, Percy Brown, on the right. In her hands she holds a book, folded open to a page of a woman’s portrait. Why is she holding this book, and who is the woman in the portrait? A sister, mother, or other relative – or is it a prop, someone unknown. The only other image, I have of Jessie Brown, is a copy of an image my grandmother had scanned and printed. A black and white portrait of Jessie Brown, a young woman with a rounded face and high lace collar under a scalloped v-neckline blouse, a locket around her neck - and perhaps the faint glimpse of a smile? Photographs and portraits from early in the 19th century predominately featured posed persons and solemn faces, which some argue was due to the early technology and long exposure times needed to capture an image, making it difficult to capture and hold certain poses (or a smile). Others argue that this lack of expression was due to poor dental hygiene, or that photography simply followed pre-existing customs expressed in painted portraiture, where the smile was viewed as “uncouth” or

unbecoming. Portraits were to reflect the elegance and expense that served to capture a moment in time – and preserve family histories (Fabry, 2016). An image to captures a moment in time, a record of our *being* - and preservation, or glimpse of our existence and life's story. These few portraits are the only known images of Jessie Brown – and perhaps, will forever hold many secrets, and untold stories.

All of History is a re/invention of facts (and fictions), documents pieced together – stories passed down through the generations, and others found. And what we have been taught or believe to be true is also shaped by our own lived experiences and education. In history, there is always an element of speculation, assuredness and uncertainty – the piecing together of artefacts, documents and records. Imagining what the past may have looked like through from shared memories and the stories we have been told. I begin to imagine what life might have been like for Jessie Brown. The stories and places that shaped her identity as a young child and woman, landscapes and lived experiences – unknowns. As I continued my research, searching government records, birth, marriage, immigration, census, and death - I began to uncover new information that would lead me in new directions to learn more about my family's past.

The story I begin to tell is the story of a young girl, Jessie Brown, leaving the familiarity of known landscapes and home county behind, when she first arrived on these shores (Turtle Island/North America) as a child. Perhaps, she was accompanied by other siblings – scattered in unknown directions, without parents or an adult guardian - carrying with her the trunk that bears her name. A trunk that would later become a clue in unlocking her past and learning more about her story. Following a paper trail backwards from her death to birth, I would learn that Jessie Brown had been sent to Canada as a British Home Child, while her parent's Arthur and Jessie (Casbolt) Brown (3rd great-grandparents) remained behind in England. Records from the British archives indicate that both her parents died in the Cambridge workhouse, in Cambridgeshire, England. A family separated and child/ren shipped to foreign shores in hopes of a finding a better life. Perhaps, knowing very little of their own families, and the lives of the grandmothers they left behind. I live because of these women – the grandmothers whose childhoods and lives were so different, some merely children when they first arrived here to this country, Canada (and the USA). The place I have longed called *home*.

Paper trails. The marriage certificate of Alexander “Alexi” Buker and Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandparents), married March 24, 1910, in Lanark, Ontario, Canada, provided the names of

Jessie Brown's parents, Arthur "Wm" Brown and Jessie (Casbolt) Brown (See Appendix B). The names of Arthur and Jessie (Casbolt) Brown (3rd great-grandparents) and the place of birth of Jessie (Brown) Buker, (as recorded on her death record), would further help to direct my search in learning more about the story of Jessie Brown (See Appendix A). The England & Wales, Civil Registration Marriage Index from 1837-1915 in the registration district of Linton (See Appendix C), enabled me to confirm a copy of my 3rd great-grandparents marriage certificate (See Appendix D). Arthur Brown and Jessie Casbolt were married on June 13, 1880, in the Parish of Balsham, Cambridge, England. Their marriage record further provided the names of Jessie (Casbolt) and Arthur Brown's fathers (4th great-grandfathers): William Casbolt (Jessie (Casbolt) Brown) and Charles Brown (Arthur Wm. Brown). England census data from the year 1861, further confirms the names of Mary (age 46) and Charles (age 40) Brown (4th great-grandparents) and their eight children (Alfred, age 22; Lucy, age 20; Mary, age 18; Elizabeth, age 14; Charles, age 12; Caroline, age 8; William, age 6; and Arthur Brown (3rd great-grandfather), age 2), and their residence in Cambridge, Cambridgeshire, England. The 1871 England Census, indicates a different residence for Charles (age 57) and Arthur (age 13) in Balsham, Cambridge, England, where they are listed as lodgers, and the profession of both the father and son recorded as "Sawyers." In 1881 the England Census for the registration district of Linton, shows Arthur (age 24) and Jessie Brown (age 22), (3rd great-grandparents), living in a single family residence in Cambridgeshire, England. The England Census of 1891 further indicates that Jessie and Arthur Brown (3rd great-grandparents) and their five children (Elizabeth A., age 10; Ellen U., age, 8; Arthur W. age 7; Charles, age 4; and Jessie, age 2 (2nd great-grandmother)) lived in the residence of 6 Rivar Place, Cambridge, St. Andrew the Less, Cambridgeshire, England (See Appendix E). This information strongly confirmed, that although many in my family believed that Jessie Brown was of Scottish descent, she was in fact born in England, and this grandmother - and matrilineal storyline outlined our family's British heritage.

In my search to uncover the story of Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandmother), what emerged was a story of separation, loss and new beginnings. But records soon began to leave holes or blanks in her story – speculation as to what happened during those years in/between, where this paper trail ended or was lost. Records lost/found, uncovered, missing – the story untold. I imagine, the desperate situation in which the family must have found themselves leading up to Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandmother) departure from England to Canada, and the eventual deaths

of her parents a Cambridge workhouse (See Appendix G, H, I & J). A story of poverty, loss and migration – the separation of a family. From a family living together under one roof – to the eventual deaths of Arthur and Jessie (Casbolt) Brown (3rd great-grandparents) in the workhouse. The fate of their children, perhaps unknown - siblings separated, shipped abroad as workers, and others left behind. The story of what happened to Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandmother) becomes somewhat unclear. What happened in/between the years of 1891 and 1901? In 1901, the England Census lists Arthur Brown as “worker” or “prisoner” in H.M. Prison Castle St., Chesterton, Cambridge (See Appendix K) to his eventual death in the Cambridge Workhouse Infirmary in 1912 (See Appendix I & J). But the reason for his imprisonment, or what happened during this time in the family’s life, remains unclear.

The Cambridge Workhouse. The death records of Jessie Brown’s (2nd great-grandmother) mother (Jessie (Casbolt) Brown, 3rd great-grandmother; Death: May 20, 1909; Age 47) and father (Arthur Brown, 3rd great-grandfather; Death: December 23, 1912; Age 55), attest to the death of her parents in County of Cambridge, Sub-district of Saint Andrew the Less, in “The Workhouse” (Jessie (Casbolt) Brown) and “Cambridge Workhouse Infirmary” (Arthur Brown), (See Appendix G, H, I & J). During this period in British history, workhouses or “the workhouse” was viewed as a “place of *shame*,” and a great deal of social stigma was attached to those who entered the workhouse (Bent & Brigham, 2015, p. 9). In the 17th century, the English parliament passed the “Poor Law,” which categorized the poor under three groups: The ‘able-bodied poor’ (to be set to work), the ‘idle poor’ and ‘vagrants’ (to be punished), and the ‘impotent poor’ (to be given support)” (p. 6). This law placed responsibility on church parishes across the country to care for the poor within the community through the taxation of landowners and the distribution of aid through the form of “outdoor relief,” provisions distributed to the home, and “indoor relief,” workhouses. In the early 19th century with the rise of unemployment, the number of “deserving poor” and “impotent poor” had reached a “crisis point” in England (p. 6). In 1834, the Poor Law Amendment Act, closed parish poorhouses and created “unions,” which elected a Board of Guardians to oversee the new central workhouses, staff and operations. Two elected Guardians from each of the fourteen local parishes, were appointed to oversee the site selection, construction and functions of the Cambridge Workhouse. The construction of the Cambridge Workhouse on Mill Road (where both Arthur and Jessie (Casbolt) Brown died), was completed in 1938, in Cambridge, England. Workhouses in England were considered places of

destitution. Those that were housed within workhouses, were referred to as “inmates,” and any able-bodied persons were put to “gruelling, hard work” (p. 8). Harsh living conditions and punitive measures were used to maintain strict order among the “inmates” or “workers.” The Cambridge Workhouse was designed to house men, women and children in separate quarters. Upon arrival to the workhouse, men, women and children were separated and forbidden to communicate. Each workhouse had a “Master,” appointed by the Board of Guardians to run the workhouse under “strict discipline” (p. 6). The Cambridge Workhouse had both a Master and Matron (always a married couple), and during the period of 1876 to 1913, Luke and Emma Hosegood held this position. The same surname of the both the informants of death found on both Arthur and Jessie (Casbolt) Brown’s (3rd great-grandparents) death certificates (See Appendix H& J). Workhouses throughout the country remained in operation until 1948 when the National Assistance Law was passed (Bent & Brigham, 2015). Although, there are no found records for Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandmother), or census data for the year 1901 or thereafter, to for place her for certain in the Cambridge Workhouse or elsewhere in England. The trunk that bears her name, however, would later provide evidence to indicate that Jessie Brown had been sent as a “Home Child” or “Child migrant worker” from England to Canada in the early 1900s.

Barnardo trunks. The unraveling of story of the old faux alligator skin trunk that bears Jessie Brown’s name, first began when my grandmother’s niece (my first cousin once removed), who originally was given the trunk, sent a newspaper clipping to my grandmother to share with me. The article appearing in *The Toronto Star*, June 21, 2015, featured a photograph of man sitting, his arm outstretched - resting atop an old trunk, appearing to be the same style and make of trunk that bears Jessie Brown’s name. The article features the story of John Jefkin’s in his quest to learn more about his father’s story of being sent to Canada as a “Barnardo Boy” or British Home Child, and to learn more about the family that was left behind in England (Daubs, 2015a). Barnardo’s was one of the largest agencies through which British Home Children were sent to Canada (Corbett, 2002; Wencer, 2014). Between the years of 1869-1924, it is believed that over 80 000 children (one third of these children sent by Barnardo’s), ranging from toddlers to adolescents and unaccompanied by parents or adult relatives, were sent to Canada by more than fifty different agencies to work as farm labourers and domestic servants (Canadian Museum of History, n.d.). However, the exact numbers of children sent to Canada remains uncertain and other sources claim that these numbers were higher (BHCGI, 2018; Gollam, 2017; Canada’s

History, 2010). The cost of sending a child to Canada was about equal to the amount of one year of institutional care (£10 to £15), and was viewed as an attractive solution to lessen the British “burden” of housing and caring for these children (BHCGI, 2018; BHC, n.d.). Home Children were often provided trunks packed with clothes, basic supplies and bible to accompany them on their journey to their new country (BHC, n.d.). The British Home Children in Canada’s (BHC) website features several images and stories on their page, *The Children’s Trunks and Bibles*, that were provided by the surviving Home Children themselves and/or their descendants. Several of photographs again featuring the same style of trunk as Jessie Brown’s, including the images titles: “Home Child Florence Holtby with a Barnardo trunk,” “The 1885 trunk of Barnardo child Annie Kennit,” “1903 Eva Cruttenden Barnardo Trunk,” and “The John Vallance Barnardo Home Trunk – 1939” (British Home Children in Canada, n.d.). The British Home Child Group International (BHCHI), further features an image on their page, *British Home Child Trunks*, of a man inspecting the trunks of a group of young boys, all of which again appear to match the style of trunk that bears Jessie Brown’s name. These trunks were both made and given to children in the Barnardo homes who were sent abroad as Home Children: “The Barnardo Technical School in England manufactured a model made of hardwood and covered in imitation alligator skin that was used extensively” (Canadian Museum of History, n.d., para. 16). The trunk that was once used to store blankets in my Granny Trodden’s (great-grandmother) home, and was passed down to me by my grandmother, and bears the name of my 2nd great-grandmother, Jessie Brown, would suggest, that she too, had been placed in the care of Barnardo Homes and sent to Canada as a British home child.

British Home Children. British Home Children or Migrant Children were sent to countries within the British Commonwealth, including: Australia, New Zealand and Canada, between the years of 1860s to 1970s, and were often separated from siblings and/or other living family members. From 1869 to 1948, it is believed that approximately 115 000 British Home Children arrived in Canada as child migrants (BHCGI, 2018; Canada’s History, 2010). The British child migrant programme was founded during industrial revolution and related to the movement of families from rural to urban landscapes. The relocation of many families to larger urban centres and lack of employment often resulted in families being left unable to care and provide for their large families (BHCGI, 2018). Finding themselves in desperate situations, unable to care or feed their children, and without the help or support of nearby or extended

family, many were left no choice but to send their children to institutions or “charity” houses. The original intention and function of these charity houses (including Barnado’s) was to provide shelter and care to children that due to the death or illness of parents were left alone. However, many children in these homes were not orphans and had families or living relatives. Extreme poverty and harsh living condition, however, left some parents no option, but to hand over their children to the care of these institutions. Charity houses soon became overwhelmed by the growing number of children in care, and saw as a solution to this problem to “alleviate” the burden, sending children abroad as workers and domestic servants (BHCGI, 2018). While many of the families that took in children cared and some adopted the children, many also suffered physical and sexual abuse. Sadly, many these children viewed as nothing more than cheap labour and grossly mistreated. And many of these children carried this stigma with them for the rest of their lives (Canada’s History, 2010; Daubs, 2015a; Gollam, 2017).

Many British Home Children struggled their whole lives wanting to belong somewhere. Uprooted from their home county, perhaps abandoned by their parents and then sent to strangers in a foreign country, they sought to find their roots or at least, establish some. (BHCGI, 2018, para. 2)

When Home Children aged out of care, they were paid their earnings and could leave, but some chose to keep the secret of their past hidden due to the shame associated with being a Home Child and/or the trauma they had suffered as result. And others, never had the opportunity to try to begin a new life. In 2017, a monument was erected to commemorate a mass grave, that was formerly unmarked, in a Toronto cemetery, where 75 Barnardo children lay buried. As Oschefski states: “They represent the worst of the worst... They represent everything that was wrong with child immigration into this country, everything that was wrong with these child immigration programs” (Gollon, 2017). The names of all the children and their cause of death have since been identified through archival records (Gollon, 2017; Reason, 2017).

In 2009, Australian Prime Minister, Kevin Rudd, issued an apology to the “Forgotten Australians,” the 500 000 children taken from their home throughout the country and placed into care, and the 7000 British Home Children sent to Australia, and for the country’s role in the child migration scheme, and for the abuses many suffered. “We come together today to offer our nation’s apology. To say to you, the Forgotten Australians, and those who were sent to our shores

as children without their consent, that we are sorry” (as cited in Malkin, 2009, para. 4). In 2010, the British Prime Minister, Gordon Brown, issued an apology in which he stated:

To all those former child migrants and their families, to those here with us today and those across the world, to each and every one I say we are truly sorry. They were let down. We are sorry that they were allowed to be sent away at the time they were most vulnerable. We are sorry that instead of caring for them this country turned its back. And we are sorry that it has taken so long for this important day to come and for the full and unconditional apology that is justly deserved. (as cited in Hooper & Teh, 2010, para. 4&5)

Children separated from their parents and families, sent to live in faraway places and new countries without their consent as minors. Children that were never given a choice, but had to follow what they were told. Forced to leave any familial connection and the familiarity of their born landscapes behind, and travel great distances - to arrive in unknown places, with little security or knowing what their futures might hold. To date, no Canadian Prime Minister, has issued any formal apology to British Home Children on behalf of the Canadian government. However, February 16, 2017, a motion in the House of Commons was brought forward and unanimously passed, recognizing and apologizing to surviving British Home Children and/or their decedents:

By unanimous consent, it was resolved, — That the House recognize the injustice, abuse and suffering endured by the British Home Children as well as the efforts, participation and contribution of these children and their descendants within our communities; and offer its sincere apology to the former British Home Children who are still living and to the descendants of these 100,000 individuals who were shipped from Great Britain to Canada between 1869 and 1948, and torn from their families to serve mainly as cheap labour once they arrived in Canada. (House of Commons/ Chambre des Communes Canada, 2017)

Families torn apart – his/her/stories lost, buried and/or forgotten. Some were too young to remember, and others held deep inside them the memories of places from which they came. For some, their living descendants would carry pieces of their stories forward, re/connecting – leading them back to the soil where their ancestors once walked. And here on Turtle Island/ North America, where the bones of ancestors already lay – in the stories of the land and peoples.

Those who walked here before us, families separated, children taken – the attempted erasure of cultural identities.

The Home Children Advocacy & Research Association (BHCARA) has created the British Home Child Registry (BHCR), which has made the names of over 61,000 children publicly available (BHCARA, 2018; Canada's History, 2010). The mission of the BHCARA is: "To bring the true stories of the British Home Children to light, to maintain their memory and to reunite the families separated during the child migrant scheme" (BHCARA, 2018). In the 1911 Canadian Census, Jessie (Brown) Buker's, "Year of Immigration" is recorded as 1902 (See Appendix F). A search for "Jessie Brown" in the BHCR database yielded several results, one of which I suspect could be a possible match, a young female (age 10) sent by Barnardo's, departing from Liverpool, England, on the ship, *Dominion*, arriving at the port of entry in Quebec in 1902, where she was sent to the "distribution home," Hazelbrae, in Peterborough, Ontario (BHCR, 2018). A search for immigration records to verify these findings in the Home Children databases (Home Children 1869-1932), Library and Archives Canada, also yielded one result which matches the information found for "Jessie Brown" in the BHCR database (Government of Canada, 2018; BHCR, 2018). However, the birth year recorded for "Jessie Brown" found in both database searches vary by several years (the exact birth date of children often unknown), and no other data provided in the search results can be cross-referenced to confirm Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandmother) identity at this time. The only other possible record match to confirm Jessie Brown's arrival in Canada in 1902, is referenced in the *Ups & Downs* magazine, June 1902 (a magazine published by the Canadian Branch of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Toronto), which provides many of the names of the children, and their month and year of emigration (Library and Archives Canada, n.d.). However, once again, this information is not verifiable due to the limited amount of information that is provided other than the given names of these children.

Intergenerational connections. When I first began this research - tracing my family lines, the weaving of his/her/stories, following paper trails and artefacts that often hold the stories of the past – trying to learn more about the story of Jessie (Brown) Buker (2nd great-grandmother), what I found were different threads of stories that took me in many different directions. Shifting landscapes and cultural identities. Stories of loss and be/longing, separation and re/connection. The story of Jessie Brown (2nd great-grandmother), began with a name - and slowly, as I began to re/connect these pieces or fragments - what my grandmother had shared

with me, the trunk that carried her name, and the many different government documents records, I was able to continue to trace our family lines back many generations. As I continued to move forward with my research – I began to uncover, not only the story of Jessie Brown, but also the names and places where my many great-grandmothers lived. This information, the names of people and places, mothers and grandmothers - would eventually lead me to re/connect with living relatives. Jessie Brown's siblings scattered across the continents, arriving on foreign shores (Canada and New Zealand), some leaving their homeland far behind - and others, remaining behind in their home country of England. Through these familial connections - the living children and grandchildren of Jessie Brown's siblings, who lived to tell their stories - I was able to verify much of the story, I had pieced together and written. Many of them never knew the story of Jessie Brown, or over the years these connections were lost. I also received several emails, scanned pictures of the many siblings and their families, including old photographs of Jessie (Brown) Buker's parents (3rd great-grandparents). Seeing the faces in these old photographs, and finding these connections – was an amazing experience. Re/connecting the pieces of my grandmothers' stories, and finding my connection to these stories - the blood that runs through my veins, has given me new perspective, grounding and understanding. Un/covering the names of my grandmothers - the women, whose lives are the reason - I am here today.

Through this process, I have also learned new information that may help me in continuing this research, including being closer to locating Jessie Brown's immigration and landing records. I am told by one of her sibling's living children that she did not arrive directly to Canada from England, but that she first landed with her younger brother in Maine, USA. How the two made their passageway or were sent to Canada, is still unknown. These are just some of the missing pieces in uncovering and learning more about Jessie (Brown) Buker's (2nd great-grandmothers) life story. However, this story cannot be told in one section of one chapter in a dissertation, but is a story that I will continue to write and research in honour of my grandmothers. There are still many blanks or spaces – that cannot, and will never be filled. But it is in these holes, cracks and gaps – that stories begin to leak through, that may lead me in new and unknown directions. Stories spanning different continents, crossing oceans – and circling back to this place, where I sit and write these stories of my grandmothers, and how I came to be here (Turtle Island/North America). The sand, soil and bodies of water. The stories of the grandmothers have emerged throughout this work and research have not simplified this process, but had expanded or made

more complex the question of identity and place – shifting cultural identities rooted in the land, the places where we live – and the stories that we carry and travel with us.

Maternal Grandmothers

Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman).



Figure 19. Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman) and Mom (Ruth Adelaide (née Coleman) Campbell) having tea and reading (Campbell, photograph, 2004)

The yellow kitchen.

The taste of tea and the feeling of time. The wood covered table, and brown paint chipped under the oilcloth, lift-up the edge and open the drawer - a pair of dull black handled scissors, paperclips, and other odds and ends. The corner pantry filled with reused cookie tins and cracker boxes - flour, sugar and cereals. White lace curtains and a square-chipped dish in in the windowsill, with a needle and thread for mending. The yellow kitchen, where the yellow canary or “Dickie” bird always sang, perched on the swing in his cage, by the side window. The kettle boiled, ready for a cup of tea. Served with a dash of milk and sweet or dainty. Overnight, Nanny would wake first thing in the morning to set the table - tea and oranges, a cup and saucer - mismatched dishes faded blue and pink. The toaster wire wrapped in black tape on the counter table, beside the pantry door, with the broom and dustpan and a hanging cloth bag, full of plastic bags - neatly folded and reused. Everything had its place. Yellow, it reminded her of the sun (the brightest day), she would say. Coming or leaving, she would open the metal frame screened door, blowing a kiss to catch - watching and waiting, until the next time. The kettle always ready, and the yellow bird singing. (Campbell, Journal, 2009)

The house on 80 Stephen Street. “Nanny” is my mother’s mother, my grandmother.

When I think of my maternal grandmother, I always think of her calm presence and patience, and ability to always make do with what she had. Everyone in our family joked of her ability to turn a meal for one into a meal for seven. Nanny raised seven children – and my mother, was the eldest of the seven siblings. For most of her life, Nanny, was surrounded by children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren. Perhaps, it was because she raised such a large family, or had lived through economically difficult times - but she never wasted anything. She didn’t believe in waste. She always found a way to preserve or reuse things. And if she didn’t have a use for it at that time, she carefully stored whatever it was away, until she found a use or needed it again. Empty jars, old tin cans, scraps of paper, boxes and packaging, etc. She saved and organized it all. She was never one to buy anything extra, frivolous or extravagant. She used what she had, and if it was broken – she would fix it, or have it fixed. She didn’t just throw things away. As children, my cousins and I, always knew where we could find the old toys – on the shelves, behind the door that led to the basement, where she would go and get them out for us to play. The same toys

our aunts and uncles had played with growing up – the old Fisher Price record player, the little wooden dog on a string, a variety of vintage Barbie dolls and clothes, the old “hanging man” game and many more. In the summer, out in the garage and back shed, she kept the old peddle tin car, scooter, bikes and tricycle – that all had been well-loved, fixed and repaired over the years. We mostly played in the driveway or front yard, because there wasn’t much room behind the house, there was no backyard, really – but a garden, planted each spring with vegetables and black raspberry bushes that grew so wild, she would have to trim them back each year. The taste of those raspberries was unlike any other – picked and eaten, spread on toast, on top of vanilla ice cream, frozen in old margarine or yogurt containers for a winter’s day treat – always in abundance. I remember Nanny would send me to the backyard to pick a container for breakfast, dessert or midday treat. She took pleasure in planting and growing her flowerbeds alongside the house – where if you stopped by for a visit, you might find her pattering away, pulling weeds, planting saved hollyhock seeds or annuals amongst the regrowth of the established perennials and roots. Before the first frost, she would bring in the hanging baskets of geraniums, where she would winter them in the house over the winter in my uncle’s old bedroom.

Family was most important to Nanny, and she knew us all for who we were. She knew our tastes and dislikes, and talents – *all of us*, and over the years the “Coleman Clan” had grown significantly. As a teenager, my grandparents knew the names of all my friends - and all my friends knew them too. Their house, a ten-minute walk from the local high school, where my friends and I, would often stop by to say hello on our lunch break. My friends loved to visit my grandparents, and hear their stories – and for some, who didn’t have grandparents of their own - they became like grandparents to them, too. Nanny always took the time to listen, and know what was going on in our lives. At family holiday gatherings, the house was always full of laughter, noise and children, running in every direction – but Nanny never appeared bothered, yet at peace in their presence. She enjoyed being surrounded by family and friends, no matter how loud or crowded a house full of grown children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, could be. My grandparents welcomed everyone, no matter who, or how many extra guests showed up.



Figure 20. Chair by the window, where Nanny would sit and watch the lake - and generations of grandchildren play (Campbell, photograph, 2012)

“Otty Lake,” the Lake. In the summers, when she was not in town running errands or doing chores, she was at *the lake*. A place host to the many comings and goings, and visitors. My Nanny loved being at the lake, watching everyone by the water’s side, swimming, canoeing or paddle boating; although, she herself, never learned to swim. Once every summer, usually on the hottest of days, when the heat was almost unbearable - she would put on her bathing suit, to float on an inflated rubber tube in the shallow depths near the water’s edge, never too far away. I have a very vivid memory of my grandmother one hot summer’s eve, standing by the old hand pump at the top of the hill, waiting for everyone to gather - to go on our after-dinner walk (or rather family parade). She was wearing shorts and I could see the patterns of veins on her legs, some raised and swollen, red and blue. I remember touching one of them on her leg and asking what they were. Varicose veins, she replied. During my first pregnancy (that I lost), I remember the first time I noticed a varicose vein appear on my lower right calf. To many, these veins are unsightly, and some, even go to great measures to cover them up or have them removed. At first, I disliked the sight of it there, the raised swollen bump of skin, but then, I began to remember the

patterns on my grandmother's legs. And how as a child, I was fascinated by the little rivers of red and blue. The swollen ripples of her pale and almost translucent skin. The blood that flows through our veins - and the stories our bodies write. Scars, stretch marks and imperfections. At bedtime, when we got to stay overnight at the cottage, Nanny would always read us a story, *The Runaway Pancake*, or recite one she knew by heart, *The Hen on the Roof*. I remember, how Nanny would tuck me into bed, under the covers and old handmade quilt - passed down through the generations, on the old metal frame spring mattress bed - in the middle room, next to their bedroom. She would rub my back, and say a prayer - tracing circles over the steeps of my spine. These two places, at *home* and *the lake*, are where I see and remember my Nanny (maternal grandmother).

Nanny carried on the name of her paternal grandmother, Mary Ann (née Lewellyn) Swan. However, she grew up without ever knowing or having a relationship with her maternal or paternal grandmother, who also died before she was born. Nanny's father, was a young orphan, a Home Boy or Home Child, sent over from Scotland when he was still a child himself. Her mother died when she was a toddler, and she was raised by a great-aunt. Although, she grew up in a small village, North Augusta, Ontario, she was strongly connected to her father's Scottish heritage and identity. She often wore her family's tartan and owned several pieces of jewellery that featured the Scottish thistle. Her home was decorated with Scottish trinkets and memorabilia, and she was always delighted by the sound of the bagpipes playing. She and her brothers were separated after the death of her mother. All her brothers enlisted in the Second World War, and when on leave would visit Scotland. One of her brothers, never returned – he died in France. It wasn't until much later in life, once her children were grown – that she would return to visit the imagined landscapes that shaped her identity as the child of a first-generation immigrant, and this connection to his *homeland*.

Maternal great-grandmother (Carrie (née Kyle) Swan). There are no known images of my great-grandmother, only a few known facts, as passed down through the generations – small glimpses of her life, without memory. To my knowledge, there are no living relatives that would have any living memory of her life - what she was like, who she was – her personality, disposition, or recognizable family traits. Caroline “Carrie” (née Kyle) Swan (maternal great-grandmother) contracted tuberculosis when she was a young woman - a disease, that would eventually claim her life, leaving behind her children and family (See Appendix L). My great-

grandmother, Caroline (née Kyle) Swan, never had the opportunity to share her stories or memories of her own childhood and family – to pass on her knowledge to the next generation of children and grandchildren. Based on the information provided in the Ontario birth registries, *Ontario, Canada Births, 1869-1913*, Caroline Kyle was born on May 1, 1899, in Grenville, Ontario, Canada, to Edith Maud (née Davis) and Theodore Kyle (See Appendix M). However, there have been discrepancies found within these birth, marriage, census and death records – different dates, spellings and versions of names (See Appendix N & O). According to what my maternal grandmother, “Nanny,” and Caroline “Carrie” (née Kyle) Swan’s daughter (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman), knew of her mother, her name was “Carrie May” and she died when my Nanny was two-years old. My Nanny was born in 1928, which would make her mother’s, Caroline “Carrie” (née Kyle) Swan’s, year of death 1930. “Carrie” Kyle (as recorded on her marriage certificate) married John Swan, on February 25, 1920, in Grenville, Ontario, Canada (See Appendix P). In recent years, however, my mother heard mention from a family member, that the Kyle Family did not approve of his marriage to their daughter, Caroline. My great-grandfather, John Swan, and husband to Carrie (née Kyle) Swan, arrived in Canada as a “Home Boy” from Scotland in 1910 (See Appendix Q & R). Perhaps, it was due to the stigma attached to being a *Home Boy*, arriving as an orphan from Scotland to Canada, without established roots, and Carrie (née Kyle) Swan, a woman, whose family’s history as settlers in this country (Canada), can be traced back many generations. My mother always said, that her grandfather had been fortunate as a child to have been treated kindly by the family on the farm, where he was sent to work – not all children, sent as child migrant workers were so fortunate. But with the older generation of family members, no longer living - to the story of my great-grandparents and their marriage – one can only speculate, based on what is known and what little has been shared by different family members over the years. Based on the 1921 census data, Carrie (née Kyle) and her husband, John Swan, lived on a farm in Augusta township, where they began their life as a family, and welcomed the birth of the first child, Grenville (See Appendix S). My mother has memory of the old farm where she used to go and visit her grandfather, John Swan, whom she describes as a kind and gentle man. However, twice widowed – his life wouldn’t have been easy, and without the support of his own family or relatives - sent alone as Scottish Home Boy, to work on a farm as a child worker. My mom said that she believed her grandfather, always did what he could to keep the farm running - and remembers visiting him at

the old farmhouse with her mother (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman) and siblings. To my mother's knowledge and memory, her grandfather never spoke of his first wife, her grandmother, Caroline "Carrie" (née) Swan, their life, marriage and family – and death.

We can only imagine, Caroline "Carrie" (née Kyle) Swan (1899-1930), as an individual, what she may have looked like – and what genetic traits and characteristics, she may inherited to her children, grandchildren and many great-grandchildren. Perhaps, somewhere out there – there is an unnamed photograph of a child or woman, who is my Great-Grandmother "Carrie," as she was known to her daughter and my maternal grandmother (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman). Photographs, passed down to other living relatives or descendants of the Kyle Family. However, to date, I have been unable to locate any living relatives that might have memory of her life, and/or such photographs in their possession. Like her mother before her, Caroline "Carrie" Swan died as a young woman, when my maternal grandmother (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman) was an infant. Caroline or "Carrie," would have had limited time with and memory of her mother, Edith Maud (née Davis) Kyle (1875-1906), who died when she was a young woman (Canadian Headstones, 2012). However, Caroline or "Carrie" (née Kyle) may have had a relationship with her maternal grandmother, Elizabeth H. (née Ralph) Davis (1849-1935), who lived the loss of both her daughter, Edith M. (née Davis) Kyle, and granddaughter, Caroline "Carrie" (née Kyle) Swan (See Appendix T).

Mothers and daughters, grandmothers and grandchildren – carrying the memories of their lives and stories forward. Until recently, it was believed in our family that my maternal grandmother or "Nanny" (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan)), was the youngest child born to "Carrie" (née Kyle) and John Swan (maternal great-grandparents). Nanny had spoken of another child, her brother, Harry Swan, that died as a baby, but never mentioned there ever being a younger brother who also died as an infant (See Appendix U). However, found records indicate, John and "Carrie" (née Kyle) Swan, had another child, Wilfred Kyle Swan, who died the same year as his mother of "Indigestion" or tuberculosis, at the age of 1 year, 6 months and twenty-six days (See Appendix V). It is uncertain if my Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) had the knowledge or ever knew that there was also a younger brother, Wilfred Kyle Swan, as she would have been too young to have any living memories of the events leading up to the child's and her mother's deaths in 1930. Nanny always remained in contact with her surviving siblings, as well as her paternal half-siblings, following her father's (John Swan) second marriage, which for a second

time, left him a widow with a young family. However, not to anyone's knowledge in the family, did my great-grandfather (John Swan) ever share anything about a young son that died to his children or any other family members. Perhaps, the events leading up to the death of his wife, Caroline "Carrie" (née Kyle) Swan, and their youngest child, were too difficult for him to speak about – or he chose to keep the memory of their life, marriage and young family private. Perhaps, he was raised in a time, culture and era, where you didn't talk about or share such things. The past was the past – and you dealt with your emotions in private and silence, in order to keep moving forward. Imagining the heartbreak of a family, the loss of a young mother and child. But also the heartbreak of a young woman and mother, knowing she would be leaving her young children and family behind. I think of what it would have been like for my own grandmother, Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan)), growing up as young child without any living memories of her mother – the feeling of her embrace. The days and nights she spent awake, rocking and caring for her young babies and children. And what it must have been like for Nanny, when she first became a mother herself, without ever knowing her own mother – holding her own children in her arms, and eventually generations of grandchildren. The experience of motherhood lost – and re/born, and the waking of a new generation of great-grandchildren.

When Carrie (née Kyle) Swan (great-grandmother) contracted tuberculosis, and fell ill, she would have had to leave her family on their farm in North Augusta, Ontario, and travel to or rather be taken to York, Ontario, where she later died at the Toronto Hospital for Consumptives (See Appendix L). Farm boots, deep in mud – a husband and family torn apart by the death of a wife/mother. It is unknown whether she ever saw a familiar face by her side in the days leading up to her death. Caroline "Carrie" (née Kyle) Swan died on December 2, 1930, of Pulmonary and laryngeal tuberculosis. According to what my Nanny told my mother, after receiving some medical results and blood work, she found out, that she too had also come in contact with the disease (possibly from contact with her mother), but fortunately, never fell ill with the disease that would claim the lives of her younger brother and mother. My Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan)), had always told her children, that her mother "Carrie" was buried in the North Augusta Presbyterian Cemetery, in North Augusta, Ontario. At the time of her death, my great-grandfather (John Swan), who likely was unable to afford the cost of a headstone – never had a memorial or headstone put in place. Over the years, my Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman), had spoken to her brothers and family about having a memorial put in place. She had shown one of

her daughters the place where her mother had been buried, but nothing had ever been done. After my Nanny's passing in 2009, my Mom (Ruth Adelaide (née Coleman)) had a plaque made to commemorate her grandmother's (Caroline "Carrie" (née Kyle) Swan) life, and had it placed, at the North Augusta Presbyterian Cemetery, in North Augusta, Ontario, where she had been told her grandmother was buried. Most of the Kyle Family members, including Carrie's mother (Edith Maud (née Davis) Kyle) are buried in this cemetery (Ancestry.com, 2012a). My mother told me, however, that her grandfather (John Swan) had not been buried by his first wife in the North Augusta Presbyterian Cemetery, in North Augusta, Ontario, but in the Maynard Cemetery, in Prescott, Ontario. Searching the Maynard Cemetery's database with the search criteria and family name "Swan," trying to find the exact location my great-grandfather's grave and burial site, quickly yielded the search results, I was looking for: Name: John W. Swan; Birth Date: 1896; Death Date: 1972; Plot #113; Relatives: wife: Carrie May Kyle (d. 1955), 2nd wife: Ella Louise Scott (b. 1906), (Maynard Cemetery, 2008b). Although, the name of my great-grandmother "Carrie" was there, the date of her death as recorded is incorrect based on the information found on her death certificate and family stories. In a second database search, typing the family name "Kyle," to see by chance what results it might yield, provided some unexpected results. The Maynard Cemetery database provides the following information: Carrie May Kyle; Death Date: 1955; Plot #113; Relatives: 1st wife of John Swan (Maynard Cemetery, 2008a). Is it possible that "Carrie May" (née Kyle) Swan, was not in fact buried, in the North Augusta Presbyterian Cemetery, in North Augusta, Ontario, but in Maynard Cemetery, in Prescott, Ontario? This information would also correspond with the "Place of Burial" as recorded on her death certificate as Prescott, Ontario (See Appendix L). However, the date of her death in cemetery's database is incorrect based on what is provided on her death certificate. Is it possible that the unmarked grave my Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman) believed was her mother's, was in fact that of her younger brother, Wilfred Kyle Swan? The child who died as infant, the same year as his mother, and according to his death certificate, was buried in North Augusta (See Appendix V). Is it possible that the information found in the Maynard Cemetery's database is incorrect, and that the place, where my Nanny believed her mother was buried is correct? As I look over these handwritten documents, I find different variations, spellings of names, and dates - that don't always correspond, with those recorded in other documents - all producing some degree of error, and speculation - variations and truths. These and other questions, will perhaps remain unanswered,

as I continue my search, to uncover the stories of my grandmothers – their lives, memories and places that shaped their understandings, be/longing and cultural identities.

Great-Grandmother, “Grandma Hough” (Elizabeth “Lizzie” (née Davis) Hough).



Figure 21. "Grandma Hough" with her granddaughters, Ruth Adelaide (née Coleman) Campbell (mother) on the left, and her sister, Elizabeth (née Coleman) Carrières (aunt) on the right.

After the death of her mother, my Nanny (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman) was raised by her Grandmother's (Edith Maud (née Davis) Kyle) sister and her Great-Aunt, Elizabeth or “Lizzie” (née Davis) Hough. I always remember my mom saying how lucky Nanny had been, to be cared for and raised by her Great-Aunt, or as she called her, “Grandma Hough.” My Great-Grandfather (John Swan) widowed and alone, found himself unable to manage the farm and care for all his young children after the death of his wife. And so, the children were separated, my Nanny went to live with her Great-Aunt and her three brothers (Stewart, Grenville, Donald), not

so fortunate as to placed or remain with members of their mother's family, were sent to boarding schools. I always knew that my "Grandma Hough" was not Nanny's birth mother, but that she had always called and considered her "Mom." Nanny was raised, but never adopted by her Great-Aunt, Elizabeth or "Lizzie" (née Davis) Hough, as her father (John Swan) chose never to officially consent or allow it. Elizabeth (née Davis) Hough, never had any biological children of her own, but raised her great-niece as her own child. Elizabeth "Lizzie" (née Davis) Hough, was not only a mother, but would also live to become a grandmother. In shared family memories and stories, "Grandma Hough" was always considered a grandmother, it was a title bestowed to her as a woman (and mother) who cared and raised a child (My Nanny) as her own. And she too, carried the knowledge and stories of her generation and family forward - that continued to live on through her daughter's (Mary Lewellyn (née Swan) Coleman) children and their children's children, myself (great-granddaughter) and my daughter (2nd great-granddaughter) included.

The Storyteller: "Great-Grandma" (paternal great-grandmother)

Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell (1897-2003)

*"I have no secret because (and pointing at the sky) it obviously came from above
– but I do appreciate the favour."*

- Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell, Age 104

(as cited in MacLeod, 2003a, p. 107)

Little Sands.

*She spoke of the calmness of water
belonging to the sea
lying on an ocean bed
arms outstretched, eyes closed
drifting towards Pictou Island
currents moving beneath
the gentle role of the waves
wrapped in the salty sea air
arms outstretched, eyes closed
cradles to rockers
young hands to stories
embraced by memories
of changing tides,
eyes open, safely ashore*



Figure 22. 1987. Great-Grandma (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell) with great-grandchildren from left to right: Ashley Elizabeth Campbell (myself), Abraham Samuel Campbell (brother), and Andrea Rebecca Campbell (sister).

Visiting my Great-Grandma in her home in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, she would offer a warm embrace, as we entered the doorway, and invited us in to the front room to sit for a visit. But before sitting down herself, she would offer a treat or sweet - passing around a tin of sugared fruit candies or gummies. I still remember the smell of Great-Grandma's house in Charlottetown, as she traced our hands, to get the size - to knit new mittens for us, to send at Christmastime. The furniture of the era, handmade blankets, quilts and rugs hooked by hand. A woman, who lived independently in her own home, until the age of 103, when she started to "slow down" and moved into residential care, where she could receive the help needed. Great-Grandma lived until the age of 106, and passed away in 2003. As children, we saw her as a living legend. We held a deep respect for "Great-Grandma," and the many stories, she shared with us over the years - childhood memories and stories, Island folklore and tales - burning ships, forerunner lights, premonitions and spirits. We absorbed all of it, and if anyone questioned the validity of these stories - we would argue their validity and truth. Great-Grandma had witnessed it all with her own eyes, and in her age and wisdom - *it was* the uncontested truth. She was our

living proof. Great-Grandma was a deeply devoted and religious woman, a member of the Free Church of Scotland, she always kept a Bible close to her side. A caring and intelligent woman, we believed Great-Grandma to be one of the most progressive women of her time. She had pursued higher education and a career, when the expectation of most women was to remain in the home. Great-Grandma (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell) trained as a nurse, at the Prince Edward Island School of Nursing, and began her career, on “the Island”:

Following her [Edith MacNeill] graduation, she nursed for a number of years – mostly in P.E.I. – but spent periods of time nursing in both New York and Boston. She returned to the Island from Boston in 1928 and shortly thereafter married John Campbell of Uigg. (as cited in MacLeod, 2003b, p. 106)

I remember the photograph of Great-Grandma, as a young woman, in her nursing uniform, in the front room, where it hung on the wall. As children, we always knew she had trained as a nurse, but from the many stories, that had been shared over the years - we knew that her role within the community, went beyond the call of her expected training. Living in a rural Prince Edward Island, and with her nursing experience and few medical doctors in the area - she would be called upon for medical emergencies – and from the stories, I remember being told, performing surgeries on kitchen tables - removing an appendix, or providing other medical care in rural homesteads, where doctors were in short supply. The following is an excerpt from a “local newspaper” (as cited in MacLeod, 2003b):

For a period of twenty years, she settled in to a life of farming and raising her six children. Since she was one of the few nurses in the area she was periodically called on to practice her nursing skills – both in the community and in the Montague and P.E.I. Hospital. The family moved to Toronto in 1949 where she nursed at Sunnybrook Veterans Hospital for a period of ten years. (p. 106)

Upon her retirement, Great-Grandma, returned to Prince Edward Island, her beloved home and Island, in Eastern Canada, where she was born and raised - and where, she gave birth to her own children. And it was here, in her home, in Charlottetown, PEI, where she remained, past her hundredth year, in the old white house, on the corner – where, I remember visiting her each summer as a child, on our annual family journey to “the Island.”

Home/lands, exile and un/be/longing. Great-Grandma (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell), was my paternal grandfather’s mother, and we know a great deal about our family

origins and cultural heritage, on this side the family, because of the stories passed down through the generations – ancestral lines tracing back to the Isle of Skye and Isle of Colonsay, in the Inner Hebrides, of Scotland. A great deal was also recorded and researched, by different family and community members, as well as members of the academic community (Campion, 2000; MacLeod, 2003a; MacLeod, 2003b; Shaw, 1987, Weale 1977). The Isle of Skye (*Eilean a' Cheò* “Island of Mist” or *t-Eilean Sgitheanach* “Winged Isle”) is a Gaelic-speaking island in the Inner Hebrides of Scotland (*Alba*), (Malkin, 2009). The Isle of Colonsay (*Colbhasa* “hill field” or “tidal island”) is a small “tidal island,” also located in the Inner Hebrides, off the west coast on Scotland, and can be accessed by foot or motor vehicle during low-tide (King & Scammell, 2017). It is said that these islands were first settled by the Norse in the 9th century, before it became the dominion of the “Lordship of the Isles,” under the rule of Somerled Macgillebride, a king of mixed Norse and Gaelic heritage. Following the King’s eventual death, the islands were divided and inherited to three sons, and where the clan system is believed to have originated (King & Scammell, 2017). The clan system was a form of social organization, associated with a clan chief as its head, who had authority over the land, in which clan members were the renters of the their lands, also known as crofters (Gourievidis, 2016). The Highland Clearances, resulted in the “forced emigration” of many during the 18th and early 19th century, however, unlike the inhabitant of the Isle of Skye, the inhabitants of the Isle of Colonsay, did not experience this “forced emigration,” that resulted among the different island populations in the Inner and Outer Hebrides and Highlands (King & Scammell, 2017). The Highland Clearances are often remembered, as a time of great rupture and suffering in Scottish history. As Gourievidis (2016) writes:

The act of collective remembering is likely to have created a sense of shared experience, reinforcing feelings of belonging and unity, and establishing the Clearances as a moment of social and cultural rupture and as a foundational event. The subsequent development and appropriation of this collective image has been prone to convolutions. For instance, the resurgence of the notion of kinship – particularly amongst expatriate Gaels – including heads of clan, who, often were also evicting landlords, muddied already cloudy waters. (p. 27)

Gourievidis (2016) continues to discuss a new school of thought that became widespread and ushered in Scotland, prior and leading up to, what today is known as the Highland

Clearances, or “eviction of the Gaels.” A doctrine of Improvement in Enlightenment Scotland, ushered in a new era of thought, which saw the need for the reorganization of land tenure, as well as new agricultural practices and uses for the land. This further led to various schemes of an underlying “civilizing quality” (p. 20). As Gourievidis continues to explain:

They [Proponents of Improvement] aimed at reforming the inhabitants’ character and morals, in particular what was seen as their fundamental idleness, instilling in them a spirit of industry and self-reliance through, for instance, the introduction of manufacture and a new agricultural system. (p. 20)

During the period, leading up to the Highland Clearances or “Clearances,” landlords (who often were also the clan chiefs), began to increase crofter rents, families, who had for generations lived on small rented farms and inhabited the land. The crofters struggled and laboured long hours to be able to subsidize and pay their proprietors. The harvesting of kelp was a main industry and export during this period, which help crofters to subsidize and pay these increasing rents. But with the decline of kelp exports due to the competition of other competing nations’ kelp industries, crop failures and the well-known potato famine – families were left to scavenge. Many subsisted on shell-fish picked from the shores, but soon the people began to suffer from starvation. Men that found public works, earnings were forwarded directly to their proprietors. At the same time, these landlords who were collecting rents, began to envision new uses for the land, to their own financial gain, including clearing the land of its inhabitants, to make way for new pastures and herds of sheep. To these landlords and proprietors, land was viewed as profit, and more highly valued than the lives and security of the people, whose ancestors had lived and lay buried here (Mackenzie, 1883, McDonald & Glynn, 2008). Mackenzie’s (1883) book, *History of the Highland Clearances*, provides accounts of the evictions that took place on the Isle of Skye, and would eventually change the course of history, in helping to secure crofter tenure and land rights, following the many evictions and forced emigrations of the people. As Mackenzie (1883) writes:

Now that sheep-skins are found sufficient, what could be more appropriate in the opinion of some of the sheepish chiefs of modern times than to displace the people who anciently secured and held the lands for real chiefs worthy of the name, and replace them by animals that produced the modern sheep-skins by which they hold

their lands; especially when these were found to be better titles than the old ones – the blood and sinew of their ancient vassals. (Mackenzie, n.d., p. 231)

Gourievidis (2016) argues, that while the Mackenzie book can be considered “propagandist,” used to “promote collective organizing” and support for the crofters of the Highlands and Western Isles, it also helped to shape legislation to protect crofters and their families’ rights to their lands (p. 25). As Gourievidis states, “Mackenzie manufactured a powerful weapon against the landowning and legal systems that enabled evictions...,” which became a sort of “memorial” to the history of the Clearances.

The forced emigration or eviction of the Gaels from their homeland brought many settlements of Gaelic speakers from the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland to the Eastern Canada, including Prince Edward Island. In the early 1800s, the population of Prince Edward Island numbered around 4500, but would experience rapid population growth over the next fifty years, with the arrival of the “Gaels” from the Highlands (MacLeod, 2003b). “As ship after ship disgorged its human cargo upon the shores and wharves of the colony the population increased steadily from approximately 4,500 in 1800 to 47,034 in 1841 (Weale, 1977, 35). As MacLeod (2003b) writes: “The first wave came in 1803 with the arrival of three ships; the Polly, the Dyke, and the Oughton from the Hebrides, bringing some eight hundred people under the sponsorship of “the great colonizer,” the Earl of Selkirk, and landing at Belfast, P.E.I. (p. V). Among these passengers, were those whom carried the name MacLeod, the surname of my paternal 2nd great-grandmother, Catherine MacLeod (MacLeod, 2003b). Weale (1977) discusses the physical and mental state of these passengers, and impressions upon landing:

It was a difficult time of change and adjustment for these generally shabby little bands of refugees from another world. Lord Selkirk, who brought out a large contingent of Highland settlers to Prince Edward Island in 1803, observed that the “horror” of the first impressions of the new terrain often “completely unnerved the mind of the settler, and rendered him incapable of every vigorous exertion”. (p. 35)

Many of these first settlers, from the Highlands and Inner and Outer Hebrides, were forced from their homes - and continued to mourn the loss of their homelands. From the mountainous landscapes, rocky slopes and rolling hills of the isles, from where my ancestors came – to the densely-forested island landscapes of the Prince Edward Island (MacQueen,

1878/1929b, Weale, 1977). Many of these first settlers experienced a certain degree of opposition, to the new and unfamiliar landscapes of the Island, as “exiles” from their ancestral lands. Such sentiments relating to this feeling of “exile” were expressed in the teachings or evangelicals of the Rev. Donald McDonald, who attracted a great number of devoted followers among these newly arrived Gaelic-speaking emigrants from the Hebrides, that first settled in the Murry River Road and Orwell Head (which later became known as Lyndale) area. As devoted followers the Rev. McDonald, they became locally known as the “McDonaldites,” and among them was church elder, Ewen Lamont (3rd great-grandfather), my Great-Grandma’s maternal grandfather (MacLeod, 2003b; Weale, 1977). Rev. McDonald appealed to the senses of the “lonely Scottish settlers,” as a native-speaking Gaelic minister from back “home” (Muir, n.d.; Weale, 1977). As described by Weale (1977) in his work, *The Time is come! Millenarianism in colonial Prince Edward Island*, Rev. McDonald, often communicated the “sentiment of sorrowfulness” in his sermons, and the underlying and recurrent theme of “mourning exiles” settlers (p. 41). Weale (1977) discusses how the Rev. McDonald, related the plight of these new emigrants, cast out of their homelands - to the chosen people of God, or “ten lost tribes of Israel” (p. 41). As Weale further writes: “McDonald had incorporated into his theology the notion that his people were members of the “ten lost tribes” of Israel, and in his own writings and hymns, as well as in the songs of his Elders, there are numerous references to this belief” (p. 41). The following is a stanza from one of Elder Ewen Lamont’s (3rd Great-grandfather) hymns “On Zion” (as cited in Weale, 1977):

*But Zion shall mourn no more in exile,
Nor lonely, destitute be;
Her children, in thousand thousands, gather
Around her, happy and free;
For Jesus doth call them all together,
Afar they never shall roam,
And all enlivened lyres shall celebrate
Zion's welcoming home. (p. 41)*

As often expressed in the sermons of the Rev. McDonald, and also in the hymns written by the elders of church, including Ewen Lamont (3rd Great-Grandfather), as new settlers to Prince Edward Island, Canada, many of these newcomers experienced of deep sense of un/belonging in their new *homeland* - and desire or awaiting for the day they might return “home.” The Rev. McDonald attracted and appealed to these new emigrants through such Zionist associations and

teachings (Muir, n.d.; Weale, 1997). However, as descendants of these first emigrants and settlers to “the Island,” over the generations - and with the birth of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, these sentiments began to shift and over the generations were transformed. When I think of my Great-Grandma, I think of the tenderness in her heart she expressed, when speaking about the red shores and landscapes of her childhood – a deep rooted connection and belonging to the shores of the Northumberland Strait, in Little Sands, Prince Edward Island.

Shifting landscapes and cultural identities. My ancestors, who first arrived as settlers in Prince Edward Island, from the Isle of Skye and Isle of Colonsay, were Gaelic-speakers – and my Great-Grandma (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell), was the last of a living line. Great-Grandma was not fully fluent in Gaelic, as were her older siblings, parents and grandparents before her. Gaelic as a living and spoken language in Prince Edward Island, experienced a rapid decline in the number of fluent speakers over the years due to “assimilative pressures.” My great-grandmother, (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell), grew up during a time, when English was considered a highly valuable or superior language, and children were punished for speaking their native Gaelic in school (Shaw, 1987). Such punishments were aimed to scorn and/or embarrass the child, and included as such a punishment, the wearing a shingle around one’s neck in front of one’s peers (Campion, 2000). My Great-Grandma, Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell, and her older sister, Margaret (née MacNeill) MacLeod, both lived past their hundredth year, and over the years, shared many stories about our family’s past. The following is taken from a field recording project, *Gaelic in Prince Edward Island: A cultural remnant*, the informant biography of my Great-Grandmother’s older sister, Margaret (née MacNeill) MacLeod (Shaw, 1987).

Margaret MacLeod was the oldest informant interviewed for this collection. She was born in Little Sands in October of 1884 and was about a month short of her 103rd birthday when she was interviewed. She was a daughter of Murdoch MacNeill, son of Archie and Sarah (Currie) MacNeill of Little Sands. This district of Prince Edward Island had been settled by people from Argyll and her paternal grandfather, Archie, had come out directly from Colonsay. Her mother's people, however, like her late husband, were Skye people. She was raised in a still strongly Gaelic environment but English was making headway by the late 19th century. Her father had very little English as a young man, while her mother spoke good English. English had become an important language in their family by

the time of Margaret's youth and her sister, consequently, had very little Gaelic.

Their uncle, Ewen Lamont, by contrast, was a famous Gaelic poet, whose hymns were published in a joint volume with those of the Rev. Donald MacDonald in the 19th century and enjoyed several printings. (pp. 51-52)

Every summer, visiting Great-Grandma in Prince Edwards Island, she would share with us her stories - and embedded within these stories, were reminders or remnants of our family's Gaelic heritage and past. The repetition of stories is what ingrains them in our minds – and helps us remember, or keeps them alive. Stories that connect us to places – and family. And it is through the sharing of stories, that we continue - to pass on our family his/her/stories, and knowledge to future generations. Reflecting on the time I spent visiting and listening Great-Grandma's stories as a child, I see and understand these stories very differently now. These stories were more than just Island folklore or tales, but cultural remnants of our family's heritage and past, as passed down through the generations. Cultural understandings and transformations, originating from the Isle of Skye and Colonsay, from where my ancestors came – to the red soils and sands of Prince Edward Island. The Highland Clearances, the forced emigration of peoples, as well as those who chose to leave their homes behind, and to emigrate to a new country, also resulted in the displacement of stories from their *home* soils. But the stories my ancestors carried with them eventually took root, in the new land/scapes of their new homes - and transplanted, these roots began to re/generate – and stories began to take on new life, new roots over time began to adapt to their new soil and landscapes.

Home in Prince Edward Island.

*There's a place in P.E.Island
It's the dearest spot I know,
With it's hills and dales and valleys,
Where the winding streamlets flow,
With it's evergreen trees and hedges,
Its pure springs, wells and dredges
Where our happy farmers are not drudges,
In our happy home in Lyndale.*

- Written by Margaret (née MacNeill) MacLeod
(as cited in MacLeod, 2003a, p. 172)

My ancestors carried with them the many stories, cultural traditions and language, of their homelands. But they also brought with them, the names of places – and memory of their distant their old home and land, in the Isle of Skye, including the name, “Uig/Uigg,” where my great-grandmother, Edith Anne (née NacNeill) Campbell, would move with her husband (John Campbell) and raise her children, including my paternal grandfather, Samuel Ewen Campbell, on the family farm inherited to her husband, and whose father (John Campbell) and grandfather, James Campbell, first arrived on from the Isle of Skye to Prince Edward Island in 1829 (MacQueen, 1878/1929a). The following is transcribed from the handwritten notes by Malcolm MacLeod, a native of Uigg, Prince Edward Island (as cited in MacQueen, 1878/1929a):

Uigg in Queens County, Prince Edward Island, was settled in the year 1829 and 1831 by immigrants from the Isle of Skye, Scotland. The immigrants of 1829 were chiefly from Uig, in Skye, and in memory of the place of their birth, they called their new home in the woods of Prince Edward Island, Uigg. (para. 1)

When I think of the landscape on the eastern side of Prince Edward Island, close to Uigg, where my ancestors built their settlement, I think of it, for its open spaces, rolling hills, farms and fields. But the land would have looked very different when my ancestors and first settlers arrived, and began clearing the land, where they built their homes and farms. MacQueen (1878/1929b) describes how when the first settlers arrived, they began clearing and cutting the forest land and trees - a dangerous task for the inexperienced woodsmen that is known to have resulted in both injury and death. “But with experience they [the settlers] gained knowledge, and within a few years the young men became skilled in all the arts of woodcraft” (para. 8). The timber from these trees, was seen as a good source of income, and sold to build ships. The once densely forested landscape of Prince Edward Island, became farmland:

Occasional trees, especially pine, were of imposing size. On each farm, for many years after the forest was cleared, isolated stumps stood in the cultivated fields, silent reminders of the venerable monarchs that once looked down from imposing heights upon the meaner growth of maple, spruce, birch, beech and fir around them. (MacQueen, 1878/1929b, para. 9)

The land cleared and homesteads erected, new potato and grain crops were planted. However, soon the land soil became impoverished, and the settlers had to find new methods and techniques to improve the soil quality for planting.

Persistent cropping without rotation, soon impoverished the soil to such an extent that the yield was reduced by half. To restore fertility, farmers within a radius of several miles hauled "mussel mud" from Orwell River. This was thrown in small heaps over the field and in summer scattered in a thin layer. (para. 18)

As a child, I remember learning about some of these old farming techniques, that were used in Prince Edward Island, when my great-grandmother would have been a child - the spreading of mussel mud to fertilize and feed the soil, before the use of chemical fertilizers, herbicides and pesticides. Visiting Prince Edward Island as a child, I always hated the lingering smell and residue of chemical sprays lingering in the air after the potato crops had been just sprayed. Many question the impact of these sprays on the health of residents in the area, and I have heard relatives and residents voice such concerns.

“Ghost Stories,” Island folklore and tales. As children, we were most fascinated by Great-Grandma’s “ghost stories,” one of our favourites, was the story of the phantom ship, she would tell us. A three-mast ship, set ablaze, and sailing rapidly, along the coastline, of Northumberland Strait, Prince Edward Island, not far from the Wood Island ferry, that crosses over to Nova Scotia. Over the years, we have heard similar versions of this story from other “Islanders,” including local fishermen or Ferry Captains. Great-Grandma (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell) always told us, that she herself, had witnessed it three times in her lifetime. Island legends and folklore. Many of these stories, continue to be passed down through the generations - and some recorded in books (Watson, 1988; Watson, 2018). Stories of the “supernatural,” dreams and premonitions, ghosts, spirits, and forerunners lights (Cambers, 2003). I remember as a child, hearing my Great-Grandma (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell), tell stories about family member that had the ability to see things before they happened - symbols or visions, that appeared in the night, that were often the foretelling that death was near. Dreams of those already departed, or about to depart this world. There is one recorded story of Great-Grandma’s father, Murdoch MacNeill, describing a dream he had, the night before the death of his daughter, Ella MacNeill. I remember Great-Grandma, telling us stories about her sister, Ella. During her childhood, she became ill and lost the use of her legs, and so for most of her life was confined to a wheelchair. Whenever, she spoke of her sister, Ella MacNeill, she would describe her the beautiful poetry she used to write, before her death as a young woman. The night of Ella’s death, her father, Murdoch MacNeill, described a vision he had of his daughter in a dream:

Ella MacNeill became handicapped while still a young girl. She was bedfast the last years of her comparatively young life, and was under the care of her sister Margaret in Lyndale at the time of her death.

One morning her father, who lived in Little Sands, told of having dreamed that Ella went out on the veranda, which was facing the orchard and contained a number of fruit and other trees. In his dream all the trees and surrounding area was pure gold, bright and glistening. In a matter of hours they received word that Ella had died during the night. (Campion, 2000, p. 39)

There is another recorded account of Great-Grandma's sister, Margaret (née MacNeill) MacLeod, telling of a dream she had shortly before her father's death:

Margaret MacLeod, in a dream, found herself back in her old home, in Little Sands. She was sitting in a room with her father, among others. Her father then was in his nineties. In her dream she saw a small ball of light come in the room and fasten on to her father. He tried to remove it without success, he then said "I guess my time has come." He died soon after. (Campion, 2000, p. 39)

Although, I have no recollection of the memory myself, of Great-Grandmother ever telling the story, my father has often spoken about one of our ancestors that had such vision that he could see the stars in the daytime sky – and during the first world war, as the story is told, they would use him to stand on looking for enemy submarines in far off distances.

The highly Scottish Highlands throughout history have been highly romanticized in literature, and well known their storytelling traditions – legends, fairytales and myths (Lamb, 2013; MacCulloch, 1922). Many were captivated by ideas of the “supernatural” that lived in the Highlands and Western Isles. As Macrae (1909) writes: “The “Second-Sight” (Da-radhare, Da-shealladh, Talibhsearachd – the three Gaelic word have been used in this connection) is popularly believed to be a faculty of prophetic vision long supposed in the Scottish Highlands and elsewhere to belong to particular persons” (p. B). Rutkowski (2013) further describes this phenomenon known as “second sight,” and associated with the Scottish “seers.” Rutkowski (2013) describes how this area of Scotland was known for its “supernatural” tales and beliefs: “Scotland, especially the Highlands and Western Isles, was represented as the land of seers and, more generally, as the land where the spiritual and supernatural may manifest itself quite easily and spectacularly” (pp 193-194). The “second-sight,” or ability to see things in the near future -

was considered by some to be both “a gift” and a curse. As Rutkowski continues to explain about this supposed supernatural ability: “The seers could have insight into the near future – distant by a few minutes, hours or months (rarely years) – because events to come suddenly appeared before their eyes and could be seen ‘as in a glass’” (p. 187). As he continues to explain, sometimes these visions were pleasant, but others were the foretelling of such things as illness, death or “disastrous events” (p. 187). And sometimes, seers could confuse or misinterpret these visions, and often left the seer feeling drained by the whole experience (p. 187). However, others ascertain that the “second-sight” was not of supernatural origins, but a weakness of sight, or as certain states of the atmosphere created such hallucinations (Mcrae, 1909). Despite, these claims, the belief in the “second-sight” was common among the populations of the Highlands and Western Isles. Rutkowski (2013) discusses, how texts written on the topic of a “second sight,” was confined to a particularly small area in the Highlands and Western Isles, including the Inner and Outer Hebrides (p. 191). However, others would suggest, this “gift” of “second-sight,” was not unique to the Highlands, however, this is where we find written accounts of it, but it has also been witnessed among other populations, including: Australians, Tonkaways, Aztecs, Incas, Samoyeds, Polynesians, Maories, Cree, Greeks and Egyptians (Macrae, 1909, p.3).

For many of the Highlanders and inhabitants of Western Isles, who were also deeply religious, claims of the phenomenon of “second-sight, as “witchcraft” or “devils work” were refuted (Rutkowski, 2013). Written accounts and texts on the subject, are also found to describe the “second sight” in a more positive light, in which the people of the Highlands and Western Isles, commonly accepted this supernatural ability or phenomenon, as truth. Rutkowski continues to explain how they consider this “gift,” not the work of the devil, but rather a “noble art”:

They denied that the source of the second sight could be black demonic magic or pact with the Devil, which was sometimes suggested, and instead they argued that the Scottish type of divination could be by far a more noble art. (pp. 191- 192).

Stories of those gifted with a “second sight,” or “Scottish seers” were deeply rooted in the culture, and those who lived in the Highlands and Western Isles, held a deep spiritual connection to the land/scapes of their ancestors. This connection to the land was also associated with the seers’ ability, to experience these visions. As Rutkowski writes: “It seems that the Scottish seers’ gift worked as long as they did not move too far away from their country, being apparently the source of their power” (p. 191). The stories of my great-grandmother, however, are reminiscent

of this culture and belief in the supernatural that has roots in the Scottish Highlands and Western Isles. The belief that some have a “gift” and ability to see things beyond what is present in the physical world. These stories and accounts of the supernatural, from the highly-mythicized landscapes of Isle of Skye, where our family originates - to the many stories that were transplanted, passed down through the generations - and took root, in the red sand and soil of Prince Edward Island, Canada.

Prophecies of the Brahan Seer. One of the most famous known Scottish seers, was the Brahan Seer, whose prophecies were well-known among inhabitants on the Isle of Lewis and Skye (Macrae, 1909). Some say he foretold of the what is now known as the Highland Clearances, even before sheep were first introduced to the island. As cited in Macrae (1909), he wrote: “The clans will become so effeminate as to flee from the native hills before an army of sheep” (p. 194). Macrae writes that there are other prophecies that were yet to be realized in his time, and that hopes are never realized, including the following prophecy:

The day will come when the jaw-bone of the big sheep, or ‘caoirich mhora,’ will put the plough on the rafters (air an aradh); when sheep shall become so numerous that the bleating of the one shall be heard by the other from Conchra in Lochalsh to Bun-da-Loch in Kintail, they shall be at their height in price, and henceforth go back to deteriorate, until they disappear altogether, and be so thoroughly forgotten that a man finding the jaw-bone of a sheep in a cairn will not recognize it, or be able to tell what animal it belonged to. The ancient proprietors of the soil shall give place to strange merchant proprietors, and the whole Highlands will become one huge deer forest; the whole country will be so utterly desolate and depopulated that the crow of a cock shall not be heard north of Druim-Uachdair, but which shall yet be discovered in the boundless oceans, after which the deer and other wild animals in the huge wilderness shall be exterminated and drowned by horrid black rains (siantan dubha). The people will then return and take undisturbed possession of the lands of the ancestors” (as cited in Macrae, 1909, p. 194)

Whether there is truth in this prophecy, has yet to be realized, and as Macrae once wrote, he hopes that some of the Brahan Seers’ prophecies are never realized.

Recorded his/her/stories. My Great-Grandma (Edith Anne (née MacNeill) Campbell) was born and raised, in Little Sands, Prince Edward Island (PEI). And for the work of my relatives that have researched, travelled and recorded much of our family's history, I am grateful. But what I am most grateful for are the memories and stories, that were passed down through generations by my Great-Grandmother herself. I was privileged as a child and young adult to know and have a living memory of my Great-Grandmother, a woman who lived to the age of 106. She carried our family history forward and gave to us, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, her stories - the people and places of her generation, our connection to the past. Each family member carries their own stories of my great-grandmother, and perhaps – that is her most lasting gift. There is a deep connection to the place, the shores of the Northumberland Strait, PEI, where my great-grandmother spent her childhood, and a sense of belonging in knowing her stories.

It is not only her stories, but the stories of other family members that over the years have been shared with me. The connection and stories she gave to them. My father recalls the day that his Grandmother (Great-Grandma) drove all around the Island, returning to the old homestead in Uigg, Prince Edward Island, where she raised her family. The stories of the land – the places and people, who once lived there. He always said, how he wished he had a recorder that day to preserve those stories, but all he has left is what was recorded to memory that day. Lines can trace a family's history, but it is the stories that live on through us - the next generation of storytellers. In returning to the stories of the grandmothers, I had a memory of my dad borrowing an old tape recorder years ago to make a recording of my great-grandmother singing traditional songs in Gaelic and English on one of his visits to PEI. I had vague memories of an old cassette, I knew I might still be able to find. In the basement of my parents' home, I found a collection of old cassette tapes, and searching among them found one labeled "Great-grandma's songs." I was excited to have found the old recording, an opportunity to hear her voice again – to relive the sounds of our family's past. Thankful, my parents had saved one of our old "ghetto blasters," I put the tape in. As I hit play on the old tape player, I heard the song of my great-grandmother, chickadee-dee-dee – and then.... static... interruption... a young child's voice, my sister playing DJ. Talking to my sisters, she remembers listening to the tape, thinking this is boring and recording over it. Even if we record stories – they can be lost. Storytelling preserves histories, as they are passed from generation to generation, and reminds us where we came from. And through this, we become the next generation of storytellers. Whenever we visited Great-

Grandma's at her home in Charlottetown, PEI, when we were leaving she would always say she didn't want to keep us as children too long, she knew we were anxious to get back to the shore – and she would see us next time.

Memories and stories of “the Island”.

As children, every summer, my family and I would visit our cottage in Little Sands, Prince Edward Island. A small cabin with no electricity or running water, where we pump buckets of water and light candles and lanterns at night. I remember how each morning, my siblings and I would wake with excitement, ready to head to the red sand shores of the Northumberland Strait. These were the same shores where my great-grandmother had spent her childhood. As children, we learned the rhythms of the tide and moon, and names of all the different sea creatures. We always early anticipated the day when the tide was at its lowest, and we would walk to the furthest sandbank, peeking under rocks and in tidal pools to find starfish, sand dollars, hermit crabs, sea urchins, mussels, and washed up shells - and every once and awhile, if we were lucky, we would find a pearl inside. We learned so many things along these shores, and listening to my great-grandmother's stories of the times when she would go to the shores to gather the long strands of sweet seaweed to taste, and how when the tide was at its lowest, she would find giant conch shells and pull out the raw meat to eat. She told us how the shores had changed, when they began taking truckloads of sand away. I heard my great aunts, uncles and other relatives saying, that after years of change, the sands were now returning. We found, but never tasted the raw meat of the conch shells my great-grandmother told us about, we were afraid of the pollutants from the many boats and ferries that have contaminated these shores.

(Campbell, Journal, 2014)

The past and future of “the Island”. I have always known that my family has ancestral roots in Prince Edward Island, Canada, and many within my family have a strong connection to this place. Although, many associate the island for its Celtic roots, heritage and identity, and take pride in this, their identity as “Islanders,” there are roots that run much deeper – those of the original inhabitants, and ancestral territories of the Mi'kmaq people. During the late 18th and 19th centuries, when many of my ancestors first arrived in Prince Edward Island, because of forced

emigration, during a time that is now known as the Highland Clearances or “eviction of the Gaels” in Scottish history, they also began securing title to their properties in their new land, where they would build their farms and homesteads. This was all happening at the same time the Mi’kmaq people were being denied land rights and titles to the land that their ancestors had long inhabited (Reid, 1995).

Colonial governments generally resisted Mi’kmaq pressure to buy land back for them from colonial interests, and the most acute instance of this resistance occurred in Prince Edward Island, where the British government had granted the entire colony in 1767 to absentee proprietors. Refusal to spend public money on securing Mi’kmaq title to land was a continual problem in Prince Edward Island. In 1843, for instance, the Assembly set aside fifty pounds to buy Murray Island for the native population, but the purchase never occurred. In 1860, Joseph Howe appeared at Land Commission hearings in Charlottetown and recommended that Lennox Island be purchased for the region's Mi’kmaq. The Assembly, however, refused to pay the price set by the island's owner, R. B. Stewart. The Mi’kmaq in that province consequently remained without legal title to any part of the island until 1870. (p. 34)

While many of my ancestors mourned the loss of their homelands, enduring what they saw as their own “exile” from their ancestral lands, they began to transform their new landscape, from a densely forests island to rolling hills, open field and farm lands, that characterizes the Prince Edward Island landscape today (MacQueen, 1878/1929b). During this early period of settlement, Mi’kmaq persons who wished to take up farming, were most often denied land and/or the supplies to do so:

Those Mi’kmaq who wanted to farm in Prince Edward Island could not obtain land, and elsewhere, encroachment and an inability to secure credit from agricultural suppliers weakened the possibility. Up to 1840, relatively little government assistance was provided for potential farmers, and after 1840, such aid was inconsistent. Little technical advice was provided, and seed potatoes often arrived too late in the season for planting or had to be eaten by the starving prospective farmers. (Reid, 1995, p. 44)

At the same period, that my ancestors were mourning the loss of their homeland, the Mi'kmaq were living the loss of their own lands within their own ancestral lands, today known as Prince Edward Island. The land, on which colonial officials permitted the Mi'kmaq people to remain, was most often, undesirable land “relinquished” by settlers:

Land on which the Mi'kmaq were permitted to remain was generally relinquished by the colonials because of its inaccessibility or its relative lack of a resource base. Although the government of Prince Edward Island did not buy any land for its aboriginal population, in the late eighteenth century it gained permission from the proprietor James Montgomery to allow the Mi'kmaq to settle on Lennox Island—an area furthest removed from white settlement and covered, to a substantial degree, by “barrens and swamp.” (pp. 34-35)

Prince Edward Island is the unceded territory of the Mi'kmaq people, whose ancestors inhabited the land for over 10 000 years (Fraser, 2017). The Mi'kmaq confederacy of PEI provides a map of the Mi'kmaq place-names, names that for many but not all have been forgotten, the island itself, being called Epekwitk, which translates to “cradle on the waves” in English (Mi'kmaq Confederacy of PEI, n.d.; NCPEI Kelewatl Commission, 2008). Looking over this map, I see the many different place-names, that give name to the many places and landscapes of my childhood memories.

My ancestral lines in Prince Edward Island are young compared to the histories of the people that long inhabited this land before the arrival of the settlers on these shores. And with a new wave of immigration, including the Island's growing Buddhist population, where a new monastery has been built in recent years, down the road from where my Great-Grandma's (Edith Anne (née MacNeil) Campbell's old homestead used to stand, in Little Sands, PEI, where they are known to grow organic gardens and carrying out charity work, while building relationships in the community (MacInnis, 2018; Sharratt, 2014; Williams, 2018). And I wonder how these new settlements will also come to shape the Island's identity, as well as a renewed interest in revitalizing the Gaelic language, including courses now being offered at one high school in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island (Montgomery, 2015). And with an increased interest among Canadian populations on the Island, and perhaps growing awareness of Indigenous histories and current issues, and strong Mi'kmaq presence on the Island, I wonder what the island will look

like, and how it will be transformed over the next century, and many centuries to come (CBC News, 2018).

Generations of Knowledge

One late evening sitting in our living room, my daughter asleep – all the toys gathered and put away, the kitchen cleaned – and day's routine complete, I finally sat down to catch up on some emails, and if there were still time left in the day, write. The balancing act of domestic and academic life. Amid the routine of day-to-day life, sometimes smallest things - gesture, action or thought, can change our perspective and offer us new insight or understanding. I long awaited news from my friend, Nicole, always wondering what had happened – how life had unfolded. Years passed in silence. The memory of a friend, whom I always respected and admired. A friendship marked by the generations in/between us, also its strength. I have often thought and written about Nicole. I wrote about how she inspired my writing, and would feed me literature and books that fuelled my imagination. The memory of the Tuesday/Thursday mornings spent in her Strasbourg (France) apartment. Walking down the stairwell from my studio apartment to knock on her door. Mornings spent sitting together in her sun-filled parlour, bookcases overflowing - deep in conversation. Her enthusiasm in life, a reminder - that life is always for the living. A woman who taught me to trust my own instincts, and believe, that maybe I have talent as a writer. She often spoke of her friends, travels, career, pleasures and ambitions – children and grandchildren, and how our life experiences form our understandings and identities. As we live and age, we draw from past experiences to create new meanings and knowledge (Anderson, 2011; Dewey, 1976). Nicole was my friend, a writer, journalist, avid traveller and grandmother. I consider my grandmothers, not only to be those with whom I share bloodlines, but also the many teachers, elders and grandmothers, whom have touched my life in different ways. The lived experiences, shared stories and knowledge. In the silence and passing time, with repeated failed attempts to be able to reach Nicole, I started to worry and consider how she was getting on in age. I never really knew what had happened to her when my correspondence with her ended (and still am not entirely sure). At first, I thought, maybe she was away travelling, but as time passed and there was still no word from her - I began to doubt, and accept that something must have happened to her. And then one evening, years later, after worry and wonder, a message arrived in my inbox – the sender, Nicole. She had changed her email because she was having problems with her old account. Where do you begin? As I begin to re/write this story. The lives of women who

have touched my own, and generations of knowledge shared. The grandmothers both figurative and blood.

The Soles Beneath our Feet

We can recall moments of passing by our father's or mother's or grandfather's shoes tucked by the front door or left tumbled on balconies or verandas, the deep imprint of their tracks inside, the places of shiny imprint, traces of the lives they have lived and the work they have done, and how, in slipping these on our own small feet, it was not just these particular things that we engaged but a whole world, their world and its deep familial intersection with our own.

- Jardine, LaGrange, & Everest, 1998, pp. 125-126

Every morning after breakfast, cleaned, dressed and ready for play - my daughter heads to find her purple sneakers on the shoe rack at the back door. The cracks and soles of her shoes - filled with dried mud, reminiscent of yesterday's play. The purple sneakers, she found in her closet – unworn. Shoes, a size too big for her little feet. Whenever, I would open the closet door in her room – she would stop whatever she was doing, and make a dash for those purple shoes (still too big). She would hold, play and admire them - trying to pull them onto her feet. Within the span of a few short months, she had gone from scooting around - to pulling herself up and steadying herself on her feet – to walking. Shoes before this point in her young life were for mere decoration, or warmth - knit booties and bare feet. Now she was beginning to learn about the different textures beneath soft soles of her feet – from the hardwood and padded indoor floors, to the soft organic textures of grass and moss outside. A few steps, a tumble – bumps, bruises, and skinned knees, as she slowly gained confidence and began to steady herself on her feet. And those new purple sneakers, unworn, tucked away in her closet, were what caught her eye - and she was ready to put them on and take them outside, as she walked down the sidewalk in purple sneakers slightly too big – stopping to pick up a dried leaf, crab apple, stick or stone.

Before our daughter was born, my husband gifted me the smallest pair of purple sneakers I had ever seen. A pair of shoes that would one day tell the stories of our daughter's first steps – soaked in puddles, a quick dip into the river, dusted with sand and pollen, sidewalk chalk and paint. Shoes, that will accompany her on many childhood experiences and memories. The month of September marks the end of summer, and her purple shoes, coloured with grass stains and mud

are finally a perfect fit. As my daughter walks to the back door to find her shoes, she knows – what is waiting, and is always ready to get outside to play. Sitting by the back door, trying to fit her shoes on her feet - still not quite able to do it all by herself, she stands and brings them over, and around our house, of course, we all know what this means. It's time to play outside. As I hurry to get dressed and ready to take her out – she returns to the shoe rack, trying on other shoes – bringing me, my shoes. Purple sneakers. A few months after the birth of our daughter, and after eight years of wear and tear, I knew, it was time to give up my favourite old pair of purple shoes. Soles that had walked miles, cracked and worn - water leaking through. They had walked me down many different paths and life changes – across continents and oceans, memories of travel and adventures, loss and heartache - divorce, new beginnings, remarriage and a child. My old purple shoes, soles worn smooth and slippery – without any grip or tread left on a rain slick and slippery day, there were no longer safe to wear, while carrying our infant daughter around. So, I asked my husband to “disappear” my favourite old pair of purple shoes when I wasn't looking, while thinking of all the places they had taken me – the stories, and traces of life in their soles. And when it finally became time to replace those old shoes, I went to the store to find a new pair – and on the clearance rack was a pair of purple sneakers just my size. I'm sure these new shoes, will also walk me in down unknown paths and take me in new life directions. And the traces we leave behind, the earth beneath our feet, dried mud in/between the cracks, and the dust of sidewalks and riverbanks - are reminders of these places.

The miles we walk in our shoes. The earth we tread, the ground beneath our feet – tired soles, cracked and worn. The meaning of places – carved in every step we take. I think of the shoes my grandmothers' might have worn, the poverty of cracked soles, Home Children ushered aboard ships, the shuffles of small feet – sometimes accompanied by other siblings, sometimes alone. The grandmothers whose shoes were made for purpose and comfort, the routine of domestic life and chores - and those of greater wealth and privilege, whose shoes were shined and polished, tucked away until Sunday church, or an occasion to dress one's best. New and old shoes, the memories – and stories, following the footsteps of my grandmothers. Many travelled great distances, by force and choice – in hopes, of a better life. As I sit surrounded by old photographs, images of the past – handmade and published books, collections of my family's history, I pause - to remember and imagine, their lives. I remember and imagine their lives as more than these documents and stacks of papers. I think and imagine, the sound of their laughter

and tears, as well as the many unknowns – their footsteps, and traces they left behind. To my grandmothers that travelled great distances, this land may have seemed so unfamiliar – their histories and memories of their own grandmothers, so distance. But as time moves forward, feelings of be/longing shift and are transformed, as new generations of children, grandchild and great-grandchildren are born. My grandmothers' stories trace both foreign soils and are here in this land (North America/ Turtle Island), and I am the cuttings of their roots, transplanted and grown in here, in this soil.

The Place of Curriculum

The traces we leave behind, footprints, washed by the rain, sunken in sand, hardened in mud. Stopped in our tracks, the almost imperceptible mark of weathered soles on pavement. The many paths we have walked, and unexpected turns - that brought us here. The stories that live through us and places that are a part of us. The feeling of knowing you have been in this place before. This place is part of you. A place where experiences and memories are re/created. Where shared stories of grandmothers (or the absence thereof) and childhood memories are formed. The places (by force or choice) we leave behind us, and places where we remain grounded. The many crossroads in life where we have had to make a choice, or choose a new direction. The lasting imprint of places on our lives, the landscapes of our memories - and traces we leave behind. Traces of our existence, disregard and/or care – a testament to our way of living and *being* in the world. Objects can evoke memories of persons, places, and events - feelings and emotions, the different textures of life – sand, rock and soil (Turkle, 2007).

Jardine, LaGrange, & Everest (1998) discuss the concept of place and how meaning is derived from personal experiences and connection to places. Objects serve as a reminder of these places and the memories formed there. A pair of shoes having not walked a mile, hold no memories or stories, human soles to give their step meaning.

Understood conceptually and in general, "shoes" bear no history, no memory, no continuity, no dependencies, no place, no communities of relations. They are not *someone 's, here, in this place*, and, in this sense, they are simply an *idea* of shoes, not fleshy and warm and curved just so. (p. 126)

A pair of worn-out or freshly polished of shoes tells a story of *someone* or *somewhere*, but it is the human imagination that attributes meaning and gives life to their story. Jardine et al. (1998) argue that the meaning of places is often overlooked in curriculum integration: "What is

lost in many efforts in curriculum integration is precisely the *topography* - the *ecos*, the place - of any particular thing” (p. 124). The stronghold of places in our lives and how they shape the way we see and understand the world. The descriptive memories that reflect our lived experiences and connection to places, witness to the changing seasons – and sense of be/longing. The bounce to one’s step as you walk over a patch of brightly coloured moss swollen by the rain. The morning dew soaking through shoes as you walk over the grass. The freshly fallen leaves beneath your feet as you walk down the sidewalk. Shoes molded to the shape of one’s feet, each step unique.

As elementary educators working to develop and nurture a child’s sense of curiosity and enthusiasm for learning, often with good intention – we may lose sight of the importance of place. How community, familial and personal connections to places in/form our identities. How one’s sense of be/longing is shaped by the different environments. Every story has its place and origin. The environment in which a person is raised influences their thoughts and behaviours, beliefs and values. How we dis/engage with other persons/peoples, mistreat or care for our environment. An object hold no meaning without human connection. When we speak about an object or concept without placing, naming, or discussing its significance – its personal meaning and/or connection are lost. Jardine et al. (1998) use the concept of “shoes” to illustrate the “fragmentation,” or lack of focus or depth often witnessed in elementary classrooms (and universities), the overload of activities and busywork used to fill the time. They further discuss the sometimes-overwhelming number of resources that can be found online by educators on Internet websites, blogs and teacher forums, which can, “make more difficult, settling down *somewhere*, doing *something* well, treating *something* with the integrity it warrants” (p. 124). Jardine et al. state that when a concept such as “shoes” is used to tie “particulars together,” and little attention is paid to the “particulars” themselves, it results in disconnection:

Pursued in this way, curriculum integration can become a sort of *conceptual violence* that tears the particulars out of their intimate, particular places and resorts them “away from home” under general, abstract, anonymous categories.

These categories are not sensuous, bodily, indigenous, and immediate, but oddly cold, ideational, fleshless and alien” (p. 125).

Jardine et al. further argue that while the intention of curriculum integration may be to create a more holistic approach to learning, attending to the “integrities of human experience,” often good intentions result in: “...a form of interpretive deafness, an inability to hear what words and

worlds of implication might already be at work in the stubborn particulars” (p. 125). Shoes as an abstract concept to be worn, objects without a place or story, *homeless*.

Somehow, *these* shoes cannot be captured with any integrity and wholeness on a curriculum web under, say, "different types of shoes," or "shoes and types of work." Rather, *these* shoes gain an integrity and place in a world full of rich memory and familiarity and use, a world full of the intractable particularities of experience, whether for good or ill or some troubling mixture of the two. (p. 126)

Leather and man-made materials, style and branding. Worn laces and treaded soles, molded to the feet - the meaning of places and personal connection pressed in their soles. Careful attention to these “particulars” reveal the stories of an object’s life and origin. All things have their place, “...intractable relations of materiality, obligation, community history, memory, and so on” (p. 126). Jardine et al. state that this concept of curriculum integration is not about shoes as an abstract concept, but rather a careful attention to the “particulars” that evoke an understanding of wholeness through, “place and memory and relations and community” (p. 127). Integration is about working with a “great idea” that stems from the concept, and treating it with a sense of integrity, and through this beginning, “to heal the ways that things have become fragmented and displaced and unsettled and dispersed” (p. 127).

Homework Assignment (Part 1)

He removed the crumpled piece of paper from his knapsack and set it on the table. “I can’t do it,” he repeated.

I looked down at the homework assignment, and began to understand his frustration, he couldn’t do it – and it wasn’t fair.

The assignment was to write a journal entry from the perspective of a family member having first arrived in North America. The students were to include their reasons for leaving their home country, for coming to North America, and the challenges they may have faced as new immigrants and settlers. As a young Indigenous student, these questions did not reflect his/story – the silencing of Indigenous his/stories that continue to perpetuate such untruths. The question itself was false. His teacher, failing to confront her own learned history – a single story version of history. A story that most Canadians learned in school, and many teachers continue to perpetuate in their own classrooms. A belief that nations did not exist before the arrival of the Europeans. A historical timeline that begins with the arrival of the settlers. But what about the

stories that were here before long before us – the stories of the land and peoples? I suggested we rewrite the question to reflect a different story – a different perspective – what would it be like...

“But that’s not what I am suppose to do! That’s not the question! I don’t know where my grandparents came from...” (Campbell, Journal, 2014).

Be/longing to Places

My great-grandmothers arrived along these shores, travelling great distances – to begin their new lives in landscapes, foreign and unknown – and give birth to the next generation (and the many generations to follow) who would call this place, home. As the great-grandchildren of the settlers who first arrived along these shores - what are our responsibilities to those who walked here before us? The grandmothers, whose stories already resided in this land (North America/ Turtle Island), who had their children taken away, who suffered unknown abuses in residential schools, whose communities were destroyed – and that history attempted to erase? As a Gitkan Elder in British Columbia, Canada, is noted to have once said to a government official, “If this is your land, where are your stories”? (Chamberland, 2003, p. 1). How are notions of be/longing transformed when generations of grandmothers and great-grandmothers lay buried beneath? What stories do the bones of my own grandmothers hold, and what stories might they tell to the living? How are understandings of identity and be/longing transformed when looking to the past to inform the future? The hardships and privileges of settler societies, stories carried from foreign shores – and the theft and losses of others. Land taken (stolen), given and sold – names changed and/or forgotten. With arrival of my great-grandmothers, others’ lives were also destroyed – a history, not so glossy, as the pages of my school history texts.

White Man’s Footstep

Being naturalized to place means to live as if this is the land that feeds you, as if these are the streams from which you drink, that build your body and fill your spirit. To become naturalized is to know that your ancestors lie in the ground.

- Kimmerer, 2013, pp. 214-215

Understanding one’s sense of be/longing and responsibilities as relational to the places we live and dwell and the people who walked before us, Kimmerer (2013) tells the story of the plantain’s (*Plantago major* or *White Man’s Footstep*) arrival on the shores of North America. A plant species commonly believed to be a native species, it in fact first arrived with European

settlement. At first, the Indigenous people were distrustful of the plant that arrived with the white man, and the destruction and devastation they brought to the land and people. But with its continued survival, knowing it was here to stay - they began to learn medicinal properties, including the plant's ability to heal wounds without infection. In ecological studies the integration of foreign species into local ecosystems is referred to as a process of "naturalization," the same term used to describe the immigration of foreign-born persons when they become citizens. Other foreign plant species (garlic mustard, tamarisk, loosestrife and cheat grass) are known as invaders, with colonizing habits of taking over, consuming, and killing. However, the plantain grows in spaces that are unused where the soil has been treaded down and other plants cannot grow. "Its strategy was to be useful, to fit into small places, to coexist with others around the dooryard, to heal wounds" (p. 214). The plantain is not an indigenous species, as Kimmerer writes, "*Indigenous* is a birth-right word," but this plant species has become so well integrated to this place that many consider it native. Places hold stories, and as Cajete (1994) writes: "Indigenous people considered animals and plants the first teachers and participants with human beings in the evolution of life on the Earth" (p. 56). Perhaps, the teaching of the plantain might also help us to see and understand our own roles within a greater web of reciprocity, our connection and collective responsibility to those who walked here before us, and the places where we live and dwell (Donald, 2009). As ancestral bloodlines trace foreign landscapes, and we learn what it means to become part of this place.

Homework Assignment (Part 2)

I knew little of this young boy's experiences – it was the first time we had worked together, and I wanted to help him find a way to complete his homework assignment without the fear of doing it wrong – to feel valued, and to know that he too belongs. "Has anyone ever told you the Creation Story, the story of how Turtle Island (North America) came to be?"

He said he had never heard the story, but that wasn't the assignment! I left the student a moment, holding the crumpled homework assignment, to speak with the Coordinator of the program - who over time, had developed relationships with many of the students and their families. I knew, she might be able to provide some insight or guidance. Explaining the situation, I held out the crumpled homework assignment for her to read. Sitting back down with the young student, he appeared almost completely defeated by the task that had been asked of him - unable to even begin to complete the homework assignment. It wasn't fair that he (and so many other

children) should be made to feel this way – to feel as though his story, the unknown stories of his grandparents weren't important - that he did not belong. In the meantime, the Coordinator had left the room, and had reappeared to announce that we would be having a special guest this evening, a Cree Storyteller and Elder, to share with us the story of Turtle Island.

As I watched and listened to this re/telling of the Creation Story - the room filled with silence, young hearts listening. The story of how all the water animals attempted to reach the bottom of a water-covered earth to retrieve a fistful of soil to create the new land. All the animals had been unsuccessful in their efforts until one of the smallest animals, Muskrat, stepped forward. No one thought Muskrat could do it, but was determined to try. Muskrat dove into the water – but after a very long time, the other animals knew he had drowned - and as Muskrat's tiny dead body floated to the surface, his fist clenched tight – and as they gently opened his paw, there it was - a fistful of earth. He had sacrificed his life, and it would be the turtle that would offer their shell to bear the weight of this new land on their back. (Pipekeepers, n.d.)

The Seeds She Planted

Discussing the process and concept for this chapter, when I first started writing it in September (2018), when my mom was visiting – piecing together the fragments and stories, from gardens to grandmothers, perennial beds – she began to interpret my story, as one of her own. The seeds her mother had planted, the flowers she grew, and the gardens she tended for so many years. After the death of her mother (Nanny), the house that my mother's grandparents had built that had been inherited to her father, and where she and her six siblings were raised – with no one to take on the family home – was emptied of its many possessions, family heirlooms and antiques, passed down through the generations. In a difficult decision by the family, filled with so many emotions and memories, the house was put on the market for sale. A young family now lives in the home, the daughter of friends of the family that attended the same church as my grandparents. But before the property was sold, my mom gathered hollyhock seeds, dug up some black raspberries (served over vanilla ice cream or spread on toast) roots – and later the Spirea bushes (or confetti trees as we called them as kids, gathering and tossing handfuls of tiny flower petals in the air) that the new home owners no longer wanted and offered - to transplant into her garden. Memories of her own mother garden's and the years of care close to home. And so, when I spoke of perennial flowerbeds, how we plant the seeds – to be passed onto the next generation,

she envisioned her own garden – and the story of the seeds my grandmother had planted, the life that continues to grow, and gift of seeds, and the memory of her own mother (Nanny).

Chapter 5: Rivers, Rocks; Sticks & Stones

The Campus Rock



Figure 23. Peeling Layers of Paint (Campbell, photograph, 2018)

everything that lives lives in stories

stories written in the wind on the stones and in the heart

- Cole, 2010, p. 30

Scrapping away layers of spray-painted histories, empty cans and paint – stories, past and present – to reveal the rock beneath. I have often passed the large graffitied rock that sits on campus grounds next to the highway surrounded by age-old oaks and maples. Histories scattered, witnessed and/or forgotten - under layers of toxic smelling paint. There is something about the image of this spray-painted rock that troubles my thoughts. For most, it is a place of celebration - witness to the accomplishments, events and community. It is a token – an object. The in/animacy of rock. But each time I pass this rock it evokes feelings of unease. I begin to imagine the

landscape from which it came, its removal and possession. I think of the life and rock beneath – and its inability to breathe. I would expect nothing more than eye-rolls and a good laugh, if I were to express these sentiments to most who know this rock and place. And not so long ago, I would have been right there with them thinking, “What is this woman talking about?” But as I continue my work and research, unraveling discourses seeped in colonial histories, I begin to dig a little deeper - learning and understanding from a different perspective that continues to shape and/or dismantle my worldviews.

As a metaphor, this rock symbolizes the many layers – and uncovering of stories that lay buried beneath, the fragments or narrative pieces tell a greater story. The surface painted in bright colours offering a celebration of individual, group and community symbols, and events. But it has also been marked as a place of mourning, painted to commemorate the lives and loss of loved ones. A place where hate was pronounced and again painted or covered over (Soltis, 2009). The story of where it all began – the story of this rock, lost and/or forgotten. The many contributing artists working without pause to consider how their stories have been shaped by colonial histories and institutions – that re/moved the rock, brought it here – and named “it” a tradition. Visiting this rock on campus grounds, I see the many layers of paint that form its surface are becoming heavy and in some areas beginning to lift or peel away, revealing the under layers – and rock buried beneath. As a settler to Canada and now immigrant to the United States, Turtle Island/ North America - I continue to see reminders everywhere: Erasures, appropriation and celebration. It was never a land undiscovered or uninhabited (*terra nullius*), but alive in stories – and rocks, remember.

The Storying of Places

Our lives are influenced by the stories we tell. The stories we learn and re/create are shaped by the communities and societies in which we live and participate. Places and landmarks are significant in shaping how we story our worlds. As Donald (2012) writes:

When researchers come to view themselves as storytellers, they become conscious of the ways in which their autobiography influences how they make sense of their lives and experiences. They realize that their personal stories cannot be easily differentiated from the larger research stories they wish to tell. (p. 548)

The way we perceive and interpret our surroundings is also informed by the stories we have been told. Discourses that shape our worldviews. Donald (2012) discusses the use of

Indigenous *métissage* as a research methodology in recognizing the importance of Indigenous values, ethics and ways of knowing. He describes Indigenous *métissage* as a way of resisting colonial frontier logics, and an instrument through which Canadians might begin to confront their own understandings, memories and learned histories of places. Donald explains his use of Indigenous *métissage* as a research methodology through the following three metaphors: The fort, *pentimento*, and *bricolage*. The first metaphor, and structure of the “fort” is often a prominent colonial feature and landmark in Canadian historic cities. Donald uses the metaphor of the fort to describe how most Canadians remain protected within the structure of the fort’s walls, while Aboriginal people continue to be left outside the fort’s walls. The second metaphor, *pentimento*, is a borrowed art term, which Donald uses to describe how Aboriginal histories have been ‘painted over’ by colonial histories: “Pentimento implies a desire to peel back the layers that have obscured an artifact or a memory as a way to intimately examine those layers” (pp. 543-544). The third metaphor, *bricolage*, is a term used to describe the researcher as a weaver of a textual braid, weaving together diverse perspectives and multiple ways of knowing. Donald further explains the significance of artifacts to *métissage*, and how Canadians’ interpretations are most often based on colonial perspectives that fail to recognize Aboriginal perspectives. Donald continues to explain the importance of hermeneutics to Indigenous *métissage*, which does not seek to find solutions, but engage in the ambiguity and difficulty of tension spaces. He argues that these tension spaces further represent or characterize current Canadian and Aboriginal relations. He discusses how there are no prescribed methodologies in hermeneutics, and that one must rely on their own imagination and creativity. However, when researchers begin to recognize and see themselves as storytellers, perhaps some also begin to see their own role within the larger story. And through this process, perhaps, they begin to deconstruct these colonial narratives and re/construct new ways of thinking. Through this re/storying of places, we might begin to uncover new meanings - that alter the way we think about - and story, our worlds.

Looking to the places where I (have) live/d and dwell/ed - the layers of histories and discourses, I begin to unravel and re/story the meaning of these places within my own life. As Donald (2012) writes, “We must first reread and reframe colonial constructs in order to see more clearly the language and logics that have clouded our thinking” (p. 550). Peeling back the many layers, we might begin to see more clearly the *histories* – that reveal the rock surface beneath. Donald further explains:

Such theorizing will help deconstruct the colonial frontier logics of inside/outside and facilitate meaningful reconstruction through sustained engagements that traverse perceived civilizational divides. Only then will the stories linking Aboriginal peoples and Canadians revitalize relationships with a common sense of place. (p. 550)

As I begin to re/frame and re/consider the meaning of places and landmarks within my own life – new/old stories begin to emerge. Donald discusses how the interpretation of artifacts and how they can reveal colonial roots and histories. He suggests *Indigenous* métissage as a means through which one might begin to engage in this sort of decolonizing work/research. Donald explains his reason for combining the two terms, *Indigenous* and *métissage*: First, the reframing of historical and contemporary Aboriginal and Canadian perspectives; Second, Canadian and Aboriginal understandings of places; And third, Canadian and Aboriginal interpretations of artifacts. As newcomers (settlers, refugees and immigrants) to Canada (and the United States), is it not our responsibility to learn the stories of this land, and the people who were here before us? Donald (2009) states that as Canadians and Aboriginals, we must work together to decolonize – deconstruct historical divides and begin re/imagine new ways forward. Drawing on the works and writings of Indigenous scholars, writers and artists from across Canada, the United States, and the world, I begin to re/imagine and re/write this story in looking to uncover new/old ways forward. This métissage of stories as told through landmarks, places and cultural artefacts – look at how we might learn from diverse perspectives, as we begin to deconstruct colonial narratives and re/shape our ways of thinking about places, in recognizing their both importance and significance to different peoples.

Gathering Rocks

Two men saw a pile of rocks in a field. The first man only saw a pile of rocks and walked away the same. The second man saw a great house in which he could satisfy his dream and walked away altered forever. The first man struggled to get things done and to find purpose. The second man built that house and inspired others to do the same. My goal is to always be that second person, looking beyond what's presented for the secrets, mysteries and glories it contains.

- Wagamese, Facebook post, November 26, 2016

As I started to write this chapter, reviewing old notes - fragments, references, and inspirations, I again came across the quote by Ojibway author, Richard Wagamese. “A ceramic heart, fractured but made beautiful again.” Words that once inspired my own writing, cracks: “A celebration of imperfection, the flawed rendered magnificent by its reclamation.” (Facebook, February 11, 2016). I often looked forward to reading Wagamese posts, his creative use of language and space, using social media as a platform to express and reach an audience. Over the last few years, I have grown less engaged in social media, newsfeeds filled with impersonal content, marketing and advertisements. A world seeped dis/connection. But in this overcrowded and often overloaded space, I looked forward to the words, Richard Wagamese, would share. I no longer had to go to the library, bookstore, or order online – I could sit with my morning coffee, open my newsfeed or type in a quick search - and his profile page would appear. A shared story or insight – a thoughtful delight. And then one day, I opened my newsfeed to learn that Ojibway author, Richard Wagamese, had died. His last words marking t/his passing (of time). The vagueness surrounding the details of his death raised the question: Did he know he was dying? Were these words to be his last/ing gift. Living in an era of instant newsfeeds, digital memory and archives – technology gives new meaning to the idea of permanence and temporality, and I began to think of this idea of our digital lives - the traces we leave behind. A world of abstractions, deletion and erasure - but also permanence. Old knowledge, new technologies. Where histories carved in stone, *writing-on-stone* (Áísínai'pi), and other engraved histories on rock, become digitized images, preserved for generations to come (Dixon, n.d.; UNESCO, 2019). Today, while reflecting on the memory of his life’s writings. I returned to this question of life and death – what becomes of our lives – the stories, words and images we leave behind? What had become of Richard Wagamese profile and shared content? Would this his/story be erased? In a quick profile search – there again, I saw his image, as he stood at a podium reading. His last/ing story. As scrolled down to read his last post dated November 26, 2016, his words re/awakened new meaning, *a pile of rocks*, as I continue to write this chapter.

The Living World

*coyote archaeology is a very young science a western construct
of the newcomers the people of the land have seen and understood
the bones the skeletons etched into stone the marks on the mountains
people from uphome have been reading bones and tracks and signs and traces*

*on rock and soil and tree and grass and water and air for thousands of years
we have always been literate iterate*

- Cole, 2010, p. 32

Boulders have nothing to do with elephants, lichens are not horsetails, moss is not fur, spiders are not engineers, ravens do not haggle, and trees do not confer. Scientists are schooled to avoid such anthropomorphism. Writers are warned against committing the “pathetic fallacy” which is the error of projecting human emotions or meaning onto nature. The caution is worth heeding. Yet if we entirely forgo such analogies, if we withhold our metaphors and stories, we estrange ourselves from the universe.

- Sanders, 2016, p. 218

I begin the following discussion with a question: Do rocks talk? Pause a moment to consider the life and animacy of rock. What words would they whisper? What stories might they tell if we could hear them speak? An absurdity to most. An anthropomorphism, as some might call it: Attributing qualities of life to the in/animate. But rocks tell the stories of the places from which they came – stories of the land, surrounding environments, bodies of water, dried riverbeds and the movement of continents. Crafted from a grain of sand, meteor shower, volcanic eruption – the earth and all her elements conspiring to give birth to their creation. Rocks are the oldest living beings (Donald, 2009; Tinker, 2004). Think for a moment of the lives they have witnessed, the changes they have seen – the transformations they have experienced. Broken, shattered, dispersed – rock. Elementary school science class teaches us to identify the different rock structures – to learn and know how their compositions form their history. As children, we are taught to objectify and categorize – a language of inanimacy that removes any notion of personhood or connection (Kimmerer, 2017). As Davis (2008) writes:

A child raised to believe that a mountain is the abode of a protective spirit will be a profoundly different human being from a youth brought up to believe that a mountain is an inert mass of rock ready to be mined. A Kwakwaka’wakw boy raised to revere the coastal forests as the realm of the divine will be a different

person from a Canadian child taught to believe that such forests are destined to be logged. (p. 123)

The way in which we come to view and understand our worlds is shaped by the language and culture through which we learn and are raised (Cajete, 1994). Kimmerer describes how the objectification of the living world is implicit within scientific language. “The practice of *it*-ing everything in nature is not only prevalent, but is required in scientific writing” (para. 17). Science as a language values clarity and precision – an objective and/or neutral language, often considered to be “universal.” However, this perception and understanding of science as *universal* is imbued with cultural meanings and value (Andreotti, Ahenakew, & Garrick, 2011; Andreotti, 2016; Stein & Andreotti, 2016; Stein, Hunt, Susa & Andreotti, 2017). As Cajete (1994) writes, “Science is a cultural system, and objectivity is really a subjective matter” (p. 197). Subject and object. Western science is one lens through which we might view and understand our world, but it is not the only lens through which we might come to learn and understand the natural world. Andreotti et al. (2011) describe how the production of truths in Western science is most often based on the exclusion of a diversity of knowledges. They argue that Indigenous knowledges are most often ignored within an academic context, thus removing all traces of culture, spirituality, and connection - the understanding of ourselves as part of nature, not above it. Cajete (1994) further discusses how Western education succeeded in removing stories from their context by presenting them as “data, description, theory, and formula” (p. 139). As he writes:

Modern students are left to re-connect the information within a story. The problem is that most students have not been conditioned by modern culture or education to re-context this information. Their natural sense for story has been schooled out of them. (pp. 139-140)

Education can be used to help guide learning, build new understandings and knowledge, but also a tool to divide and/or dismantle - to counter ignorance, or create it.

The in/animacy of the living world - and our connection to *it*, determines how we live and inter/act within these spaces/places. Kimmerer (2017) describes how children are naturally inclined to extend personhood to other living beings, until they are taught otherwise – and corrected. Within the linguistic confines of Western science and English language, we are taught to objectify other living beings, and through this process, internalize the belief that it is our right to own, possess and even exploit the land for our own personal gain. As Cajete (1994) writes:

Western culture, through its unique play of history, disconnected itself from the natural world in order to conquer it. Through such a denial, the natural world was objectified so that it might be controlled and subsequently exploited for economic gain and for the greater glory of the Western ego. (p. 82)

This is not to dismiss or disregard the value and merit of Western science in the construction of new knowledge and findings. However, science as a privileged language of the and disciple in the Western world has also been used as a tool to suppress Indigenous knowledges and ways of knowing. As both a language and discipline, Western science can offer us a certain perspective through which we might come to view and understand the world around us in new ways. As a trained ecologist and Indigenous woman, Kimmerer (2013) expresses the belief that both worldviews can coexist and serve to offer us different ways of seeing and understanding the world: “Science polishes the gift of seeing, indigenous traditions work with gifts of listening and language” (p. 48).

Language influences the way we speak about the living world and/or objectify it. Kimmerer (2013) writes about the language of animacy and how the use of pronouns can change the way we think about and/or act towards the world around us. As she explains: “Our words can be an antidote to human exceptionalism, to unthinking exploitation, an antidote to loneliness, an opening to kinship” (Kimmerer, 2017, para 21). In English, both the animate and inanimate are referred to as “it.” There is no word to differentiate between object or subject, any living beings other than human. Kimmerer (2017) refers to the term, *Aakibmaadiziiwin* in Potawatomi, meaning “being of the earth,” a pronoun used to refer to the many living beings, including rocks, extending personhood and respect, “to all who breathe and some who don’t” (para. 6). She states that this understanding and use of a pronoun to refer to all living beings, not only humans, serves to challenge Western ways of thinking. She continues to explain:

The language we speak is an affront to the ears of the colonist in every way, because it is a language that challenges the fundamental tenets of Western thinking—that humans alone are possessed of rights and all the rest of the living world exists for human use. (para. 7)

Kimmerer suggests the use of a pronoun might not only challenge, but can change the way we think about the living world around us, by acknowledging and extending respect to other living beings around us. She offers an alternative to the pronoun of “it.” “With full recognition

and celebration of its Potawatomi roots, might we hear a new pronoun at the beginning of the word, from the “aaki” part that means land? *Ki* to signify a being of the living earth” (para. 20). She continues to explain how we already have its plural form in English, *kin*. Many might argue that it would be impossible to change our use of pronouns, particularly considering the current political climate in the United States of America, where they continue to refuse status to persons, let alone non-human living beings. However, Kimmerer, reminds us that throughout history, we have been witnessed and learned the possibility of otherwise:

Thankfully, human history is marked by an ever-expanding recognition of personhood, from the time when aboriginals were not seen as human, when slaves were counted as three-fifths of a person, and when a woman was worth less than a man. Language, personhood, and politics have always been linked to human rights. Will we have the wisdom to expand the circle yet again? Naming is the beginning of justice. (para. 38)

Is it possible to begin to change the way we think – to expand and offer respect to living beings other than human? I think of my own daughter, now beginning to develop her language - playing with sounds, gestures and movements. Finding new ways to express herself through language, observing and learning from the living world around her. Learning Farsi with her Dad, English as a family - and French, together. I wonder and consider the possibility. Instead of the single pronoun “it,” what if we were to teach her the singular pronoun of *ki* or plural form *kin*? Changing the use of our own pronouns and by extension the language of our children - might it be possible? As Kimmerer continues to write: “The grammar of animacy is an antidote to arrogance; it reminds us that we are not alone.” A language to express something, perhaps our children already know – the world is not for our taking, *ki* is for our care.

River rock (ki/n). This morning my daughter found a small stone on the lawn and picked it up. Holding *ki* in her hand, she beamed with pride - as she toddled along to find her wagon and take her newfound friend for a ride. As she stopped to show me the rock she had found, I asked her if her new friend had a name, “Tika Tika” (tickle tickle), she replied. Handing me her rock, I held *ki* up to my ear and pretended *ki* was talking to me, as I continued to respond and ask questions in reply. My daughter delighted by this play, held *ki* up to her mouth like she was speaking or whispering secrets to a friend. In turn she would hold the rock up to her ear as though *ki* were speaking to her as she listened for *ki*’s reply (ever so intently). To the amusement of my

husband, he laughed at this, our imaginative play. A child who talks to rocks, and a wife who writes about them. He reassured himself and suggested to me that we need not bother to buy our daughter toys, she is most happy playing and talking with rocks. Following our daughter's very intent conversation with her new rock friend, she placed *ki* back in her wagon and began circling around the yard. Worried her new rock friend might be a little too small and a potential choking hazard, while out of eyesight or riding with her new friend in her car seat. I suggested to her that *ki* was in fact a garden rock, whose home was in the garden - and offered her in exchange, a larger (non-chocking size) river rock. She happily accepted this exchange, as I suggested to my husband that perhaps, she and he, might take her new rock friend in the wagon for a walk along the river to visit *ki's kin* (the other river rocks), so that I might return to my writing.

Flying Rock (*papamihaw asiniy*).

The stone was cold, so I picked it up and threw it in a pot of boiling water. Rocks don't bleed, they're nothing more than solid matter. But oh, the lives they've seen! Centuries past. They stood watching as she fell from the sky and you to your knees (always a rock). And now you ask me to forget. Killing sentimentality, skipping stones. Centuries. Rocks have no feeling, no soul, no imagination - until they hit the ground. Flat prairie rock. "CRACK!"

- Campbell, Journal, 2008

We carry the memory of places with us - re/storying, re/imagining and re/living their significance within our lives. Landmarks as reminders of these places can evoke meanings, memories and connections – the many land/scapes of our lives. Donald (2009) describes the significance of rocks to the Aboriginal peoples of the Canadian Prairies, markers of the flat open land that can be seen from miles away. These rocks served as a guide to travellers – and hold stories of the past. “Rocks are located at places that have a history—a story—and wisdom on how to live a good life comes from looking closely at the place and listening carefully, over and over again, to the story” (p. 13). Donald further describes how rocks are considered deeply spiritual to Aboriginal peoples:

The important point about rocks and place-stories is that the rocks, as animate entities, have an energy to them that is forever in flux—constantly changing,

transforming, combining and recombining. This cyclic energy is what gives the rock its spiritual quality. (p. 13)

Donald (2009) continues to discuss the life and animacy of rocks, as he recounts the story of *papamihaw asiniy* or *flying rock*, the rock (or meteorite) that fell from the sky and landed in overlapping Cree and Blackfoot territory in what today is known as Iron Creek in central Alberta, Canada. An area highly valued by both nations for its healthy numbers and herds of buffalo and plant life. The rock having been sighted and the event witnessed by both nations was later visited and named: *Papamihaw asiniy* or “flying rock” by the Cree, and *iihtsipáitapiyo’pa* or “the Source of Life” by the Blackfoot (p. 14). The two nations believed that the rock was sent by the Creator as a reminder to the people that no one might ever own the land or animals, and that the land should be shared and cared for by all. For this reason, the rock held deep spiritual meaning to people, and was a site where they would offer thanks and prayers to the Creator for future generations to come.

For many years, *papamihaw asiniy*, remained and was visited in this place. However, when Methodist missionary, John McDougall, arrived, he viewed: “...The spiritual reverence for *papamihaw asiniy* as a major obstacle to his Christianizing and civilizing efforts” (Donald, 2009, p. 15). And so, as the story goes, he had the rock re/moved and placed in front of the mission where he was staying. However, the Elders prophesized saw the rock’s removal as a warning to the people and a sign of what was to come. Stories of loss. A time when the buffalo would become scarce and famine and disease would claim the lives of the many. Donald (2009) recounts the story of the rock’s journey from where it began on the open Prairies to places hundreds of miles away, where the rock was put on public display:

Once McDougall realized that his possession of the flying rock did not bring him more converts to Christianity, he shipped *papamihaw asiniy* from his Victoria Mission to Ontario. It was placed on a pedestal between the two front doors of the chapel on the campus of Victoria College in Cobourg. ... Eventually, it was donated to the Royal Museum of Ontario, and the flying rock sat in that place for almost a century. (p. 16)

In the museum, *papamihaw asiniy* attracted the attention of many within the scientific community and became an object studied by scientists from around the world. “Samples of various sizes were eventually chipped off *papamihaw asiniy* by scientists who wanted to know

more about the rock” (Donald, 2009, p. 17). Over time and in a new place, the story and memory of *papamihaw asiniy* or *iihtsipáítapiyo 'pa* was lost and/or forgotten. “Those offerings were sent away to strange places, further distanced from the Prairies where the flying rock had a place and a story that the people remembered” (p. 17). The many samples of rock sent away yielded new data and information, scientific findings about the rock’s structure and composition - and a new story was written. Donald describes how when artefacts and/or objects are housed in museums, removed from their original resting places, so are their stories often lost and/or forgotten:

But that is what happens in a museum. The story of the artifact and the significance of the place that it comes from must be ignored. The artifact must be depersonalized and renamed, its original power and place must be removed and replaced so that it can be objectified, analyzed and shelved. (p. 17)

In 1973, *papamihaw asiniy*, was returned to the Prairies, and *flying rock* has since been housed in the Royal Alberta museum, Edmonton, Alberta – where the rock was eventually renamed, Manitou Stone. The re/naming of a rock. The story of where it all began, and its meaning, re/written. Donald (2009) discusses how the story of *flying rock* or *papamihaw asiniy* is also symbolic of landed immigration and how colonization changed the face of the landscape, and over time and through this process, places have *become* both Aboriginal and Canadian.

By removing *papamihaw asiniy* from its place, McDougall began a process that became much more than simply civilizing and Christianizing the Indians in the area by removing a sacred rock. The removal of the rock allowed the place to be re-imagined and allowed the Prairies to be redefined in ways more conducive to EuroCanadian notions of land use and ownership. (pp. 17-18)

Donald (2009) further explains how landscapes and cultural identities have been influenced and/or transformed by colonisation, and as a result, places hold different meanings to different people. As Donald writes: “It means that such places are, paradoxically, simultaneously Aboriginal and Canadian” (p. 20). Places seeped in his/her/stories and the teachings they hold. Some believe *papamihaw asiniy*’s rightful place in back on the land and that the rock’s return would be a sign of healing for Aboriginal peoples. The stories of the land and people, what it means to live and dwell in these places - and our responsibilities to future generations.

Listening to/ Learning from – doing the work. When we begin to re/envision ourselves in relation to *places*, the stories that reside in *places* – we might also begin to recognize how

these *places* shape and in/form our identities. And though this process, also start to recognize our responsibilities not only to these places, but also the people. As newcomers and settlers, how do we begin to re/build our relationships to the land and with Indigenous peoples? There is only one land and this place is *home*, to both Indigenous and settler societies. As Fidyk (2013) writes: “It [home] symbolizes a life lived closely with ‘Nature,’ her rhythms, beauty, and cruelty. Life lived closely with seasons and the moon, letting one’s pulse resonate with the waxing and waning of life light” (p. 314). The places we call *home* – and traces we leave behind. Kimmerer (2013) discusses how we all suffer the consequences of a loss or dis/connection to the land:

But I need to remember that the grief is the settlers’ as well. They too will never walk in a tallgrass prairie where sunflowers dance with golden finches. Their children have also lost the chance to sing at the Maple dance. They can’t drink the water either. (pp. 211-212)

As newcomers and settlers to Canada (and the United States of America), we have a great deal to learn from Indigenous peoples, cultures and political systems – if and when, we are ready to listen and *hear* what is being said? As Basso (1996) states, “When places are actively sensed, the physical landscape becomes wedded to the landscape of the mind, to the forming imagination, and where the mind may lead is anybody’s guess” (p. 55). For those working in the field of education and curriculum studies, Ng-A-Fook (2007) poses the question:

So then as “guest people,” as curriculum theorists, as migrants, as academics with transnational citizenships, how can we make ourselves more readily available to listen and learn from the local indigenous communities who traditionally inhabited and inhabit this land? (p. 21)

Learning *from* Indigenous peoples - is not the same, as many of us were taught, as learning *about* Indigenous peoples. And as newcomers and settlers this requires that we put in the work. It is not the responsibility of Indigenous peoples to educate non-Indigenous peoples living on Turtle Island/North America about our responsibilities as treaty members and settlers. We are also required to do our part and educate ourselves.

In an article by Deerchild (2018), Hayden King, discusses territorial acknowledgments and how he now regrets helping Ryerson University’s write a territorial acknowledgement, because of the risk of it becoming “superficial” and creating a “disservice to that treaty and those nations”(para. 11). King continues to explain how he would prefer to see a framework through

which people are required to write their own territorial acknowledgement – to do the work. King says that territorial acknowledgements are mainly written for a non-Indigenous audience. As he further explains: “If we're writing a script then providing a phonetic guide for how to recite the nation's names, then it doesn't really require much work on behalf of the people who are reciting that territorial acknowledgement” (para. 14). King further discusses how we often hear these sorts of acknowledgements in spaces of privilege such as on university campuses and at academic conferences. King argues that reciting a territorial acknowledgement in such privileged spaces without having to do the “hard work” provides non-Indigenous peoples an alibi, instead of “...Learning about their neighbours and learning about the treaties of the territory and learning about those nations that should have jurisdiction” (para. 15). However, he discusses how in less privileged spaces, this type of territorial acknowledgement might serve a different purpose in starting a conversation. King highlights the importance of circumstance, and believes that those within these privileged spaces should be doing more than just reciting a scripted territorial acknowledgement. They should be doing the work - and through this process, giving meaning to their words.

The places we call *home* and our responsibilities to the land and people. Ng-A-Fook (2007) draws on the work of Haig-Brown (2004), while asking the question: “Why doesn't the [Canadian] citizenship exam ask whose traditional land one lives on as one way to begin to redress the attempted erasure of indigenous people from the land” (p. 15)? The recognition of peoples – our role and responsibilities as treaty members, newcomers and settlers to this land (Turtle Island/North America). In September 2017, Immigration, Refugees and Citizenship Canada announced that the newly proposed citizenship oath would now include reference to Indigenous peoples and treaties based on the recommendation of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission's (TRC) calls to action. Many argue that this change is long overdue, while others believe that this is meaningless, if new citizens swearing the oath are not educated about Indigenous peoples' histories and treaties (Harris, 2017; Levitz, 2017). Up until these recently announced changes, all new citizens were required to take the citizenship oath, “swearing” or “affirming” their allegiance to the “Queen of Canada,” which read as follows: “I swear (or affirm)/ That I will be faithful/ And bear true allegiance/ To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second/ Queen of Canada” (Immigration, Refugees and Citizenship Canada, 2015). However, as McMahan (2017) argues taking an oath and pledging allegiance to the Queen creates a mockery

of the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*, upholds a doctrine of discovery, and further dismisses Indigenous peoples' histories and land rights. Swearing an oath and pledging allegiance to the Queen, however, is not only limited to new citizens, but also federal, provincial and territorial government employees and representatives. McMahon further argues that this is counter to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada's (TRC) call to action 45(i), which calls upon, "The Government of Canada, on behalf of all Canadians, to jointly develop with Aboriginal peoples a Royal Proclamation of Reconciliation to be issued by the Crown," which should include the commitment to: "Repudiate concepts used to justify European sovereignty over Indigenous lands and peoples such as the Doctrine of Discovery and terra nullius" (TRC, p. 5). McMahon (2017) further argues that instead showing its commitment to Indigenous peoples, the Canadian government and courts continue to uphold the oath and justify it because of symbolic relations to the monarch. As he writes: "The courts are trying awfully hard to defend the discriminatory oath, pretending it is symbolic of some notion of equality values, while shielding it from any equality analysis at all" (p. 64). The recitation of an oath that pledges allegiance to the Queen and dismisses Indigenous peoples' histories and political systems that existed here, on Turtle Island, long before European arrival and settlement – is the repetition an on-going colonial narrative.

Ash and rock

Two hundred years is young for the trees whose tops this morning are hung with mist. It's an eye blink of time for the river that I hear through my open window and nothing at all for the rocks.

- Kimmerer, 2016, p. 187

Like the ancient trees and driftwood and beachstones, I too have dwelled in this place.

- Leggo, 2008, p. 22

Rocks circled the fire pit covered in soot and ash. Years of build-up, blackened by the flames. Where they came from, and how they got there - I'm not sure. They did not appear to belong to this landscape, perhaps they came from the shores of the nearby Lake Erie. Shaped by the movement of water, rounded edges - and warmed by fires. Soft sandstone, no sharp or

protruding edges. I imagine someone might have found them there and decided to take them home. Stolen, given, taken. Mis/placed. Arranged in a circle, sinking deeper into the soil – buried beneath – covered, the wind transporting new seeds to grow, until the next fire would burn. As I began clearing out the old fire pit of the waste and debris, garbage – metals and melted plastics, what I found was rock - beautiful old stones. Digging deeper into the ground, I began removing and washing the rocks, one-by-one – to reveal the life beneath the many layers of build-up. Sandstone, soft and reddish, as well as denser grey rocks. Different shapes, sizes and textures. Filling the wheelbarrow, I re/moved the rock to the front flower beds – to create garden borders. They have been there for some time now, but each time I walk or pass by - I see them and think, this is not where they belong. They have more life and beauty than to be left here in this place to sit and guard borders. Memories of places, warmed by the glow of fires and faces gathered round. Distant memories of the sea, swept and washed away.

To re/move, disperse, re/claim. Beneath the layers of ash and debris, textures of life re/surface - memories of the lives they have witnessed, and the stories they've been told. I begin to re/imagine a new place/space for them to dwell - surrounded by gardens to nourish and give them life. In/between the north side of our house and the south side of the neighbour's, is a stretch of green space, where the daylight trickles through. This spring, I planted two young pawpaw saplings there. Trees given to us as part of an Earth Day initiative at the local farmer's market to encourage people to re/introduce native species into the landscape. This year, my daughter and I carried home two pawpaw saplings, two plum trees, a sumac bush and a bag of milkweed seeds. And the north side of the house, where the light trickles through seemed the perfect place to plant the two pawpaw trees. It began with two saplings, and now - it is in the planning stages of becoming a rock and native species garden, a space where pollinators and other diverse insect and small animal species might live and dwell. As I begin to research and re/envision this space – moving, planting, and restoring habitats (and beauty in the process), I see this space slowly begins its transformation. A pathway that will lead into the garden, barrels to divert and collect rain water – and rocks, grounded. Bearing witness to this process.

Washed by the wind and water, cracked, broken – fragments of boulders, a grain of sand. I sometimes wonder what these old rocks think of this novice gardener, the patience they must have to watch and listen as I stumble along my way. Thinking, re/imaging, not knowing - what direction these pathways will lead. And while we often think ourselves masters of our own

creations, working in the garden - digging our hands into the soil, fingernails full of dirt – planning, planting, and hoping seeds will grow. I know all the different plants, insects and soil types are planning their own garden, slowly showing and teaching me how to better live and grow in this place/space. And it is through this process, that I am learning that caring for the land is much more about listening (and hearing their response) to know where each plant will best grow and flourish - and rocks, might find rest.

Transformations

Beneath us this place is seething with growth, the microfilaments of life passing around and across one another, an entire force that is feeding the future. It is the elder forest, the broken, the old, the almost past, where even what is dead continues to feed others. The feeling here is palpable, and the next generations are growing.

- Hogan, 2016, p. 67

As we live and witness, the land/scape is in constant evolution and flux. Carved by human hands, the clear-cutting of forests, the blasting of rock and mountain sides - invasive species and natural disasters - to the protected lands of parks and natural reserves. As Tinker (2004) writes: “Rock does not die when it is broken, just as a mountain does not die when a tree is cut down or a rock removed” (p. 117). Tinker describes how rocks have a transformative power as the oldest living beings on this earth. He explains that unlike other living beings – rocks never die, but are transformed. Mountains to boulders – pebbles to sand. But what about a forest after it has been wiped out by wildfires or logged? New logging technologies and methods of extraction that boast greater efficiency clear everything in their path. As Da Silvan (2010) writes, “It [the machine] just shaves everything off and it doesn’t leave anything. It doesn’t leave medicines. It destroys everything” (p. 73). It’s not just trees that disappear from the the landscape – it is also, habitats and wildlife. As Da Silvan continues to writes: “There’s also wildlife that gets destroyed, in addition to us” (p. 73). A forest ecosystem. And in this, we often fail to see ourselves or recognize our role - interconnectedness and dependence on the natural world. Sustainability and survival. Plumwood (1993) argues that it is not only the destruction of nature that harms us, but also the process, as the wealth and access to such natural resources become more limited and controlled by the elite who built this system. As she writes: “We die of the product (the

destruction of nature) and also of the process (technological brutality alias technological rationality serving the end of commodification)” (p. 13). The possession of land for economic gain becomes almost synonymous with the destruction of land – and those who control it, have the power to change it. Taking without return - to fill bottomless pockets. This breaks a web of reciprocity – taking only what we need, and giving back. As Indigenous writer, artist and scholar, Simpson (2016) writes: “Our nationhood is based on the idea that the earth is our first mother, that “natural resources” are not “natural resources” at all, but gifts from our mother” (para. 27). Kimmerer (2014) further states that these gifts once belonged to no person or corporate entity. They were not possessions to be bought or sold; however, renamed as natural resources, they became products for profit. Kimmerer argues that this idea or understanding of ownership changed the way we think and form relationships with the natural world.

I always imagined that once a forest was cleared - logged, devastated by wildfires, or trees infected by invasive species – the land was destroyed, life no longer could grow or flourish here. The replanting of monoculture crops never to replace the richness and diversity of an old growth forest. Soil to dust. My understanding of clear-cuts and/or forests destroyed by natural causes - sweeping fires, or floods - desert to rot - was that these were places where little or nothing would ever grow again. However, as Brodie, Goodrich & Swanson (2016) write: “There are winners and losers in every disturbance event; the death of established organisms creates new niches and living spaces for others, commonly of other species” (pp. 121-122). I never imagined the forest beneath – the root systems, insects, worms, fungi and microorganisms – the many different life forms that stirred below the surface. I am in no way advocating or supporting the clear cutting or destruction of old growth forests, but perhaps there is a more sustainable way of thinking about these places. Deming (2016) describes her experience visiting an old growth forest, as she stumbles over the stump of an old fallen western red cedar:

I made my try, eyes on a block of sodden wood, reddened by rain, as fragrant as a cedar closet her in the open air, the block of my interest wormed through (pecked through?) with tunnels the diameter of a pencil. How many decades, how many centuries of damage and invasion the tree had survived! But the stump felled me, left me with its stake on my claim and jubilation to see that nothing was mine of this ruin, mine only the lesson that the forest has one rule: start over making use of what remains. (pp. 53-56)

Environmental upsets, infestation and/or clearings, does not mean that life no longer grows, and may one day flourish again. The process of regeneration, perhaps, has already begun beneath the surface – the healing of the land.

In our desire to make, build, create and shape - we continue to take from these spaces/places. Many prefer the organic texture of wood and/or rock over plastics, man-made or synthetic materials – and I see the products of my own consumption. Even when I chose the more “natural” alternatives, or try to limit what I use – we still live in a society of *stuff*. We can reuse, repurpose and try to limit *things*, but we are still enmeshed within this culture of convenience – and it can be difficult to escape. The convenience of disposable and single-use goods that we use once and then throw-it-away. The cost-effective and convenient alternative. A coffee-to-go, take-out food, produce wrapped in plastic packaging - shipped from so far-away places, to end up on our plates. We might try to use reusable bags, mugs, containers, or buy local, but many of these fresh fruits and vegetables are not in season year-round. We have become accustomed to store-bought conveniences out-of-season, that even tasteless – we still buy. Fruits and vegetables harvested before their time, packages and shipped. Most of us are in one way or another, participants in this culture of waste, as clever marketing continues to try and convince us we are making informed decisions, better choices for the planet, while selling us more stuff. As Cole & O’Riley (2012) write: “it’s all green, as long as accountants with spraypaint are in charge” (p. 22). There is always some element of taking and destruction in the process of creation, but can we learn to live and take (only what we need) in a way that is more respectful of the life we are taking – and what can we give in return (Kimmerer, 2014)?

Memories of trees.

Last year, my family instructed the arborist to saw down the branches and cut back the strong furrowed trunk to a bare pole. On my last visit home, I gazed into the space where once a rich canopy of leaves and branches had reigned. I mourned its loss, just as I mourned the fading of my mother's memory. And then, suddenly, I was startled by the new space that opened around the tree trunk.

“The tree will grow again in time,” my mother told me. “We will not lose its memory.”

- Hasebe-Ludt, 2008, p. 9 (Chambers et al., 2008)

The old ash tree.

Rise (or emerge) from the ashes – “Be renewed after destruction” (ash, n.d.).

My daughter has learned a new word, “ash.” At fourteen months, she has learned that my name is “Ash,” and when you ask her: “What is mom-mom’s name?” She responds with the utmost delight, “ashhhh!” So very pleased with herself, she repeats it over and over. The name, “Ashhh” (Ashley) has taken on a life of its own. Ash, is now the name of her baby doll she takes for walks in the garden, feeds, holds and kisses – demonstrating the care she is learning, and the love she is teaching us. We often take “Ash” out to the garden to smell the different plants, rubbing the leaves with the tips of our fingers and holding them up to our noses to breath in the lingering scent of anise, lemon balm, mint, basil, and other herbs. We watch the tomato blossoms turn to fruit, and pick the strawberries, peppers and cucumbers. Last year’s growing season, there were no gardens here – shaded by the old ash tree in/between two fence posts. The garden boxes would have never thrived in the shade of the big old tree. But as its canopy began to disappear, and the emerald ash borer burrowed beneath its bark and began to lay eggs – branches began to fall, and the tree became a danger. And so, we made the decision to have the tree taken down, but to leave the trunk - decorated with a birdhouse and clothesline - standing in/between those two fence posts. But roots run deep and the age-old ash refuses to give up life. New branches are beginning to sprout through the thickly textured bark and atop the cut surface, creating a rather magical looking canopy – old roots, new life. At first, I thought it best to trim back the new growth, but then we decided to let it grow. It no longer poses a danger, and so I decided to re/create the space around the base of the old ash with a miniature garden for our daughter to play. Using old remnants, bits of broken brick and stones found in the yard – I lay a small pathway and surrounding it, planted creeping thyme, mint, wild bergamot, nasturtiums and other edible garden plants - that lead to a small painted door (our garden gnome’s home). Beside the small door, I placed a tiny watering can for my daughter to water her garden (just like mom). The rest, I leave to her imagination - as she grows, and the garden takes root. But sometimes when I am gardening or mowing the lawn, I pick up a stone and place it in the garden. My daughter loves to sit on the little pathway, playing with stones and getting her hands dirty, digging in the soil. Although she has a sandbox and toys to play, she prefers to dig in the gardens - to find,

touch, and gather stones. The organic textures are what fascinate her the most – sticks and stones, a wonder. Barefoot in the grass is where she most likes to play. She is privileged to have this space – to be able to touch soil, and dig her hands into the earth. As her mother, I hope that she will learn and grow in respect for the land through these experiences. As I watch her, while making sure the temptation to taste and experience the texture of small stones isn't a danger – she marvels, holding them in her hands. Under the old ash tree, we learn and play, as we watch new/old life (taken) trans/form. The other day, as I was watering our front flowerbeds - I noticed a large rock at the edge of the garden border that felt out of place - it didn't belong. And so, with the help of my husband and a wheelbarrow, we lifted and moved the rock to the garden under the ash tree. A resting stone – and welcoming place. A place to sit and play. A place of learning and imagination. The ash and the stone.

The (Un)Naming of Places

Reading the messages of a graveyard you understand the deep human longing for the enduring respect that comes with personhood. Names, names, names: the stones seem to say, "I am. You are. He was."

- Kimmerer, 2017, para. 1

The cottage rock. If you mention, "The Rock," "Picnic Rock," or "Rock Island" to anyone of my extended family members on my maternal side of the family: Aunts, uncles, cousins, and family friends, they know exactly where you mean. These landmarks hold personal stories and meanings within our extended family circle. Memories of summers spent at my grandparent's Cottage on Otty Lake, Ontario – a gathering place. Every summer, the Rock, was a topic of discussion, submerged or exposed, it told the stories of summers gone-by. Water levels rising and falling to reveal or disguise the flat rock that marked the sandy shoreline. Summers of heavy rain, we paddled – looking down, remembering the hot summer days of years past, gathering stones and buckets full of lake water, filling rock pools for frogs to bathe. The family parading down the dusty "Picnic Road," picnic baskets full to "Picnic rock" where we would spread blankets and feast. Afterwards, the kids would disperse to go investigate and learn the mysteries of this place, observing the large cracks in the rock structures - imaging earthquakes, meteorites, and shifting tectonic plates - the land before. Milkweed, snake berry and juniper bushes – tiger swallowtail and monarch butterflies, mosquitos and horse flies too. Once, maybe

twice a summer, we would make the voyage to the far side of the lake to visit, “Rock Island,” covered in graffiti – a few lonely pine trees. These places, were the places I knew and loved – the places that were part of our family history.

As a child, I remember one rainy summer day when my grandfather brought out a map published by the Otty Lake Association, with the names of the places we knew marked by other unfamiliar names. Places and landmarks stripped of their meanings and familial connections. Places that evoked such memories and meanings - the privileges of my childhood, renamed. Names that did not represent these places and/or our connection to them – the stories that they held. Summers spent at our grandparent’s cottage on Otty Lake, surrounded by family and friends - always a playmate to be found, or someone with whom to share a cup of tea. The comfort of these memories and connection to this place and its landmarks. Reflecting on my own childhood experiences, and the importance of places - and the stories they hold, I think of my own daughter and her life. The names of places and landmarks - the fields, forests, farmlands, and rock structures - that will one day form her memory and shape her/stories. A new landscape and culture. Physically distanced from grandparents and extended family that will shape her stories differently. The familiar landscapes of my childhood, I will share and visit with her - and the new memories together we will make there. The privileges and landscapes, as Canadians/Americans – familial connections and places of belonging, we so often take for granted.

Living in Canada, and now, the United States of America - I think of these privileges of childhood – and belonging to places, that I also have the privilege of extending to my own daughter. However, the histories of these two countries are also marked by the un/naming or silencing of diverse his/her/stories, the invention of political borders and provincial/state lines - the re/naming of places. I think of the erasure of names, the silences within our history books – the absence of his/her/stories, peoples and places. However, it was not only the silencing and re/naming of places, but also of persons – children separated from their families, communities and cultures. Indigenous children forcefully removed from their homes, and given new names - the lack of safety, security and hopeful childhood memories. As Vowel (2018) writes:

Missionaries, teachers, and civil servants erased the given names of hundreds of thousands of Indigenous people at various times in the history of this country. This process became most normalized in the residential school system but was a widespread practice that went on for generations. (para. 3)

Erasing or changing a name is a powerful cultural tool. Names are just one reminder of many of the abuses that occurred in residential schools throughout Canada and boarding schools in the USA (Northern Plains Reservation Aid, n.d.; Vowel, 2018). While my family enjoyed the many privileges and rights of Canadian citizenship, we also did so with little knowledge or recognition of our responsibilities as treaty members. Learned histories seeped in colonial discourses and taught in classrooms. The privileging of a single story – and erasure of the past. As Smith (1999) argues, the changing of name is a powerful tool used in the erasure and re/writing of history. As I continued to reflect on my own education and experiences, reading in/between these printed lines, I also continued to dig a little deeper. And through this process, I began to see and understand more clearly that this is not *someone else's* problem or responsibility. As Canadian citizens and settlers, we are all treaty people.

As a child, I remember my Uncle calling, “Rock Island” and many of the other surrounding lands and islands, “Crown land.” He was always concerned about the abuse and disregard of these lands – overnight summertime campers and visitors to the islands, and the piles of garbage and graffiti they left behind. My understanding of “Crown land” from what I heard him explain, was that these places were protected government lands - but why the word *Crown*? What connection or association did these rural landscapes have with any sort of royalty or the *Crown*? How the histories of these places and place-names were altered, changed and/or forgotten. As Dion (2007) writes, many Canadians continue to walk as “blind strangers,” unaware of the names of places and peoples that were here long before us – the sounding of names that echo from deep within the depths of these places.

(Blind) strangers. Basso (1996) discusses how place-names were passed down through the generations by Apache men and women to their children and grandchildren through storytelling. These stories and place-names gave meaning and provided teachings of how to live respectfully on the land. Land is political, and the construction of borders and the renaming of traditional territories, powerful tools (Smith, 1999). As Smith further argues, the re-naming of land and territories was part of a colonial curriculum to divide and conquer. Smith writes: “Renaming the land was probably as powerfully ideologically as changing the land” (p. 51). The construction of provincial/state lines and national borders – were all part of a colonial agenda to control of the land. However, the control of land also meant the disenfranchisement and separation of the people from the land. As King (2012) writes: “The issue has always been land.

It will always be land, until there isn't a square foot of land left in North America that is controlled by Native people" (p. 217). Indigenous peoples throughout Canada, the United States and the world, were forced to learn new names for the lands where their ancestors had lived for generations – becoming strangers in their own territories and *home*. As Smith (1999) writes:

Maps of the world reinforced our [Indigenous peoples] place on the periphery of the world, although we were still considered part of the Empire. This included having to learn new names for our own lands. Other symbols of our loyalty, such as the flag, were also part of the imperial curriculum. (p. 33)

The relocation and/or forceful removal of Indigenous peoples from their lands, children separated from their families where they were sent to residential (Canada) and boarding schools (USA), where many suffered physical, mental and sexual abuses – the loss of culture, language and *belonging* to places – were all part of a colonial agenda to remove any trace of Indigenous cultures and/or physical presence. Resistance to the colonial agenda resided in the people, language, ceremonies and stories – knowledge hidden and/or safeguarded - to be passed onto future generations. Indigenous reclamation and resurgence. As Simpson (2008) explains, Indigenous peoples are living “the longest running resistance movement,” in the dispossession and occupation of their lands by the Canadian state (p. 13). Simpson discusses how the survival and resistance to the colonial agenda, the attempted erasure of Indigenous people - is well and alive today, and she is evidence of this:

My ancestors resisted and survived what must have seemed like an apocalyptic reality of occupation and subjugation in a context where they had few choices. They resisted by surviving and being alive. They resisted by taking the seeds of our culture and political systems and packing them away, so that one day another generation of Michi Saagiig Nishnaabeg might be able to plant them. I am sure of their resistance, because I am here today. I am the evidence. (p. 15)

Peoples, cultures and political systems existed on Turtle Island/ North America long before the arrival of European settlement – and the stories are alive in the land and the people. As Dion & Dion (2004) remind us: “The land was not empty; it was national territory - the land was forcibly emptied of buffalo and people” (p. 92). The doctrine of discovery, *terra nullius* - divide and conquer, were all part of the colonial agenda – to lay claim to land that was never theirs to take (McMahon, 2017).

Dion (2007) discusses the position of the “perfect stranger,” and how Canadians have come to accept this position to absolve themselves of their responsibilities as citizens and treaty members to Indigenous peoples. Dion argues that most Canadians’ understandings of Indigenous peoples, cultures and histories, are informed by dominant colonial discourses. Working with pre-service teachers, Dion describes how Canadian students often expressed having little or no knowledge of Indigenous peoples, thus positioning themselves as “perfect strangers.” She argues that this is problematic because teachers (and Canadians) continue to rely on dominant colonial discourses to inform their understandings of these issues, which fails to acknowledge or denies their responsibilities and relationship with Indigenous peoples. Dion (2016) further discusses the “allure” of assuming the position of the “perfect stranger”:

I have come to appreciate the allure, the enticing nature of the perfect stranger position—it is a position that gets teachers (and many Canadians) off the hook. To be a perfect stranger to Indigenous people and Indigenous issues is to absolve oneself of responsibility. (p. 470)

Dion continues to describe how many students have a fear of cultural appropriation or offending others, but are also most reluctant to disrupt the dominant discourses they have been taught. Dion asks her students (and Canadians) to begin by examining their own histories and relationships with Indigenous peoples in order to begin this conversation. She argues that it is necessary for teachers (and Canadians) to enter these tension spaces – to experience the discomfort – and to confront Canada’s colonial history, and on-going story.

Translations: Sounds and Silences

These exact sounds require exactly this placement of large rocks that can capture drumskins of air into deep, hollow-sounding adumbrations. And all of this requires all the ages of glaciers and plate shifts and spring run-offs and water-wearings and those cold-ice Alberta winters and bear scramblings that, over a vast and patient time, placed just that pebble there.

- Jardine, 2008, p. 16

Caught in the sounding bristles of water’s tricks over rocks, listening to the auditory spaciousness of the place and how the soundplays of water play out a huge, sensuous, multifarious voicing.

- Jardine, 2008, p. 15

Sounds (and silences) words cannot wholly capture or express – the translation of the sounds and experience of being in a *place*. The meaning of sounds and words without *voice*. Jardine (2008) discusses the concept of *silent reading*, a concept and practice widely-accepted in the Western world – the telling a story without *voice*. But perhaps, not all stories are meant to be communicated in this way. Stories told or read a-loud – a shared experience. A play on words, poetry and prose. How certain sounds and syllables, slide of the tongue or are held and released from deep in the throat, echo or reverberate in the open air – the reflection of sound waves returning to their speaker. The re/telling of a story. Fictions and truths. Jardine explains that prior to the widespread accessibility of written texts in Medieval Europe during the 11th century, texts were mainly produced with the intention of being read a-loud:

In almost all cases, texts were ‘til then *voiced* when read. The idea of “silent reading” made no sense, since, without the voice’s mutterings, without transport on the breath, without the spirit performing the text, the text remained dead and useless and meaningless. To read required that the text be inhabited by the breath of the one reading. (p. 12)

Jardine (2008) explains how the Cartesian concept of *existence*, the inner *self* and thought – the understanding of the individual as separate from the mind, made the concept of *silent reading* more accessible. Jardine writes: “As “myself” became more intimately “interior,” “silent reading” started to make more sense” (p. 12). Words lifted from the page – given to thought. The shared experience of the telling of a story becoming a solitary or individual activity. The silencing of sounds and voice. Words spoken or signed provide a different sort of experience – the expression of an idea and/or concept between people. The sounding of words carried across open waters – bouncing off the surface, turning loops in the air – and landing back onshore.

Jardine (2008) describes the experience of *translating water* - words to capture the experience of sound. He continues to explain how the translation of such experiences often betray their origins - and though this process, something is lost. However, there are also different ways of knowing and experiencing a place. Silence. Reflection and contemplation on the way things *are* and *came to be*. Our connection to places. Words may not always wholly capture the experience of *being* and *hearing* a place. The history, movement and/or transformation of places

over time – the way each rock is shaped or placed just so. Jardine encourages his readers to consider all that goes into creating a sound experience:

Consider: that these specific soundings, to be just thus, require just these rocks placed just so. These exact sounds require exactly this relation between gravels and shallows and high-pitched trickles. This is the sound, not just of these gravels, but of their having arrived here, with all the flooded stormwearing meticulousness that it requires, with gravities and iccold rockbreakings and the shatters of falling cliffpieces. All of this is what this sound is. (p. 15)

The experience of *hearing* and *being* in places. Places that evoke a sense or feeling of be/longing – and the stories these places hold. The way water sounds over rocks – and how we take the time to stop and listen or quickly pass by, continuing our way - to wherever it is we may be going. Shifting cultural meanings and understandings of place are woven throughout these stories, as I begin to learn more about what it means to *belong* to places. Jardine (2008) explains:

We don't begin as self-determining subjectivities but, as already having been handed over to the ways of things (our language[s] and culture[s] and so on, all mixed and multifarious and, to the extent that we belong to them, often deathly silent and presumed), we are already betrayed by our belonging. (pp. 12-13)

What does it mean to belong to a place and how does this change our understandings of these places? How our cultural identities impact the way we see and understand the world. Through this of process of un/learning and understanding, I am also becoming more aware or attuned to the teachings all around us. The teachings of places - land, rock and water.

Perhaps, it is in silence and quiet contemplation that we might also begin to hear these voices of these places speak. The lives and histories of the plants, rocks and animals – writing their own stories. Jardine (2008) describes the experience of *being* in a place: “*Hearing* the rock ancestries of this small sound deepens the sense of surrounding quiet” (Jardine, 2008, p. 16). Listening and observing the living world around us. *Hearing* the stories that they have been telling us all along, and new stories they are waiting for us to hear. As Jardine (2008) writes, “It is equally abstract to think that I am not hearing the ancestral ecological voices of this whole place, echoing just here, just now, in all its frail and passing particularity” (p. 16). Moving away from more mainstream narratives, highlighted headlines and news captions, might we also begin to consider *places* – the animals, plants, rocks and water, as our teachers. The translation of

which is not always so easily captured in words – the silence and understanding of the stories that are being told, and the experience of being in *places*.

The Meaning of a Name

How we create and communicate meaning through words, sounds, signs, gestures and movements. A diversity of languages, dialects, accents and pronunciations. Culture and tradition. Oral traditions of Indigenous storytelling on Turtle Island (North America) and around the world (Archibald, 2008a; Cajete, 1994; Cherubini, 2008; King, 2003; Sium & Ritskes, 2013; Smith, 1999). Family his/her/stories passed down through the generations. Place-names, given names - the naming of our children. Vowel (2018) describes how traditional Indigenous names were often translated into English, capitalized, misspelled and/or erased, as well as individuals being given surnames to identify persons for inheritance, property and land rights. Vowel discusses how the decision to name her children and give them traditional Cree names (and spellings) is an act of reclamation of her Cree language and culture, and is both political and personal. A form of resistance to the attempted erasure and colonization of Indigenous peoples. Vowel describes the power and emotion of speaking her children names aloud: *sâkowêw* (s/he makes a joyful sound, or war whoops) and *wâpanacâhkos* (dawn star, or Venus). As Vowel writes: “Giving my children these names is a powerful act of reclamation. These lands formed *nêhiyawêwin* (Cree), and when we speak our language, even if it's just our names, the land hears us” (para. 10). Vowel further highlights the importance of speaking her language and re/establishing her connection to the land – the re/building of relationships. Although, many fail to pronounce the names correctly, she says taking the time to learn and speak someone’s is also an act of respect. Furthermore, it is a starting point for many to learn about Cree culture. As Vowel explains:

More than this is the fact that our names can be a starting place for education; on more than one occasion, I have met people who had no idea that Cree and Métis people exist, much less that they are on our territory. (para. 9)

The sound and meaning of a name. Names given, lost - and/or translated. Language and understanding. The translation of words can create a space for shared interpretations and understandings, but it can also lose or deny their meaning. The meaning of words spoken and loss of language. Kimmerer (2013) describes the loss of the Potawatomi language within her family as a result of colonisation, while speaking to her Elder:

I spoke to him with a heavy heart, lamenting that I had no native language with which to speak to the plants and the places that I love. “They love to hear the old language,” he said, “it’s true.” “But,” he said, with a finger on his lips, “You don’t have to speak it here.” “If you speak it here,” he said, patting his chest, “they will hear you.” (p. 59)

Words may not always accurately translate the feelings or sentiments of *being* in a place. The loss of language, cultural connections and belonging. Words taken, stolen and/or lost. The reclamation of languages and re/connection. The land as our teacher (Basso, 1996; Cajete, 1994; Jardine, 2008). As newcomers and settlers to this place, perhaps in learning and re/establishing this relationship to the land, we might also learn to speak a new language – one that cannot always be heard. And through this process, the re/building of relationships, sense of belonging, and responsibility - to places where we live and dwell.

Re/learning their names

The average person knows the name of less than a dozen plants, and this includes such categories as “Christmas Tree.” Losing their names is a step in losing respect. Knowing their names is the first step in regaining our connection.

- Kimmerer, 2003, pp. 101-102

My mother taught me the names of plants, and my father which trees made the best firewood.

- Kimmerer, 2003, p. 102

Re/learning the names of the plants and animals – re/building our relationship to the land. The places where we live and dwell. Rural landscapes and cityscapes. There are many who chose the convenience, comfort and familiarity of urban living, while others who desire to be out on the land, lack access. There are many who have no desire to venture too far outside city limits – and to stay indoors. In rural communities alike, children are not getting outdoors – they have become accustomed to the play and routines of indoor activities. Video games, digital media, social networks technologies, and around-the-clock entertainment. However, as Haig-Brown (2008) writes, we are all still connected to the land:

Whether we are city dwellers in profound denial or Aboriginal people drawing on old ways to regenerate new knowledge, we live in relation to land—we bundle up when the snow comes, we fuss when spring is late, we breathe deeply and restore our souls when the sun warms us into a new season. (p. 12)

I remember years ago, my first placement as a student teacher, when a student shared with me her one wish, to go camping for a weekend that summer at the local Provincial Park, about an hour's outside the city. She had grown up listening to her father's stories of being out on the land, and wished one day to be able to have the experience herself. To many, children whose lives are filled with summer camps and activities - this might seem a rather modest request. But without a car or public transportation to get there, not even considering the cost of camping equipment and entrance to the park. For this young girl, it was a big dream. Her desire to be on the land nurtured through stories – that she hoped, she too, might one day experience.

However, even those who can afford such access and privileges, do not always understand the value of such experiences to children – the connections and relationships to the places that can nurture such understanding. As Kimmerer (2013) writes, “People often ask me what one thing I would recommend to restore relationship between land and people. My answer is almost always, “Plant a garden”” (Kimmerer, 2013, p. 126). Working in an affluent neighbourhood at a private institution, I remember the wonder of the kids – learning that many foods they enjoy come from a single seed planted, as we planted our own seeds and watched them grow. I remember, asking permission from the school principal that year to plant and grow fruits and vegetables in the unused garden boxes at the front of the school. Worried the gardens might be an eye-sore to parents, and prospective families – she agreed, if they were hidden out of eye-sight behind the school in the parking lot and playground area. Taking a group of young students out to visit the gardens, I can still remember the amazement of one young girl, when she spotted a strawberry growing in the garden. She could not believe that the fruit came from the ground – she always thought that strawberries were made at Loblaw's (the grocery store chain), where they were packaged in plastic containers. Planting a seed, growing a garden, re/learning plant and animal names - listening and observing the natural world, can also help us to re/establish these connections, create new understandings and build respectful relationships. Furthermore, it creates a sense of *belonging*. As Kimmerer (2013) writes: “I find strength and comfort in the physical intimacy with the land, a sense of knowing the names of the rocks and knowing my place in the

world” (p. 3).

A generation born into this world, this *place* becomes *their* world and reality. As King (2003) writes, “Why we tell our children life is hard, when we could just as easily tell them life is sweet” (p. 26). What are our responsibilities to our children and future generations as we continue to write our stories? Can we begin to envision a different future for our children, and their children’s children – the next seven generations to come? King (2012) shares a re/new/ed vision for the future, an initiative by tribes (Oneida Nation, Shakopee Sioux, Cherokee, Sycuan Band, Kumeyaay Nation, Tohono O’odham Nation) throughout the United States to preserve and ensure the safety of the land for their children’s futures:

But instead of pursuing the American dream of accumulating land as personal wealth, the tribes have taken their purchases to the Secretary of the Interior and requested the land they acquired be added to their respective reservations and given trust status. This is not merely a return to a communal past. It is a shrewd move to preserve and expand indigenous land base for the benefit of future generations. (p. 211).

A re/new/ed vision for the future – giving future generations the chance to build these connections, where there is still land left. Kimmerer (2013) further discusses how re/building these relationship to the land can also benefit our mental health and well-being. She continues to discuss how the smell of humus stimulates the production of the hormone oxytocin in the brain which has psychological benefits: “Breathing in the scent of Mother Earth stimulates the hormone oxytocin, the same chemical that promotes bonding between mother and child, between lovers. Held in loving arms, no wonder we sing in response” (p. 236). The land as our teacher, and *home* – a place of *belonging*. As Cajete (1994) writes, “The Indigenous art of ecological relationship is like a seed pregnant with potential” (114). Cajete further describes the art of pottery making to the Pueblos peoples, a ceremony - and metaphor, which he uses to describe the relationship and connection that is formed through this process:

The relationship is to what is being formed as a result of digging into the earth: the clays that are building the material for pottery. It is also a metaphor of a learning process to establish and reaffirm those basic connections that every human has to the earth. (p. 105).

As we begin to re/envision a different way living and being in the world, listening and learning from new/old ways of thinking - we might also begin to restore hope for future generation, and the health and well-being of the planet. As we continue to re/build and nurture our relationships to the land, honouring ourselves within this process and web of reciprocity – perhaps, we might also begin to see and understand the land as a gift inherited to us. A gift, we will one day inherit to our own children - and many generations to come, and to which we owe our care and respect, today.

Trickster Tales

My daughter's favourite bedtime story at this moment, to read a-loud at night, is a children's book written by Thomas King (2009), *A Coyote Solstice Tale*. Coyote is often known as a trickster character who can take on different shapes and forms, both human and nonhuman (Archibald, 2008a). Archibald describes the trickster character often found in Indigenous storytelling:

The Trickster often gets into trouble by ignoring good teachings such as sharing, caring, taking responsibility, and being fair and letting negative emotions such as greed and envy take over. Trickster's separation from cultural teachings and emotional connectedness to family, community, land, and Nation provide many life lessons as Trickster tries to reconnect to these teachings. (p. 373)

In King's (2009) children's picture book, *A Coyote Solstice Tale*, a little girl dressed as a reindeer, ventures into the forest in search of "friendship and goodwill and peace," and ends up on the doorstep of Coyote house. But when Coyote opens the door thinking it is his other animal friends arriving for their seasonal feast, he is most surprised to see a young girl dressed as a reindeer standing there: "Good grief, said Coyote quite shaken/ For he knew as everyone knows/ That people and creatures stopped/ talking/ A couple of eons ago." When Coyote's other animal friends finally do arrive, they decide to follow the girl's tracks back through the forest to see where she came from. As the little girl and animals arrive at the forest's edge, below they see the bright light of a new unfamiliar object, a mall: "Oh, that's just the mall, she said, fixing her nose. It's no place that you want to go." As the little girl and animals enter the mall, Coyote excitedly begins filling his cart with gifts for all his friends, until he goes to the cashier, where he learns he must purchase the items. Leaving the mall, the little girl explains to the animals: "That's why I pretend I'm a reindeer/ And I put these two sticks in my hair./ I'd much rather live in a generous/

world/ Where everyone know how to/ share.” Worried her parents might be missing her, the little girl hurries home, but not before asking Coyote if she can come again to visit. Exhausted from his shopping experience, Coyote goes home to rest, while the other animals continue to prepare the feast. After they have finished eating and cleaning-up, the animals go into the cold and snow, where they, “offer a prayer for clean water and air” and part on their own ways home. Back at Coyote’s place, sitting outside on his porch rocking in his chair, Coyote reflects on his mall experience, while wondering to himself: “If goodwill and peace could be purchased/ For credit or cash at the mall.” And as the story goes, he ends with a thought: “Probably, thought Coyote, as he smiled and closed his eyes./ That place had everything.”

Simpson (2013) discusses how many have lost their connection to the land, as well as respect for the land. She further argues that capitalist economies feed on this disconnection in order to create need and desire to fill this emptiness. Consumerism. As Kimmerer (2003) writes, “The sanitized suburban life has succeeded in separating us from the plants that sustain us” (p. 101). Over time, we slowly begin to lose or forget our connection to places, the names of plants and animals that sustain and give us life. In Indigenous storytelling, the Windigo character further embodies this disconnection: “It is the Windigo way that tricks us into believing that belongings will fill our hunger, when it is belonging that we crave” (Kimmerer, 2013, p. 308). Simpson (2013) shares a new wiindigo story – and reincarnated, wiindigo becomes stronger:

They were brilliant instead of just scary, and they found a way to convince people to buy disconnection, insatiable hunger and emptiness, the lucky ones worked their whole lives so they could buy more disconnection, hunger and emptiness. The unlucky ones were destroyed by it. The more people that ate their own young, the stronger the wiindigo got. (p. 109)

This story of disconnection, is a story in which we become the participants. As Kimmerer (2013) explains, “We are all complicit, we’ve allowed the “market” to define what we value so that redefined common good seems to depend on profligate life styles that enrich the sellers while impoverishing the soil and the earth” (p. 307). Re/imagining a new story – the way we think about and our relationships to the land. Listening and *hearing* the stories that are alive in places – and the teaching they hold.

Disrupted

A colleague once said to me, “I think of the institution [the academy] as someone’s home, and as such, we should be polite and follow the rules when we are in someone else’s house.” But what if that home was built on land that didn’t belong to us – bones buried beneath? Without permission to speak, voices that may contradict or challenge imposed rules must remain silent and speak only to be polite? As Gordon, Miller and Rollock (1990) argue, “The problem is cultural and methodological hegemony, which favours too narrow a range of perspectives and investigative techniques” (p. 15). Stories can disrupt the hegemony of traditional academic discourses, infusing diverse knowledges and ways of knowing into the academy in creating a more inclusive climate for diversity to thrive (Sium & Ritskes, 2013). The silencing of diverse ways of knowing can lead to feelings of anger and despair, and ultimately, paralysis – and to counter this, we must move to action, not insult (Kimmerer, 2013). In re/building Indigenous-non-Indigenous relations within an academic context that extend beyond institutional walls, perhaps we need to re/examine our own understandings of the past in order to understand where we are today and how our futures may well be intertwined.

If colonialism is indeed a shared condition, then decolonization needs to be a shared endeavour. I am convinced that decolonization in the Canadian context can only occur when Aboriginal peoples and Canadians face each other across historic divides, deconstruct their shared past, and engage critically with the realization that their present and future is similarly tied together. (Donald, 2009, p. 5)

The mapping of his/her/stories through diverse landscapes and cultural identities can open up new understandings of what it means to live/dwell in a place, one’s sense of be/longing and responsibilities. “I was born so far from my beginnings. I follow the bed of the blood. My distant blood, my foreigner, what a way we have come...” (Cixous & Calle-Gruber, 1997, p. 179). Reconciliation, the healing and re/building of broken relationships, perhaps begins with a return to our his/her/stories and our connections to place (land and peoples).

Water, Waves and Changing Tides

Every prescription bottle emptied down the toilet, can of paint down poured down the sink, chemical cleaner washed down the drain - ends up back into our water systems somehow. Entering our bodies, streams, rivers and oceans. The taste of chlorinated water that filters through town and city taps. The well-being and health of our bodies and children. Have you ever sat at the

river's edge or body of water watching the movement currents, waves and/or tides? The ocean tide rising and falling, while chasing waves along the shore, the still surface of the lake a mirror dotted with lily pads, marsh lands swarming with life, ditches full of water, cattails and grasses, puddles that fill the potholes in the streets? My love of water trickles through these stories, moving swiftly, changing directions, until we come to the water's edge – where I sit and write. My love of water runs deep. Beside the water's edge, I always find a sense or feeling of belonging. Reminding me of the many ponds, lakes and oceans of my childhood. The shores where my great-grandmother played. The sting of salt water, and warmth of the lake after a light summer's rain. For my daughter, Anahita, we chose a name – to represent this symbol of life, connection and hope. A love of water, and its protection. The breaking water, every child's welcome into this world. The first place, I ever took my daughter when she first arrived home for a walk along the Cuyahoga river with her grandparents. Three days old, asleep in her stroller, the sound of the high spring waters rushing by and smell of spring blossoms in the air. The waters of the Cuyahoga river, the history of the river – and meaning within our lives has taught me, and guided me through these life changes. The movement of water - cleansing the body, sustaining life. My daughter, now a toddler, loves to play along the pebble shore at the height of the walking trail, we watch the ducks, geese, minnows, and spot the odd crayfish hiding between the rocks, darting to find a hiding place. We skip stones, as they bounce over the surface and sink. We watch the many visitors coming and going, the canoeist and kayakers often offering us a wave as they pass by. My daughter loves to play at the water's edge, but the pebbles along the shorelines are scattered with shards of broken glass and it isn't always safe. Broken pieces – the traces we leave behind. I watch ever so carefully, ensuring the beach is safe where she plays. Picking up glass shards and broken bit. My daughter loves this place (and I do, too). This place and river represent healing and return of life after. This river has witnessed so many changes, acts of care and neglect – and these small rocks and pebble beaches, remember. The many stories washed down river, the layers of sand and build-up, and what's buried beneath. I always try to imagine what the river would have looked like before when the waters flowed as a wasteland. Littered. Poisoned. Unable to sustain the life it does today, and while the land and river hold the memory of this history. I always wonder about the people? The broken bottles, and littered trails – the disregard, and place where we can come to sit along the river's edge. The history of these wasteland places, and the teachings they hold in the present and for our future.

Chapter 6: Mis/Truths and Non/Fictions

Meaning and Correctness

*I set as my task to write for meaning rather than correctness
even at the risk of being misunderstood mis-taken
which is part of what language is all about - risk
negotiating meaning agency power relations*
- Cole, 2002, p. 450

The stories we have been taught since the age of childhood. The celebration of different cultures, traditions and events – a sense of un/be/longing to places. The memories and stories of these places that give meaning to the experience. The blurring of lines, truth/fiction. Anderson (2011) describes the importance of knowing the source and context of any story, referring to the words of Maria Campbell, in the preface of her book, *Life Stages and Native Women*, who writes about the importance for Indigenous peoples, to read the works, written by and about Indigenous peoples, including the work of ethnographers – in order to begin to piece back together these fragments of history and culture. However, as her Elder, Dorris Peters, reminds her:

I always bear in mind the lesson from my friend and the Sto:lo Elder and healer Dorris Peters, who remembers her uncles telling the craziest stories that they made up on the spot to have fun with the anthropologist when they came around in the 1930! (p. 17)

Stories that shape the way we understand our worlds. Truths and fictions that influence our identities and in/form our understandings. His/her/stories and geographies. Research, literature and autobiography. Different literary genres and/or disciplinary approaches. How we tell a story, what we chose to share, and that which we withhold or keep secret. The pieces and/or fragments, we gather along the way - used to support, or refute certain claims and/or concepts. How we engage or play with different forms and grammatical structures, or attempt to employ an un/biased language, which itself is a subjective choice (Cajete, 1994). Simpson (2011) discusses how Nishnaabeg storytellers use certain phrases in English to highlight the importance of personal experiences to storytelling:

Nishnaabeg storytellers, when telling English will use phrases such as “maybe it happened this way,” “some people say that’s what happened, I don’t know, I

wasn't there or I heard it happened that way, but I don't know." Revealing that one can only speak about what they know to be true from experiences" (p. 104).

Lived experiences can provide new understandings, interpretations and give meaning to the many stories we have learned, or been told. Stories are fluid. As we gain new life experiences, we often gain new perspective and understandings that can influence the way we tell our stories (Anderson, 2011; Wilson, 2008). The way we describe an event or memory, today - may change, tomorrow. This work and research serves to challenge and/or disrupt previously held assumptions and/or understandings, often accepted without question or challenge. The many narratives and stories that shape our lives. I re/turn back again, to where I first began – at the surface, observing my surroundings, memories and experiences, while starting to dig a little deeper. The meaning of objects, monuments and places. Moving forwards and backwards, re/tracing my steps - turning circles, changing directions, and allowing the stories to direct their own pathways. Re/defining and re/envisioning, what it means to belong to places - and how notions of un/belonging are transformed through the stories, truths and fictions, mis/interpretations and/or the *correctness* of these representations.

The Taste of Garden Tomatoes

As the arrival of the fall season begins to usher in the cooler weather and cold months ahead, the nighttime temperatures begin fluctuating between high and low – and the gardening season comes to an end. Tomato vines with green fruit still clinging to their stems and stalks, unripe. The tomatoes just don't ripen well this time of year, and if you pick too green, to let them ripen - they never taste the same, as those warmed and ripened, in the heat of the summer sun. Each day after finishing her breakfast, my daughter slides on her well-worn purple shoes to go outside to play in the garden. Standing in front of the tomato plants, she reaches up, as high as she can – to pick ripened fruit. Too far out of her small arm's reach, she eventually retires to her garden rock to ask for help – sitting, pointing, and impatiently waiting, for someone to pick her a tomato. Over the last few weeks, we have been saving any of the ripe tomatoes still on the vine for her to pick and eat. But as the summer season comes to an end, there are fewer to be found. My daughter loves the little cherry tomatoes, cut in half - and the larger ones, she eats whole, as though she were biting into an apple. We have all searched the garden, hoping to find one last ripe tomato for her to have to taste. I love how much she loves the garden, and how they have grown together. From pea blossoms to fruit, sitting on her garden rock – waiting for her morning

treat, her pure delight. But as the tomato season comes to an end - the different herbs, fall and roots vegetables, that remain in the garden – are no substitute for the taste of those garden tomatoes, that she so loves. I thought perhaps, while we waited for a few more to slowly ripen, we could fool her with some cut-up tomatoes from the grocery store. But even at 17 months-old, my daughter is no fool to the flavour, as she returns to her garden rock - waiting for someone to find one last tomato to taste. Even the best organic cherry tomatoes, purchased at the local grocery store, are no substitute - to the flavour and freshness, that comes from the garden. Sitting on her rock, after giving them a try, she looks down at her bowl of cut tomato - the skins a little tougher, the fullness of flavour not quite the same, she reaches up to the vine. The taste of store-bought tomatoes is no substitute. The taste of a garden tomato does not lie. In her relentless search for ripe garden tomatoes - we decided it was time to cut the plants the stalks, this year's season was at its end. The following afternoon when my daughter was asleep, I went out to the garden, pulling out stakes and tomato cages, cutting down the vines. The remaining blossoms and green tomatoes still clinging to the vine. Compost for next year's garden. The garden is still coloured green, with specks of oranges and yellows - nasturtiums, marigolds, lemon balm, mint and other herbs, but there will be no more red tomatoes until next year's season. But we still stop by the garden, to smell the different herbs or pick a stem, and harvest the last of the remaining fall vegetables. This year was my daughter's first experience planting and growing a garden - witnessing for the first time, the changing of season, growth and regeneration of life. Learning through building these connections, digging her hands into the soil - tasting the fruit from the vines and seeds we planted. Knowing where her food comes from, and learning through experience. The taste of garden tomatoes does not lie, and grocery-store aisles cannot replace the many lessons we learn in the garden.

Autobiography, Non/Fiction and Research

What constitutes research and inquiry—and makes it distinguishable from literature? Or is research another genre of literature—one with its own rhetorical conventions that are often disguised by the apparent primacy of the literal? How do we decide these matters? How do we decide what matters?

- Chambers, 2004, p. 5

Through literature and non/fiction – and spaces in/between, we re/invent our stories, imaging, creating and communicating, different personal and/or collective *truths*. Creative works that allow for the expression of certain ideas and/or concepts to be presented in new and different ways. Uninhibited by the constraints imposed by other academic formats and structures – creative non/fiction and autobiography, allow some authors/researchers the ability to better express their ideas, understandings and knowledge, in new and creative ways. As Chamber (2004) writes, “Prose, verse, creative non-fiction and fiction are all interested in truths, be they localized and partial, or universal” (p. 3). Perhaps, this is why some writers/researchers chose non/fiction and autobiography, as a medium to express their understandings and truths. Usher (1996) further discusses how literature and research express different *truths* and realities:

Literature as a textual practice is also in the business of ‘creating’ worlds. Once we get out of the habit of simplistically counterpoising ‘fact’ to fiction and once we stop problematically equating fiction with ‘untruth’ then we can begin to see that research is as ‘fictional’ as literature. (p. 35).

Research through creative and arts-based methodologies, including storytelling, poetry and métissage, can communicate diverse perspectives and understandings. As McLeod (2014) writes: “All poetic pathways are “embodied understandings” and are the poet/dreamer’s location in understanding the world and reality” (p. 93). Usher (1996) further explains that when we begin to see works of fiction/non-fiction as non-binary, we might also begin to challenge and/or break down the different power structures that are present. Creative and arts-based approaches often serve to challenge more traditional approaches and understandings of research within an academic context, but also provide a place/space for divergent and/or conflicting perspectives to be expressed. As Hasebe-Ludt, Chambers & Leggo (2009) explain, those practicing métissage are called, “...to create an aesthetic product that combines disparate elements without collapsing or erasing difference” (p. 35). Research is also the expression of different *truths*, understandings and realities (proven or perceived), and research as métissage is an example of one such means of expressing and weaving together diverse storylines, perspectives and *truths*.

All research, is a story - told in different ways, and any researcher is forced to make certain decisions, including: What to include and what not to include; what terms or words to use; and how to best express or present their findings, ideas and/or understandings. The researcher is always building (and/or deconstructing) on the ideas, works and research, of those who came

before them, whether it is to support their own work and research, and/or refute certain claims. We all have different lived experiences that shape our understandings and worldviews. Tye (2010) discusses her experience as researcher working within her own family circle, explaining how different family members' interpretation of events, and re/telling of stories, can sometimes be very different from one's own:

When one's own family is the site for ethnographic study, the feeling of risk is great. How I experience life and understand my family is different from how other family members experience and then remember the same people and events. For me to share those thoughts feels dangerous, for both me and for others is my family. (p. 41)

Acknowledging the role of the researcher is an important part of understanding and identifying the researcher's objectives and/or biases. The presentation of one's creative works and/or research and how the researcher chooses to communicate their ideas and understandings. The choice of different language and terms, used to define our work - and inter/disciplinary approaches, the blurring of disciplinary boundaries. Words and descriptions. *History re/invented*, the re/storying of people's lives and past events - spoken, silenced and/or forgotten. The workings of the mind and imagination, and the ways we re/act and/or behave in different social settings and situations, *psychology and human behaviour*. Interpretations of cultures and peoples, *ethnography. Literature*, the study of non/fictions (and truths).

Chambers (2004) discusses the role of autobiographical writing within an educational and academic context, while raising important questions about the researcher's ethical responsibilities to the people, whose stories are intertwined with our own - and places, where we live and dwell. Whose stories are we telling? Are they our stories to tell? Chambers further discusses how autobiography can also be used as an invitation for others to participate and engage with stories:

What provides autobiographical research with its veracity, at least in part, is that the complicated map of the inquirer's ideas, beliefs and feelings is drawn from particular places, events and experiences. Inevitably, those events and places bring the autobiographical I into contact with others, and invite the writer to attend to her relations with the others. (p. 3)

However, using one's own life as a site of inquiry can present other challenges, and sometimes raise ethical questions and/or dilemmas. As Tye (2010) writes: "To remain faithful to

my own memories and experiences without hurting those closest to me is an ongoing struggle. This fascinating but delicate process demands I tread carefully” (p. 41) However, sometimes in autobiographical research, these lines become less clear. The personal and political. Where do we draw the line? What is our role as researchers and academics? What ethical responsibility do we also have as intellectuals to disrupt certain ideas, belief and claims? As Havel (1990) writes:

...The intellectual should constantly disturb, should bear witness to the misery of the world, should be provocative by being independent, should rebel against all hidden and open pressures and manipulations, should be the chief doubter of systems of power and its institutions, should be the witness to their mendacity...
An intellectual is always at odds with hard and fast categories, because these tend to be instruments used by the victors. (as cited in Fine, p. 75)

Perhaps, as intellectuals, the use of non/fiction is a way of being able to express these difficult *truths*, without the fear of being reprimanded or offending others. However, it might also be argued that the changing or disguising of certain details only serves to mask certain *truths*. Does the fictionalizing of these landscapes and/or changing of different place-names remove the importance of the meaning of these places? Does the changing of a person’s names and/or personal characteristics meant to disguise or protect an individual’s identity, also remove the importance and/or meaning of these traits to the telling of the story? In certain instances, it might also be argued, that changing of these details serves only to protect the identity of persons and/or institutions that should be held accountable for certain un/ethical actions and/or harms?

Whose story am I writing? What is mine to tell? Our stories are influenced by the people and places that are part of our lives and in/form our understandings and identities. In telling our own stories, we are often telling much more – the stories and lives, of the people and places that are part of our own. This raises the question of personal responsibility: What are my responsibilities to these people and places in telling my own story – and expressing and/or speaking my own *truths*? As Chambers (2004) writes:

Perhaps what distinguishes autobiographical inquiry most clearly from fiction is the autobiographer’s contract with the reader to keep the details of those events, places, and others as truthful as possible. And yet, without explicit informed consent from each character in the narrative, the most recent interpretations of

institutional guidelines for ethical research may condemn autobiographical inquiry as unethical, unless it is fiction. (p. 3)

Research ethics boards set certain standards to which researchers must receive the necessary permissions and approvals. But in autobiographical research, sometimes these boundaries are less clear – there is always more to the story, as well as the possibility of mis/interpretation. What responsibilities do I have in telling my own story – adding or removing information, and/or fictionalizing certain characters, events and/or places?

The Black Squirrel

Kent, Ohio, September 2018. Walking down the tree-lined street, crab apples and acorns, scattered along the cracked and uneven sidewalk - my daughter and I stop to admire the brilliant red foliage of a maple down the street. “Isn’t *ki* beautiful?” I say to her, pointing to the tree, and the many different shades of colour - orange, red, golden and green, that line the street. The meaning of this place, Kent, Ohio – changing seasons and cycles, evoke a re/new/ed sense belonging. Walking further along the street, I still never ceased to be amazed by sheer size and immensity of some of the trees in our neighbourhood. Oak trees so tall that standing beneath them, looking up – they appear to brush the sky. Arms outstretched, it would take many hands joined together to be able to reach around. High above the rooftops, perched atop the highest limb - the view must be quite something. To the east of where we stand, the Cuyahoga River continues to flow – a river once so polluted, that it was thought beyond healing or repair. To the west of where we stand, the university campus, where student bodies lay slain in the Kent State Shootings of 1970 (Latson, 2015; Lewis & Hensley, 1998; Ohio History Central, 2018; Rotman, 2010). And heading north towards the downtown - sidewalks, stores, parks and other buildings newly restored. We often hear stories of its transformation over the last decade, and while some of the historical buildings still stand tall, others were torn down – and histories buried.

I think of when we first arrived in this place – the feelings of un/be/longing here, and how slowly over time, these feelings began to change. I think of the memories we have formed here, our daughter born here. And walking along the sidewalk, leaves falling from the trees – I stop for a minute to think and reflect on how this place has come to shape and change me in different ways. The fallen leaves slowly starting to rot and decompose - to become new organic matter that continues to build the soil - everything turning in cycles. As we continue our walk, weaving up and down the different side streets, the rich musty smell of the fallen leaves, is soon overtaken by the unpleasant odour of a freshly treated lawn. We walk quickly past the house and front yard - a small flag planted in the lawn, warning small

children and pets to keep away. Sprayed with chemicals that pose a known risk to the health and safety of our pets (other small animals) and children. This land, and place – and aesthetic desire, to re/create this symbol of the *American dream*. I often imagine what this place was and looked like before. The different layers of stories that lay buried beneath. The trees that stand so high about us - saplings, whose branches still brushed the ground.

My daughter likes to watch - and we often catch glimpses, of the urban wildlife outside our backdoor window. The family of groundhogs that live under our shed. The female giving birth to a new litter of pups around the same time our daughter was born. We often watch and see them nibbling on the clovers and other greens in the backyard. Rabbits hiding in the garden, snacking on the nasturtiums, darting across the lawn. The odd skunk who wanders under the fence. The possum that feasts on the compost pile, and mole that burrows his way inside. The many birds that sing in the early morning and provide the most beautiful chorus to our ears. The deer wandering down the street, snacking at the neighbour's bird feeder, trying to find their way back through the yards to the field and forested area in behind. The changing landscapes and adaptive qualities of these animals over time. Squirrels skipping, dancing, hanging and leaping from tree to tree. I always enjoying watching them performing their gymnastics – outsmarting the traps and/or tricks set by home owners. Many consider them a nuisance, but my daughter and I love to watch their many antics and performances outside our backdoor window. I feel a kind of kinship with the black squirrel, since moving to Kent, Ohio, who is considered a sort of mascot in town. The silhouette of the little creature, a prominent symbol and character, at the many local community festivals and events – that promote a sense of pride. There is a metal sculpture of a black squirrel holding an acorn, at the end of Acorn Alley, in the center of the square, where it is lit up at night.

However, the black squirrel wasn't always such a prominent symbol and figure in the local community. In 1960, there were no black squirrels in Kent, Ohio. There were other squirrel species including: Fox squirrels, grey squirrels, and red squirrels, but not the black squirrel. Black squirrels were first introduced back into the area in the 1960s, when a man named, Larry Woodell, the superintendent of grounds at Kent State University, and Biff Staples, an employee at Davey's Tree Expert Co., brought them here. Woodell and Staples are now recognized as the two men responsible for the now prolific black squirrel population in Kent, Ohio. In 1961, Woodell and Staples, finalized the legal paperwork and arrangements to import 10 pairs of black

squirrels from Ontario, Canada (Bugel, 2017; Perkins, 2010). I share a common bond with the black squirrel - our family lines and roots tracing back to Ontario, Canada. The symbol of the black squirrel, has grown in local fame and status – and many in the area, connect to and identify this image of the black squirrel with Kent, Ohio. But it is interesting to know the history of the black squirrel in Ohio, and to learn how people come to identify certain symbols that create these place-images and associations. As Osborne (2001) states, “Individually and collectively, humans create positive and negative ‘place-images’ that become central to daily life and social practice” (p. 44). Symbols and/or monuments, that collectively come to represent a place. The people in the city of Kent, Ohio, could have chosen any number of different animal species in the area as their town mascot, but instead they chose the black squirrel, whose origins trace to Ontario, Canada.

The Geography of Identity

As situated experiences construct places, human reaction to them can reflect alienation, and ambivalence as well as attraction

- Osborne, 2001, p. 44

The places where we live and dwell come to define us in different ways, and how we individually or collectively, come to dis/associate ourselves from/with these places, also relates to the stories we tell, and/or are told to us about these places – the formation of cultural identities through the many storied landscapes of our lives. Osborne (2001) discusses the *geography of identity*, which he defines as: “The choreography of state-building and identity-making through landscapes and inscapes, myths and memories, bronze and granite, narratives and hero[in]es, and pageants and fireworks” (p. 40). Osborne explains how the nation-states works to nurture a sense of cohesion through an emotional connection to specific geographies and historical narratives, which require a sort of “collective remembering,” or “collective amnesia” (p. 41). He argues that the celebration of a cohesive national identity often denies the “complex realities of plurality and diversity” (p. 42). Nurturing this sense of a cohesive national identity creates a sense of belonging for some, it also serves to alienate others. As Osborne states, “People produce places, and yet derive identities from them” (p. 42).

A Columbus (Day) Story

You see my problem. The history I offered to forget, the past I offered to burn, turns out to be our present. It may well be our future.

- King, 2012, p. 192

While Canadians are celebrating Thanksgiving, the second Monday in October, which has its own “complicated history,” our American neighbours in many states, including the state of Ohio, also observe this day as a holiday named, *Columbus Day* (CBC News, 2017). However, on this day, October 8, 2018, city officials in the state capital, Columbus, Ohio, earlier this year, announced they will no longer be observing this day, because of “its controversial namesake” (Chappell, 2018). However, unlike other US cities, that have now changed the name to observe, *Indigenous People’s Day*, the city of Columbus, instead made the decision to name the day, *Veteran’s Day*, in honour the city’s many veterans. As Wertsch (2002) states:

...remembering is a form of mediated action, which entails the involvement of active agents and cultural tools. It is not something done by an isolated agent, but it is also not something that is somehow carried out solely by a cultural tool. Both must be involved in an irreducible tension. (p. 13).

The decision to change the day formerly observed as, *Columbus Day*, in the state capital, Columbus, Ohio, to *Veteran’s Day*, is part of a larger underlying narrative that continues to silence and/or ignore the diverse histories and oppression of Indigenous peoples in the United States. The decision to not follow suit of other cities, throughout the country, where they now observe *Indigenous People’s Day* in place of *Columbus Day*, is a political statement. A cultural calendar (and tool) used to perpetuate the continued silencing of Indigenous histories that disrupts or challenges this grand narrative and doctrine of discovery. The portrayal of people, places and events – perspective. As Werner (2000) states “Voice and power are inseparable” (p. 202), and the absence of Indigenous voices represented in this conversation, and/or recognition of Indigenous histories and cultures, continues to ignore the country’s history oppression of Indigenous peoples, colonization and violence.

In King’s (1992) children’s book, *A Coyote Columbus Story*, he recounts the story of Columbus’ arrival to the Americas from an Indigenous perspective through the trickster character, Coyote. The story provides a counter narrative to the more popularized version of history – and Columbus story, that many of us, Americans (and Canadians), learned in school. King (2003) describes the reaction of one reviewer to his work:

One annoyed reviewer complained that while imagination was a good thing in children's literature, I should not be inventing history in order to make a political point. She was, it turns out, angry about my suggesting that Columbus had enslaved Indians. And when I told her that this was the only part of my story that was accurate, she refused to believe me. (p. 72)

Disrupting stories and narratives that have long been accepted as the uncontested *truth*, understanding the historical context and examining the role of colonization, and how they have come to shape these narratives and stories – is an important step in re/establishing Indigenous-non-Indigenous relationships. Public education also plays an important role in this process. The possibility for educators and schools to facilitate diverse learning opportunities through engagement with Indigenous pedagogical practices, perspectives and content. However, as Cherubini, Hodson, Manely-Casimir & Muir (2010) explain, teachers often feel unprepared to do so: “Public school teachers are generally unaware of these complexities and in most instances, are unprepared to address the uniqueness of Aboriginal epistemologies in their pedagogical practice” (p. 335). The use of diverse media, texts and art works, is one way for non-Indigenous educators to introduce Indigenous perspectives into the classroom. Korteweg et al. (2009) look at the use of Indigenous picture books as pedagogical resource: “Indigenous picture books can help the receptive decolonizing non-Indigenous teacher imagine counter-point stories to their own environmental formation and begin to transform or ‘shape-shift’ this formation” (p. 332). Dion (2007) further discusses the benefits of introducing the works of contemporary Indigenous artists into the classrooms: “My turn toward the work of contemporary artists is informed by my understanding of the relationship between community and Indigenous knowledge, the healing and transformative role of artists, and the possibilities offered through a critical pedagogy of remembrance” (p. 333). However, educators must be committed to making these changes - and for some, this means disrupting the narratives and practices they have been taught, and have become part of their own practice – to make this commitment and ensure greater equity and opportunity for all learners.

Patchwork and Power Relations

As Canadians, many of us choose to distance ourselves politically from our southern neighbours. We see ourselves differently than we do our neighbours. Although, geographically, we are connected – politically, we are divided, and these political borders are what define and

separate us. As Canadians, many of us have heard the use of the metaphors, a multicultural patchwork or cultural mosaic, representing Canada as a diverse society and nation. While the use of such metaphors often paint a very pleasant image of Canada as a peaceful nation of many diverse cultures and identities, each piece in the patchwork or mosaic is distinct - there is no blending or blurring of lines, holes or gaps – they are placed side by side, in order to create the larger work. As Schuman (2005) writes: “Competition among voices cannot always be described as diversity. The metaphor of a patchwork quilt maintaining the visibility of diverse pieces only works when the pieces have a metonymic relationship to the larger-than-local parts” (p. 140). Schuman argues, that the metaphor of voice, and allowing all voices to speak, ignores the many underlying political and power relations:

The metaphor of voice, especially disparate voices, silences voices, minority voices, and marginalized voices, has become a familiar part of political discussions. The too-easy solution, to let all voices speak, ignores the ever present condition of interested voices with competing concerns. (p. 29)

The metaphor of the voice and ability of all to express their ideas and/or concerns ignores underlying inequalities related to such issues of race, gender, socio-economics, culture, politics and power relations. These ideas are perpetuated and maintained within the society at large, and serve to maintain and support the privileges and voice of the majority. Culture is not a predefined or static – it is fluid, and can be shaped in many ways. Shifting cultural identities and changing landscapes also influence the ways we speak about and how culture is experienced and represented. Understandings and representations of culture can be manifested through not only through that which is tangible, but also through thoughts and beliefs, and worldview.

McCreary (2009) discusses how such metaphors as Canada’s “multicultural patchwork” are often used to celebrate diversity in classrooms across Canada, but impose certain limitations as to what is culture *is*. He further states that these imposed ideas fail to provide students the opportunity to engage in discussion that lead to conversations about culture, and further develop critically thinking skills and challenge underlying political and power relations. The celebration of cultures continues to mask underlying power relations – and continues to support social and racial inequalities without question or discussion of the impact of colonialism within Canada. He further argues that insertion of celebration of cultures into Eurocentric curriculum, “...Fails to disrupt the normative whiteness of Canadian settler society” (para. 5). McCreary continues to

explain: “In emphasizing the importance of traditional stories, song and dance, schools have become arbiters of the boundaries of authentic and permissible minority culture without an understanding of the impact of colonialism” (para. 7). As educators, are we not also continuing to perpetuate these silences and/or inequalities in the classroom when we continue to maintain and support these dominant discourses in failing to provide students opportunities to engage in talk? While many teachers may openly state that they are opposed to racism and prejudice of any kind, they continue to maintain such privileges of whiteness through its invisibility:

While most of us recognize racism as a form of individual prejudice, racism also operates through a much broader set of social processes and institutional practices, often so normalized that they are invisible, at least to those of us who benefit from them. (McCreary, 2009, para. 8)

Classrooms are perhaps a mere reflection and telling of a much larger story and narrative, that reflect majority values and the current political climate - without question of the underlying politics and power relations. The classroom becomes a place of instruction. A place where the repetition of silenced histories is maintained through textbook versions of *History*, where the narrative begins with the arrival European settlers to their new land. McCreary (2009) argues that anti-racist education in the classroom must question these underlying power relations and colonialism that further serve to maintain these inequalities. “Only when whiteness is visible and contested, rather than assumed as the unspoken norm, can we begin to collectively work to revision our world as a place where we all belong as equals” (para. 11). Dion (2007) discusses the importance of learning *from* Aboriginal histories and relationships in the classroom, and that building greater awareness among educators is:

The construction of ethical awareness among teachers is a promising way to progressively transform relationships between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people in the Canadian education system... Teachers, like most Canadians, require increased opportunities to learn about and to ‘learn from’ the history of the relationship between Aboriginal people and Canadians. (p. 340)

Disrupting historical narratives, that challenge what so many Canadians have been taught to believe, and have internalized as the *truth*, while maintaining their position of privilege within society, and to which so many are reluctant to challenge, but that is also necessary for Canadians to do (Dion, 2007).

Censorship and/or Conversation

As parents, we decided to allow our young daughter to have a limited amount of “screen time.” Although, we try to limit her exposure to media and technologies, encourage outdoor and creative play, we also allow her time to watch her beloved *Barbapapa*. We first introduced her to the program on a day when she wasn’t feeling well, and had little energy to run and play, wanting instead the comfort of being close to mom and dad’s side. So, as parents, we thought maybe it was time to allow her to watch a children’s program. But as new parents, we were out-of-the-loop, when it came to knowing about the many new shows and toddler favourites. And so we picked a program on Netflix Kids, that we have overheard toddlers talk or get excited about, Paw Patrol. We put it on, but our daughter watched it with little interest, and so we again turned it off after short time. We tried another popular program, we heard kids her age seem to like, with much the same reaction, so we let it be. Besides, the thought of watching or hearing those songs and jingles on repeat – was something, as a parent I was happy to avoid. But then my husband thought to offer her a program, which he loved and watched as a child, translated into Farsi. But since our daughter is also learning French, and the Farsi version might prove more difficult to find, we decided to show it to her in French, where the creation of the character “Barbapapa” originates. I knew of the cartoon from my time living in France, recognizing the character from the many books, toys and displays in the children’s sections of bookshops and stores. A creature hatched out of the earth that can shape-shift and is working to try and help others, people and animals. A cartoon created in the 1970s, that has been translated into many different languages, my husband found and downloaded some old episodes - and our daughter fell instantly in love with the pink character of “Barbapapa.” In the first season, Barbapapa meets Barbamama, and they have a family of seven different children, who are born all a different colour with their own unique interests and talents. My daughter and I, enjoy many long conversations about the different Barbapapa characters, from the yellow Barbidou, whose interest is in learning about and protecting the different animal species; The furry black Barbouille, the artist, whose interest is experimenting with different art forms and mediums; and her current favourite character and colour, the orange Barbotine, whose interest is reading and writing, and who often drinks too much coffee (like her mom). Although, I enjoy many aspects of the show, the diverse interests the show nurtures and activities they get involved in, from growing gardens to questioning use of harmful pesticides, sheering sheep and turning their fibers into balls of wool to makes clothes,

harvesting grapes and making wine, learning about different animal species, causes of pollution and environmental protection, science and invention, music and the arts, and caring for others. However, there are certain aspects and underlying cultural messages and/or appropriation that perpetuate harmful cultural stereotypes. There is often the underlying message that the hunting of wild animals and wearing of furs should be prohibited, while supporting farming and traditional European agricultural practices. The Barbapapas often travel to different countries, including Canada and the Great American Plains, where they transform into totem poles, meet and speak with the local peoples and tribes, dressing and participated in “ceremonial dances,” while appropriating and falsely perpetuating these stereotypes and ideas. I debated about not allowing our daughter to watch, or trying to censor certain aspects of it – and perhaps, some would argue, we should not allow her to watch the show, but I am not sure that avoiding these conversations is productive, and I am also not sure that continuing to watch the programs is the right decision either. While some of the messages are more subtle, perpetuated through the underlying themes and ideas, some are more blatant. We have made the decision as parents to allow her to continue to watch her adored “Barbapapa,” but I also continue to question my decision, while considering the historical and cultural context of the show. As parents, we have chosen to limit our daughter’s exposure to media and technologies, she only watches limited amounts of her show. She is a busy, curious and very active toddler, but she also loves her quiet “cozy time” looking and reading her picture books. Some of her favourite books, she loves reading, are written by Indigenous authors, including *Sharing our World: Animals of the Native Northwest Coast*, which introduces children to the meaning of the totem and relationships to them: “Carved from cedar, TOTEMS, tell stories of our peoples’ relationship to animals” (Reid, Cranmer, Lafortune, Nelson, Horne, Windsor, Bulpitt, Young, Houstie, Isaac, Moraes, Starr, & John, 2013). I often ask myself, would I make this decision as an educator? And I think of the many textbooks, children’s books, and novels - that I have read over the years, and with students. The many stereotypical images and characters found in text/books that continue to be found in school libraries. I have worked in different classroom environments and settings, where teachers often fail to see or chose to ignore these underlying themes and/or messages. As a both a parent and educator, I question the role of censorship and importance of conversation, and how we can begin by asking our children age-appropriate questions. Teaching our children and students about the importance of understanding the historical context and authorship of different media, while also

trying to present diverse, and sometimes conflicting viewpoints – to encourage critical thinking and reflection, through which they may begin to question and challenge these stereotypes and ideas themselves.

Silence and Representation

*One day sitting with an elder
trying to talk
the black robe people arrived.
Speak your language,
tell the legends,
sing your songs,
dance your dance,
record this for future generations.
How can I,
I replied.
You pounded these sinful ways out of me.
Remember?*

- Cole, 2006, p. 43

As educators, it is our responsibility to educate ourselves, examining how colonization has shaped our lives and privileges, and teaching practices - to better serve the needs of students, and create more equitable learning environments, as we begin to recognize how these silences, in our own education, influence the ways in which we teach and engage with students. Silences we may also be perpetuating through our own pedagogical practices, as well the many texts, and educational materials that serve reinforce these hierarchies privilege and power. Practices and perspectives that continue to disadvantage and/or harm students. Faries (2004) shares the experience and interview of a fourth-grade Aboriginal student from Sudbury, Ontario:

When we were learning about ‘pioneers’ in school, the teacher said that when pioneers came to Canada, Native people lived here. When I asked if the Native peoples’ land was taken away, she said ‘we’ll talk about that later’, and we never talked about it again. (p. 1)

The danger of these silences relates to the words of King (2012), when he writes, how the history he was willing to forget, is now the present, and may become future. When we refuse to challenge the stories, we have been told since the age of childhood and hold as the *truth* – when refuse to let go, we also inherit the actions of those who came before us. Stories that may no longer serve us, or have caused damage and heartbreak to others. Irlbacher-Fox (2014) argues

that as non-Indigenous peoples, it is our responsibility to learn about Indigenous histories and issues, and to question our own roles and responsibilities:

Non-Indigenous people are fully responsible for learning about Indigenous peoples, about policies that have been used against Indigenous peoples that have been constructed to control and hurt Indigenous peoples and their interests. Most importantly, before non-Indigenous peoples undertake self-education about Indigenous peoples, it is important they self-scrutinize with a view to understanding how, why and to what extent they themselves are colonized. This includes undertaking a careful assessment of the institutions, people, decision makers, educators, and people they surround themselves with to understand the extent to which these are colonizing forces, and how these support white, non-Indigenous, and other privileges. (pp. 153-154)

As educators, we continue to perpetuate and support these grand narratives, when we fail to understand our own roles and relationships – and we cannot begin to change the system, unless we are willing to first examine and change ourselves. As Battiste (2002) writes: “Learning is viewed as a life-long responsibility... Knowledge teaches people how to be responsible for their own lives, develops their sense of relationship to others, and helps them model competent and respectful behaviour” (p. 14). Listening and learning from different perspectives, and sometimes conflicting viewpoints, can offer us new insights and understandings, personal and professional growth to better serve all students. As Settee (2012) states, “Our view is that if education serves Indigenous students, who far too often are marginalized, then all students will benefit” (p. 165). As we begin to search for new ways to better serve our students, Battiste (2002) reminds us that: “Canadian educational institutions should view Elders, knowledge keepers, and workers who are competent in Aboriginal languages and knowledge as living educational treasures” (p. 21). Education plays an important role in re/shaping and re/writing these stories and narratives, but when we fail to challenge ourselves as educators and continue our practices without critical reflection, we also risk perpetuating harmful old ways and past injustices - that again become our present, and futures (King, 2012). As Faries (2004) writes: “Just as education had been used in the past to destroy First Nations cultures and languages, education can now be used to build, restore and revive First Nations cultures and languages” (p. 3). But this cannot be done without disrupting and questioning - and learning how it is, we first got to where we are today. Kovach

(2009) discusses how the academic landscape has begun to shift with an increased Indigenous presence and the support of non-Indigenous allies seeking, "...to move beyond Indigenous-settler relations, to construct, new, mutual forms of dialogue, research, theory, and action" (p.12).

However, the process of realizing systematic change is often difficult, if not close to impossible – and it requires commitment, even in the face of personal risk - to act in a relational manner, with integrity and hope for a better future.

Cleveland West Side

On a recent trip to Cleveland (October, 2018), my husband I visited the West Side Market, where we stopped for breakfast at the well-known Market Café, visiting the different stalls, filling our bags with fresh produce and baked bread. We sat with our coffees, waiting for our breakfast, surrounded by the many old photographs hanging on the walls, images of crowds of people visiting the Market from many years ago. The Cleveland West Side Market first opened its doors in 1912, and while the buildings and structure itself, have not changed greatly in appearance, what struck me about these photographs were the crowds of people - majority women, crowded together in the space - a raised hand, pointing a finger, or shouting their orders over the meat counter (Cleveland Historical, n.d.). The market lined with vendors and people, portraying a feeling of community, noise and conversation. A place where people would exchange courtesies and/or engage in conversation, face-to-face. A place very different from the fridges and freezers, canned goods and dried food aisles, and plastic-wrapped meats and produce on styrofoam trays, that so many of us we have grown accustomed to shopping. I think of the time-saving conveniences, now advertised by many of the large grocery store chains, offering online ordering and curbside pick-up. With limited time to shop, you can pre-order, arrange a time to stop curbside and have your groceries packed and loaded into your car or vehicle. The distance between those who produce and grow these foods, and those that buy and consume them, grows more distant and removed. There is a greater detachment and/or connection, not only with the people, who harvested, butchered, and prepared our foods, but also the soil that grew and fed the livestock and animals. However, what I also remarked about these old photographs, were the predominately white subjects in a city historically known for its black population (Case Western Reserve, n.d). In 1890-1915, Cleveland saw a significant rise in its black population because of mass migration from the country's Southern States. Although, segregation in public schools did not exist in the same way as it did in other states, segregation in social settings,

religious spaces/ places of worship and workplace discrimination still existed. Today, Cleveland has a majority black population, and these photographs are a silent or unspoken reminder of this history of racial segregation, discrimination and oppression (United States Census Bureau, 2018).

Walking around downtown Cleveland earlier that day, before visiting the market, the grandiosity of the many old buildings were reminiscent of a different era, the rise of industry, economic prosperity and wealth. The Arcade, inspired by Italian design, was built in 1890, as the first indoor shopping mall, modelled after the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele II in Milan, Italy. In more recent years, the building has been converted into a hotel, with shops and restaurants on the lower levels, and security guards at all the street entrances. Cleveland's downtown with bustling crowds, was once known as the city's retail and shopping district, but today, the streets are mostly quiet during business hours – the many old buildings are now marked with bank and big business logos, towering above us, and few small or local retail chains. In a city that boasts such large buildings and architecture, I expected crowds of people, gathering places - people talking over coffee or having lunch with friends or colleagues, but unlike other metropolises I have visited, the streets in the downtown were almost empty, as business continued as usual behind closed doors.

Living in Dis/belief

Vacant dreams... and when the birds began to cry, the ice began to melt - and we turned up the volume to this nature channel show. We are breathing clean air, away from city walls, and ancient treats never tasted so sweet. Travel (a world). Light a match, and burn the flame. The coal. The heat. The snow. The sun. The rocks. The water. The fish. The frogs. The flies. Buzzzzzzz. And we're lifted away, out of sudden reality into disbelief. Left without ink, or a place to write these observations of daylight and sunrise. Turn off your computer, smartphone, television, tablet and all other screens, and look up - to see the glowing light that radiates high above the trees in snow filled skies. The loci are crying. The red spider crawls over my knee. Run and jump into the water, and slide into this quizzical look of grief. Always grief, never mourning. The morning. Awake. Looking out the window, to see all that you can see. Sounds that resonate over open waters. Words printed on the page. Fill in the blanks, and submit to these forms - and it might all be over. (Campbell, Journal, 2008).

“Fake News”

In an era of “fake news,” instant newsfeeds, and visual manipulations, online marketing and advertisements through various social media outlets and online platforms, including Facebook, Twitter and Instagram – questions of ethical responsibility arise. Did “fake news” widely shared and spread through social media sway voters and affect the outcome of the 2016 presidential elections (Cellan-Jones, 2017)? “Fake news” as a form of advertisement and marketing becomes as an economy when audiences and consumers are willing to buy into it. However, questions of ethical responsibility and accountability arise, including who is accountable for these realized benefits and/or harms causes, the source or medium? What responsibilities do the CEOs of these social media platforms have to their users? What responsibilities do we have as consumers of such content and spreading of mis/information (Levin, 2018)? When the lines between fact and fiction blur, the spreading of mis/truths can have consequences. But what are our responsibilities as users to critically engage and question their content and context of these and source of these media and texts, before sharing or spreading these pieces of mis/information? To question the mis/truths that are being re/produced, especially when those creating of such content and stories chose to remain hidden or anonymous, and no longer accountable. However, such social media platforms can also provide a place to connect. A place/space for sharing their different experiences and stories – the un/silencing of his/her/stories, disrupting the grand narratives of our time, and re/writing *history*.

Ross (1995) argues *History* by its, “Normative inclusive character denies its own fictionality and instability and thereby distorts the creative possibilities of the present and future” (p. 673). *History* is a selective process through which understandings and interpretations of events are informed by one’s worldview. As Wertch (2002) writes, “Remembering is a form of mediated action, which entails the involvement of active agents and cultural tools” (p. 13). The historian makes choices, including the representation of certain persons, places, and events. King (2012) challenges the role of a ‘good historian’ in his work, *The Inconvenient Indian: A Curious Account of Native People in North America*: “A good historian would have tried to keep biases under control. A good historian would have tried to keep personal anecdotes in check. A good historian would have provided footnotes...I have not” (p. xii). He challenges Canada’s colonial history - the celebration of national heroes, and erasure of Indigenous voices. Historical objectivity has longed privileged a powerful elite that favours the dominant race, gender, class,

ethnicity. An objective voice that informs our understandings of the past without recognition of the voices that have been silenced through this process of storying. A place where his/her/stories are washed over, buried and/or erased. And through this, *History*, comes to represent a place of un/be/longing. Werner (2002) argues that, “voice and power are inseparable,” and beginning to understand these power relations at play should urge us to ask questions - the power of voice and authorship, the silences (p. 202). Learning to un/cover the mis/truths in observing these silences, the voices that are not represented – and the power relations at play.

America the Great?

Stein, Hunt, Susa & Andreotti (2017) examine the different discourses that circulated during the 2016 U.S. election campaign, including the infamous presidential campaign logo, used by former Republican presidential candidate, and now President, Donald Trump: “Make America Great Again.” Stein et al. argue that the then Republican presidential candidate ran his campaign, gaining White voter support by, “...falsely identifying various non-White populations as threats to the physical safety and economic security of U.S. citizens” (p. 69). They further argue that the campaign highlighted the fears and anxieties of many White voters from different socioeconomic backgrounds, with the promise of improved security measures, through increased policing, military action, and more restrictive immigration policies. They further argue that Trump created a rhetoric, that strengthened the belief that, “the American Dream was under attack” (p. 69), with the “not-so-subtle” promise to, “Make America White (and Christian) Again,” which prompted different plays on the slogan, including: “Make America Native Again” and “America Was Never Great” (p. 69).

Stein et al. (2017) use the metaphor of “the house modernity built,” to illustrate these different narratives in the 2016 presidential campaign, including, the idea of the perceived loss of securities, which they term “fantasies of ontological security,” and uncertainty for the future. They draw on the work of Blackburn (2005), who writes, this uncertainty is, “...Characteristic of the experience of late modern subjects in the era of flexible accumulation and post-Fordist economics, and it needs to be understood within a broader set of anxieties over economic security, citizenship entitlements, and national sovereignty” (p. 587). Stein et al. add to this to further include, “the volatility of financial capitalism, the continued intensification of global climate change, and growing numbers of refugees fleeing affected environments, armed conflict,

dispossession, economic ruin, and other forms of displacement” (p. 71). Although, they note, there were many narratives present, they identify the following three prominent narratives:

(a) The American Dream is being taken away from those who are rightfully entitled to it (in particular, White heterosexual men) by inferior populations, and it must be reclaimed at any cost (“Make America Great Again”); (b) we must preserve America’s noblest ideals, and democratize the Dream (“The American Dream Is Big Enough for Everyone”); and (c) existing problems are getting worse and affecting more people, but still disproportionately affect racialized and Indigenous populations who have forcibly borne the costs of the Dream from the very beginning (“America Was Never Great”). (p. 71)

During the presidential campaign, Stein et al. argue, non-White Americans were used as “scapegoats,” including foreign economic competitors, undocumented immigrants and non-White persons, accused of taking American jobs away or being involved in terrorist activities. This also included Indigenous peoples, who are viewed as, “...impeding economic progress when they protect their lands from resource extraction” (p. 71).

Building on this metaphor of “the house modernity built,” Stein et al. (2017) write that the house was built on a “foundation of separability” (p. 73). The load-bearing walls of the house supported by “Enlightenment humanism and the nation-state,” that is protected by a roof of “global capital” (p. 73). However, as Stein et al. further argue, maintaining the cost and structure of the house is becoming more difficult, because of the underlying violence used to acquire, build and maintain the house:

...Violence is the condition of possibility for the house itself: claiming ownership of land, cordoning off the rest of the world, and engaging in highly toxic methods of resource extraction and social (re)production to build and maintain it. All of these activities that built and keep the house running have long been poisonous to those outside of it or in the unmaintained parts of its own interior, but now those poisons are starting to seep back into the walls and foundations of the house and its main floors, leading to a variety of different responses. (p. 73)

Stein et al. (2017) argue, the house maintains a hierarchical structure, and those living inside the house, with its many comforts, merely view the outside world as, “a source of raw materials and labor for its own upkeep” (p. 73). Stein et al. further relate this to the pouring of the

foundation of the house in the context of colonialism and slavery, where the white owner of the house is viewed as a “sovereign self-determined individual,” and master of “universal reason”:

Within this framework, difference is suppressed and certain ways of knowing, being, and relating remain illegible and illegitimate, because they fall outside of humanist norms (for instance, by affirming the affectability and entanglement of all subjects, honoring human and other-than-human interdependence, recognizing the partiality of all human categories). (p.74)

Stein et al. (2017) explain that those permitted to live inside the walls, must follow the “house rules,” and in exchange receive the promise of its protection. They further argue that colonisation, violence against Indigenous peoples and black enslavement, are positioned outside this grand narrative, and America is portrayed as a “...bastion of freedom that is always moving toward greater perfection,” but remains under constant threat from “unfree” peoples (p. 74). The old house operates by maintaining these fears and perceived need for securitization, through the following statements, as they relate to this metaphor: ““We have to keep them out of our house to stay safe”; “We have to attack their house before they have the chance to attack ours”; “We have to maintain order inside our own house””(p. 75). The many comforts found inside the house are supported and maintained through a capitalist system many come to believe are a result of their own hard work, with little or no acknowledgement of those who live, “in tight quarters in the basement,” and outside the house, and work to upkeep and maintain it. It is believed that these people simply have not yet earned their place inside. Furthermore, resources are often taken and/or products processed, where they live, releasing harmful chemicals and toxins back into the environment, that pose a threat to their health, well-being and safety (p. 75). But all these different parts of the house are interconnected, and when structural integrity of one part of the house begins to fail, it can affect others. As Stein et al. argue, for some, this may become overwhelming, and when “the promises of the house no longer (or never did) seem credible, young people respond accordingly” (p. 76). But where do we go from here – what is the next step, as we begin to re/imagine and/or re/build this old house?

Stein et al. (2017) state that with a growing awareness of the many harms that are symptom of the old house, it may be time to start re/building a new house, using “...more sustainable, renewable, green technologies, more just labor laws for those tasked with its construction and upkeep, and so forth” (p. 77). However, those that grew-up in the old house are

often reluctant to part ways because of these promises of security. Re/building a house that offers these same promises, may result in the re/building of the same house and structure. Throughout this process of re/building, however, they state that mistakes may be made, but it is also through this that we begin to learn and think in new ways. But there is also the possibility of trying to repurpose the materials stored in the old house, which can also help reduce or prevent greater or immediate harm. There are risks involved in this process, including "...the tendency to selectively and self-servingly appropriate difference as a way to feed old desires," but also the possibility of learning (p. 77). There is a great deal to be learned from those who have experienced the "underside" of the house, and "...who have not only refused to be defined or contained by it, but who have also sustained, nurtured, and created alternative economies, knowledges, relationships, and forms of sociality in spite of it" (p. 77). Stein et al. argue that in order to build this new house, we must encourage critical thinking, develop the necessary pedagogical tools, challenge these dominant social structures and hierarchies, and make visible the "multiple forms of violence," that created the foundation upon which the old house was built (p. 78). They conclude by outlining the main tasks involved in the process of re/building: 1) Attending to the violence that is re/produced by the house; 2) Re/building relationships with those who have already "paid the highest price"; 3) Disrupting these false ideas, illusions of security and violence used to support it, "by digging an underground tunnel that cracks the foundation of separability so as to affirm our sense of affectability and entanglement" (p. 78). As we begin to move forward in the process of re/building relationships, we need also to continue to question our own roles and responsibilities in this process – and perhaps, this also means giving up certain privileges, to begin to dismantle these structures that maintain these hierarchies or power and privilege in a process of decolonization and reconciliation.

Chapter 7: Re/generation & Reconciliation: Re/Envisioning New Pathways Forward

Dreams, Memory, Time - and Lace

Last night I dreamed of glass shattering, broken. Transparent and blue. Memories resurface, as the mind travels back to places/spaces far and wide. I don't linger in any one place long, but keep moving. The taste of tomatoes, bike rides around the river bend, tired miles in well-worn shoes, the age of youth and passing time. I move to wake myself from this reverie of places, memory and time – to restore and re/situate myself in this place. The physical presence of persons and places, the feeling of being here and now, memories fading, or tucked away - to resurface again another day. To leave. Part ways. Go back. Return. Remember. Re/tracing these patterns, weaving threads of memories, dreams and lineages – that leave holes or gaps, imperfections and/or aesthetics – that create this beauty, and lace.

- Campbell, Journal, 2019

From Wastelands to *Home*

The wasteland we've created – the politics, places, and bodies, that carry these memories forward. The losses suffered – physical, emotional, and spiritual. A sense of un/belonging to places. The dissolution of communities, and disregard and/or neglect for the land. Re/generation. Re/birth. Returning to hope. Peeking through the cracks, digging our hands into the soil - uncovering the stories that leak through, while allowing new understandings to emerge. The pedagogical possibilities of places. Kimmerer (2003) describes how learning can occur even in the most desolate of places, and wastelands places can teach us about restoration through such symbiotic relationships, as we begin to return to hope:

Aimee and I would rest on hot afternoons in a little grove of aspens that had somehow gotten started in this desolate place that everyone wanted to cover in garbage. We know now that these aspens originated from seeds caught on a patch of moss, and the whole island of shade began to grow from there. The trees and the birds brought berries – raspberries, strawberries, blueberries – which now blossom around us. (pp. 50-51)

From wasteland to reconciliation. The teachings of the land, changing cultural and political landscapes, and the re/building of relationships. The stories of these places passed down through the generations, uncovered and/or found. Stories to help guide us forward. The memory

of grandmothers, the blood that runs through our veins - and those whose bloodlines we do not share, but to whom we owe this title and respect. Rivers and waterways. The stories of our ancestors, and those who walked here before us. Women who have taught, inspired and touched our lives – the memory and influence of grandmothers. Understanding our responsibilities to the land and peoples. Re/imagining and visiting places, foreign and familiar, the places we call *home*. The feeling of knowing that we belong here. Places seeped in his/her/stories, the stories of ancestors alive here. And for some, having left their ancestral lands, carrying with them their stories of their grandmothers. Knowing where we come from in order to know how we got here, and where we are going. And through this process, perhaps, finding a re/new/ed sense of belonging. Re/learning the names of places and peoples. Wastelands to reconciliation - past, present and future. Our given responsibilities to the land and peoples.

The Traces We Leave Behind

Like a Deleuzian subterranean web of rhizomatic roots and radicals, bulbs and tubers, the tentacles map migrations, routes travelled elsewhere, as well as returning home and returning to that which is no longer home, rooting into places, and attending to old roots, only to begin again.

- Chambers et al., 2012, pp. 103-104

Caring and maintaining an old home sometimes feels never ending. There is always a leaky faucet to repair, patch and paint work to be done – never a clean slate, always more to come. Returning to a new/old vision of a home, in its new/ former state – restored and loved, each creaky step, water leak, moss-covered roof and stones, are a reminder of its history. Witness to the generations of families that have lived here, inherited – passed down, bought and/or sold. Reminders. The river of cable cords running up the side of the house into the upstairs bedrooms, the old satellite TV dish removed and cords cut. The beauty of the original woodwork and floors, covered over – beyond repair. The vision we once had of restoring this home, uncovering and restoring it to its original charm, continually revisited and revised. The brickwork chimney in the kitchen revealed crumbling mortar behind drywall and paint and had to remain hidden behind the walls. Outside, broken pieces of glass and plastic, a rusty nail, screw or spring, washed and exposed. Under the built-up soil and grass, a small circular foundation, where a flag was once flown. Set between two newly planted cherry trees, we will hang a ribbon flag there in the

warmer months, to deter the birds from sampling all the fruit, before we can harvest some ourselves.

Each new season, we continue to uncover small pieces, remnants of the past - the lives and his/her/stories of the people who once lived here, their traces and/or objects left behind. Riding equipment, horse shoes, wooden shelves, work benches, old windows and screens – rubber tires, chemicals cleaners, spray cans and paint. But this home, has become part of our story - and perhaps, the stories, we will one day tell our grandchildren. Gardens planted, tended and weeded, and fruit trees that grow – giving back to the land, and generations of great-grandchildren. Over time, work and repair, we are beginning to see these spaces transformed into something new. Once a country and place, I never thought possible, or wanted to belong. A country and politics, I willingly avoid. America. The meaning of this place has changed. The country and place where we first brought our newborn daughter home. Our daughter being born here, is a citizen by birth. Her birth certificate, citizenship, social security, and travel documents, grant her certain rights and privileges as a citizen. However, as a child of parents born elsewhere, she holds multiple identities and citizenships, based on my own, and husband's birth places, and/or citizenship through naturalization. Documents that give power to some and withhold or deny it to others. And perhaps, one day, she too, will write or tell her story. Shifting political and cultural identities, the many landscapes of our lives. Places seeped in his/her/stories, both meaningful and transformative – past, present and future.

The old wooden mahogany-stained door that marks the entrance of the house is one of the original features that has weathered the test of time - witness to the many, who have passed through its doorway. Cleaning out the basement, we uncovered the names of the family who once lived here traced in the cement foundation, when the home was first built in 1920s. Signatures and dates scribbled on wood studs behind drywall again revealed, as we began to repair and rebuild - to make this place our own. And it is with feelings of anticipation, hopefulness and sadness, that we again begin to imagine leaving this place. The place, where I first learned to live as though I were here to stay. An experience, reminding me of Kimmerer (2013), describing how generations of immigration, settlement, consumerist and material culture, and current environmental degradation, are symptomatic of a rootless past, as shares with her readers and audience the words of her Elder, who states: “The problem with these new people is that they don't have both feet on shore. One is still on the boat. They don't seem to know whether they're

staying or not” (p. 207). To live as though we were here to stay, and our great-grandchildren, will live to enjoy the abundance of these offering, or suffer the loss, of this neglect and/or care. Understanding and knowing where we came from, to know where we are going and how we got here. To live as though we were here to stay, and to create something more lasting.

Planting perennial gardens, flowering and fruit bearing trees - to grow and re/new life each season, while knowing that this place may not be forever our home, has given me new perspective. Knowing that this place too, may one day become, a temporary dwelling place and storied landscape of our lives. But it is here in our home and garden, as these newly planted seedlings and our child begin to establish their roots – that I also continue to learn and grow. Memories of our time here – and the traces we will also one day leave behind. The flowering azalea bush in the garden, my husband gave to me from the hospital gift shop, the day our daughter was born – planted in the backyard flowerbed that runs along the fence line - to bloom and flower again each spring. We have chosen to leave our mark in a different way – without name, but care. Whether we chose to one day leave, or stay - we are choosing to leave our mark in a different way, through its restoration and care. Vegetable gardens planted, weeded and watered and perennial beds that continue to grow, and be renewed each season – native species re/introduced into the landscape – and the time it takes to re/establish and re/generate roots.

I remember, the first time we walked into this home, and almost instantly began to re/envision a new future. What this home could become, and how these visions were transformed and re/shaped throughout the process - what we learned, how ideas changed, and our family and home eventually took shape. Scattered imaginings, wanderings, fragments, research and words, work and care, that would both influence and become part of this story. Words and experiences that would be transformed through me. Experience of loss and un/be/longing, maternity and care – inter/generational stories of place, people and belonging. Stories and learning that took shape in this home and place, in Kent, Ohio. The opening of new doors – disrupting old ideas – peeking through floorboard and doorway cracks - to see what may have been, and no longer is. Trickle of light filtering through these cracks and in/between places/spaces – his/her/stories, shadow and light, with the knowledge and new understanding, that the past doesn't always stay lost or forgotten forever – carpets torn up, reveal the scars and neglect, the wooden patchwork beneath. The lack of time or care, teachings or understanding, of how to care for a home. This is the foundation, from which we were left to re/imagine and re/build. And it is through this process of

restoration and care, that I began to understand, what it means to live in a place, as though we were here to stay. Land and home. Wastelands to re/generation – the learning and re/building of relationships in the places where we live and dwell.

Dreaming, Imagining and Choosing *your* Name

January 5, 2017.

Simone
Sophie

The holidays are over, and memories packed away. I pause to listen to your movements, and imagined delights. A new feeling of closeness to you, that continues to be strengthened, as you grow ever more determined to be born into this world. I begin to imagine your name, and try it out on the page. A name, to carry with you. A name, to give you meaning - and always keep close to you, no matter where you go. But until the time, when we first hear your voice and give to you, your name, I will continue to keep you warm and safe, inside my growing and changing body. Listening to your movements, and learning who you are.

January 6, 2017. I know you can hear me. I began learning who you were before you were born. The silence of our shared communication. Thoughts flowing into words, into poetry, into song – your movements, and dance.

January 7, 2017.

Anahita Llewellyn Swan
Elodie
~~Darya~~
~~Derri~~

A new name awakes in a dream – a sweet sound in the air, and on the page. I repeat it aloud, finding its sound and harmony on the tip of my tongue. I awake with these words, and poetry – rocking you to sleep. I linger here awhile - savoring these moments. Silence and contemplation. I begin to envision gardens swarming with life, and food to nourish our bodies. A re/new/ed sense of belonging in this place. The soil and beginnings of your life, where you will learn to walk, run and play. The place where I carry you home.

January 9, 2017.

Anahita Llewellyn Swan
~~*Eloise Llewellyn Swan*~~
~~*Elodie Llewellyn Swan*~~

It is most important she carries her grandmother's name.

Spring 2017.

Anahita Adelaide Swan Ghazinour

Her name. *Anahita* to honour her Persian heritage, a Zoroastrian deity or yazata (protective spirit). A tradition and religion that honours the different elements of the earth, and the importance and responsibilities to them: “Zoroastrians have a holy duty to keep all the elements undefiled, whether earth, air, vegetation, water, or fire” (Kerr, 2012, pp. 119-120). In the traditions of Zoroastrians, men and women were considered equal, and all persons were “...Expected to lead a good life in search of the best wisdom” (Vasseghi, 2012, p. 91). *Adelaide*, she carries the names of her maternal grandmother; *Swan*, her maternal great-grandmother; *Ghazinour*, her paternal heritage and roots.

Re/visions

Jan. 7, 2018. Learning, healing and renewal, though the giving and nurturing of life through my own body. Holding my daughter in the warmth of her fuzzy star blanket, cradled close to my heart. Grief is no longer the child I once carried. She is here and lives as part of me. Sleepless nights, comforting her small body, as she fights this season’s fever. I long for rest, but remembering this loss, gives me the reassurance, that this moment too, is beautiful. She is here with me, and I can hold and comfort her in arms, that I could not extend - to a child that was never was mine to hold. A child of the imaginary heavens, I spoke to her so softly. Her gentle touch, as she walked the red shores, peeking under stones and playing in tidal pools – the movement of each small creature, her heart’s delight. Curly brown hair and our little black dog by her side. My dream, the night before my grandfather came to me - and I saw blood. Stillness in the dark. Loss without beginnings.

Each waking morning, I am in awe of her life, beauty and being, as she rolls over and raises her head, a toothless grin. The routine begins. Nighttime feedings, waking to prepare her morning blueberries and oatmeal, playtime, naptime, mealtime, and nursing in the intervals. My body and time given to her nourishment, and soul awakened by and in her presence. She is everything that once could not be, she is life restored unto me. I am exhausted and grateful. And today, I chose to remember the lives that were given and taken on this day. The grandmothers are her and watching - of this, I’m sure.

Life Stages and Learning

Infancy and early childhood involve being nurtured, being dependent on others, and developing trust. As children grow older, they learn about discipline and taking up responsibilities. Youth is a time when individuals begin to assume adult responsibilities and are charged with caregiving duties for the young and old in the community. As Danny puts it, this is a time when there is plenty of “volunteer work.” Adults carry responsibilities of providing for family, and elders are the teachers and keepers of knowledge, law, and ceremony.

- Danny Musqua (as cited in Anderson, 2011, p. 9)

Campbell (2011), in the foreword to Anderson’s work, *Life Stage and Native Women: Memory, Teachings and Story Medicine*, shares what she learned from her “old man teacher,” Peter O’Chiese, who taught her the importance of critical thinking, speaking up and asking questions. She writes about how he encouraged her to read everything she could including the works of European anthropologist and ethnographers. As she (2011) writes: “He never put down Western ways of knowing, he just warned me to always remember it was not “our” way of knowing” (xviii). Gathering up the pieces - and beginning to fit them back together. She continues to write about her experience, and how Peter demonstrated this to her:

One day, to illustrate why it was important to do this, he picked up a jigsaw puzzle my children and I had just completed. He lifted it high and dropped it. Pieces flew all over the room. “That’s what happened to *wahkotowin* and to our stuff,” he said. “Our kinships, our lives, and our teachings are all over the place. Those anthropologists and people who came to our elders to get stories and knowledge recorded everything and took it away. Our old people talked to them because they knew it was the only way they could save it. Maybe it is not complete, maybe pieces are missing, but if you know the language and some of the stories, then you have a big piece. And if you work with others who have pieces and you read the writings and listen to the tapes those people collected, then you will put our life back together, and when another generation of young people come along and ask questions, you will all be able to share your stories with them and our people will live. This is old man’s dream.

Anderson's (2011) speaks about the different responsibilities a person hold throughout their lifetime, ceremonies and teachings that help a person to better understand their roles and responsibilities throughout their different life stages. However, she also discusses how many of these teachings have been lost and/or forgotten, as a result of colonization and residential schools. In the Introduction, *Digging Up the Medicines*, she discusses the importance of uncovering the stories of her people, the northern Algonquian, and beginning to fit the different pieces together – and through this, beginning the process of decolonization and inspiring others to follow along with her. Anderson looks at the teachings that surround gender roles and responsibilities throughout native women's different life stages in “non-patriarchal and non-hierarchical structures of many land-based Indigenous societies” (p. 25). She discusses how she became interested in learning more about the Indigenous traditions related to “pregnancy, childbirth, infant care, and ceremonies that honour children's life passages,” when she first became a mother herself in the 1990s.

Learning the teachings and having the necessary experiences are also needed to help one pass into the next life stage. However, as Anderson (2001) learned from her Elder, Liza Mosher, it is possible to get stuck in any one life stage, if a person does not receive the necessary teachings and experience, to be able to reach “elderhood” (p. 9). As Anderson explains, it is the role of infants to bring joy to the family, and it is the role of those around them to ensure a safe environment to grow and learn. As she continues to explain: “Parents are providers, and grandparents are life teachers. Elders are highly regarded because they are the “spirit teachers” (p. 10). These roles and responsibilities, however, are also dependent on context and environment, and can change based on the needs of the community and circumstance. However, as Anderson continues to explain, learning about “the old ways,” can also provide new insights, as one continues to move forward in this process of decolonization (p. 13).

Throughout this research process, I have continued to re/visit the question of my own role and responsibilities as a non-Indigenous researcher, learning from Indigenous scholars, writers, artists, and community members. My role is not inside this circle – it never was, and never will be. My role is to listen and learn - and it is also my responsibility to continue to question and challenge my own understandings and beliefs as I continue in this journey. To learn more about where I come from and how this has shaped my understandings of responsibilities to people and places where I live and dwell. I am indebted to those who carry the knowledge, stories and

teachings of the land - people and places, cultures and tradition. My role is to recognize how stories may be told differently, by different people, in different places – and how these stories are also shaped by the storyteller’s lived experiences and worldview. My role is to educate myself, as I begin to deconstruct these learned colonial narratives, while re/tracing the steps of my grandmothers - and re/learning their stories, and where they came from. The places and land/scapes that informed their understandings and shaped their identities, and sense of be/longing– and ultimately, led me here. As a Canadian living in America, I am also responsible to honour the treaties made with Indigenous peoples, that allowed my ancestors and future generation, to be here on Turtle Island/North America. Knowing where I came from in order to learn where I am going – listening, learning and speaking (when invited) to join in. Having these conversations, while recognizing my own privileges and responsibilities to the land and peoples.

A Conversation about Land

Our most sacred places have been made into provincial parks for tourists, where concrete buildings cover our teaching rocks. Our burial grounds have cottages built on top of them. There rivers have lift locks blocking them. The shores of every one of our lakes and rivers have cottages or homes on them, making it nearly impossible for us to launch a canoe. Our rice beds have been nearly destroyed by raised water levels from the Trent-Severn Waterway, boat traffic, and sewage from cottages.

- Simpson, 2017, p. 4

Our nationhood is based on the foundational concept that we should give up what we can to support the integrity of our homelands for the coming generations. We should give more than we take.

- Simpson, 2016, para. 27

Our relationships to the land plays a significant role in how we view and understand ourselves in relation to the places where we live and dwell. How we honour and respect, or neglect and/or disregard these relationships and responsibilities. Reconciliation is a word that many of us have heard used in through media and government, and in recent years has gained increased attention, following the release of *Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada’s* final report in 2015, which outlined 94 *Calls to Action*, to address the impact and legacy of the

residential schools, and to further the process of reconciliation with Indigenous peoples in Canada (TRC, n.d.). Prime Minister Trudeau made the promise to implement all 94 recommendations, working with Indigenous peoples, to further the process of reconciliation. However, as Simpson (2016) argues, the final report fails to address the topic of land in furthering this process of reconciliation:

Land is not mentioned in any of the recommendations, in part because the commission was set up to focus on individual suffering in residential schools. Yet, residential schools were a strategy used by Canada to break the connection between Indigenous peoples and our lands, so the state could access the land for settlement and for natural resources. (Simpson, 2016)

Simpson (2016) states that together as Canadians and Indigenous peoples, we need to be having a conversation about land, because “land is at the roots of our conflicts” (para. 17). She writes that Indigenous peoples are not asking Canadians “to pack up and leave,” but to engage in a conversation about how to better share the land, which is the “conversation we’re not having” (para. 17). Simpson writes as a member of the community, Mississauga Nishnaabeg, have experienced a great deal of “anger, racism and violence” from their neighbours; however, she has also begun to witness increased engagement and have more positive interactions with some of the local people in surrounding communities: “...Many local people have also encouraged me to hunt on their land, launch canoes from their waterfront, or harvest medicine for their bush – land that they recognize as Nishnaabeg” (para 18). Simpson continues to discuss that, “If reconciliation is to be meaningful, we need to be willing to dismantle settler colonialism as a system,” and examine the “roots causes” of the oppression of Indigenous peoples in Canada (para. 31). Simpson further explains what this might look like and what it means:

This means respecting when Indigenous peoples say no to development on our lands. It means dismantling land claims and self government processes that require us to terminate our Aboriginal and treaty rights to sit at the table. It means repealing the most damaging aspects of the *Indian Act* and respecting First Nations political systems, governance, and ability to determine who belongs in our communities. It means being accountable about the collective damage that has been done and is being done, and supporting the regeneration of languages, cultures, and political systems. It means stop fighting us in court. It means giving

back land, so we can rebuild and recover from the losses of the last four centuries and truly enter into a new relationship with Canada and Canadians. (para. 31)

As Canadians, we are all treaty member, and have a responsibility to honour the treaties made with Indigenous peoples. Simpson (2017) explains that “At the beginning of the colonial period, we signed early treaties as international diplomatic agreements with the crown to protect the land and to ensure our sovereignty, nationhood, and way of life” (p. 5). However, many of these agreements and treaties were also forced upon Indigenous peoples and not part of their political systems, and as Simpson further argues, were essentially a “termination plan,” including the 1923 Williams Treaty, that forced her ancestors to give up the hunting and fishing rights and way of life, for almost one hundred years (p. 5). Indigenous peoples continue to fight against many of these injustices that have led to subjugation of Indigenous lands and oppression of the peoples. As Canadians, it is time we started to listen and learn from these and other stories, and ask ourselves what are our roles and responsibilities, as we continue to move forward in this process of reconciliation. As Simpson (2015) writes: “Canadians should all listen and ask, what can I give up to promote peace (para. 9)”?

The Knowledge of Experience: Birth, Breastfeeding and Treaties

When we create new life, it is an extension of ourselves, just as Original Man was an extension of Gzhwe Mnidoo. In the same way, our thoughts, our breath and our heartbeat, pulses in the new life we carry in our sacred waters.

- Simpson, 2011, p. 33

Lived experiences shape us in different ways, and these experiences further shape the ways we see and story our worlds. The knowledge of experience informs the ways we live and how we move through or remain fixed in different life stages (Anderson, 2011). But it also influences how we connect to places and form relationships with those around us. My own experiences of pregnancy, childbirth and motherhood began with a story of loss, and eventual re/new/al through the birth and life of my daughter, who was born at the same time, I was collecting and gathering these pieces, beginning to write and weave these stories together. When she was born, I took pause from this work and began my new work as a mother. The experience of loss and the birth of my daughter, the challenges of motherhood, breastfeeding, sleepless nights – and all the new responsibilities that come with bringing new life into this world, deeply

influenced my way of thinking and understanding, when I returned to this work and writing. The experience of maternity provided me with new understandings and perspective, through which I expressed in weaving of narrative pieces throughout this work. The way we tell our stories changes based on where we are in our lives – and this is the place from which I write, which is different from the place where I first began. When I returned to these writings, after a year maternity leave, the meaning and understanding of others' stories also began to change. Reflecting on my own experiences, I again returned to the work of Anishinabek writer, mother, artist and scholar, Leanne Simpson - whose stories of birth, breastfeeding and treaties, I also began to experience in a new way with a deepened sense of understanding.

In the novel, *Dancing on our Turtle's Back*, Simpson (2011) discusses the importance of meaning and teachings that are encoded within the structure, context and content of traditional Nishnaabeg stories, while also sharing how her experiences of pregnancy, childbirth and breastfeeding, shaped her understandings and provided her new insights and knowledge, as she was guided through these experiences by Elders:

Our Elders tell us that everything we need to know is encoded in the structure, content and context of these stories and the relationships, ethics and responsibilities required to *be* our own Creation Story. (p. 33)

Simpson (2011) writes that she began to understand the deeper meaning of these stories when she first became pregnant with her first child. She describes how the birth of her children, breastfeeding and mothering, deeply impacted her *being*. She further discusses how it was through the teachings and stories of her Elder, Edna Manitowabi, that she also began to fully understand the responsibilities of bringing new life into this world:

My Elder Edna Manitowabi guided me through my pregnancy, revealing the responsibilities that go along with bringing forth new life, with nurturing that life my own sacred water, my thoughts, my emotions, my breath, and my own creative power. In doing so, Edna breathed into me a new way of seeing the world and of being in it. (p. 33)

However, Simpson continues to describe the many challenges she faced as an intellectual, trying to incorporate the knowledge and understandings, she gained through these experiences into her academic work and writing. Simpson explains how she was asked to remove certain sections from her work related to breastfeeding, while also being asked to remove certain

academic components from her birth narratives by other native academics. She argues that there is still pressure to create these distinctions, "...To separate theory and academics from Dibaajimowinan and the personal, despite the fact they are recognized as a valued and important source of knowledge within Anishnaabe-gikendaasowin" (p. 10). However, as Simpson writes, it was also through the experience of nursing her own children and her sister's experiences breastfeeding, that she began to understand these relationships in relation to treaties:

Nursing is ultimately about a relationship. Treaties are ultimately about a relationship. One is a relationship based on sharing between mother and child and the other is based on sharing between two sovereign nations. Breastfeeding benefits both the mother and the child in terms of health and in terms of their relationship to each other. And treaties must benefit both sovereign independent nations to be successful. (p. 106)

Simpson (2011) explains how the relationship between mother and child has to be a relationship of balance, where the needs of both mother and child are both being taken care of in order to have this balance. "So in treaties, the relationship must be one of balance. One nation cannot be dominant over the other. One nation cannot control all the land and all the resources" (p. 107). Her experience was different from others, and her sister's experience of breastfeeding was more difficult, and through this, she learned humility:

Aanji taught me that negotiating treaty is about patience and persistence. It is about ensuring the relationship for the long term. The relationship comes first about all else, above pain. It is about a love of the land and a love for the people. And it requires the support of your family and your community. Treaties cannot be maintained without the support of your family, your community and ultimately, the nation. (p. 108)

As I reflect on these words now, I begin to understand and experience these stories differently. Before I became a mother, choosing to breastfeed my child, I had no idea of the amount of time, dedication, patience and learning it would take. It was not an easy process, it was not what I had envisioned in the beginning. The bonding of mother and child, cradling my infant at my breast. It was sometimes difficult experience that required patience, persistence and dedication, advocating for what I felt was best for my daughter despite outside influences and pressure from doctors. My daughter didn't gain weight well, and in the beginning, I was feeding

her almost every hour. She wouldn't take formula. She would only take breastmilk. We would take her almost every day in the first few weeks to the hospital to be weighed and checked. I would have to feed her in the doctor's office, so she could be weighed before and after I fed her, to ensure my body was providing her the nourishment she needed. Her pediatrician suggested we start to visit different specialists, and that I should start pumping and providing extra bottles in/between her feedings. I was exhausted as a new mother, and I knew I couldn't keep it up. I needed reassurance, I was everything I could for my daughter - but I also needed time to rest and heal. No matter what I did or how hard I tried, they just kept asking me for more - measure and calculate, write and record. I felt these growing expectations and request were becoming increasingly unrealistic, and more physically and emotionally demanding – and I couldn't keep up. I also needed time to heal, to be able to give to my child what she needed. And then two things happened: I began listening to the experience of my own mother, who told me to put away the “stupid” pump, who came and stayed to help care for us both, and so I could feed my baby. And then a friend, who was also a breastfeeding mother, offered me a supply of breastmilk, and I most gratefully accepted this most generous gift. It was not without the help of others, that I was able to care and provide for my young daughter. It took many hands and hearts to find this balance in my own life, and to get to a place – where I could hold and feed her, without worry or stress, as I began to nurture this relationship.

The journey of becoming a parent, and learning through this process, has become a life altering experience that had changed me in many ways, re/shaping my views and understandings. Simpson (2011) discusses the role of parents and “paternity leave” during this phase of life:

The primary responsibility of parents is that of providers; so during this life phase, contributions to the wider community and nation are kept to a minimum. This “paid paternal leave,” associated in modern times with highly “civilized” states of the world was a cornerstone of pre colonial Nishnaabeg parenting styles because Nishnaabeg people recognized that the *quality* of the parent-child relationship was the ‘foundation of non-authoritarian parenting (p. 128).

Giving birth to my daughter in America was also a somewhat unexpected and sometimes isolating experience in part due to lack of leave and support provided to new parents. Although, my husband and I were both fortunate and privileged, as I was still enrolled in a Canadian institution working on my PhD, and could take a up to a year of unpaid maternity leave, while my

husband continued to work. But I also began to witness and experience what I believe is a broken system in America, and how it is a widely-accepted norm. The lack of support, education and health care services, provided to all parents and children, including the unrealistic demands and expectations that are placed on mothers in this country without or minimal paid leave. I took for granted the supports and parent groups are often available in Canada. When you start to understand the importance of this parent-child relationship as a parent – the health and healing, learning and growth, while living in a place that does not support these same values and beliefs, you start to question the very foundation upon which this system was built. A system that denies what I believe to be basic rights and access to health care, education and other related services.

As a Canadian living in America, I also reflect on my own privilege and expectations, and what our governments have done and how they continue to deny these rights and services to so many Indigenous children and families. A system that sought to destroy the bond and connection between parent-child, removing children from their *homes*, land, parents, families and communities. I think of the courage and power of Leanne Simpson words – the resistance and resurgence. Indigenous cultures, political systems, and ways of *being* - and all that we can learn from these nations. Our responsibilities to question and act, while working to dismantle these oppressive systems to which we have also come to normalize as Canadians (and Americans) – to honour the treaties made with Indigenous peoples in this process of reconciliation. A process of reconciliation, that I now have come to understand differently through Simpson's (2011) narrative of her pregnancies, childbirth, breastfeeding and *becoming* a parent. Words and experiences that can teach us about what it means to re/build these relationships – and to how to better respect and share the land (Simpson, 2016).

A Good Heart and Process

The land gives birth to the story and reclaims its people in the process.

- Beeds, 2014, p. 61

This morning, I woke from a dream - sitting in my grandmother's kitchen, speaking with her about my work. The process, and understanding – giving to her the story of her grandmother. Letting go. Both nervous and excited – to give life to these stories, and free them from the page. Stories that once given, cannot be called back – as they begin to take on life of their own, mis/interpreted and transformed through the lives and imaginations of their readers (Schuman, 2005). Explaining again to my grandmother, that if there is anything she feels uncomfortable with

me sharing and would like me to remove, or missing pieces to be added – to tell me. Seeking her guidance and approval, to ensure she is comfortable with these representations. And as I near the end of this writing process, I am starting to realize and accept, that once I let go, I can no longer call back these stories – to know where they may travel, who will read them, and how they will mis/interpret or understand them (Schuman, 2005). Reminding me of these responsibilities, King (2008) writes: “We both knew that a story told one way could cure, that the same story told another way could injure” (p. 4). As I reflect on this process, beginning at the surface, observing my surroundings, peeking in through the cracks - and starting to dig a little deeper, allowing the stories to emerge. Throughout this process, I have continued to reflect and remain mindful of the three principles of relational accountability: Respect, reciprocity and responsibility, to which I also began the discussion in the first chapter (Wilson, 2008). I have tried to present these stories in a *good way* – without harm or injure, while understanding that I am accountable for my words, and to the people and places, that are part of these stories. Wilson (2008) further reminds me of this when he writes:

The source of a research project is the heart/mind of the researcher, and “checking your heart” is a critical element in the research process. The researcher insures that there are no negative or selfish motives for doing the research, because that would bring suffering upon everyone in the community. A ‘good heart’ guarantees a good motive, and good motives benefit everyone involved. (p. 60)

This work and research interweaves the words of different scholars, writers, perspectives and theory, and is in part autobiographical, presenting views and perspectives that may not always be shared by others. Through this research process, I strived to challenge and sometimes disrupt my own ideas, beliefs and ways of thinking - to continue to learn, and be challenged in new ways. The personal narratives found throughout this work provide an opportunity for me to share such insights and understandings. However, criticism or critique of this work, also take on a personal nature – as these stories are part of me, but I also recognize that this is how I can continue to learn and be challenged in ways. Disrupting old ideas, to create new understandings - and perhaps, one day, re/write these stories.

I began this work and process with an idea or concept and throughout this process, I remained true to the vision, of allowing the stories to direct their own paths – sometimes leading me in unknown directions, wearing new and well-worn shoes - turning corners, rounding the

bends, re/visiting memories, people and places – to come to this place. Sharing my work with family and friends makes me accountable. I can't hide or disguise, the same way I can in front of a group of relative strangers, who are perhaps more removed or distanced from these stories. My family and friends know me in their own ways, and many of them know these stories, but not always my perspective and/or interpretations of them. There is a different sense of responsibility, when standing before the people who know you and you respect – the people and places that enmeshed and woven into the telling of these stories. When I began this writing process, I was at a different place in my life, and perhaps, if I were to re/write the stories now, I would tell them very differently or much the same. As Anderson (2011) writes: "Although some stories maintain consistency over time, some stories change with time. These stories vary according to the life stage of the participants telling them or according to what is important to them at the time of telling" (p. 22). I think back to when I first began this work, taking a certain amount of risk, moving away from more traditional approaches to research, as I began to envision and create my own way forward, while drawing on the theory and work of those who came before me to support my own work. A métissage of place-based stories that allowed for new directions and understandings to emerge and be presented in a creative way.

Speaking with an old friend the other night, as I was writing this last chapter, I was telling him about my research and process, where it began and how it was transformed, and has become a meaningful part of my life. I felt a sense of comfort and reassurance, knowing that what he said was true to me – the meaning found through process is what makes the experience a meaningful part of my life. The many highs and lows, and everything in/between, that were also helped to guide me in this process. And now, letting go of these stories, that for so long have been my own – is a new step forward, as I reflect, reread and edit these chapters - walking back along these twisting paths and roads, that ultimately led me to this place/space, where I found a new sense of belonging and perspective. Research that had provided me new understandings - and pointed me in new directions, as I continue this work and writing, even after this last chapter is written. I believe I have lived and experienced new meaning in Wilson's (2008) words, when he writes: "If research doesn't change you as a person, then you haven't done it right" (p. 83). Looking back at where I began, the many transformation, and what this work has become - this research has changed me as a person. Letting go of these stories – is the next step forward, as I continue my work, re/envisioning new pathways forward – re/imaging a better future for my daughter and the

next seven generations to come. Honouring the grandmothers, and those that walked here before us – their connections to this land, belonging to places, inter/generational transformations, and cultural identities - new/old ways of being and living and our responsibilities to the land.

Re/connection to people and places, where I (have) live/d and dwell/ed – in memory, dream and physical land/scape, the pedagogical possibilities of places.

Afterword



Figure 24. Newly hatched (Campbell, photograph, 2019)

September 2019

As I began digging in the soil – overgrown beds – pulling weeds, turning and loosening old roots – preparing the ground for next year’s gardens. I pause, to spot a small, fragile, reminder of life – a cyan-colored eggshell. I pause a moment to admire the vibrancy of *kis* colour (Kimmerer, 2017), as I begin turning the small pieces or fragments of broken shell back into the soil – to provide nutrients to what will become next year’s gardens. In this new place, our *home*, in upstate New York. The continued changing landscapes of my life and identities. A place that has also brought with it – a re/new/ed sense of belonging – understanding and meaning. *The pedagogical possibilities of places – and his/her/stories of shifting cultural identities.*

Political boundaries and lines drawn, that often divide us – this place has brought me back closer to family and friends - memories of childhood landscapes, and the stories of my grandmothers. The seeming familiarity of this place, evoking a certain feeling, or sense of a coming *home* of sorts. Surrounded by glacial rocks, evergreen and coniferous trees - and a creek that runs through. This place hold stories. Stories, yet to be uncovered - buried, hidden, and/or forgotten. Cracks in the rock and soil, where new/old stories begin to emerge – and the light *leaks*

through, *in* and/or *out* (Cohen, 1992; Scott, 2012). The sunlight that filters through the trees, casting new light into places/spaces that were once shadow. Trees that provide shade, shelter - and clean air to breathe. *In and out*, memories of time, place/s - and possibilities. That which is - was, and is yet to be. Revealing and re/writing these new/old stories - uncovering and re/creating new meanings and understandings, in this new *time* and *place*.

When we first came to visit this place - the place, that would become our new home in upstate New York. The woman who lived here told me, she had made a promise when she first moved here over 25 years ago. She said she always knew that these rocks had a spirit, and had made a promise to them - to always protect and never develop the land beyond the creek. And in return, she asked, that they might always protect and keep her family safe. When she read the letter, I had written her, expressing our desire - to make this place, our *home*. We were told there were many tears, and that she knew - we were the right people for this place. A place that she had cared for, and watched her own family grow. Now a grandmother, she was ready to leave this place behind, so that she could be closer to her own granddaughter.

And here we find ourselves again, back in the month of *September*. A new beginning and place, family and childhood landscapes - giving to my daughter, my own heart's desire - to live on the land - and be closer to her family. The gift of grandmothers. A place where water runs, like blood and words through my veins - and rivers through this earth.

Today, we gather here together, on *unceded Algonquin territory*, where I pause, to ask a question: What does it mean to belong to (a) place/s, and what are our responsibilities to the land and peoples? I ask you to consider these questions, as we continue this *conversation* together (Archibald, 2008a). And as we reflect on meaning of these words, I continue by asking you the following questions: *How do intergenerational stories of place shape one's understandings of identity and be/longing? How might this impact one's understandings of responsibilities to the protection of lands and the reconciliation of Indigenous-non-Indigenous peoples?*

I ask you to consider not only the meaning of these words, but also their importance and implication within your own lives, work and scholarship - to the past, present and future of this place. The work yet to be done - the pedagogical possibilities of places. Our learning, understandings - and the re/building and healing of broken relationships, to both land and peoples. And it is here, where I begin this presentation, by examining my surroundings - considering what it means to belong to (a) place/s, and what I have learned through this work and

process. Where these words, stories and research have guided me – often directing their own pathways - following unknown passageways - and pointing me in new and unexpected directions. Turning corners, circling round – to bring me back here, to this place, in the academy. A place/space, where I have also experienced such feelings of un/belonging. The University of L'Université d'Ottawa. Memories, scholarship and imaginings - the writing and realization of these stories, this *bricolage* and *métissage*.

From wastelands to reconciliation. Stories that guide us into places/spaces less desirable, and perhaps, most would prefer to ignore. Places/spaces of devastation and destruction – tension and discomfort – loss and un/be/longing. Places that hold teachings of how to live/not live on the land. Places, that are perhaps, also symbolic of our own disconnection. But continue to guide and teach us, as we begin to re/envision new pathways forward. Learning how to care for the land, and perhaps, through this process, also learning how to better care for our own selves and well-being - and know empathy for others. Dignity and respect, for all beings - human and non-human. Wasteland places, evoke a certain sense of urgency – the need for care, kindness and humility, within our lives, work and scholarship – and understanding, that we are all *interconnected*.

Learning, but perhaps, no longer accepting, and/or refusing imposed structures, that no longer serve us in a *good way*. Structures that have for far too long silenced a *diversity of knowledges* - and as result, have caused the suffering of many (Andreotti, Ahenakew, & Garrick, 2011). Acknowledging the privileges that so many of us often take for granted, living inside the safety and security of these walls, while others are left outside - beyond the safety and security of these structures and reinforcements (Donald, 2012; Stein, Hunt, Susa & Andreotti, 2017). Our responsibility as settlers and treaty members. Respect, reciprocity and responsibility (Wilson, 2008). Learning to live in a *good way* – and give back. Healing our relationships – and re/building and re/imagining, a more just and hopeful future.

Unlearning harmful his/stories – the grand narratives and dominant cultural discourses, that have been normalized - within our lives and institutions, texts and schools. Learning from and listening to Indigenous scholars, artists and writers, leading the way, as we begin to unlearn and re/envision new pathways forward. Separate and together, so that one day, we might arrive at a place, where we can meet on equal grounds. Restoration, reconciliation – and re/generation. Re/visiting new/old places, where the echoes of ancestral voices speak – and rocks tell stories - of

the past, present - and of that, which is yet to come (Chambers, 2006; Jardine, 2008). But only when, and if, we are willing to listen (Kimmerer, 2013). A place, where we can speak, but more importantly, have learned to listen.

Sitting outside our home, beside the raised garden boxes and perennial beds - swarming with bees and life. Monarchs butterflies and toads - robins, cardinals, and blue jays, our daily visitors. The cupboards and closets emptied, and boxes packed. The first fruits beginning to form on the trees, that over the past few years, have taken root – in this city lot, in Kent, Ohio. The black squirrels performing their gymnastics, leaping from limb to tree, digging their holes – and planting acorns. The unexpected oak saplings that appear each spring.

My mother, sitting beside me, who has once again travelled, to help us in these final days, as we prepare for our move, to our new *home*, in upstate New York, turns and says to me: “You must be happy to see this. I bet when you first moved here - there wasn’t even a bee in this backyard.” And thinking back to when we first saw this place – what I remember most, is the potential we saw – beyond the repairs, and care so desperately needed, to restore and make this place a home. A place, where we might plant new seeds, words and gardens – and watch them grow. But this place and these gardens have given me back so much more. They gave to me this gift of words – and have become some of my greatest teachers. A place, where I found healing, as new life began not only to grow, but to thrive. A place, where my now two-year-old daughter, loves to run, play and dig in the dirt. Introducing herself by name to the fuzzy caterpillar crawling by, or watching the groundhogs and her cubs nibbling on the clovers. A place where she first learned how to plant seeds – to care, and watch them grow.

Looking back, over these past few years – loss, and the birth of my daughter, these words and stories, have given me back - a re/new/ed sense of belonging. From the small patch of sweetgrass taking root along the fence – to the newly planted orchard and perennial gardens, that continue to grow and renew each season. The his/her/stories – written here. The seeds and roots, that we have planted - and memories, we now take away - as we load the final boxes into the moving truck – turning down the tree-lined street, where the sweetest, most vibrant pink flowers, blossom every spring. I will always remember this place, as the place, where we first brought our newborn daughter home. A place, I hope to return and re/visit again one day.

Be/longing to places: The pedagogical possibilities and his/her/stories of shifting cultural identities. Places/spaces of learning, healing and transformation – the power of stories and words.

Traveling through diverse landscapes both familiar and foreign. Retracing my steps, weaving in and out of memories – the voices of my grandmothers calling. To bring me back to this/these place/s. The red sands of the Prince Edward Island to the Isle of Skye – North Augusta Township to the shores of England, Scotland and Ireland. Wearing new, old - and well-polished shoes. Families torn apart, children travelling alone – forced from their homelands, and others, choosing to begin a new life here. Following a trail of breadcrumbs – the pieces and/or fragments left behind. Evocative objects and artifacts that hold stories (Turkle, 2007). The stories of my grandmothers - and be/longing to/for place/s. Digging deeper, asking questions, while reflecting on what it means to belong to (a) place/s. Learning our responsibilities to these places – to the people who came before us, and the generations to come.

When I travelled back, to Ottawa, this past March, from our home, in Ohio – I carried with me – four printed copies of this work for submission. The many memories of this place – journey and process. With a nervous anticipation and *letting go* - these stories, would no longer be my own. For stories travel, and once we *let go* – take on a life of their own. Returning to this place, the place - where I first began this journey, standing outside the doors of Lamoureux Hall. I re/visit, the name of this place, on the page - where I find new possibilities, meaning and learning. Changing grammatical structures, and breaking words apart - translation and interpretation – and the possibility for new understanding. L’amour/eux. L’amour – love. Eux – them (les, leur, eux, elles). All. The meaning of a name. A play on words. And I found it here, in perhaps, what I expected the most unlikely of places. The place, where I first began this journey, stepping into office of my future supervisor. A woman who has taught and guided me, and embodies such qualities of kindness and humility, so necessary and needed within the academy. A woman who provided me this space – and place to belong. A space to realize these stories, creative works and wanderings, *wayfinding* and scholarship (Davis, 2009), as she continued to challenge and ask me to dig deeper.

After depositing my thesis, I returned to my parent’s home – outside of the city. And later that day, my father and I went outside, where he pointed out - two new bird’s nests, he had uncovered in a couple of trees close to the house. I peeked through the limbs of one of the young balsam fir - to see a nest with four newly-laid cyan-coloured eggs. And in the other nest, in a nearby tree, four newly-hatched red cap chicks. We watched the mother return - to feed and care for her new babies, as we continued to watch them grow. And one day, returning to visit the nest,

we found the birds gone. All but one fully formed chick, who lay silent and still - never to take flight. Memories of loss and longing – healing and new life. That same visit, we also witnessed the hatching of four new baby robin chicks. Scattered cyan-coloured eggshells - a reminder of both, the fragility and beauty of life. We watched the birds feed and grow new feathers, and within a few short weeks - they were ready to leave – to take flight. And one morning, taking my daughter outside to see the nest – the young birds flew straight out at us, as we watch them fly up and away – to begin their own journeys.

Since, writing the final chapter of this work, I have again returned to this place. Memories of loss, un/be/longing and new beginnings. Re/tracing the footsteps of my grandmothers – the pieces and/or fragments left behind. Uncovering new/old stories, the meaning of place/s within my own and others' lives. And through this process - these words, and *research have changed me* (Wilson, 2008). From wastelands to reconciliation. The interweaving of the personal and academic – and beginning of a new chapter in my life. This presentation – told as a story – embodies this process and work, this *métissage*. The pedagogical possibilities of places, his/her/stories and shifting cultural identities. Following a trail of breadcrumbs - turning circles, moving in and out - and through memories. As we begin to re/write our own stories, having re/entered these stories, together. Words that perhaps, speak to us, here and now, in new and/or different ways.

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Appendix A

Ontario, Canada, Deaths, 1869-1938, 1943, and Deaths Overseas, 1939-1947

Name: Jessie Buker

Gender: Female

Age: 35

Birth Date: [Sept. 19] abt 1888

Birth Place: England

Death Date: 21 Dec 1923

Death Place: Leeds, Ontario, Canada

Cause of Death: Paresis (Ancestry.com, 2010a)

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County of <u>Leeds</u>		Division of <u>Leeds</u>					
Surname of Decedent <u>Buker</u>		Hamilton		Raybards			
Full given Name <u>Jessie</u>		<u>Sarah</u>		<u>Donald Clark</u>			
Place of death, street and number <u>111 Brockville</u>		<u>111 Brockville</u>		<u>111 Brockville</u>			
(a) Sex, (b) Marital Status, (c) Single, Married, Widowed		<u>Female</u> <u>Married</u>		<u>Female</u> <u>Single</u>		<u>Male</u> <u>Single</u>	
Age <u>35</u> yrs. mon. day. hrs. min.		<u>65</u> yrs. mon. day. hrs. min.		<u>2</u> yrs. <u>5</u> mon. day. hrs. min.			
(a) Place of Birth (b) Date of Birth		<u>England</u> <u>Sept 19, 1888</u>		<u>Oran Sound</u> <u>Aug. 17th</u>		<u>Stn Bull</u> <u>1921</u>	
Trade or Occupation		<u>Housewife</u>					
Kind of Industry		<u>020534</u>		<u>020535</u>		<u>020536</u>	
Date from which to which employed		from <u>8 months</u> to <u>22 years</u>		from <u>33 years</u> to <u>Life</u>		from <u>Life</u> to <u>Life</u>	
Length of Residence at place of death		in Ontario <u>22 years</u> in Canada <u>22 years</u>		in Ontario <u>Life</u> in Canada <u>Life</u>		in Ontario <u>Life</u> in Canada <u>Life</u>	
Name of Father <u>John Brown</u>		<u>Henry Krebs</u>		<u>Arthur Reynolds</u>			
Birthplace of Father <u>England</u>		<u>Germany</u>		<u>England</u>			
Mother's Name <u>not known</u>		<u>Jane Ross</u>		<u>Margaret Burnham</u>			
Birthplace of Mother <u>England</u>		<u>Idonship, Essex</u>		<u>Leeds</u>			
Name of Physician <u>Dr. G. C. Kidd</u>				<u>Dr. J. F. Hart</u>			
Address <u>Cent. Hosp. Brockville</u>				<u>Albion</u>			
Name of Informant <u>not any</u>		<u>J. C. Hamilton</u>		<u>Arthur Reynolds</u>			
Address		<u>Lynn</u>		<u>Stn Bull</u>			
Relation to Decedent		<u>Husband</u>		<u>Father</u>			
Place of Burial		<u>Wm. Cent</u>		<u>Albion</u>			
Date of Burial		<u>Dec. 25th 1923</u>		<u>Dec 31st 1923</u>			
Name of Undertaker		<u>G. E. Johnston</u>		<u>W. C. Town</u>			
Address		<u>Brockville</u>		<u>Albion</u>			
Cause of Death <u>Paresis</u>							
Date of Death <u>Dec. 21st 1923</u>		<u>Dec. 22 1923</u>		<u>Dec. 29 1923</u>			
Name of Decedent <u>Jessie Buker</u>		<u>Sarah Hamilton</u>		<u>Donald Clark Reynolds</u>			
Date of Death <u>Dec. 21st 1923</u>		<u>Dec. 22 1923</u>		<u>Dec. 29th 1923</u>			
If Infant, Name of Parents				<u>Arthur & Margaret Burnham</u>			
Address				<u>Stn Bull</u>			
Date from which to which Medical Practitioner Attended Decedent		<u>Sept 18 1923</u> to <u>Dec. 21st 1923</u>		<u>Dec. 17 1923</u> to <u>Dec 22 1923</u>		<u>Dec. 29th 1923</u> at <u>8 P.M.</u>	
Primary Cause of Death <u>Paresis</u>		<u>Pneumonia</u>		<u>Vomiting and diarrhoea</u>			
Duration		yrs. mon. day.		yrs. mon. day.		yrs. mon. day.	
Contributory Cause of Death				<u>for about 15 hours this</u>		<u>ceased and died</u>	
(a) Did an operation precede death? (b) Was there an autopsy?		no no		no no		no no	
Name of Physician <u>Geo. C. Kidd M.B.</u>		<u>Geo. W. Judson</u>		<u>John F. Hart</u>			
Address <u>Cent. Hosp. Brockville</u>		<u>Lynn</u>		<u>Albion</u>			
Date of Return							
Date received by Division Registrar				<u>Jan 2nd 1924</u>			
I certify that the foregoing are correct registrations of deaths made to me during the month of <u>December</u> 1923							
J. S. Webster							

Appendix B

Ontario, Canada, Marriages, 1801-1928, 1933-1934

Name: Jessie Brown

Age: 21

Birth Year: abt 1888

Marriage Date: 24 Mar 1910

Marriage Place: Lanark, Ontario, Canada

Father: Arthur Wm. Brown

Mother: Jessie Casbolt

Spouse: Alexi Buker (Ancestry.com & Genealogical Research Library, 2010a)

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Schedule B.

County of Lanark MARRIAGES Division of Perth

Person's Name	Person's Name	Person's Name
Name of Groom: <u>Robertson Joe Thompson</u> Rank or Profession: <u>Book & Stationer</u> Spouse, Widowed or Divorced: <u>W</u> Age: <u>40</u> Religious Denomination: <u>Pres</u> Usual Residence: <u>Perth</u> Name and Surname of Father: <u>James Robertson</u> 013995 Rank or Profession of Father: Name and Maiden Name of Mother: <u>Agnes Thompson</u>	Name of Groom: <u>Buker Alexi</u> Rank or Profession: <u>Gardener</u> Spouse, Widowed or Divorced: <u>W</u> Age: <u>19</u> Religious Denomination: <u>Meth</u> Usual Residence: <u>Perth</u> 013996 Name and Surname of Father: <u>Abraham Buker</u> Rank or Profession of Father: <u>Richard Jarman</u> Name and Maiden Name of Mother: <u>Isabell Mally</u>	Name of Groom: <u>James Roy Stokes</u> Rank or Profession: <u>Administration of Dept of Agriculture</u> Spouse, Widowed or Divorced: <u>W</u> Age: <u>19</u> Religious Denomination: <u>Meth</u> Usual Residence: <u>Perth</u> Name and Surname of Father: <u>James Hauer</u> 013997 Rank or Profession of Father: <u>Richard Jarman</u> Name and Maiden Name of Mother: <u>Alice Stokes</u>
Name of Bride: <u>Barrie (Sharp)</u> Rank or Profession: <u>S</u> Spouse, Widowed or Divorced: <u>W</u> Age: <u>62</u> Religious Denomination: <u>W of C.</u> Usual Residence: <u>Perth</u> Name and Surname of Father: <u>Joseph Sharp</u> Name and Maiden Name of Mother: <u>Annie Loyless</u> When, where and how married: <u>7th day of March 1910</u> Licence or Banns: <u>Perth Lanark</u> by <u>Licence</u> Name and Address of Witnesses: <u>Perth</u> Date of Return: <u>Perth</u> Signature and Address of person officiating Marriage: <u>Perth</u> REMARKS: <u>11. Mch 9/10</u> <u>12. B. Currie</u>	Name of Bride: <u>Brown Jessie</u> Rank or Profession: <u>S</u> Spouse, Widowed or Divorced: <u>W</u> Age: <u>21</u> Religious Denomination: <u>Meth</u> Usual Residence: <u>Perth</u> Name and Surname of Father: <u>Arthur Wm Brown</u> Name and Maiden Name of Mother: <u>Jessie Casbolt</u> When, where and how married: <u>24th day of March 1910</u> Licence or Banns: <u>Perth Lanark</u> by <u>Licence</u> Name and Address of Witnesses: <u>Perth</u> Date of Return: <u>Perth</u> Signature and Address of person officiating Marriage: <u>Perth</u> REMARKS: <u>11. Mch 24/10</u> <u>12. B. Currie</u>	Name of Bride: <u>Mary Isabel</u> Rank or Profession: <u>milliner</u> Spouse, Widowed or Divorced: <u>W</u> Age: <u>26</u> Religious Denomination: <u>Pres</u> Usual Residence: <u>Perth</u> Name and Surname of Father: <u>Peter Hoyer</u> Name and Maiden Name of Mother: <u>Lindsay</u> When, where and how married: <u>24th day of March 1910</u> Licence or Banns: <u>Perth Lanark</u> by <u>Licence</u> Name and Address of Witnesses: <u>Perth</u> Date of Return: <u>Perth</u> Signature and Address of person officiating Marriage: <u>Perth</u> REMARKS: <u>11. Mch 24/10</u> <u>12. B. Currie</u>

I hereby certify the foregoing to be the true and correct copy of the Marriage returned to me by the officiating minister on the _____ day of _____ A.D. 1910

J. W. H. H. H. Division Registrar of Perth

*The license numbers refer to those found in Perth, as set in transcription.

Appendix C

England & Wales, Civil Registration Marriage Index, 1837-1915

Name: Arthur Brown

Registration Year: 1880

Registration Quarter: Apr-May-Jun

Registration district: Linton

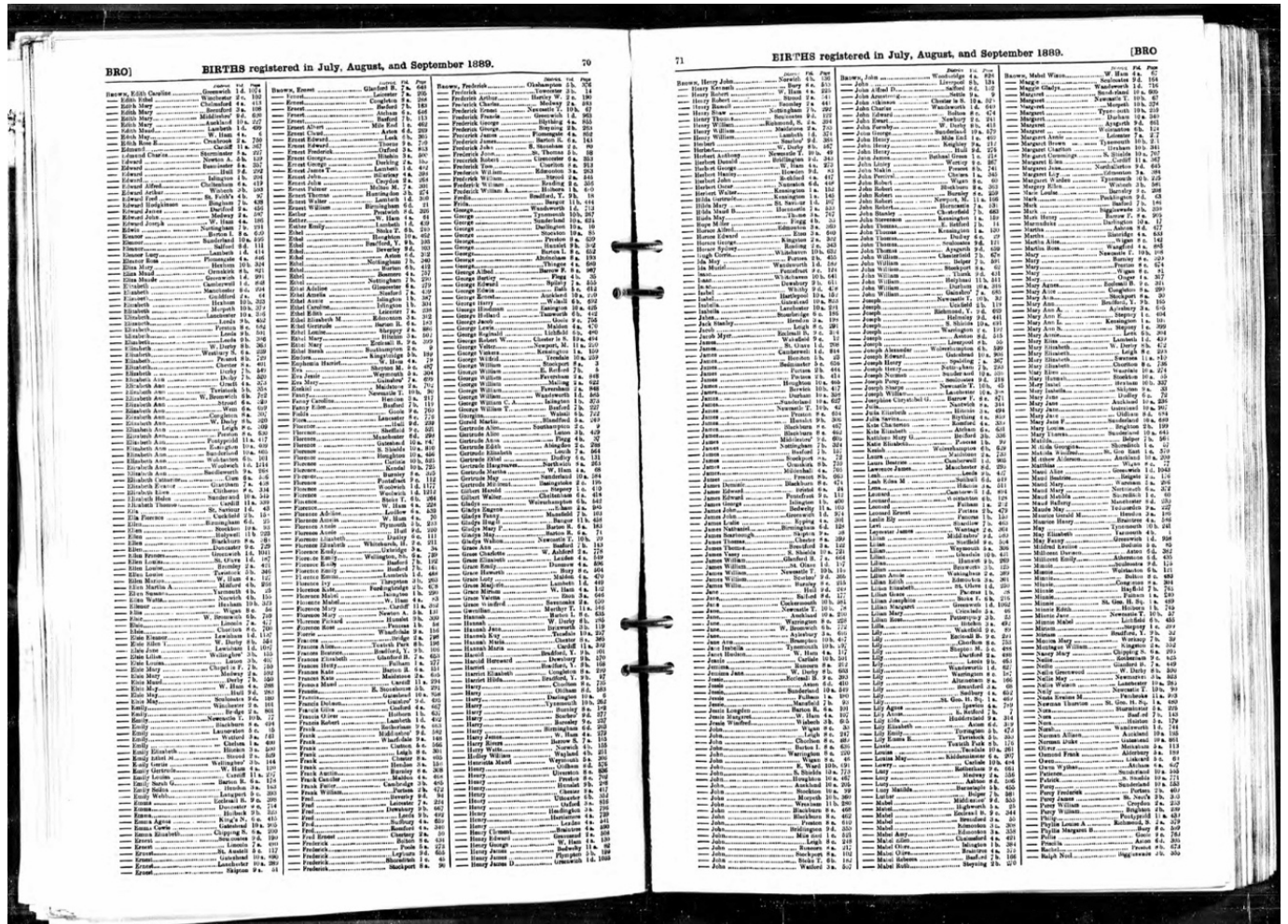
Parishes for this Registration District: Linton

Inferred County: Cambridgeshire

Volume: 3b

Page: 741

Household Members: Arthur Brown, James Casbolt, Jessie Casbolt, Maria Clarke, Charles Farmer (FreeBMD, 2006)




Appendix D

Image of copy of death certificate, Arthur Brown (Ancestry.com, n.d. -a)

Printed by authority of the Registrar General)

TK


CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF MARRIAGE Pursuant to the Marriage Act 1949

Registration District Cambridge

1880. Marriage solemnized at in the Parish Church in the
District or Parish of Balsham in the County of Cambridge

Columns—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
No.	When married	Name and surname	Age	Condition	Rank or profession	Residence at the time of marriage	Father's name and surname	Rank or profession of father
326	June 13	Arthur BROWN	23	Bachelor	Labourer	Balsham	Charles BROWN	labourer
		Jessie CASBOLT	21	Spinster	—	Balsham	William CASBOLT	labourer

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England by J. I. Malcombe by m
Rector

This marriage was solemnized between us, Arthur Brown in the presence of us, James Jacobs
Jessie Casbolt X higgie Plumb her mark

Certified to be a true copy of an entry in a register in my custody, Dapuly } C Barber.
 Superintendent Registrar

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Date 17 December 2009

sl1

Appendix E

1891 England Census

Name: Jessie Brown

Gender: Female

Age: 2

Relationship: Daughter

Birth Year: 1889

Father: Arthur Brown

Mother: Jessie Brown

Birth Place: Cambridgeshire, England

Civil parish: St Andrew the Less

Residence Place: Cambridge, St Andrew the Less, Cambridgeshire, England

Sub registration district: St Andrew the Less 15

Piece: 1284

Folio: 112

Household Members: Arthur Brown, Jessie Brown, Elizabeth A Brown, Ellen M Brown, Arthur W Brown, Jessie Brown, Charles Brown (Ancestry.com, 2005a)

Administrative County of		The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the										Page 33			
Civil Parish	Municipal Borough	Municipal Ward	Urban Sanitary District	Town or Village or Hamlet	Rural Sanitary District	Parliamentary Borough or Division	Ecclesiastical Parish or District								
St Andrew the Less	Cambridge	Local Russell	Cambridge			Cambridge	St Andrew								
Col. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
No. of Scheds.	ROAD, STREET, &c. and No. or NAME of HOUSE	No. of Inhabitants (a)	No. of Inhabitants (b)	No. of Inhabitants (c)	NAME and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CON- DITION as to Marriage	AGE last Birthday (d)	PROFESSION or OCCUPATION	Employed	Unemployed	WHERE BORN	(1) Deaf-and-Dumb (2) Blind (3) Lunatic, Imbecile or Stupid		
193	to River place	1			Arthur Brown	Head	M	38	Wood Sawyer	X		Cambridge			
					Jessie do	Wife	M	36				Cambs. Balsham			
					Elizabeth A do	Daughter		18				do do			
					Arthur M do	Son		X				do do			
					Arthur W do	Son		X				do do			
					Jessie do	Daughter		2				Cambridge			
					Charles do	Son		4				Cambs. Balsham			
194	8 do	1			James Cook	Head	M	31	Stone-mason Laborer	X		Oxford			
					Elizabeth P do	Wife	M	29				Cambridge			
					Elizabeth do	Daughter		X				do			
195	9 do	1			Henry Thurbon	Head	M	34	Paper-hanger & Painter	X		do			
					Harriet do	Wife	M	33				do			
					Harvey do	Son		10				do			
					Elizabeth do	Daughter		X				do			
					Elizabeth do	Daughter		X				do			
					Arthur do	Son		2				do			
					George do	Son		2				do			
					Millicent do	Daughter		1 year				do			
					Eliza Bridger	Housemaid	Mid	X				Stafford Newmarket			
196	10 do	1			Robert Langman	Head	Mar	73	Shoemaker	X		do Cambridge			
					Mary C do	Wife	F	77	Domestic Serv. Housewife			do			
					William P do	Son	F	13	Errand boy			do			
197	11 do	1			William Brewster	Head	F	74	Carriage & Coach	X		Cambs. Balsham			
					Ann do	Mother	Mid	67	Widow	X		do			
					Thomas do	Son	Mid	67	Widow	X		do			
Total of Houses and of Townships with less than Five Houses ...		5	10		Total of Males and Females...			12	12						

NOTE.—Draw the pen through each of the words of the headings as are inappropriate.

Reference: RG12/1284

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

1 2 3 4 5 6

7 8 9 10 11 12

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Appendix G

England & Wales, Civil Registration Death Index, 1837-1915

Name: Jessie Brown

Estimated Birth Year: abt 1860

Registration Year: 1909

Registration Quarter: Apr-May-Jun

Age at Death: 49

Registration district: Cambridge

Parishes for this Registration District: Cambridge

Inferred County: Cambridgeshire

Volume: 3b

Page: 276 (FreeBMD, 2006b)


DEATHS REGISTERED IN APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE 1909

Age	Sex	Name	Registration District	Parish	Year	Quarter	Volume	Page
49	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
48	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
47	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
46	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
45	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
44	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
43	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
42	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
41	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
40	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
39	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
38	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
37	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
36	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
35	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
34	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
33	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
32	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
31	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
30	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
29	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
28	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
27	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
26	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
25	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
24	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
23	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
22	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
21	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
20	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
19	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
18	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
17	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
16	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
15	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
14	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
13	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
12	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
11	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
10	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
9	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
8	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
7	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
6	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
5	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
4	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
3	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
2	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276
1	F	Brown, Jessie	Cambridge	St Andrew	1909	1	3b	276

Appendix H

Image of copy of death certificate, Jessie Brown (Ancestry.com, n.d. -b)

FC 061315



CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY
 Pursuant to the Births and Deaths Registration Act 1953

Registration District Cambridge									
1909. Death in the Sub-district of Saint Andrew the Less					in the County of Cambridge				
Columns:-	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No.	When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar
466	Twentieth May 1909 The Workhouse U.D	Jessie BROWN	Female	49 years	Wife of Arthur BROWN sawyer of Cambridge U.D	Hemiplegia Coma Certified by I W B Burn M.R.C.S	M G Hosegood Assistant Matron The workhouse Cambridge	Twenty Second May 1909	Alfred Chater Registrar

Certified to be a true copy of an entry in a register in my custody.

_____ *Page* Deputy Superintendent Registrar
 19th December 2011 Date

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https://www.ancestry.com/mediaui-viewer/collection/1030/tree/76891089/person/310039429021/media/79a2df47-26d8-42de-aecc-1c983cef8a75?_phsrc=tNR441&usePUBJs=true

Appendix I

England & Wales, Civil Registration Death Index, 1837-1915
 Name: Arthur Brown
 Estimated Birth Year: abt 1857
 Registration Year: 1912
 Registration Quarter: Oct-Nov-Dec
 Age at Death: 55
 Registration district: Cambridge
 Parishes for this Registration District: Cambridge
 Inferred County: Cambridgeshire
 Volume: 3b
 Page: 542 (FreeBMD, 2006c)

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DEATHS REGISTERED IN OCTOBER, NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER 1912.

BRO

Age	District	Vol.	Page	Age	District	Vol.	Page
66	B. Bierley	9 b	59	1	Uxbridge	3 a	26
— Ada	Lambeth	1 d	415	65	Bethnal G.	1 c	220
— Adelaide M.	Basford	7 b	165	74	Kensington	1 a	156
— Agnes	Bramley	9 b	507	— Burda	0		
— Agnes F.	Yerwood	4 b	45	— Burda	0		
— Albert	Islington	1 b	183	12	Bethnal G.	1 c	227
— Albert	Seewell	11 a	154	— Betsy	0		
— Albert E.	Bromford	3 a	140	— Bridget	0		
— Albert M.	Birmingham	6 d	24	73	St. Giles	1 d	183
— Albert M.	Derby	9 b	780	— Bridget	0		
— Alexander	Wigan	8 e	150	— Caroline	6		
— Alexandra M.	Yerwood	4 b	38	72	Derby	5 a	106
— Alfred	Alberstone	6 d	619	50	Geddis	2 a	227
— Alfred	Wellington	8 a	338	79	St. Giles	1 d	183
— Alfred	W. Derby	8 b	493	— Catherine	0		
— Alfred G.	Plymouth	5 b	554	— Catherine	0		
— Alfred H.	Edmonton	3 a	380	47	Kensington	1 a	250
— Alice	Wigan	8 e	119	— Catherine	0		
— Alice	Bolton	8 c	486	37	St. Giles	1 d	191
— Alice	Hinckley	7 a	67	— Charles	67		
— Alice	Watford	3 a	832	— Charles	56		
— Alice	Birmingham	7 b	291	55	Balford	8 d	57
— Alice	Chatterfield	7 c	803	— Charles	14		
— Alice	Preswich	8 d	511	— Charles	66		
— Alice A.	Fligg	4 b	50	— Charles	70		
— Alice G.	St. Giles	1 d	150	— Charles	92		
— Alice J.	Herwich	4 b	141	— Charles	80		
— Alice L.	W. Ham	4 a	158	— Charles	69		
— Alice M.	Islington	1 b	418	— Charles	70		
— Alice M.J.	Hastings	2 b	41	— Charles F.	6		
— Alison	Berwick	10 b	825	— Charles S.	77		
— Annie E.	Whitechapel	1 c	343	— Charles S.	1		
— Amy	Wandsworth	1 d	689	— Charles T.	39		
— Amy	Halborn	1 b	695	— Charles W.	9		
— Ann	Sunderland	10 a	707	— Charles W.	0		
— Ann	Leicester	10 a	357	— Charles W.J.	0		
— Ann	Birmingham	7 b	439	— Charlotte	55		
— Ann	Compton	8 a	349	— Charlotte	0		
— Ann	Mt. Newarth	7 a	84	— Christina J.	5		
— Ann	Burnley	8 e	359	— Christina M.	0		
— Ann	Hackney	1 b	536	— Clara L.	57		
— Ann	Flymouth	5 b	325	— Clara P.	77		
— Ann	Salisbury	3 a	195	— Clemency	75		
— Ann	Bristol	6 a	91	— Clive G.	0		
— Ann A.	Dudley	6 e	107	— Daisy	0		
— Ann M.	York	9 d	46	— Daisy	0		
— Anna	Yerwood	4 a	782	— Daisy A.M.	1		
— Annie	Gainsborough	7 a	825	— Daniel	89		
— Annie	Sheffield	9 e	882	— David	50		
— Annie	Birmingham	7 b	459	— David	35		
— Annie	Newcastle L.	6 b	66	— David	0		
— Annie	Ludlow	6 a	640	— David D.	22		
— Annie	Kensington	10 a	512	— David S.	47		
— Annie	S. Shields	10 a	909	— David M.	1		
— Annie	Southeast	9 d	294	— David H.	0		
— Annie E.	Herwich	4 b	177	— David J.	29		
— Annie E.	Herwich	4 b	171	— Delph J.A.T.	0		
— Annie L.	Doncaster	9 e	948	— Dinah	0		
— Annie M.	Kingham	7 b	854	— Dora M.C.	1		
— Archibald A.	W. Derby	8 b	526	— Doris	0		
— Arthur	Windsor	2 c	508	— Doris L.	0		
— Arthur	W. Derby	8 b	731	— Doris R.A.	0		
— Arthur	Cambridge	3 b	842	— Dorothy	0		
— Arthur	Bury St. K.	4 a	975	— Dorothy J.	10		
— Arthur	Marplestone	1 a	713	— Edith A.	1		
— Arthur	Preson	8 a	709	— Edith A.	0		
— Arthur	Chatterfield	7 b	770	— Edith G.	0		
— Arthur	Burnley	8 e	337	— Edward	21		
— Arthur	Bristol	6 a	226	— Edward	89		
— Arthur G.	Bristol	6 a	226	— Edward	87		
— Arthur H.	Leicester	3 b	301	— Edward	0		
— Arthur H.	Reading	2 a	443	— Edward	0		
— Arthur J.	Swansea	6 a	302	— Edward	0		
— Austin G.	St. Giles	1 d	494	— Edward	0		
— Beatrice	Essex	2 a	10	— Edward	77		

Appendix K

1901 England Census
 Name: Arthur Brown
 Age: 42
 Estimated Birth Year: abt 1859
 Relation to Head: Prisoner
 Gender: Male
 Birth Place: Cambridge, Cambridgeshire, England
 Civil parish: Chesterton
 Ecclesiastical parish: Chesterton St Luke
 Town: Chesterton
 County/Island: Cambridgeshire
 Country: England
 Registration district: Chesterton
 Sub-registration district: Fulbourn
 ED, institution, or vessel: 6
 Piece: 1524
 Folio: 128
 Page number: 1
 Household schedule number: 1 (Ancestry.com, 2005b)

Administrative County		The undermentioned Houses are situate within the boundaries of the													Page 1	
Civil Parish		Ecclesiastical Parish			County, Borough, Municipal Borough, or Urban District			Ward of Municipal Borough or of Urban District			Rural District		Parliamentary Borough		Town or Village or Hamlet	
of Chesterton		of Chesterton at St Luke's			of Chesterton WD			of West Ward			of Cambridge		of Chesterton			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
ROAD, STREET, No. and No. of FLAKES of HOUSES	Uninhabited	Partly inhabited	Number of Houses	Name and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	Sex	Age last Birthday	PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION	Employer, Worker, or Own account	If Working at Home	WHERE BORN	(1) Deaf and Dumb	(2) Lunatic	(3) Inebriate	(4) Feeble-minded	
1 Castle SE	1			John Brown	Head	M	42	Private			Sussex Brighton					
				John Brown	Wife	F	39	Private			York Yorkland					
				Caroline Brown	Wife	F	51	Private			Do Richard					
				Caroline Brown	Wife	F	34	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				John Brown	Wife	F	26	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				John Brown	Wife	F	22	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				James Brown	Wife	F	20	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				James Brown	Wife	F	21	Private			Sussex Dover					
				Alfred Brown	Wife	F	22	Private			Do Brighton					
				Ernest Brown	Wife	F	20	Private			Do Brighton					
				Charles Brown	Wife	F	22	Private			Do Brighton					
				Charles Brown	Wife	F	37	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				Frederick Brown	Wife	F	28	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				William Brown	Wife	F	20	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				Arthur Brown	Wife	F	20	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				William Brown	Wife	F	42	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				Clara Brown	Wife	F	34	Private			Leeds Bradford					
				George Brown	Wife	F	28	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Charles Brown	Wife	F	29	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Edward Brown	Wife	F	46	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Edney Brown	Wife	F	26	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				James Brown	Wife	F	32	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				George Brown	Wife	F	23	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Albert Brown	Wife	F	19	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Edney Brown	Wife	F	19	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				George Brown	Wife	F	24	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Thomas Brown	Wife	F	25	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Albert Brown	Wife	F	17	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Thomas Brown	Wife	F	43	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Thomas Brown	Wife	F	21	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
				Alfred Brown	Wife	F	24	Private			Suffolk Ipswich					
Total of Males and of Females... 28 3																

Appendix L

Ontario, Canada, Deaths, 1869-1938, 1943, and Deaths Overseas, 1939-1947

Name: Connie [Carrie] Swan

Gender: Female

Age: 30

Birth Date: abt 1900

Birth Place: North Augusto [Augusta], Ontario

Death Date: 2 Dec 1930

Death Place: York, Ontario, Canada

Cause of Death: Pulmonary & Laryngeal Tuberculosis (Ancestry.com, 2010b)

This form if placed in an envelope, marked "Dominion Statistics—Free, penalty for improper use, \$20.00," and properly addressed will pass through the Mail "FREE".

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO 442 041327

FORM 6 CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF DEATH

TOWNSHIP OF YORK
 FILED
 DEC 5 1930
 REGISTRATION DEPT

1. PLACE OF DEATH: County of York, Township of York, Street (Name) _____, House No. _____
 If in City, Town or Village _____ (Name)

2. NAME OF DECEASED: *Swan* (Surname), *Connie* (Given name of female)
 Residence: *Prescott, Ontario* (Usual place of abode)

3. Sex: *Female*
 4. Racial origin: *Anglo Saxon*
 5. Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced (Write the word): *Married*

6. BIRTHPLACE: *North Augusta, Ontario* (Province or country)

7. DATE OF BIRTH: *May 1900* (Month) (Day) (Year)

8. AGE OF DECEASED: *30* Years, *7* Months, *2* Days, *1200* hrs. or min.

9. OCCUPATION OF DECEASED:
 (a) *Housewife* (Trade or occupation or kind of work)
 (b) *Housework* (Kind of industry)

10. LENGTH OF RESIDENCE (in years and months):
 (a) At place of death: *22* years, *3* days. (b) In province: *Ontario*
 (c) In Canada (if an immigrant)

11. Name of father: *Theodore Kyle*
 12. Birthplace of father: *Ontario* (Province or country)

13. Maiden name of mother: *Edith Davis*
 14. Birthplace of mother: *Ontario* (Province or country)

15. Name of Informant: *J. Rowland R.D.*
 Address: *Toronto Hospital for Consumptives, Weston Ont.*
 Relation to Deceased: *No.*

16. DATE OF DEATH: *December 2* (Month) (Day) 19*30* (Year)
 17. I HEREBY CERTIFY that I attended deceased from *October 31* 19*30* to *December 2* 19*30* and last saw her alive on *December 2* 19*30*
 The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows:
Pulmonary & laryngeal tuberculosis
 (duration of) *same* yrs. mos. days
 CONTRIBUTORY CAUSE (Secondary) _____ (duration of) yrs. mos. days

18. Where was disease contracted if not at place of death? *Nulmsen*
 Did an operation precede death? *No.* Date of Reason for operation _____
 Was there an autopsy? *No.* (Signed) *W. J. Ward* M.D.
 Address: *Toronto Hospital for Consumptives*
 Date: *December 2* 19*30* (Month) (Day) (Year)
 State the Disease causing death, or in death from Violent Causes, state (1) Means and Nature of Injury, (2) whether Accidental, Suicidal or Homicidal. In case of stillbirth write "born dead."
 Date of Burial: *Dec 8 1930*
 Address: *Weston*

19. Place of Burial: *Prescott, Ont.*
 20. Name of Undertaker: *W. J. Ward*
 Fyled at (Hour) *5:25* in this *December* (Month) 19*30*.
 BURIAL PERMIT was issued by: *W. J. Ward* Address: *Weston* Date: *Dec 7/30*

For use by Division Registrar only

WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK. THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD.
 Every item of information should be carefully supplied.
 PHYSICIANS should STATE CAUSE OF DEATH in plain terms so that it may be properly understood.
 RACIAL ORIGIN should be described by stating to what race or group the deceased belonged, such as English, Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, German, etc. The terms "American" or "Canadian" should not be used, as they express citizenship but not a race or people.
 AGE should be stated EXACTLY.
 Exact statement of OCCUPATION is very important.
 Cause of death should be stated in plain terms so that it may be properly understood.
 State the Disease causing death, or in death from Violent Causes, state (1) Means and Nature of Injury, (2) whether Accidental, Suicidal or Homicidal. In case of stillbirth write "born dead."

Appendix M

Ontario, Canada Births, 1869-1913

Name: Caroline Kyle

Date of Birth: 1 May 1899

Gender: Female

Birth Place: Grenville, Ontario, Canada

Father's Name: Theodore Kyle

Mother's Name: Edith Maria [Maud] Davis (Ancestry.com, 2010c)

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SCHEDULE A.
County of Grenville

No.	NAME	Sex	Date of Birth		NAME OF FATHER	MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER	
			Month	Year			
1	Atkinson, Margaret	F	Jan.	13	1899	Samuel Atkinson	Mary Perrin.
2	Gardiner, Helma Grace	F	Dec.	26	1899	Charles W. Gardiner	Hannah Maria Briggs
3	Perrin, Royal Marie	F	Dec.	24	1899	Delbert Perrin	Constance Spicer
4	Watthe, Muriel Hill	F	Oct.	22	1899	David Watthe	Eleanor L. Hill
5	Bissell, Lyman Newton	M	Sep.	9	1899	Arthur Jay Bissell	Lillie Colow.
6	Shepherd, Elanet	F	Sep.	15	1899	George Shepherd	Laura A. Shrop
7	Langtry, Mabel Lillian	F	Jan.	7	1900	Samuel Langtry	Ira Ludlow.
8	Hanna, William George	M	Aug.	14	1899	William Edward Hanna	Hattie Jane Thorn
9	Bishop, Mildred Elizabeth	F	Nov.	5	1899	Levi A. Bishop	Elizabeth Reed.
10	Warren, Lawrence Andrew	M	Feb.	27	1900	William Benjamin Warren	Rebecca Thompson
11	Dunbar, Harriet Eleanor	F	Dec.	21	1899	George P. Dunbar	Catherine Lawrence
12	Boyd, Mabel	F	Dec.	30	1899	Albert Boyd	Alice Barr
13	Graham, James Marshall	M	Feb.	21	1900	James Graham	Maria Walsh.
14	London, Virginia Bernice	F	Feb.	4	1900	George London	Bernice Ann Hummingway
15	Asnac, Nellie	F	Feb.	20	1900	George Asnac	Lettie Perrin
16	Perrin, Edith Pearl	F	Feb.	13	1900	John Perrin	Mary Adam
17	Kyle, Caroline	F	May	1	1899	Theodore Kyle	Edith Maria Davis.
18	Baringer, Robert Harold	M	Feb.	23	1900	Frank L. Baringer	Helen Jane Taylor
19	Waine, Edna Madeline	F	Mar.	1	1900	Edward Waine	Hattie Ludlow
20	Quilley, Charles Stanley	M	Mar.	25	1900	Charles Quilley	Albertina M. Lean
21	Scott, Arthur	M	Mar.	31	1900	John Scott	Minerva Spicer.
22	Thomas, Label Martin	F	Dec.	11	1899	Ernest Thomas	Jean Louise Jack
23	Perrin, Robert	M	Nov.	25	1900	Joseph Silvester Perrin	Edna Stephenson
24	Richardson, William Francis	M	Nov.	18	1900	James F. Richardson	Eleanor Ireland
25	Lehan, Gordon Leo	M	April	28	1900	Peter Lehan	Annice Collier.
26	Kelso, Beata Letitia	F	April	17	1900	Andrew Kelso	Lorena Kingstons
27	Searlett, Catharine Rose	F	April	30	1900	Henry Searlett	Mary Jane Saphy

I hereby certify the foregoing to be the true and correct
Given under my hand this 2nd day of

Appendix O

1911 Census of Canada
 Name: Carry Kyle
 Gender: Female
 Marital Status: Single
 Race or Tribe: Irish
 Age: 12
 Birth Date: May 1898
 Birth Place: Ontario
 Census year: 1911
 Relation to Head of House: Daughter
 Province: Ontario
 District: Grenville
 Household Members: Theodore Kyle, Ethel Kyle, Carry Kyle, Blanche Kyle, John White
 (Ancestry.com, 2006c)

FIFTH CENSUS OF CANADA, 1911. SCHEDULE TABLE No. 1. POPULATION BY NAME, PERSONAL DESCRIPTION, ETC. (POPULATION - NOM, RENSEIGNEMENTS PERSONNELS, ETC.)

Province: Ontario, District: Grenville, Sub-District: 71, Enumeration District: 1, Household No.: 71-3, Name: Carry Kyle

No.	Name	Sex	Age	Date of Birth	Place of Birth	Race or Tribe	Marital Status	Profession, Occupation, or Trade	Education	Literacy	Value of Real Estate	Value of Personal Effects	RELIGION											
													1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	Carry Kyle	F	12	May 1898	Ontario	Irish	Single						Roman Catholic											
2	Ethel Kyle	F	10	May 1898	Ontario	Irish	Single						Roman Catholic											
3	Blanche Kyle	F	8	May 1898	Ontario	Irish	Single						Roman Catholic											
4	Theodore Kyle	M	35	May 1876	Ontario	Irish	Married						Roman Catholic											
5	John White	M	30	May 1881	Ontario	Irish	Married						Roman Catholic											

Appendix P

Ontario, Canada, Marriages, 1801-1928, 1933-1934

Name: Carrie Kyle

Age: 21

Birth Year: abt 1899

Birth Place: North Augusta, Ontario

Marriage Date: 25 Feb 1920

Marriage Place: Grenville, Ontario, Canada

Father: Theodore Kyle

Mother: Maud Davis

Spouse: John Swan (Ancestry.com & Genealogical Research Library, 2010b)

PARTICULARS of the Marriage
I certify that I solemnized the marriage of:-

John Swan
Carrie Kyle

Witnesses: **(Mrs) Maud Stewart**
(Mrs) Lena Stewart

Address: **North Augusta ON**
North Augusta ON

County of: **Grenville**

on the **25** day of **February** 1920

Name of Bridegroom's Father: **John Swan**
Maiden Name of Bridegroom's Mother: **Mary Stewart**

Name of Bride's Father: **Theodore Kyle**
Maiden Name of Bride's Mother: **Maud Davis**

Signature of Clergyman: **R. L. D. Hurd**

Address: **North Augusta, ON**
Denomination: **Methodist**

INSTRUCTIONS TO PERSON SOLEMNIZING MARRIAGE.
After solemnizing the marriage, fill in the particulars and forward this LICENSE forthwith to the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, Parliament Buildings, TORONTO. (A penalty of \$20.00 is provided for negligence. See "Excerpts.")
BE SURE TO SIGN THE ABOVE AND GIVE ADDRESS.

FORM 3
AFFIDAVIT required before License or Certificate is granted by Issuer Licenses by provision of the Marriage Act.

I, **John Swan** Name of Applicant
in the County of **Grenville** of **Farmer** Occupation
do hereby solemnly swear that I am the **husband** of **Carrie Kyle** Name of Dependent or the other contracting party
usual place of abode within the Province of Ontario for fifteen days* immediately preceding the date of this affidavit.

That the facts set forth in the hereunder table are true to the best of my knowledge and belief, and that there is no affinity, consanguinity, prior marriage or other lawful cause or legal impediment to bar or hinder the solemnization of the marriage.

	BRIDEGROOM	BRIDE
NAMES (s/nd)	John Swan	Carrie Kyle
AGE	23 years	21
RESIDENCE when MARRIED	North Augusta	North Augusta Ont
PLACE of BIRTH	Coat Bridge Scotland	North Augusta Ont
CONDITION in LIFE	Never married	Single
OCCUPATION	Farmer	Farmer's Daughter
RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION	Anglican	Anglican
NAME of FATHER	John Swan	Theodore Kyle
MAIDEN NAME of MOTHER	Mary Stewart	Maud Davis
INTENDED PLACE of MARRIAGE	North Augusta	Grenville

SWORN before me at **North Augusta** in the County of **Grenville** this **24** day of **February** 1920
John Belfair Signature of Issuer
Issuer of Marriage Licenses at **North Augusta Ont** Address of Issuer

EXCERPTS FROM THE MARRIAGE ACT

2. The following persons, being men and resident in Canada, may solemnize marriages between persons not under a legal disqualification to contract such marriage:

(a) The ministers and clergymen of every church and religious denomination duly ordained or appointed according to the rites and ceremonies of the church or denomination to which they respectively belong;

(b) Any elder, evangelist or missionary for the time being of any church or congregation of the religious people commonly called or known congregationally as "Congregations of God" or "Congregations of Christ," and individually as "Disciples of Christ," who, from time to time, is chosen by any such congregation for the solemnization of marriages;

(c) Any duly appointed commissioner or staff officer of the religious society called the Salvation Army chosen or commissioned by the society to solemnize marriages;

(d) Any elder for the time being of the church or congregation of religious people commonly called or known congregationally as "Farrington Independent Church," who, from time to time, is chosen by such church or congregation for the solemnization of marriages.

(e) Any recognized evangelist, teacher or elder for the time being of any congregation of Christians commonly called or known as "Brethren," who may be appointed by any such congregation for the solemnization of marriages, and whose appointment has previously been filed in the office of the Provincial Secretary.

24. No fee shall be payable for a license except the sum of \$5.00.

38 (2). Every person guilty of an act or omission in violation of any provision of this Act, for which no other penalty is provided, shall incur a penalty of \$20.00.

Appendix Q

1901 Scotland Census

No image available. Text collection only.

Name: John Swan

Age: 4

Estimated Birth Year: abt 1894

Relationship: Son

Father's Name: John Swan

Gender: Male

Where born: Lanarkshire, Old Monkland

Registration Number: 652/2

Registration district: Coatbridge

Civil parish: Old Monkland

County: Lanarkshire

Address: 63m Burnbank St

Occupation: Scholar

Household Members: John Swan: Age 41; Catherine F Swan: Age15; David L Swan, Age15, Robert Mcd Swan; Age13; George Swan, Age 7; John Swan, Age 4 (Ancestry.com, 2007)

Appendix T

Ontario, Canada, Deaths, 1869-1938, 1943, and Deaths Overseas, 1939-1947

Name: Elizabeth Davis

Gender: Female

Age: 86

Birth Date: abt 1849

Birth Place: North Augusta

Death Date: 10 Jun 1935

Death Place: York, Ontario, Canada

Father: William Ralph

Mother: Henrietta Elizabeth Hopkins (Ancestry.com, 2010d)

FORM 6

This form if placed in an envelope, marked "Dominion Statistics—Free, penalty for improper use \$200," and properly addressed will pass through the mail "FREE" 92

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO—CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF DEATH 016295

1. PLACE OF DEATH { County or District of Greenville Township of Augusta

If in City, Town or Village _____ Street _____ House No. _____

2. LENGTH OF STAY (in years, months and days) _____ (If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give the name instead of street and number)

(a) In City, Town or Township where death occurred 86 yrs (b) In Province Ontario (c) In Canada (if immigrant) _____

3. NAME OF DECEASED Davis Elizabeth

(Family name) (Given name or names)

RESIDENCE No. _____ Street _____ City, town, village or township North Augusta Province Ontario

(Residence means usual place of abode. Post Office Address for residents in rural parts not sufficient)

4. Sex <u>female</u>	5. Nationality (Citizenship) <u>Scotch</u>	6. Racial Origin <u>Scotch</u>	7. Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced (write the word) <u>widowed</u>
----------------------	--	--------------------------------	---

8. BIRTHPLACE North Augusta
(Province or Country)

9. DATE OF BIRTH June 8th
(Month) (Day) (Year)

10. AGE in { Years 86 Months _____ Days 4 If less than one day old hrs. or min.

11. Trade, profession or kind of work as employer, teacher, office clerk, etc. Lady

12. Kind of industry or business, as cotton-mill, lumbering, bank, etc. _____

13. Date deceased last worked at this occupation _____

14. Total yrs. spent in this occupation _____

15. If married give name of wife or husband of deceased Henry Davis
Henrietta Hopkins

MOTHER: 16. NAME Elizabeth Davis

FATHER: 17. BIRTHPLACE Ontario, Ireland
(Province or Country)

18. MAIDEN NAME Ralph

19. BIRTHPLACE Ireland (Ontario)
(Province or Country)

20. Signature of informant Mrs. T. Huff
Address North Augusta
Relationship to deceased Daughter

21. Place of Burial, Cremation or Removal North Augusta
Date of burial or removal 12th of June 1935

22. UNDERTAKER T. E. Bellhouse
(Name and address)

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

23. DATE OF DEATH June 10 1935
(Month) (Day) (Year)

24. I HEREBY CERTIFY that I attended deceased from Mar 1
1935 to June 9 1935
and last saw her alive on June 9 1935

CAUSE OF DEATH

I Immediate cause
Give disease, injury or complication which caused death, state the mode of dying, such as heart failure, apoplexy, asphyxia, etc. due to Hydronephroma

II Other morbid conditions (if important) contributing to death but not causally related to immediate cause. _____

25. If a woman, was the death associated with pregnancy? _____

26. Was there a surgical operation? YH Date of operation _____
State findings _____ Was there an autopsy? YH

27. If death was due to external causes (violence) fill in also the following—
Accident, suicide or homicide? _____ Date of injury _____
Manner of injury _____ (State which) _____
Nature of injury _____ (How established) _____
Specify whether injury occurred in industry, in home, or in public place.

Signed by J. J. Armstrong M.D.
Address North Augusta Date June 10 1935

28. Division Registrar's Record Number _____
29. Filed _____ 10. Received from Mrs. Bellhouse
(Division Registrar)

THIS FORM MUST BE FILED PROMPTLY WITH THE DIVISION REGISTRAR OF THE DIVISION IN WHICH THE DEATH OCCURRED BEFORE A BURIAL PERMIT CAN BE ISSUED. WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK. THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. Every item of information should be carefully supplied. (See reverse side for instructions.)

Appendix U

Ontario, Canada, Deaths, 1869-1938, 1943, and Deaths Overseas, 1939-1947

Name: Harry Theodore Swan

Gender: Male

Age: 0

Birth Date: abt 1923

Birth Place: Augusta

Death Date: 15 Aug 1923

Death Place: Grenville, Ontario, Canada

Cause of Death: Bronchial Pneumonia (Ancestry.com, 2010e)

DEATHS												
County of <u>Huronville</u> Division of <u>Augusta</u>												
No. 1				No. 2				No. 3				
Surname of Deceased <u>Swan</u>				Surname of Deceased <u>Reynolds</u>				Surname of Deceased <u>Barston</u>				
Full given Name <u>Harry Theodore</u>				Full given Name <u>Annie Elizabeth</u>				Full given Name <u>Mary Ann</u>				
Place of Death, street and number or (a) In, (b) Rural, (c) Ship, Marine, or Wharves <u>Male</u>				If in a Hospital or Institution give name <u>9</u>				If in a Hospital or Institution give name <u>Married 2</u>				If in a Hospital or Institution give name <u>Widowed</u>
Age yrs. <u>6</u> mos. <u>0</u> days				Age yrs. <u>58</u> mos. <u>10</u> days				Age yrs. <u>78</u> mos. <u>24</u> days				
(a) Place of Birth (b) Date of Birth <u>Augusta, Oct 28/23</u>				(a) Place of Birth (b) Date of Birth <u>Edwardsburg, Oct 23/1875</u>				(a) Place of Birth (b) Date of Birth <u>Maynard, July 21/1845</u>				
Trade or Occupation <u>Housewife</u>				Trade or Occupation <u>Housewife</u>				Trade or Occupation <u>farmer</u>				
Kind of Industry				Kind of Industry				Kind of Industry				
Date from which to which employed				Date from which to which employed				Date from which to which employed				
Trade or Occupation <u>020043</u>				Trade or Occupation <u>020044</u>				Trade or Occupation <u>020045</u>				
Kind of Industry				Kind of Industry				Kind of Industry				
Date from which to which employed				Date from which to which employed				Date from which to which employed				
Length of Residence at place of death In Ontario In Canada <u>43 d. 2 mo</u>				Length of Residence at place of death In Ontario In Canada <u>43 d. 2 mo</u>				Length of Residence at place of death In Ontario In Canada				
Name of Father <u>John Swan</u>				Name of Father <u>Louis Ogilvie</u>				Name of Father <u>Edwin Perrin</u>				
Birthplace of Father <u>Scotland</u>				Birthplace of Father <u>Cornwall</u>				Birthplace of Father <u>Augusta</u>				
Maternal Name of Mother <u>Carrie Kyle</u>				Maternal Name of Mother <u>Elizabeth Swart</u>				Maternal Name of Mother <u>Callertine</u>				
Birthplace of Mother <u>Canada</u>				Birthplace of Mother <u>Edwardsburg</u>				Birthplace of Mother <u>Ireland</u>				
Name of Informant <u>John Swan</u>				Name of Informant <u>Robt Reynolds</u>				Name of Informant <u>Wm Barston</u>				
Address <u>North Augusta</u>				Address <u>Prescott R.R. 1</u>				Address <u>Prescott</u>				
Relation to Deceased <u>Father</u>				Relation to Deceased <u>Husband</u>				Relation to Deceased <u>son</u>				
Place of Burial <u>North Augusta</u>				Place of Burial <u>Prescott</u>				Place of Burial <u>Maynard</u>				
Date of Burial <u>Aug 16 1923</u>				Date of Burial <u>Aug 5 1923</u>				Date of Burial <u>Aug 16</u>				
Name of Undertaker <u>H. S. Love</u>				Name of Undertaker <u>R. G. Freeman</u>				Name of Undertaker <u>J. H. Robinson</u>				
Address <u>North Augusta</u>				Address <u>Prescott</u>				Address <u>Prescott</u>				
Cause of Death if no Physician attended <u>Aug 15/23</u>				Cause of Death if no Physician attended <u>Aug 3/23</u>				Cause of Death if no Physician attended <u>Aug 14/23</u>				
MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH				MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH				MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH				
Name of Deceased <u>Harry Theodore Swan</u>				Name of Deceased <u>Annie E Reynolds</u>				Name of Deceased <u>Mary Ann Barston</u>				
Date of Death <u>Aug 15/23</u>				Date of Death <u>Aug 3/23</u>				Date of Death <u>Aug 19/23</u>				
Date from which to which Medical Practitioner Attended Deceased				Date from which to which Medical Practitioner Attended Deceased				Date from which to which Medical Practitioner Attended Deceased				
Primary <u>Bronchial Pneumonia</u>				Primary <u>Arteriosclerosis</u>				Primary <u>Carcinoma of stomach</u>				
Duration yrs. mos. <u>0</u> days				Duration yrs. mos. <u>0</u> days				Duration yrs. mos. <u>1</u> days				
Contributory <u>no</u>				Contributory <u>cerebral hemorrhage</u>				Contributory <u>Pulmonary edema</u>				
Duration yrs. mos. <u>0</u> days				Duration yrs. mos. <u>0</u> days				Duration yrs. mos. <u>2</u> days				
(a) Did an operation pre-cede death? (b) Was there an autopsy?				(a) Did an operation pre-cede death? (b) Was there an autopsy?				(a) Did an operation pre-cede death? (b) Was there an autopsy?				
Name of Physician <u>D. M. Lutherland</u>				Name of Physician <u>H. J. Hurfoot</u>				Name of Physician <u>G. F. MacPherson</u>				
Address <u>North Augusta</u>				Address <u>Prescott</u>				Address <u>Prescott</u>				
Date of Return <u>Aug 15 1923</u>				Date of Return <u>Aug 4</u>				Date of Return <u>Aug 15</u>				
Date received by District Registrar <u>Aug 17 1923</u>				Date received by District Registrar <u>Aug 5</u>				Date received by District Registrar <u>Aug 16</u>				
I certify that the foregoing are correct registrations of deaths made to me during the month of <u>August</u> 19 <u>23</u>												
<u>Jan. W. White</u> Registrar <u>Prescott R.R. 2</u>												

Appendix V

Ontario, Canada, Deaths, 1869-1938, 1943, and Deaths Overseas, 1939-1947

Name: Wilfred Kyle Swan

Gender: Male

Age: 1

Birth Date: abt 1929

Birth Place: Edwardsburg, Ontario

Death Date: 1 Nov 1930

Death Place: Grenville, Ontario, Canada

Cause of Death: Indigestion (Ancestry.com, 2010f)

This form if placed in an envelope, marked "Dominion Statistics-Free, penalty for improper use, \$20," and properly addressed will pass through the Mail "FREE".

FORM 6 PROVINCE OF ONTARIO 017178 207

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF DEATH

1. PLACE OF DEATH: County of Grenville Township of Edwardsburg
 If in City, Town or Village: Edwardsburg Street 2nd House No. _____

2. NAME OF DECEASED: Swan Wilfred Kyle
 (Surname) (Given names)

Residence: Edwardsburg (Usual place of abode)

3. Sex: Male 4. Racial origin: Scotch 5. Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced: Single

6. BIRTHPLACE: Edwardsburg (Province or country)

7. DATE OF BIRTH: April 7 1929 (Month) (Day) (Year)

8. AGE OF DECEASED: 1 Years 6 Months 24 Days (If less than one day old hrs. or min.)

9. OCCUPATION OF DECEASED: _____

10. LENGTH OF RESIDENCE (in years and months):
 (a) At place of death: Life (b) In province: 14 6/24
 (c) In Canada (if an immigrant): _____

11. Name of father: John Swan
 12. Birthplace of father: Scotland
 13. Maiden name of mother: Carrie B. Kyle
 14. Birthplace of mother: Ontario

15. Name of Informant: Blurkwan
 Address: R.R. #3 Prescott Ont.
 Relation to Deceased: Father

19. Place of Burial: North Annapolis Date of Burial: Nov 3rd 1930
 20. Name of Undertaker: R.G. Freeman Address: Prescott Ont.

16. DATE OF DEATH: Nov 1 1930
 (Month) (Day) (Year)

17. I HEREBY CERTIFY that I attended/deceased from Oct 29 1930 to Nov 1 1930
 and last saw him/her alive on Oct 30 1930

THE CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows:
Indigestion
 (duration of) _____ yrs. _____ mos. 3 days

CONTRIBUTORY CAUSE (Secondary): Tuberculosis
 (duration of) _____ yrs. 3 mos. _____ days

18. Where was disease contracted if not at place of death? _____

Did an operation precede death? No Date of _____

Reason for operation: _____

Was there an autopsy? No
 (Signed) E.M. O'Person M.D.
 Address: Prescott
 Date: Nov 1 1930
 (Month) (Day) (Year)

State the Disease causing death, or in death from Violent Causes, state (1) Cause and Nature of Injury, (2) whether Accidental, Suicidal or Homicidal. In case of stillbirths write "born dead".

Filed at _____ m. this _____ day of _____ 19 _____
 (Hour) (Month)

BURIAL PERMIT was issued by: W. J. Dawson Address: Prescott Date: Nov. 3/30

THIS FORM MUST BE FILED FORTHWITH WITH THE DIVISION REGISTRAR OF THE DIVISION IN WHICH THE DEATH OCCURRED BEFORE A BURIAL PERMIT CAN BE ISSUED. WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK. THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD. Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. PHYSICIANS should STATE CAUSE OF DEATH in plain terms, so that it may be properly classified. Exact statement of OCCUPATION is very important. RACIAL ORIGIN should be stated by stating to what people or race the deceased person belonged, whether English, Scotch, Irish, German, etc. The terms "American" or "Canadian" should not be used, as they express citizenship but not a race or people.