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Special Issue – Storytelling as Pedagogy



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James Kornelsen
visitor to Churchill in August 2016

Special note:

For those who know how to read them, Inukshuks hold special meanings, including wayfinding, connection to the land, remembering tradition, and more. Many of these themes are found within this volume, and we would like to invite the reader on a journey through the landscape of our stories, with the hopes that like an Inukshuk, these stories can guide you toward new imaginations and understandings.

INTRODUCTION BY THE GUEST EDITOR

Michelle Lam, Ph.D.

In this special issue, we are exploring a central question: ***How might storytelling inspire educators and scholars to engage in and with new ways of teaching and learning?*** By drawing on Linda Tuhiwai Smith's (2012) notions of decolonizing, these pedagogies move us towards claiming, testimonies, storytelling, celebrating, remembering, Indigenizing, intervening, revitalizing, connecting, reading, writing, representing, gendering, envisioning, reframing, restorying, returning, democratizing, networking, naming, protecting, creating, negotiating, discovering, and sharing.

The issue is divided into five different themes, with each theme containing several stories generated by the authors through a joint graduate class, *Innovative Pedagogies*. In this class, the authors responded to topical readings by sharing stories with one another and then providing feedback for each story. Realizing that these stories held potential, not just in relation to the assigned readings but in what they revealed about ourselves, our beliefs about education, and how we want to move forward in the future, we collected our stories and wove them together into themes that appeared frequently within the stories. This issue is the result.

Storytelling as pedagogy is powerful. It makes connections to personal lives and allows for sharing ideas and wisdom from lived experiences, promoting reflection on teaching practice; awakening imagination, curiosity and insight; stimulating meaning making, sense making, and new connections; and deepening critical thinking (Aura et al., 2021; Clandinin, 2013; Deniston-Trochta, 2003; Landrum et al., 2019; McDonald, 2009; Meyer et al., 2008). It brings about deeper personal and emotional investment, along with increased memorability (Landrum et al., 2019), and allows for the reframing of previous experiences in light of current understandings (Meyer et al., 2008). Stories allow us to put words to deeply held beliefs/values and to share these within a group, enabling us to grapple with our own understandings and attach meaning to things that may have previously been left unexamined.

For the listeners, story-catching (Knudson et al., 2018) allows for further learning by making connections between the stories of others and our own stories. What commonalities and differences exist? What points of connection resonate with your own life, beliefs about education, or understandings of teaching and learning? The activity of listening and providing feedback, and then connecting the dots between the stories, allowed for even greater exploration and insight.

We offer these stories in the hopes that the content will inform and that the pedagogy of storytelling may be one that evokes your own ponderings and inspires us to create change.

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THEME ONE — DESIRE FOR CHANGE

Introduction to the Theme

Nicole McIntyre-Garbutt and Oscar Calix

In every good story there is change: change for the better, change for the worse, gradual change, sudden change, resistance to change, surprising change, change from new experiences, change from growth, change in characters, change in ideas, change in society.... Without change, a story is not worth telling. Conforming to the status quo does not make for a good story—there is no tension, excitement, challenge, or overcoming obstacles. Of course, life is more than a series of stories strung together. Change requires the conviction that changes are necessary. It means looking at alternatives and challenging points of view within the status quo. Many of the best stories encourage us to examine the status quo from a different lens. Through stories, we are transported out of our own experiences and biases into another character's world. Through this travelling, we grow and expand our understanding.

Changes can only happen when there is discomfort with the status quo. Discomfort is a good thing because it gives us the courage to look in different directions and to become open to other alternatives. If you are in enough discomfort, you will initiate and take control of change. The quality of change is an important consideration. Harsh and sudden change imposed by a stronger cause or power will result in anger, defiance, or forced submission. Moya's poem, "Give and Take," about the Earth's biological food chain, speaks to the difficulty to incite change where discomfort is minimal, where empathy and education are needed. Power is needed to create the discomfort needed for change.

There is bravery and strength in change. There is vulnerability in change. There is doubt and resistance to change. Change can take on many dimensions. To take on change is to challenge the status quo. It moves us to break away from practices, visions, dogmas, and structural settings on wanting to keep things the same way as they have always been done. Oscar's story, "Canada's Original Sins," identifies issues in the school system where dogmas and pervasive ways of thinking and cultural dominations have become a strongly established structure. Changes are uncomfortable but are needed, otherwise we will just stay the same. Tracey's story, "A Tool of Progress," makes us question our own beliefs and to reflect if a regime is capable of change by itself. The desire for changes moves us to think about the necessary steps to take to make those changes required either collectively or individually.

Are change and tradition opposite of each other? There is a youthfulness to change and an antiquity to tradition. The coming together of youth and older people represents the transfer of knowledge and understanding, which often occurs in stories. "I remember when..." is often the start of an important piece of an older person's understanding to be shared with all those who are willing to listen. Nicole's story, "A Sip of Cold Coffee," speaks to the difficulty of change because it needs collaboration, deeper learning, cooperation, and "working, reworking, considering, and reflecting" (p. 10) for it to occur. The understanding of the traditions is molded by each person's experiences. Like the telephone game, the story will be changed with each retelling.

Give and Take

Moya Millington

Are we comfortable having Earth's biological food chain being terminally broken? The very thing that sustains us, we do not sustain, and now we're trying to find a new space to call our home. Our selfish deeds are posing a serious threat to the sea and the land's ecological balance. While like a good shepherd, "They laid down their lives for the sheep" (*King James Version Bible*, 1611, John 10:11) and gave us what we needed.

What if nature was your mother, would you want another?
So, tell me why, Mr. Deep Pocket, do you fly on your rocket and harm our atmosphere?

The luscious greens that we ruin are what sustain our lungs and our stomach.
We eat, heal, and drink from it, so why then aren't we repairing it?
They offer us gifts and lessons, and we've forgotten to hear their voices because of our obsessions.

Let us not be selfish in our relationship to nature and give back to that which is sustaining us.
Wearing a shirt that shouts "save the trees" is not doing enough.

So, here is an idea that I would like to plant in your mind. We have seen the root of the problem.
Now let's go back to our roots and practice...

Practice having more flowers; our bees would really appreciate it.
Allowing the land to be colonized by plants and animals shouldn't have to be unobtainable.
We should have listened to Indigenous Peoples a long time ago.
Just as Kimmerer (2013) shared, let us be sustainable and practice gratitude.
Humans and nature are intertwined, so let us realign our attitude because if we are kind to the environment, then we're being kind to ourselves.

So, let's not make this political, and practice sustainability!

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A Sip of Cold Coffee

Nicole McIntyre-Garbutt

On my desk I have a cold, half cup of coffee. I have a picture of my family. I have several unfinished projects, such as an incomplete reference letter that's not due for weeks. I have sticky notes to remind myself to contact people, and I have a receipt for the school's yearbook purchase for this year. I have thank-you cards pinned up from students and teachers from years gone by. Try as I might, I can never keep my desk tidy. Although a digital teacher, I still collect, stash, and pile.

My colleague's desk is tidy. I admire this about her. She has a place for everything. Anyone could sit down at her desk, be comfortable, and know exactly where to find any document or supply necessary for functioning. She has matching picture frames for her family pictures on the top of her desk where I have four mismatched items, including a wooden curling rock with student autographs on it. Her desk is a COVID-19 cleaner's dream—squirt and wipe. At the end of the day, I put everything in one pile that the cleaners politely work around.

Tidiness is a quest for most people. We constantly clean and tidy. Organizing, decluttering, and compartmentalizing is a huge industry—just ask Marie Kondo. It is supposed to enhance and de-stress your life, creating less visual clutter and giving a sense of completion. I will be the first to admit that walking into a lovely, tidy, matching, and organized house or classroom is a beautiful experience.

Messiness is stressful. Incomplete means you need to continue to be actively engaged. Unfinished means there is more work to be done. I experienced messiness in relation to an activity I chose to do for Orange Shirt Day this year.

I always have a hard time teaching students about multicultural education. It makes me uncomfortable. I feel it comes from my people-pleasing personality. I want to fix things to make everything better. I had some hard lessons in my early years teaching Canadian history to a conservative, small town, rural, monoculture, farming community, which has made me cautious in dealing with difficult conversations. I was disappointed in my high school's efforts to recognize Orange Shirt Day, so I wanted to do something.

I have a very multicultural classroom—I am usually the only person in the class who does not have a second language, and there could be three or four different languages going on at a time! I approached Orange Shirt Day recognizing that the students would be coming with different understandings of what the day was about. Did my English as an Additional Language and new immigrant students know anything about residential schools? Did some students have social studies this semester, and I would be repeating topics? Would my Indigenous students be uncomfortable, or would they add to the conversation? I did my research, consulted with our Indigenous Success Advisor, and proceeded with cautionary confidence.

I created an activity to use graphic design software to represent the Seven Ojibway Teachings. I identified my position in the lesson as outside of the culture. I chose to show a video of Elders teaching the lessons as an effort to directly source. The students received the lesson well and represented a symbolic meaningful quotation or word within the body of the associated animal. We were proud of our work and hung it in the hallways to share with our school population with references for further information. Upon reflection, however, I discovered

my mistake. Was this cultural appropriation? Did I unintentionally use the spiritual teachings of the Ojibway as a craft project? I fell down the rabbit hole of research and self-evaluation.

And what I found was—I really don't know! I think I approached the lesson with respect and appropriate intent, but it could have been interpreted by someone else as inappropriate and disrespectful. There is no clear direction or checklist on what to do, but many lists of what *not* to do. Not doing anything was on the second list. In my research I found a story of a visiting teacher to Japan who had mixed emotions when they walked down a hallway of crucifixes because the students were studying Christianity at that time. Is this what I did? I truly do not know if my lesson had the intended impact on the students.

What I do recognize is my own learning. I took a risk and made room for conversation. I was vulnerable to questioning and criticism. I moved my understanding a little bit further. I admit I am still uneasy in a leadership role in multicultural discussions. Power structures play a central role, and I do not know how to give students the power and bravery they need to tackle this issue. I don't know how to deprogram the teacher-equals-power tradition to give them the comfort required to make mistakes and address my mistakes. I don't know how to tap into the intersectionality that could unite groups. Like the students, I also need to find a way to be comfortable taking risks, initiating difficult conversations, and identifying this as a wicked problem that has unlimited solutions, not just one. This is an unfinished project, and it's messy.

I love my wooden curling rock as it is a token of a fond memory. My cold, half-filled coffee cup will be full and hot again tomorrow to be abandoned again for more important matters. The incomplete papers on my desk are an efficient way to remind myself they need to be done. My messy desk lets me know that I need to continue—reading, working, reworking, considering, and reflecting. It is incomplete and messy, so I must find comfort in it. A sip of cold coffee might become an inspiration.

North America's Original Sins

Oscar Calix

The film *Schooling the World: The White Man's Last Burden* (Black, 2010) should be named *North America's Original Sins*. It is a challenge to communicate the feelings and understanding this film left in me, especially since I realized that I had unintentionally been a participant in an unjust social system that reproduces stereotypes to First Nations in Canada and *Pueblos Originales* in other countries in the Americas. This film showed how the West taught using a hidden curriculum that valued and promoted white supremacy as the right way of thinking and doing. This film showed how the western world was ignorant of other ways of knowing, such as how Aboriginal Peoples interacted with the land, and how we can learn from others and respect different cultures without demeaning them. Through this film, I confirmed the need for and importance of challenging colonial symbols and hidden curriculum of White, North American schooling.

The symbolism in *Schooling the World: The White Man's Last Burden* encouraged and indoctrinated their *vaqueros* and Indian agents. The symbols encouraged injustices, invasive behaviour, violent practices, and imperial ideas to suppress unfamiliar cultures, or cultures that are not British, French, or Spanish. The symbols in this film are symbols of oppression. For example, they communicate that stealing land for the Queen or for the Church was acceptable. They justify stealing because it was their "promised land." Invasion of other countries was justified under the guise of bringing their way of democracy. Another example is of international missionaries trying to "save" a developing country. I think the film is a reminder to stay vigilant and critical of political policies or international help. This film is a good reminder to reflect on how social and cultural powers can create pervasive tools to manipulate and oppress other ways of living and knowing.

Canada is a great country, but it has many wrongs that need to be recognized and reconciled. A good start could be to recognize that we are not the only culture with advanced knowledge and to remind ourselves that all cultures are evolving. There is no one culture more important than the other. All cultures deserve to exist side by side; they do not need the consent of others to exist. We do not need to "civilize" any culture or impose Western ways of democracy. This video is a mirror and a tool to remind ourselves about the need to continually respect and learn more about other cultures' ways of doing and governance. Most importantly, it is a call to not be indifferent to past injustices committed by imperial explorers and their governments.

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A Tool of Progress

Tracey Salamondra

The alarm sounded to alert the workers to prepare for the morning shift. It was intake day, the day when new pupils were fitted with their first set of tools. This day used to be full of excitement and celebration for me, but I had recently started to question my beliefs. Would the regime change the world? Did the world need to change? One thing was certain—the older I got the more I questioned my ability to create change at all.

I had grown up in the hinterlands at a mining colony. The existence was comfortable, and the benefits were good, but it was well-known that we were inferior. The message was consistent at home and at school—education was the key to a better life. The best among us left in adolescence never to return permanently. Sometimes they made an appearance in stylish clothes and shiny cars to dwell in a moment of nostalgia, but they did not stay. Urbanites looked down on us but benefitted from our destruction of the land. It is not easy to make money selling and trading if you don't have a commodity to offer. There was never a question as to whether I would stay in the colony; my parents demanded I be the first one in my family to undergo higher programming and work for the regime.

Higher programming took me far from my family and the world I had known. I did not feel I had the luxury to question the program. My family counted on me to succeed while there were those in the colony that hoped I would fail. The stakes were too high to make waves, and besides, the program was convincing. The longer I stayed in the city the less I questioned whether there was another path. The executives created solid arguments in a glossy package. They had studied the world and seemed resolute in their ideologies. I left the higher programming centre convinced I would be making a difference for children and communities. I would be the bridge to a better life. I was a tool of progress.

My early years as a fitter were chaotic but fulfilling. The changes in my life left little room to question the messaging received through my indoctrination. The tools I received through education provided me with the life my parents envisioned. I should be satisfied that I was providing that same opportunity to the children in my community. They too could have a better life. The children would arrive at the centre flanked by their anxious parents. Like us, they were convinced this was a necessary step, but it marked a milestone inching closer to independence. The conveyor belt moved them slowly through the scanner. Their aptitudes flashed on our computer screens, and we fitted them with the appropriate tools. The children came in as individuals but left as a member of the team on their way to fulfilling their destiny.

As time passed, the questions and doubts started to form in the back of my mind. Perhaps it was the impending intake day for my child. Maybe it was my age; the proverbial mid-life crisis had appeared. Perhaps it was the endlessly updated programming required for my position as a fitter. New programs and upgrades to the assembly line promised a solution for the glitches in the process, though they never fully delivered on their claims. The tools quickly became obsolete, and the promised better life seemed to be a facade. The deeper I delved into the world of the executives the more I realized that there was no consensus. There was no right tool for all, and so I fell into a spiral of doubt. The system was not working, but I was too young to remember life before the system. Surely, it was created out of some necessity, some void. What problems would we face without the regime?

I do not know enough to fix the regime. I am not an executive with another assembly line quick fix, but I realized I have a small window of opportunity. I see the children as they arrive. I meet them as individuals. That day, I turned to my new batch of intakes and felt the flush of excitement experienced in the early days. Instead of looking at the screen, I looked at them and asked, "Who are you? Who would you like to be? What tool do you want to have today?"

Tap, Tap, Tap

Michelle Lam

Truck horns blaring.
Sea levels rising.
Milk is 5 dollars a gallon.
Books being banned.
Russia invading.
The air is unsafe for breathing.

I go to work on Monday morning, and tap, tap, tap my keys.
A hundred emails a day, or more, and home again on repeat.
I lay in bed, screen in my face, and tap, tap, tap my feed.
A hundred likes a day, or more, and up again on repeat.

The most destructive thing I can do
Is numb you in the name of education.
You'll get a paper, get a job, and slowly become like me.

But

What if

Education could be more than fitting you into a system
More than putting you through the door
More than cookie-cutter outcomes?
More than counting rates and scores?
What if
I took a deep breath
And spent some of my likeability?
I'd point out that a clean water prize means nothing when the water isn't clean
That curiosity killed leads to abandonment of dreams
Sitting at the table's nothing when the tilt is too extreme
That sprinkling in new linguistics doesn't make an equitable team

I'd decide that it's worth doing things differently

And so,
I'll go to work on Monday morning, and tap, tap, tap my keys.
A hundred emails a day, or more, and home again on repeat.
I'll lay in bed, screen in my face, and tap, tap, tap my feed.
A hundred small steps in a good direction, and up again on repeat.

Desire for Change

Nicole McIntyre-Garbutt and Oscar Calix

All felt the loss of traditions through COVID-19—the loss of coming together to recognize the passage of time, celebrations, and memorials. Many Indigenous cultures experienced the devastating and long-lasting effects of the loss of their traditions. Traditions are a way of sharing meaningful experiences that connect generations. There is comfort, familiarity, and unity in traditions. Traditions can be resilient—they can be tested, adapted, strengthened, and revived with time. The importance of traditions should not be dismissed but should be examined through a lens of fairness and justice.

Often change conflicts with traditions. Tevye, from *Fiddler on the Roof*, says, “Without our traditions, our lives would be as shaky as... as... as the fiddler on the roof!” (Stein, 1990, Act 1, Scene 1, p. 4). Maybe the shakiness comes from finding the balance between change and traditions to create living traditions. Professor Lam described these as traditions that bend and flex to grow and accommodate change.

The stories featured here encourage us toward change for the better, to look deeper, and to question the status quo. They encourage us to make a conscious and thoughtful effort for purposeful change. What that looks like cannot be clearly defined, but reflecting on the stories of others can add clarity.

Reference

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THEME TWO — COLONIZATION

Introduction to the Theme

Ryan Desjarlais and Diana Marie Swain

"That was a long time ago" is a phrase used often when talking about the past. It has been said that the study of the past is essential in avoiding troubles in the future. However, today, it would seem the hard lessons of the past are not being taken up by our current academics or leaders. Looking around us, it seems our base-reptilian brains are acting faster than our long-evolved frontal cortexes. However, the facts of today could have been avoided by understanding our past. One person might say, "Residential schools happened a long time ago; it doesn't matter today." However, residential schools ran until the nineties in some cases. People knew but did not act fast enough. The generational mental health crisis is only now getting recognized. Another person might say, "One group of people trying to annihilate another group of people from their lands by sheer will can never happen." However, turn on the news and look at Ukraine. Observe China's military surge. Neutral countries are seeking protective memberships. It was only a few centuries ago the colonizer behaviours here in North America were sadly similar. Although many would like to think that someone like Hitler will never rise again, we see former President Donald Trump raise a strongly right-winged American Supreme Court.

Through our stories, like a son's long hair or telling a fantastic "What if?" tale, we keep knowledge alive that, hopefully, will guide our young people to a fair, open, and acceptable road for all to travel into the future. This road will be paved with many tough, horrible lessons, but lessons that must be taught and relearned, read and re-read, and spoken and spoken again, as long as the sun rises and the Earth turns.

Lost and Found

Diana Swain

The film *Schooling the World: The White Man's Last Burden* by Carol Black had inspired me to share this true story. The video impacted me in a way that brought feelings of anger and frustration, followed by a deep sadness, that after decades of being labelled the White man's burden, our children continue to suffer.

Following their early morning routine before school, a mom is in the process of braiding her son's hair. He has been growing it for the past three years, and it has gotten quite long. Brushing out his long black hair has become a meditative ritual for her. She would tell him daily how much she loved his hair and how well it was growing. Lost in thought, she woke with a slight startle at his response this morning.

"Why, Mom? I don't want long hair anymore. The other kids don't have long hair. I'm a boy—boys are supposed to have short hair, and only girls have long hair." This had become a daily protest from her son since he started grade two.

"Well, you're Anishinaabe, and Anishinaabe boys have long hair, too. You need to know who you are," replied Mom with an exasperated sigh.

Going on to explain her limited understanding of the Indigenous way of life, she went on to enlighten him that a long time ago, all Anishinaabe had long hair. "They were sent to schools and taken away from their families to go to school and learn different ways that were not their own. They were forced to cut their hair. They were forced to do many things that they did not want to do."

A moment had passed, and her young seven-year-old asked curiously, "Why were they taken away from their families?"

Thoughtfully she replied, "The people who took them thought they were doing the right thing; they didn't know any better. Teachers long ago were told to teach them a certain way because they thought it was the only right way." Being a teacher herself, she didn't want to imply that all teachers were this way. She knew she had to be careful how she talked about the schools in the past.

As with all young children, more questions spilled from his young, eager mind. "Were you sent away to school, too?"

Thinking for a minute of how the repercussions of being the daughter of a residential school survivor had in many ways been like she herself attended, she simply replied, "No, my son, I was not. Just your grandparents and their parents were taken to these schools."

Remembering the stories her father told her about his experience at one of the schools and all the stories she listened to from others or read on her own made her heartache. How much should she share with her young son trying to find his own identity? She didn't want him to become bitter or angry against western civilization. How is it possible to instill forgiveness and understanding when talking about a culture that was nearly obliterated?

"Some children were stolen from their families and never returned. They were told not to speak their language, and many of them forgot how. That is why you don't hear many kids speaking Saulteaux or Ojibway. That is why I try to get you to practice some words every day in Saulteaux, so you don't lose your language too," she answered.

She was lost in thought about her and her son's interactions while they were out of the community and in the diverse society of the cities. Eating at restaurants or even checking out at department stores with her son would usually result in comments such as, "Oh, what a pretty little girl you have!" or "What will she be having today?" She could understand why he became frustrated with his hair. It didn't matter that he dressed as a boy; they would always assume the length of his beautiful hair defined his gender.

The world frowns on people who are different, expecting everyone to look and behave the same. Walking to his classroom to check on him was when she realized he was done trying to convince her how serious he was about cutting his hair. Looking at his innocent little face as he walked into the hallway, with short bangs sticking straight out of his once so neat braid, this morning crushed her in so many ways that he would never know. His classmates had urged him and taunted him into taking scissors to his own hair. Not being educated themselves on the culture that is also their own, she was not angry. He merely wanted to fit in and belong to that group of peers. He was too young to take the stand she had set before him. Has time really changed that much since the invasion of western society?

The day he was finally allowed to cut his long, beautiful black hair was a great victory for him, but a huge loss for her. She wept as she held his braid in her hands.

The hairdresser who cut his hair was of minority descent and commented, "There, now no one will mistake you for a girl anymore."

Her son was again confirmed by western society that his hair was not appropriate and did not conform to society's standards for young boys. She could not be sure, but the thought that the hairdresser must have been just as conditioned about his own culture as they were stopped her from saying anything about his unneeded comment. Not just their culture, but everyone who was not of European descent has faced this loss of identity. Reflecting to herself, she thought not only did western civilization conquer their lands, but they also conquered their spirits. Why did Indigenous Peoples have to lose who they are to matter to society? What could young children have done to deserve the horrific treatment they got? How, as an Indigenous mother, could she possibly protect her child from becoming as broken as she was?

In a later conversation, the now eight-year-old boy was bathing and spoke to her, "I want to wash my brown skin off."

Appalled she replied, "Why would you want to do that? You have such beautiful skin."

"It looks dirty," he said.

The mother looked at her own skin. The colour of her skin was fair and could easily help her pass as non-Indigenous until she spoke. Most of his peers were as brown as he was, and she couldn't think of where he got the idea that he was dirty. She merely pointed out that his dad had brown skin too and that it was beautiful. He was so young to be going through identity loss.

As she thought back on her history, she thought of her great-grandmother having children with a trapper who had come from overseas. There were many fair-skinned Indigenous Peoples around the community. This did not make the purebloods of Indigenous descent around her accept her any easier. It made her wonder if any were a result of attending the residential schools many years ago. Their blood was tainted by not being good enough by western society, and now that tainted blood is slowly seeping into the hearts of the children. Reading and watching videos of the great loss of many cultures all over the world is extremely disheartening, which causes her to feel anger and bitterness at times. The more she studies it,

the more the hate feels like it will consume her soul. For many years she has been trying to understand how education could have been so one-sided. How is it possible to heal from such pain that passes through the hearts and minds of so many generations? Generational trauma is real and soul consuming. How can she help not only her own child but the children in her care to find and capture their identity without turning them bitter towards society?

Walking into her classroom, she observes young minds trying to find their identity. Students are secretly cutting their arms and legs to release a pain they do not understand. They are trying to understand why their parents argued so loud last night and why Mom keeps waking up with black eyes and swollen lips. They are stretching their neck muscles and sore backs from sleeping on the crowded bed they share with their five other siblings. They know that school is the only safe place for them when Mom and Dad are sick and angry from last night. Yes, she is familiar with this because, although she is a teacher, that was her life too. She is trying to instill that same belief that was instilled in her from her mother—education is the key to getting out. Keep learning, keep working, and you might escape the generational trauma that is our curse. Maybe one day they can answer whether they are Indian, Native, Aboriginal, Anishinaabe, First Nations, or Indigenous. Some day when her son grows up, maybe, just maybe, he won't be as lost as his mother.

Educated Generations: Letter Songs on the Wind

Jennie Zawadsky

Mother,

You raised me on the Land. I knew the Land, and it knew me. I knew the soils, the seeds, the seasons, how to plant, how to harvest, how to water crops, and how to tend to animals. I learned all that I need to survive. I was a happy child.

I knew your capabilities, Mother. I knew your strength—physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual. I knew your confidence. I knew your face, your smile, your laughter. I knew your kindness, your cooperation, your determination, your resilience, and your love. I had these things too—they were gifts passed down through the generations. The gifts were sacred. Along with these gifts were songs, rituals, traditions, language, food, and spirit. We had everything we needed to sustain ourselves. This is where I belonged.

From birth, I was near you. I rode on your back. I watched. I listened. The cadence of your voice taught me some things, and other things I learned from the fluent movements of your body. Your voice and body followed the rhythms of the days, nights, and seasons. I learned to do all that you did in this way. You and I were born on that Land, and you could read the Land. You always knew what it was saying.

As I grew, something began to pull me away from you and our Land. I wanted to read the Land too, but I wanted the glory of education. My siblings had told me of this. They had gone. I thought that I must go also. And I did, I left you for education, for a life that you could not provide.

I dreamt of you for a while, and then I dreamt only of acquiring wealth. My dreams became clouded. My life became dark. The promised education was not easy. My grades were failing. I began to fear that I would never be wealthy. What would I do? I had no place in this urban space. I did not have a home or a family. I did not have the Land. I felt as though I did not belong to you or any part of my past anymore. Had you forgotten me the way I had forgotten about you, the Land, our language, and myself? I did not have those answers; I only knew that I was lost.

As more time passed, I began to think about who would feed you when you become frail. I also thought about who would carry on our language. What about the stories and the songs? My education has qualified me to author these stories, but I cannot remember them. I left for education, but I left you. I did not know that gaining my new literacies would mean so much loss. I had lost everything that had mattered. All of who I am... you... I exchanged my life for this. What a cruel and expensive currency. Now, I do not know if I could find you. Could you find me here? I am among the hundreds of uniformed children. We are marching in perfect unison; our rhythmic actions make us look almost robotic. I feel like a spiritless robot. I never skip a step. Do you see me, mother? Look—I am the lost one.

Child,

You are gone. One by one all my children have gone. You are my youngest. You were the last to go. They said that you must go. Of course, I want what is best for you. I will manage alone. I am alone. Yet I am not alone. I have the Land, our home, the animals, the plants, and the water. I have the memories.

I tend the Land alone, I tend the animals alone, I guard the house alone, I prepare food alone, I eat and sleep alone. But I do not sing alone.

Our home is quiet now. The people—quiet. My voice is quiet, even the lines on my face are quiet because I no longer smile, laugh, or sing. I have no one to talk to or share stories with. My stories and the stories of our relatives are silent now. I am silent now. This is not the way.

One child came back for a short while. Your sibling. Our time together was different. They did not watch me or listen; they showed me a book—they could read and write. They were educated. I felt even more silenced. I did not know this way. I felt smaller. Days passed, and there seemed to be no time or space for my knowledge. I felt that I had nothing to offer. Then they were gone. I was alone again.

Young one, you are still gone. Still, I carry on. I remember you. The Land remembers you. The Land remembers you in many ways—it remembers the rhythm of your feet on its soil, how you stopped to listen to the messages from the trees that whispered around you, how the waters nourished you, and it remembers the seeds that you sowed. The things that you held are here. I am here. Is your spirit here, too? Do you remember all of this? Any of this? Do you think of me? Will you return? Will you bring me grandchildren so that they may know me and this Land? Child, know that I dream of you.

I had a dream, and you said, “Mother, I have returned. I am here to reclaim my human spirit and to claim the life that you can provide. I do not need monetary wealth! I need this freedom to learn from you my mother, and the Land, our first mother.” In the dream, you said that you were remembering things. You sang, “The Land remembers me!”

You heard the birds, the winds, the trees, the stream. You felt the wheat and the soil. You felt our warm, round bread again. You smelled my food, our food. I heard you sing, “I know this place. I am this place. My spirit has invited me back!” My voice shed its silence and joined yours. We sang. My heart sang. Our hearts sang in unison until you looked at me. In a small voice I said, “I know nothing. I am not educated.” Then, I felt a small body beside me stir, and I awoke.

Grandmother,

There were days when I rested upon your back. My eyes were alert. My mind was curious. My young body mimicked the rhythm of your body. I played with your hair. I constantly observed. Today, I stay close and remember all I have learned from you. I have watched seeds greet the earth. I know the song for this. I have watched the water from your hand dance upon our crops. I know where to fetch it, and I know the water song, too. I know the weeds. I know the crops. I know the harvest. I have played among the barley and the wheat. I have pulled bits of the spikes out of my skin. This took focus and manual dexterity. I have learned this from you.

I am young, and I am capable. I am small, but I see the big world all around me. I am independent. I watch you drink your hot tea; I learn to give the hot liquid space. I have seen you prepare it. I can already feed a fire. You told me of the use of fire and the damage of fire. You trust me and have taught me many fire songs. We tend the animals together, we eat together, and we are always together. This is our community. We are strong. We are happy. There is playfulness between us.

Learning together. How to survive and how to thrive. We are one. We are never alone. Our life is abundant. I lack nothing. What lesson will come next? I am an eager student at home, with family, on the Land. My spirit sings. You sing. This is our love. This is our life. This is our song.

Candy-Coated Intercultural Education

Oscar Calix

Taco Night at Guilford Elementary School is an effort that takes intercultural education as a product rather than a process. It reveals how cultural identity for the oppressed has been defined by a colonial legacy and continues to be duplicated. It shows knowledge deficiency in North America. Taco Night and similar events are candy-coated versions of intercultural education (Gorski, 2008, p. 520). Taco Night was a reasonable effort but not deep enough to provide a meaningful dialogue to dismantle cultural bias; systematic inequalities challenge entrenched legacies of internal colonialism, discrimination, or arrogant attitudes toward oppressed people. Listen to Gorski's (2008) call to have a dialogue and ask questions like "Which people and systems do we protect without first demanding justice from the powerful?" (p. 520). I think intercultural education is a platform where educators can ask unapologetic questions. Questions such as "Who benefits the most from these types of intercultural events: the oppressed or the oppressor?"

Taco Night is a representation of a practice camouflaged as intercultural education. It is like many events designed just for entertainment; most of them to please the conscience of the people in control. Efforts such as Taco Night may have all the best intentions but increase misconceptions about Hispanic/Latinx communities, further contributing to their oppression. Most cultural awareness events are planned with good intentions but carry out so little to change beliefs or social interactions after the event. Cultural awareness is valued as an acknowledgment of diversity but does not transcend the event, instead confirming discriminatory biases.

Gorski's (2008) seven shifts of consciousness to cultural awareness are irrelevant unless there is a change in consciousness. Without a change in consciousness, nothing else changes. For example, the social order, beliefs, feelings, and power imbalance are unchanged. Celebrating Cinco de Mayo for improved cultural awareness is good for the Mexican community but is not an event contributing to the intercultural dialogue about the sociopolitical conditions of Mexicans in the USA, Salvadorians in Brandon, or Colombians in Winnipeg, for example. Cinco de Mayo is a fantastic cultural event but does not transcend other Hispanic or Latin American communities. Taco Night did not help to start a dialogue with Adolfo, a Guatemalan student.

There is a tendency among colonial educators to group individuals in one basket based on their language, skin colour, or physical appearance. For example, if a brown-skinned student speaks Spanish, they are often immediately labelled as Mexican. A colonial educator probably never considers acknowledging a separate sociopolitical dialogue with other Hispanic or Latinx communities who are not Mexicans. Adolfo was an excellent example of the constant challenges facing members of a non-dominant culture to interact with members of the dominant culture.

Gorski's (2008) reading made me wonder how we could build the capacity to break away from the colonial "one basket" concept. Would teachers, school curriculum, and institutional powers be capable of creating a more profound intercultural education? If such a possibility exists, then what would it look like? Wonder if a pluricultural and intracultural education could be something to check? Would the Bolivia case produce better results? Bolivia has taken

interculturalism to the pluricultural level with an intent to decolonize its education system. For Bolivians or Salvadorians, the Taco Night celebration is not an intercultural celebration but a tokenistic celebration, a show to please and feel good about themselves.

When reflecting on Gorski's (2008) statement that cultural awareness is not enough, I think about the many festivals I have been invited to talk about that did not seem to transcend the understanding that not every Hispanic or Latinx person is Mexican. Not every person who speaks Spanish is a Spaniard. Displaying piñatas, dancing the salsa, or hiring local Mexican musicians for events are good ideas, but only when doing so are acts of cultural appreciation that do not enforce tokenistic stereotypes.

Change in cultural and social consciousness is reflected in the desires to intentionally transform social rules and to improve cultural engagement frames that maintain the divided social relationships between us and them. I think Gorski may agree that a shift in consciousness requires us to know the past and present, even if such past carried shadows of imbalance in power. Also, marginalized populations can undergo a shift in cultural conscience by reminding themselves that their cultures are not limited to tokenistic stereotypes as well as celebrating their cultures and understanding the meaning of their traditions. By participating in events that start thoughtful and critical dialogue, we can all work to build the better world we aspire to live in.

Reference

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Story of What Might Have Been

Ryan Desjarlais

Imagine what would have happened if the European discovery of the Americas had been delayed by a century or so. Imagine that the European rate of technology was slower than history records and that the Mayan development of science and astronomy was accelerated faster than history records.

Imagine that some of the first Europeans sailed over, only to discover hostile and technologically superior forces awaiting them on the new shores. Imagine a fleet of fantastic Mayan sea-faring vessels surrounding the Santa María, the Pinta, and the Niña. With superior Mayan tactics and technology, imagine witnessing the swift sinking of the European fleet.

Imagine, if using their vast knowledge of the stars and the information they would get out of the European survivors, the Mayans sailed across the Atlantic and landed on the bountiful shores of what we now know as Africa. Imagine that the people the Mayans encountered—the Nigerians, the Congolese, and the Kenyans—equalled the Mayans at an advanced level of technology. Imagine these new peoples made fast and friendly connections.

Imagine just before the Mayans arrived in Africa, Ethiopian and Somali explorers had discovered India and found Indians to be a rich, peaceful, and technologically advanced group of civilizations. Imagine Africans and Indians had created a mutual relationship of commerce and information exchange. Imagine, for a moment, Indians had made similar alliances to the peoples of the South Pacific, from lands called the Philippines and Australia. Imagine, for a moment, that all these peoples mutually aided each other through commerce, medicine, and technology.

Imagine a relatively isolated group of European adventurers venturing outward from their continent with confidence. Imagine these Europeans thinking they were high and mighty and having their eyes on conquering new lands for their kings and queens. Imagine what would have happened as these naive European travellers ventured south, east, and west. Imagine the encounters they would have facing the superior civilizations of the Mayan alliance.

Imagine what may happen if something goes terribly wrong with one of these first encounters with the Europeans, and the Mayan alliance decided to wield their might vengefully against Europe, their people, their lands, and their technology.

Imagine the forced destruction of Greek temples, Roman infrastructure, German castles, Italian invention, French estates, Spanish courts, and many other lands. Imagine European adults were slaughtered simply by being seen by a Mayan-led coalition. Imagine all children encountered by Mayans and their allies being forced into schools to learn Mayan religion, Mayan agriculture, Mayan land stewardship, Mayan communal living, sciences of the Mayans and their allies, and of course, astronomy, against their already strongly held beliefs in their God and His son.

Imagine...

I Am English

Elizabeth Mandziuk

I am English,
Or so my students say
They are Hutterite.

But am I English
As they say?
Or am I more?
My mother's family
Came from Ontario
Before that, some came from England
So maybe I am English?
But others came from Scotland
So, am I Scottish then?
Or am I at my heart Canadian?

My father's family
Came to southeastern Manitoba from Ukraine
They did not have a stopover
They found a home
So, am I more Ukrainian?
Or am I at my heart Canadian?

My students are Canadian
But know themselves as Hutterite
They speak German but are not German
Hutterites came to North America via the United States
After routes through Austria and Russia
But they know Canada.
Their home is their colony,
Their culture is their community.

There is a disconnect
My life and theirs
My training, my understanding of education
Is English
But my students are not.

How can the system,
Which I was taught to trust
Which are English and western
Meet my students when they are Hutterite?

They ask me questions
How will this help me in the chicken barn?
How will this help me in the kitchen?
How will this help me drive a semi?
My culture and their culture
Seemingly at war.

I asked the same questions in school
When can I celebrate what I do?
Not hockey, but *hopaks*
Not talking grandparents, but *baba* and *gido*
Not classical music, but bagpipes and sea shanties
Not pizza, but *pyrohy* and *perishke* .

Why then do you ask me to bring my *vinok*
Without knowing what it means?
Why my Bukovian skirt is flipped
And paired with gold coins?

Why then is culture,
My culture, a novelty?
Just a dance, dress, and music
Maybe a new snack
But not its history
Its heart
Its power and majesty
Just a free show
And some strange food.

My students know their history,
Their culture,
The richness of it
But our system,
Its Englishness, counts this
As less and different.

Why did I have to fight?
Why do my students have to fight?
A system that says other, different
With an automatic bias
And a sense of disregard.

Where is the justice for my students?
Where is their culture, and where does it fit

In our English ways?

THEME THREE — IMPACTS OF TECHNOLOGY

Introduction to the Theme

Moya Millington and Kelsey Keilback

The influence of technology is undeniably growing and being adopted in every space including the educational space today. However, although the use of technology is being embraced, with reference to application in curriculum, there is still considerable contestation over its significance and use. The integration of innovative technology in education is offering contemporary ways of supporting teaching and providing students with constructivist learning opportunities. Technological innovations are taking the initiative to provide ingenious resources such as game-based learning programs, as well as devices with artificial intelligence in the formal school curriculum. However, in spite of the many benefits suggested, we must consider when to draw the line with these resources, because technology has its curricular obscurities.

This section consists of stories with the use of technology in education. The stories highlight the advantages and disadvantages of integrating these technologies in education. Some stories show how educators can make use of technology in educational experiences and pedagogical practices, while others highlight how it may lead the educational experiences into instrumentalization practices. Therefore, in spite of the adoption of these technologies to support teaching and learning, one question worth asking is if they encompass the same capabilities that teachers do. The stories also call to attention an essential reason to consider when we apply technological tools in curriculum practices, such as the negative impact on students socially and technical issues.

Notwithstanding the evidence of constructivist learning theories (Miller et al., 2012; Nolan & McBride, 2014, p. 233; Plass et al., 2015, p. 261) that support the use of game-based pedagogy and the use of artificial intelligence for pedagogy that highlight an active and self-regulated role for students, what is usually not highlighted are the experiences of individual learners. It is believed that teachers are still the best at observing when students encounter problems as well as identifying the reasons behind the kinds of problems they encounter in the learning process and then scaffolding them to solve the problems.

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Turning to Friends and Turning Off AI

Kelsey Keilback

Emily is venting to Kasey, her friend and classmate, about the frustrations she is having about bio class. Alexa© joins the conversation and is unfortunately not very helpful.

EMILY

Casey, how are you keeping up with all the assignments in bio? I feel like I am constantly reading, studying, or working on assignments, and I can't keep up with it all!

CASEY

Honestly, I don't know. It's a lot to keep up with. I know the semester just started, but I am already looking forward to spring break.

EMILY

I get that. I'm frustrated because whenever I talk to Chris about how busy I am, he just brushes it off and talks about how the course isn't even that bad. Like, he took the course four years ago with a different teacher. He just doesn't get it.

CASEY

My friend Alexa said the exact same thing.

ALEXA

Good afternoon, how can I help you?

CASEY

But she took the course last year with our teacher. Alexa, off.

ALEXA

Okay.

CASEY

Anyways, we got this. If you think of the course in weeks, then we have four more weeks until spring break and then four more weeks after that. We can do it. I remember Alexa telling me that the final exam was a walk in the park.

ALEXA

Looking up parks in your area.

CASEY

Sorry, I should just unplug that thing.

EMILY

Mine does the exact same thing at home. Maybe we need to just start saying “A” when we are talking about you-know-who instead of saying her name.

CASEY

That’s a good idea, but I really wish that “A” could interpret our conversation and realize that we are not actually asking a question or giving a command.

EMILY

Well, maybe one day. But until then, we will just have to let Alexa be part of the conversation.

ALEXA

Whom do you want to send it to?

CASEY

No one.

ALEXA

Okay. Sending message to Mom.

CASEY

I can’t even imagine what that message will say.

EMILY

Well anyways, thanks for listening to me vent. I don’t know what I would do without you.

CASEY

You would probably have to vent to Alexa.

ALEXA

Hmm... I don’t have an answer for that. Is there something else I can help with?

Reference

Gallacher, A., Thompson, A., Howarth, M., Taalas, P., Jalkanen, J., Bradley, L., & Thouësny, S. (2018). *“My robot is an idiot!”—students’ perceptions of AI in the L2 classroom.*

Hope in Another Space for Ben

Moya Millington

The classroom space was warm and clean. The blinds were drawn, and the rows of desks were set to await the arrival of the students for an adventure. As time passed, the students arrived at their desks one by one and were encouraged to prepare for their first class.

All the students were aboard and ready for another episode of an amazing experience, but before they started the trip for learning, they noticed that one student was missing, and they would wait for his arrival before takeoff. The students stood around rather gracefully, some with books and others with their pencils in their hands. They were in the presence of their teacher trying to say consoling things to her after she expressed how her plant died.

Amy wandered to the teacher's desk and said, "Look, Miss Mac, I put your plant at the windowsill. The sun will bring it back to life."

Shortly after Amy spoke to Miss Mac, the ramp at the entrance of the classroom door creaked like the implacable cicada's cry.

"Hi guys," Ben said in a gloomy tone.

Then he would take his space before class started. He was surrounded by his friends: Roy to his left, John to his right, Amy behind him, and Lily in front of him. Ben had always been zealous about his learning experiences with his friends, except for those that require much movement, and on this day, they would have been engaged in physical education; one of Ben's least favourite subjects.

Time was drawing closer to the hour for the next session, and Ben would, now and again, glance up at the clock with a flush of anxiety. The thought of being in the next session would cause him much distress. The time had finally arrived when students would be instructed by their teacher to prepare themselves for the next session. Each student would then rush off to the changing room to fit into their comfortable clothing for a game of soccer. Oftentimes during this session, Ben would express to his teacher that he would rather stay in class than be engaged in the session that he disliked the most. Ben's frustration would frustrate his teacher because she wanted him to enjoy the activities as much as his other classmates did.

The teacher did not like the fact that Ben was uncomfortable, and she had discussed Ben's frustration with his phys ed teacher, and then they agreed to a creative method to make Ben feel like a part of the group during this session.

The following day as the students arrived in class, they found a device on their desk. Ben rolled up to the front of the class and asked, "Miss Mac, what is this?"

Miss Mac replied with a smirk on her face, "Well, class, today we are going to try something new."

The students responded in a chorus, "Something new? What do you mean by that Miss Mac?"

Miss Mac explained to her class what the activity was and demonstrated how to operate the VR devices. The students were excited to interact with the new devices in class. Ben's face lit up with a smile. When the clock said 10 minutes to 10:00, he, along with his classmates, began to prepare for the immersion into a new space, and a few moments later, as they placed the headset over their eyes, they were transported to the field. Ben and his classmates immediately were engaged in a soccer game. They were having fun as they ran back and forth

passing the ball across the field. They were excited, and Ben was amazed that he could be engaged in the game simply for the pleasure of finally getting a chance to play a game with his friends.

At the end of the game, Ben and his classmates were happy that he could enjoy an experience of the soccer game in a hyperreal space and that he could play the game with his friends instead of just sitting and playing a game of catch with his classmates.

My COVID-19 Gaming Reality

Tracey Salamondra

Meet them where they are at
Today's students require modern teaching methods
Digital natives, savvy, seeking autonomy
Use their passion for play, headsets ready
Their avatars solve problems in the real world

Necessity is the mother of invention
Pandemic, panic, pivot—professional development
Dynamic lessons, engagement, connection
Meet them where they are at, apply filters
Teach through TikTok, Virtual Reality, Among Us, “sus”

They do not want me here

They do not want to work for points or shiny gold coins
They want to see the flash of pride in your eyes
Conquering levels is not fun when it is for a purpose
They can sniff out math outcomes from a mile away
Rote learning hidden behind animations and a catchy tune

New products daily, guaranteed to improve online attendance
Embedded curricular outcomes, progress reports generated
Teacher friendly, student tested, administrator approved
Promising social learning and increased collaboration
21st-century skills, paperless, digital, safe, and simulated environments
Is this crushing silence engagement?

Students farming on iPads
Fingers darting to water their crops in time
Audible groans when the tornado strikes
Scores revealed, compared, and challenged
Why did you make that choice? What does it mean?
The debrief was definitely brief
A shoulder shrug and off to the next level

This generation raised constantly connected
Became disconnected from the world at their fingertips
Games are not to learn, but to distract
Escapism with the first-person perspective
Single-player in rumbling chairs and noise-cancelling headphones
They do not want me here, they want me there

Novelty lost and a desire for normalcy
Please no more screens
Blue light glasses flying off the shelves
Tinny voices garbled with poor connections
Clipped phrases in chat, truncated exchanges

I want to see your face
I want a conversation, a smile, genuine laughter
I want to see the light go on with new understandings
I want to be in your presence
They want me there, in reality
Connected to them, not requiring Wi-Fi

Thinking about Technology Together

Kelsey Keilback and Moya Millington

The stories that were shared showcased the positives and negatives of educational technology engagement in schools. Innovative technologies such as artificial intelligence, game-based learning, and virtual reality can be and should be explored in educational settings but must be balanced with teacher support and knowledge. Despite the use of innovative technology in the classroom, which is supported by the constructivist learning theories that accentuate an active and autonomous role for students, educators' pedagogical knowledge is still best when observing students' learning and assisting them when they encounter problems. Teachers should engage in professional development opportunities to further understand the technologies available to them and how to safely incorporate them into their teaching pedagogy. Innovative pedagogies should be balanced with traditional pedagogies and should consider that students have different learning styles where what might work for one student may not work for another. It is imperative that there are clear expectations and boundaries set for educational technology usage, especially concerning ethical considerations.

THEME FOUR — PLACE

Introduction to the Theme

Tracey Salamondra

All places have a story to tell, and we can become storytellers if we are willing to listen. The stories included in this section were written in response to Robin Wall Kimmerer's (2013) book *Braiding Sweetgrass*. Kimmerer is a scientist, a poet, an activist, a member of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation, and a storyteller. The book weaves the stories of an author living in two different worlds and the lifelong work reconciling the lessons found in each. The author describes the purpose of education as learning the nature of your own gifts and how to use them to benefit and heal the world. The stories in this section are personal reflections of our deep connections to the places that have informed who we are and what we value. The stories examine the gifts and knowledge passed down through the generations.

All the participants shared a deep respect for the environment that surrounded them. The places they describe connect with stories of peace and belonging, moments where time moved slowly and they paid attention to the seasons' smells, tastes, and sounds. Understanding what is essential and how to be in this place was passed down through the generations taught by grandparents, observation, and nature itself. Sharing the stories reveal that our connections to places were unique and highly contextual; still, they share a sense of reverence and prominent influence on our sense of identity. Kimmerer (2013) described the process as a gift:

A gift comes to you through no action of your own, free, having moved toward you without your beckoning. It is not a reward; you cannot earn it, call it to you, or even deserve it. And yet it appears. Your only role is to be open-eyed and present. Gifts exist in a realm of humility and mystery—as with random acts of kindness, we do not know their source. (pp. 23–24)

Elizabeth Mandziuk's prose describes her connections to place through the seasons. Kelsey Keilback tells the story of generational ties to a place passed down through the gift of seeds, and Tracey Salamondra reflects on the effects of dislocation and placelessness. Despite the different forms and individual themes, they all share an understanding that our identity is informed by our connection to the places we inhabit. This connection underlies the stories we carry forward, along with a desire to preserve that connection in a changing world. Whether it was the influence of technology, effects of agricultural growth, or relocation, the authors hint that they must reestablish these connections in different ways to maintain knowledge and heal ourselves and the environment.

Reference

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Positive Interactions Between People and Land

Kelsey Keilback

It is incredible to think of the impacts the technological revolution has had on the environment. More specifically, how removed consumers are from where products come from. As a millennial living in an urban area in North America, fast food, fast fashion, and global warming have been prevalent throughout my entire life. I have lived in a world “where ‘green’ has been used as an advertising slogan, not in reference to the land” (Kimmerer, 2013, p. 7).

When I was a teenager, I watched *Supersize Me*, and I remember not being overly shocked by the documentary. I knew people who ate fast food every day and had health concerns like the ones that were discussed in the documentary. In high school, I remember taking a business class where we chose a company and researched how the specified company became so successful. I can distinctly remember going home at lunchtime one day and taking my Nike shoes off in disgust at the work conditions in East Asia, as per my research. I remember watching Al Gore discuss climate change during the 2000 American election, and when defeated, he continued educating the world about global warming for what is now arguably his life’s work.

Why did it take a documentary, research, and environmental data for me to question that my day-to-day life had negative environmental impacts? I always lived in the city and when we needed something for the house we would just go to the store. Why did it take me so long to realize that not everything was produced at the store? It came from somewhere. Considering my large extended family of farmers, shouldn’t I have had a better understanding of how consumerism worked?

I realize that all the examples that I shared previously were people sharing their concerns for the environment who also monetarily benefitted from their experiments and research. Voices of people who have been advocating for the land for centuries have been muted over time.

As I share my story of my family today, I recognize that my family immigrated to Canada and has benefitted and continues to benefit from colonialism. Although my great grandparents and grandparents are not Indigenous people to this land, I truly believe that they are or were Indigenous to the rural farmland surrounding Brandon. “Becoming Indigenous to a place means living as if your children’s future mattered, to take care of the land as if our lives, both material and spiritual, depended on it” (Kimmerer, 2013, p. 9).

My parents were brought up in a different way and in a different world than I was, as were their parents and their grandparents. We refer to the past generations’ experiences as “simpler times.” But I argue, what makes them simpler?

My great grandma on my dad’s side evaded Poland during World War II. She left behind her family and friends and took only a suitcase to Brandon, Manitoba, Canada after being sponsored by my great grandpa’s family. Even though she could not take much with her, she made sure to bring poppy seeds and banana potato seeds from her garden with the hopes of planting them in a new garden in Canada.

My great grandpa on my mom’s side immigrated to Canada from England when he was thirteen. He worked as a farmer in rural Saskatchewan. Later in his life, he met my great grandma, who immigrated from Finland, and they both moved to rural Brandon to start a family

and find work. They ended up spending seventy-four years married together living on the same farm that now one of their sons still lives on.

My great grandparents' immigration to Canada connects me to Kimmerer (2013), and I quote:

Some of my ancestors were the newer kind of immigrants too... a Welsh farmer.... Their stories, of arriving with empty pockets and nothing but hope, resonate with Skywoman's. She came here with nothing but a handful of seeds and the slimmest instructions to 'use your gifts and dreams for good,' the same instructions that we all carry. (p. 8)

When Kimmerer asked her university students to rate their knowledge of positive interactions between people and land, the average response was "none."

There is so much negativity today posted online about climate change, science, and the stories. My great grandparents, grandparents, and parents' stories and my personal experiences on my family's farms have allowed me to see positive interactions between people and land.

My great grandma lived and raised my grandma and her two siblings on a farm outside of Brandon with my great grandpa whom I unfortunately never met. When he passed away, she sold the farm and moved into the city. My great grandma dug up most of the bulbs in her gardens on the farm and replanted them at her new home in Brandon. When her children eventually moved out, she sent bulbs with them to be replanted on their farms or in their gardens in the city. Later, when she moved into a care home, she made sure that all her bulbs would be dug up and spread around to her nieces, nephews, children, and grandchildren's gardens. There are peonies all over Brandon and the surrounding area and, soon, Calgary that have all stemmed from my great grandma's gardens over the decades.

My family had picnics, which seemed to be every weekend when I was young. We had homemade bread, garden veggies, and pies—all with ingredients from the farms. We would pick carrots out of the garden and eat them with dirt still on them. Our picnics were a way for our family to gather. We would do all the work together. We would prepare the food and then spend our afternoons visiting and sharing stories. Some of the best memories I have from my childhood are days out on my family's farms.

My mom grew up on the farm and moved into the city when she was 18. She is an avid gardener, and I can tell that her love of gardening comes from generations of women who loved to garden. I currently have enough homemade pickles in my pantry from my mom for years to come, and we don't even live in the same province. She is extremely generous with whatever she grows, bakes, or cooks, which she shares with her family. She uses her produce as an opportunity to drop in and see family or gather the family together to visit. Her love for plants has rubbed off on me. I believe that Kimmerer (2013) and my mom have a similar reason for teaching their daughters to garden: "so they would always have a mother to love them, long after I am gone" (p. 122).

Reference

Kimmerer, R. W. (2013). *Braiding sweetgrass*. Milkweed Editions.

The Four Seasons of Home

Elizabeth Mandziuk

The crunch of gravel under my tires
The gentle sigh of the wind
The rush of snowmelt through the fields
This is me; this is home.

Spring brings with it a sense of beginning
Green brightens the landscape,
From grey and dull to vibrant, seemingly overnight
Sounds of life fill the air
A crackle of ice
The early morning bird songs
Eventually, the melodies of frog chirps.

The smell of growth fills the air
Freshly turned earth
New shoots of green
Sap flowing
Crisp fresh air in the early morning
The scent of rain, clean and bright.

Tracks are easily spotted
Animals seem to appear from nowhere
Calling and moving
After a bare winter.

Summer brings a scent of dust at first
Gravel roads will do that
Then the scent of a storm comes
Making everything smell new again
Produce scents, crisp and clean, compete with flowers
Nothing competes with walking through the garden
Snacking as you go
Saskatoons stain my fingers purple
Marking the start of vacation.

Life is lazy days; heat dulling the days
The crack of thunder a welcome relief at night
The waves of clouds provide a show of their own
The lightning, the thrill
The buzz of bugs the only downside

How can something so small seem so loud?
Life is alive over summer
Traffic to the lake
Friends coming by
Kittens to tame.

Fall is my favourite when I come alive
A walk through the fields brings joy and peace
The tall grass tickles my legs and arms
The marshy area at the bottom of the hill finally dry
The whole area is mine to explore
Around a patch of bush, I go
And then I see it,
The crane
It sees me, hesitates, then wings away.

The crunch of leaves and grass; the music I make
At home amongst the trees
Until a too-close encounter with a nest
Startles both the birds and me
The world seems like it is mine to explore
A time of long walks before the days grow too short
The riot of colour and the smell of change are home.

Fall is a time of work: preparing for winter
Turning earth to save root vegetables,
Clearing out old growth,
Securing pieces of spring and summer for next year
Firelight and wood smoke set the stage for winter.

Winter is a blanket of white
A new and returning challenge for life
Something as simple as a walk has changed.

Some bird song remains, but it is fewer
Daylight restricts the hours
To go off the road and beaten track
It takes endurance to forge a new path.

Obstacles may hide beneath the snow
Its pristine blanket difficult to navigate
The crunch and crackle of branches
Snow, ice, life-shifting
Sings the song of home.

Returning inside, the comfort of four walls and heat
Allows me to watch out the window
Utterly safe and grounded.

How do I preserve this and ensure others can enjoy it?
Already, the landscape has shifted.
The neighbours turn brush and grazing land into fields; barren and brown
The roar of traffic and four-wheelers overruns the birds
The smell of spraying overpowers the saskatoons.

How can I keep my peace?
How can I let this go; how can I say goodbye to home?

A Story of Placelessness

Tracey Salamondra

The “taste of exile was in her mouth” (Kimmerer, 2013, p. 76). The words felt like a weight sitting on my chest. I tried to force myself to keep the thoughts and the feelings buried because they were too dangerous to let surface. As hard as I try, I am not sure I have the energy to keep the feelings submerged.

I have always felt incredible guilt from my inability to connect with the beauty of life on the farm. I have lived here for 22 years, but I remain an outsider, unable to forge my own connection to the land. We have engaged in countless late-night conversations trying to find solutions, but I always return to the feeling that this disconnect is my shortcoming. It is exhausting feeling like the villain in your own story. The description of settlers having one foot in the boat and one foot on the shore (Kimmerer, 2013) is an apt description of my connection to the farm. I envied Kimmerer’s (2013) ability to connect to a place and love it for what it is. I started searching for moments when I possessed that ability, and memories from my youth flooded my thoughts. I worried that maybe these moments only occur in childhood and in the places we initially call home, but more recent moments also occurred during travel. Why can’t I find moments of connection here? Perhaps the stories of the moments I find real connections will reveal a solution.

Poplar Trees

Fall was always my favourite season growing up in Flin Flon. The days retained the warmth of summer, but the cold nights ensured the end of mosquitos and black flies. I think fall was special because it was fleeting, and the dark days of winter always arrived too quickly. The Canadian Shield brims with beauty, and most are drawn to the crystal-clear water and rocky shorelines, but I miss the poplars in fall.

There is nothing particularly beautiful about poplars. They are not showy and fragile like the birch, or tenacious like jack pines growing from cliff faces. Poplars remind me of Clifford Sifton’s (1922) request for stalwart peasants in sheepskin coats (p. 16), valued for their reliability and steadfastness. But in the fall, poplars have a fleeting moment of golden brilliance when their leaves turn. Great swaths of audacious beauty erupt—leaving you speechless and daring the winds to dim their beauty.

I have a vivid memory of walking an old section of highway in my late teens after the leaves had changed. I was home from university for Thanksgiving and the forests were still alive with colour. It was a gift too precious to hope for. I walked the stretch of highway alone. There is a calm that surfaces when you find yourself truly alone in nature. Even though I am often alone here on horseback or walking in the fields, I cannot find that same sense of peace. There is always the sound of a vehicle somewhere or a pressing task to complete interfering with my ability to just be. While I walked, the wind picked up and leaves rustled in the treetops. The sound reminded me of geese taking off from the lake. It was a moment of frantic sound followed by calm. I felt as though they waited for me to return. Fall was ending, but I witnessed the dance of golden leaves tumbling through the air. The experience made me feel small and insignificant, but it comforted me to know I was part of something much larger than myself.

I am not clear why I cannot love the farm, but I know I am not broken. I am placeless. I am starting to realize this disconnect has influenced my teaching, my studies, and my thesis. This disconnect is not a matter of being homesick or living in the past because I can still feel moments of belonging in places. These moments did not demand me to be anything; instead, they offered me an experience because I was truly present. They accepted me as I am and did not demand I be anything more than that. There was no obligation or debt to pay. I was enough.

I do not feel there is space on the farm for me to write my own story. Items and spaces belong to others, and there is an expectation to preserve that relationship without alteration. There is an obligation to become the caretaker of others' memories instead of curating a new story. I am not the victim of malice or ill will; it is not an intentional binding. It is simply that the needs of the past do not allow enough space for me to be myself here. This land is loved deeply by others, and I no longer feel the need to carve a space in that relationship. Instead, I want to seek out a moment in a forest of poplars just for me.

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Connecting Place, Nature, and Education

Tracey Salamondra

There was a consensus that connections to places and nature needed increased consideration in our educational practice. Our experiences in nature are connected to lived experiences and generational knowledge, which become the stories we carry forward. Participants described this as the knowledge that is held but not necessarily legitimized in books and curricula. It is the knowledge that develops and reforms over a lifetime of study and experience and allows educators the opportunity to explore with our students. Through inquiry, we model the understanding that there are multiple ways of knowing and there is not a single truth, even in science. We need to slow down and let ourselves feel and experience the world around us instead of rushing from assessment to assessment. In our converging Jamboard activity, one participant posed the following essential questions to consider moving forward: Can we be comfortable in a state of incompleteness? Does summative have to be complete, or can we normalize the notion of revisiting places and understandings to build on them in the future?

Sharing our stories highlighted the understanding that we all develop a different lens through which we view the world. For some, the stories of places were comforting and a form of homecoming, whereas others were reminded of disconnection and loss. One participant shared that we must also anticipate that some students may not have experienced planting a garden or walking in the woods. It becomes our responsibility to allow all students access to the gifts of nature that surround them. Nature allows learning to happen authentically, and students will find connections that we had not considered. We must understand that we cannot anticipate the students' responses, but we should not attempt to standardize the experience. Participants described the need to let go of linear learning and embrace the world around them with gratitude in the converging activity.

If the curriculum does not leave space for place-based learning, then we risk losing our stories and understandings. All three pieces describe how the environment deeply influenced our lives and how the connections inform our health and happiness. After sharing the stories, one participant described being disconnected from better ways of living and being. They wanted to learn more about their places to ease connections to new places and heal their sense of restlessness and dislocation. Our relationship with nature and the community seemed to emerge as essential for both students and educators. Healthy connections to places require ongoing exposure, openness to new experiences, and an acceptance of multiple ways of knowing. This type of knowledge is not a curriculum that can be standardized and implemented from the outside. Nature becomes the teacher while we embark on a journey of discovery and understanding with our students to investigate a way of being in a changing world.

THEME FIVE — THE POWER OF STORIES

Introduction to the Theme

Jennie Zawadsky and Elizabeth Mandziuk

Storytelling was both a theme of this course and this section of the journal. Throughout the course, all the members of the class shared stories. Some made us laugh, some made us think, some made us question the status quo, and others made us cry. Working with stories over the course of many weeks served as a reminder that everyone has a story to share. It took some work finding our voice and connecting with stories, but we found our way to it. Through our stories we found a sense of humanity. This could be tied back to oral traditions from many cultures who shared stories before they could write and continued even after writing became common. Humans have connected with stories for millennia, and through this course we returned to that. We shared orally, not in a written form, returning to the truest form of storytelling, which allowed ourselves to live in the moment and listen. Through listening, we grew and evolved with every story we shared and had shared with us.

We found our stories evolving and our understandings evolving as the course progressed. We as storytellers also evolved, we gained confidence in our own voice, and we found new ways to share our stories. Through our conversations about our stories, we grew to understand ourselves in different ways, look at our lives in new ways, and push past the norms of education. We evolved to ask questions that may not even have occurred to us to ask. Stories also returned a sense of empowerment to us as we each strove to find our voice. We gained confidence each time we shared and spoke our stories aloud. This confidence flourished as the weeks went by, and our stories became enlivened. Through sharing and connecting with stories, we found a sense of belonging and a sense of community. Stories brought us together as people, and we shared moments and pieces of ourselves that we might not have shared otherwise.

To share fully we had to allow ourselves to be open and vulnerable. We had to be willing to share a part of ourselves because that is what stories are. Stories are a piece of ourselves that we give to the world. They are a gift that only we can give, for every story we share is unique to us. Once told, the stories we wrote took on a life of their own in the minds of our classmates. Each of our classmates learned from our stories, but we could not control what they learned because they had to find their own connections and understandings alongside our stories. The stories allowed us to connect in a way that is different from sharing an academic response, as sharing a story is giving a piece of yourself to the world, and you are not sure how that piece will be received. Will others see it as you do, or will they see it as something completely different than how you intended it? Finally, in sharing our stories, no one walked away from class empty-handed. Sometimes it was just a line or phrase that struck us and stuck with us; other times a story lingered and saw us beginning to reshape ourselves, and other times we walked away with a desire to do more and be more after being inspired by others.

Wordsongs: Graduate Storytelling

Jennie Zawadsky

I attended alone, like a single tree standing among other trees in a forest
I was present
But separate...

I knew the place, but it seemed unfamiliar
At first, quiet
It felt a little dark, like that dark feeling that comes with uncertainty

I remained silent
Then, as though a gentle breeze stirred, an invitation seemed to arrive
I waited in anticipation for this little wind to rouse others to speak
There was an impatience

Storytelling as pedagogy?
I wondered what was coming
But waiting seemed requisite

I waited
I listened
Introspection followed
Words formed

In the beginning, like a wind coaxing words from my mouth, a small whisper came
The was vulnerability and uncertainty
These were mine to grapple with
I asked a friend and colleague for help
I made an attempt
I listened more
I tried some more

Stories were told
Then, by the life, laughter, and tears of others, I began to feel more alive
My stories came
I felt a new sense of belonging
I came to know myself better

I was in a familiar place now
Accepted even
Those other trees in my forest—I began to know them by name
I came to know each one deeper than I would have dared imagine
We journeyed together through our stories

In the end, our branches swayed together in the wind, our leaves rustled in unison, our roots
reached to support each other
We had become entangled.
Entangled voices, entangled minds, entangled lives, and entangled hearts

How could this be?
Did our stories bring us this far?
In an academic setting?
My stories
Others' stories
Followed by retrospection

Stories created images of our lives
Room for humour, for grief
Logic and poetry, too
A place for culture and identity
Curiosity and pride

Is this network visible to others?
Could it ever be known or understood from outsiders?
Will others experience this, too?

I invite you in
Watch and listen as I did
Graduate storytelling

Here and there we stood or sat together
Tied together by an ethos despite being physically apart
All of us with stories to share

Like a forest full of trees, we stood amongst each other—perhaps like distinct species
But all, like trees
Wounded, healing, supporting, budding, or fruiting.
All growing. Changing

Trees among seasons
A season for storytelling
Storytellers becoming seasoned

Relating to each other
Connected now
Affected by each other

I heard their stories
They heard mine
Something has been given
Something has been taken

Reciprocity lives here
Deeply rooted

Stories are gifts
Some are neatly packaged, wrapped up in bows
Some stories are boxed
Some stories come already exposed

I gave them
We all gave them
The stories linger

Stories are living
Words
More than words

Wordsongs
On the wind
Among the trees
Swirling
Picking up listeners and tellers
Holding each storyteller close

There is comfort here
I am a storyteller
I am freed
Not sessile
Standing, but not still at all

Even a tree can move
Storytelling moved me
Trees and stories
Firmly rooted

The wind blows
Branches sway
Seeds spread
Stories spread
There is no end

Storytelling, graduate storytelling
A beautiful beginning
Abundance to be spoken
Abundance to be shared

Academic
Stories are remembered
Knowledge
Grief
Experience
Joy

The stories are on the wind
Hesitant and confident voices have been heard

I am wondering about stories
The potential of stories
Is there a story on the tip of your tongue?

Will you tell it?
Will your story help you connect, reconnect, reciprocate?

Just as there is diversity in trees, there is diversity in our stories
Let your stories escape

I am seeing life in stories
I am seeing stories in life

You are my forest
I do not stand alone
Come, tell me another story...

Words Have Power

Elizabeth Mandziuk

Words have power
A lesson learned long ago
When the world of stories
Was shown to me.

My parents were my first storytellers
Reading with passion
My childhood hummed with voices
Varied and vibrant
Welcoming me to their world.

And stories created just for me
Blue jays, dogs, young girls, and Baba
Set me up for sleep
With visions of a life I know
Dancing through my dreams.

Stories were a comfort
The power of their words
Home and sanctuary for me
The world of stories was bright
A beacon to end my day.

Then, the world was painful
Forced repetition and no story
I nearly walked away
The power failed me.

Eventually, I found my way
To choose and the power welcomed me
Worlds opened to me
I ran with unicorns
Discovered clues with Nancy, Frank, and Joe
Trained horses for the Kentucky Derby
Served in hospitals with their volunteers
Found an interest in sign language.

The words changed me and shaped me
They made me smile, laugh, cry, and get angry
They taught me things I never would have thought to learn
Places I could never see were brought to me

They made me think
Look beyond myself
Care and consider people never met
Empathy and compassion
Flowed from the page.

The authors had power
They know the power of their words
They found a way to share their power
With the world,
For that I am grateful.

Eventually, I found my power,
My voice,
My words to share.

My pen to paper
Ideas flow
Words come to life.

Dragons gain their wings
Ships soar through space
The lost are found
Worlds bloom and fall.

Heroes come to be
The weak become strong
The invisible becomes seen.

My words, my thoughts,
My ideas
Now have power
The power of a story.

Words have power
Especially when shared
So, take your words,
Your story,
And bring it to the world.

Stories About Storytelling

Tracey Salamondra

About a year ago, many of us in this course were taking our first curriculum course together. One of the first articles we read was *Rhizocurrere: A Deleuzo-Guattarian Approach to Curriculum Autobiography* (Stewart, 2015). I remember thinking at the time—*what the heck is rhizocurrere or even rhizomes?* I read the article a couple of times and while I understood the idea, I could not imagine it in my practice. I am normally an extremely logical and linear thinker, and this method just seemed beyond my realm of possibility, until now.

I started to think of metaphors or images I could use to explain my experience with storytelling through the course. A blank canvas becomes a picture or maybe a single tile turning into a mosaic. I tried to describe the process I went through with each story. Usually, I would read the article or watch the video early in the morning in my office with a cup of coffee. Then my mind would be blank, and my anxiety level would rise. What am I going to do with this? I can analyze articles and write responses, but how can I make this a story?

The idea would often hit me in a moment where my brain was partially occupied, most often trying to fall asleep watching TV, or commuting to school in the morning. It would hit me like a bolt of lightning, and the story would start to develop. At this point, the writing would feel urgent, like I needed to put it on paper before it escaped. It reminded me of a plant putting down a single root deep into the soil. It fits with my linear way of thinking.

Monday nights were a source of anticipation and worry. I don't think I will forget the tension of watching the wheel of names circle until it landed on your name. One deep breath before sharing. Hearing your own voice through the computer, higher than normal with an unnatural cadence. Deep breath out and relax. While this part of storytelling was memorable, it was not where the learning happened for me. Each week, the other stories pushed me to confront blind spots and deepened my understanding of the reading. Although not all are included in this journal, the stories were all connected but unique, crafted with care, and vulnerable.

I will not forget

Laura's story of using simulations in nursing education allowed me to see their possibilities

Moya's story of virtual reality in inclusive education further challenged my thinking

Jennie's passion for her students and letters between a grandparent and grandchild

Oscar's deeper understanding of the People of Corn

Ryan's question: What would the world and education would be like if particular events did not occur?

Pauline's connection to the land through her garden

Kathleen's story about the Ukrainian internment camps

Vincent's story of bringing a student who needed support into his home

Diana's story of holding her son's braid in her hands

Liz's ability to weave the complexity of teaching in a colony into prose

Kelsey's questioning her cooperation or collaboration will sit in my consciousness

Nicole's stories of coffee cups and messy desks always took me on a journey

Dr. Lam's tap, tap, tapping on her phone, and the journey starts with a single step

Each of these stories offered an opportunity for me to learn. Instead of a single understanding or root, the story offered connections in a multitude of directions. The idea of the rhizome suddenly seemed possible. The rhizome philosophy has been described as having

no beginning or end; it is always in the middle, between things, interbeing and intermezzo. The planar movement of the rhizome resists chronology and organization, and instead favours a nomadic system of growth and propagation. (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 25)

Rather than a singular understanding developed for an argument, we have built a root mass of interconnections capable of further development. Stories seem less intimidating now, as mine is just a singular connection to another, where the whole is more important than the individual pieces.

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Conclusions

Jennie Zawadsky and Elizabeth Mandziuk

Each of us storytellers agreed that we developed confidence in our storytelling abilities. Storytelling helped us find the value in our own voice. When we were given the space and time to tell a story to captive listeners, we felt that our words mattered and were worth sharing. We were reassured others valued our voice and our story. We listened, learned, and became aware of the value of story in an academic setting. In telling stories, we gained personal insight. This reflective process yielded an understanding of the importance of the knowledge that we carry. It was a gate into non-traditional views. Now each of us can consider if we will further open the gate.

Storytelling fostered a sense of belonging. Regardless of who we were, we all had stories to tell. We all became storytellers. In front of each other we grew, layer upon layer, and developed our understanding that story did indeed have a place in an academic setting. We found our place among each other, and stories found their place in our ideas about education. We felt impacted by others' stories. Sometimes we wondered about how our very own thoughts rang out in another person's words. Did I write that? Listening to the stories of others helped to break down barriers and biases, whether real or perceived.

Stories have power. The process of storytelling is highly relational. Listening to an oral story connects you to the storyteller. This is the beginning of a relationship. There is reciprocity in story. We are told stories and tell them. Storytelling is responsive. We can respond with our body, mind, or spirit. The response may be verbal or nonverbal. Story has the power to ignite a response. While it is possible to read a story only once, oral stories have the potential to be remembered and retold. Stories made us powerful—that is full of power to be fully present, listen actively, and carry stories forward. Stories echo, our voice shouts out, and what we hear in return has changed. My story is not your story, and your story is not mine, but our stories interconnect, weave, and become tangled. This is the power of story—we become connected.

About the Authors in alphabetical order

Oscar Calix at the time of writing is a teacher with Frontier School Division, at Berens River School, a First Nation community in Manitoba. His focus in graduate studies is curriculum and pedagogy. He enjoys badminton, snowshoeing, basketball, and volunteering.

Ryan Desjarlais is a high school physics teacher in Winnipeg's inner city. He grew up in small town Manitoba and has family ties in both St. Laurent and Belmont, Manitoba. His future studies will be focused on pedagogical administration with a focus on mentorship. His spare time is spent at his cottage on Pelican Lake.

Kelsey Keilback is a current Brandon University graduate student in the Master of Education program with a focus on curriculum and pedagogy. She currently teaches junior high math, science, and physical education in Calgary, Alberta. Kelsey enjoys travelling and spending time with her family and friends.

Elizabeth Mandziuk teaches on a Hutterite colony outside of Portage la Prairie. Her graduate study focus is curriculum and pedagogy. When not teaching, Elizabeth is an avid reader, enjoys being outdoors, and is involved with a local Ukrainian dance group.

Nicole McIntyre-Garbutt is currently working as a registrar and graphic communications teacher in a high school in Brandon, Manitoba. She is pursuing her masters in curriculum and pedagogy. She is a mom to four boys, two dogs, two cats, and 13 chickens. She enjoys campfires, hiking, kayaking, and curling (fire, wind, water, and ice).

Moya Millington is an international student from Jamaica with an early childhood education and literacy development professional background. Her focus in graduate studies is in curriculum and pedagogy. During her spare time, she volunteers with a literacy support program for young children.

Tracey Salamondra currently works as a high school social studies and mathematics teacher in Hartney, Manitoba. Her goal is to finish her thesis on rural student identity construction related to place this school year. In her spare time, she loves to travel and experience new places with her family.

Diana Swain is a graduate student in curriculum and pedagogy. She is currently teaching all subjects in a middle years' classroom in a semi-remote First Nation community of Berens River, Manitoba. She is a proud mother to a very active nine-year old boy. They love to spend as much time outside in nature as they possibly can.

Jennie Zawadsky currently works as a kindergarten teacher and makerspace facilitator in Thompson, Manitoba. Her focus is authentic play-based education and experiential learning within an outdoor classroom. She lives in the Boreal Forest, is raising two humans to be as wild and free as possible, and enjoys reading, paddleboarding and snowshoeing.

BU JOURNAL OF GRADUATE STUDIES IN EDUCATION

Call for Papers

We invite current and past BU Faculty of Education graduate students to submit the following:

- Research Reports
 - reports of educational research completed or in progress
 - in the range of 2500 to 5000 words
- Refereed Articles
 - scholarly papers dealing with specific issues in education
 - in the range of 2500 to 5000 words, including the title, abstract, and list of references
- Special Interest Papers
 - papers of useful, practical interest (such as proposals for services and programs), including a literature base
 - in the range of 1500 to 3000 words, including the title and list of references
- Opinion Papers
 - focus on current issues in education
 - maximum 1000 words

We also invite Faculty of Education professors from Brandon University and University College of the North to submit the following:

- Focus on Faculty Research and Teaching
 - reports of educational research
 - reflective pieces on teaching
 - conceptual articles (e.g., theories, methodologies, frameworks, pedagogies)
 - in the range of 1500 to 5000 words

In addition, we invite Bachelor of Education professors from BU to recommend outstanding papers written by their undergraduate students.

- Spotlight on Undergraduate Scholarship
 - topics of interest to pre-service teachers
 - in the range of 2000 to 3000 words

Note to authors:

Prepare your manuscript according to the 7th edition of the *Publication Manual of the American Psychological Association*. Use double-line spacing, one-inch margins, and Times New Roman 12-point font. Include the title of your manuscript, the type of submission (refereed article, etc.), your name, email address, and a 50-word biography on the title page. For a refereed article written by a graduate student or a research report written by a professor, insert a 100-word abstract below the title on page 2.

Send your manuscript electronically to Dr. Marion Terry, Editor (terry@brandonu.ca), as an email attachment in Microsoft Word. All manuscripts that adhere to the content and style requirements will be reviewed.

BU JOURNAL OF GRADUATE STUDIES IN EDUCATION

Call for Cover Illustrations

Brandon University's Faculty of Education invites the following types of cover illustrations for upcoming issues of the *BU Journal of Graduate Studies in Education*.

- Paintings
 - digital photographs are preferred, but we will photograph the original painting if necessary
- Photographs
 - digital photographs only
 - film developers will convert film negatives into digital images on CD
- Drawings
 - digital photographs are preferred, but we will photograph the original drawing if necessary
- Digital Art
 - digital images only

Note to artists:

If we accept your submission, you will retain ownership of the original artwork, and your name will be added to the list of credits for that issue of the journal.

We are looking for “real-life” images of people, animals, objects, and landscapes. Our covers are reproduced in full colour, so we prefer colour over black-and-white artwork. The journal is dedicated to rural, northern, and Aboriginal education, so we require images that reflect these themes.

If you are submitting original artwork, bring or mail it to –

Dr. Marion Terry
Faculty of Education
Brandon University
270-18th Street
Brandon MB R7A 6A9

If you are submitting a digital image, email it to –

terry@brandonu.ca

We reserve the right to crop the image to fit our vertical cover dimensions. The maximum opening for artwork is normally 7.5" x 6.75" (19 cm x 17 cm), but this opening may be reduced to accommodate "special issue" titles.