Beginning Again

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Abstract

Drawing on a narrative inquiry with students in an English course entitled Girlhood, this paper explores the ways in which the experiences of teaching the course, and inquiring into two girls' experiences of the course, shaped the future practice of the teacher/author. Drawing on Hannah Arendt's writings on natality, we inquire into how the teacher's stories have shifted and changed over time and place, and how they reveal the uncertainty and possibility that exists in all new beginnings. Being reborn is a messy business, filled with unexpectedness as we untangle old and new identities.

Introduction

Nothing feels like it did and everything has changed…

I (Melanie Glaves) left behind a big city, a great school, an amazing feminist English class and good friends to be closer to family. I am grateful my husband and I made the move with our two kids. I don't regret it. But I also do not deny that everything is different here. This move uprooted so many things. The trees are different here; my life is different here; teaching is different here.

I'm 41 years old, and I feel like I am starting my teaching career over: no contract, students who don't know me, new staff. I am unsure about what I am doing, and who I am here. I know I have to grow in order to live here. I am in a new space and changing is both difficult and necessary. Arendt wrote about new spaces as spaces of "natality," spaces that ask me to understand that beginning anew requires me to act, to do something (Arendt, 1958, p. 9). As I act, as I begin again, I need to recognize the "startling unexpectedness [that] is inherent in all beginnings and in all origins" (Arendt, 1958, p. 178). Thinking with this idea of natality helps me be awake to possibilities that open when I begin again, or perhaps anew.

I am back in Ontario in the town of my childhood and youth. I am teaching two sections of a Grade 11 English course (Contemporary First Nations, Métis and Inuit Perspectives). The school's history and traditions are well-known to those who live here. One class is streamed as "college-bound," the other as "workplace-bound." Most of the students in my classes are boys; they are kind and funny and a little hesitant about English class.

Four days into my 17th September of teaching, we sit together in a circle. At my request, the students have brought in an "All About Me" page filled with images and words, color and quotes. The students have thought about their stories: who stands/lives behind them, their words to live by, their goals,

interests, and qualities. I start to talk about how circles are continuous, and when people sit together in a circle to share, hierarchy vanishes, and interconnectedness emerges. I haven't shared her work with them yet, but I think about bell hooks (2001) as I tell them this. I think about her vision of a reciprocal and relational classroom, where all voices are empowered to engage in "sustained conversation" (p. 146) as a "community of learners together" (p. 153).

I talk about how Indigenous communities have always used circles for discussions, for decision-making, and for healing. The circle invites everyone to speak and respects the relationships between speakers and listeners. Richard Wagamese (2016) reminds me that holding discussions in this circular way creates space for listening, hearing, and feeling that awakens our heads, our hearts, and our spirits; they help us listen "with [our] whole being. That's how [we] learn" (p.113). I talk about listening when we share in a circle and about remembering that we have all been invited to tell each other something from our pages.

"We're connected here too now," I say. "We are each hearing each other's story and we're recognizing the stories that everybody is bringing in with them. This process kind of honors that."

I tell them I was thinking about this sharing circle the night before. I do not tell them that I have been thinking of it for years.

Fig. 1: Crochet bowl with ball of yarn and hook attached

"I brought something to show you."

I take a small white crochet bowl, the ball of yarn and hook still attached, out of my bag. "Does anyone know what this is?"

"It looks like something old people do," a student says. I laugh.

"Yeah, well, I'll try not to take that personally, and it kind of is. My grandma taught me how to do this. It is called crochet. Us sharing our stories today is a little bit like this," I tell them, as I begin to create more stitches. "We are carrying our stories with us—so we're telling each other about ourselves, but behind that story are many other people and stories that brought us here to this room. The stories wind out and out and out. As we share and listen to each other, a little bit of each other gets woven into our own stories, weaving out and out and out… it is continuous."

Even as I talk, I have no idea if this is going to work here. I hold the bowl out for them to see. I am acting, living out a new beginning, beginning anew.

It takes bravery to be uncertain.

Sliding Back in Time: Another Beginning With My Grandmother

Crocheting doesn't sound elegant or glamorous, and, really, it isn't any of those things. It is an old, humble form of art making. My grandmother Bernice was a kind, loving woman, who grew up on a farm, the oldest of eight children, and left home and started working at age 13. She taught me how to crochet when I was a child. She let me use one of her crochet hooks and a burnt orange ball of yarn; just as her mother taught her, she showed me how to make a slip knot, the first stitch, and then practice pulling loops through, over and over again. Before she passed away last year, we talked about me learning to crochet. I told her my memories, and she laughed.

These conversations helped us weave a family story—one that helped shape me, and one I carry into my new beginnings.

Crocheting, in its purest and simplest form, is the act of creating fabric from one thread; each stitch looped into a stitch that already exists, each stitch needing the one before it in order to exist. Crocheted fabrics like a baby blanket, a doily, or even a high school feminist English Language Arts (ELA) course make it possible to pull back loops and trace back to experiences that came before, experiences that are all distinct but linked to a single thread.

Beginning a New Course and a Story of Research: Pulling Threads of the Personal Into Teaching

Girlhood is a course that I created, developed, and taught from 2015 to 2022. A combination of experiences stitched together made me want to co-create a space that allowed us to talk about moments of our experiences, and to use female authors, poets, and our stories, to empower us. Telling our stories, and reading each other's stories, in the light of each other, was powerful.

Acknowledging, valuing, and amplifying female voices was one of my objectives in the course. Another was to provide a space that invited students to lay their experiences alongside the experiences of authors, characters, their classmates, and myself. We read and talked about the works of diverse female authors,

poets, filmmakers, essayists, artists, musicians, and athletes. These stories helped us all turn inward and consider the stories of our own lives, linking together the personal with larger social systems.

The course was offered in a large public urban high school, in Alberta, Canada. The school itself had nearly 3,000 students who came from diverse racial, cultural, and socioeconomic backgrounds. The school had evolved from its design in 1961, now containing additional wings stitched onto its original footprint. The Girlhood course followed the Alberta ELA curriculum and taught the required skills of reading, speaking, writing, representing, and collaborating, through a feminist lens. Students received their ELA credits needed to graduate with the added benefit of being able to engage with and develop their understanding of feminism before graduating from high school.

In the midst of teaching Girlhood, I enrolled in a master's program in 2020. I knew right away what I wanted to study: the experiences of students who had taken the course over the years I had offered it. In my research, I inquired into the experiences of two young women, Alison and Maria, who had taken the Girlhood class (Glaves, 2023). My research was a Narrative Inquiry, a relational inquiry, which meant that I, too, was under study (Clandinin and Connelly, 2000). Alongside Alison and Maria, I also inquired into my experiences of teaching and living alongside the students in the class within a large urban high school. By inquiring into and noticing threads woven across three people's stories of their experiences —Alison's, Maria's, and my own—I aimed to more clearly understand how the Girlhood class had shaped both me and the two students. In our research conversations, Alison described Girlhood as

> a stepping stone … that change[d] the trajectory for us, and what we chose to study after high school. It wasn't just a class where we were like, okay I'm done. I'm moving on. It was like, "Okay, this was important, I learned a lot, what else can I keep doing to keep educating myself and educating others after and long term."

When I read Alison's words now, I notice how Girlhood was also a stepping stone for me, as it made me think more deeply about feminist teaching and encouraged me to enroll in graduate school. Girlhood led me into a new beginning. In the next sections, I will share three stories of the course that I uncovered as a part of my graduate research.

Moments of Tensions: Co-creating Spaces of Appearance With Students

One day in 2022, seven years into teaching Girlhood, I was approached by a female colleague regarding her concern with how female students were dressing. In her view, some students were dressing inappropriately. She had taken her concerns to the principal, who agreed to a meeting, but insisted students be included in a review of the school's policies around appropriate dress. Because of the nature of Girlhood, the teacher asked me to invite any interested students to attend the meeting.

When I broached this with the class, the students were at first hesitant about the request, assuming it was performative and that nothing would change. When I asked them about this, a wave of stories emerged, filling the room with the students' experiences with dress codes and peers, friends, strangers, teachers, and administrators who monitored their bodies. Many experiences were given space, what Arendt would

call *a space of public appearance* (Caine et al., 2022), and I felt the power of recognizing they had many stories to share. It was powerful to witness students' willingness, and vulnerability, as they told their stories in this space of appearance. As I listened, I felt my own stories reverberate and begin to evolve: I saw differences and sameness in their experiences, and hearing their stories changed my own stories of experience. We were standing in the light of each other's stories. The students' tellings called to my own, and a kind of resonance occurred, bringing to mind forgotten moments and a new perspective (Connelly and Clandinin, 2000; Clandinin, 2006). I began to see the loops crocheted into my experience with different eyes, and as I shared some of these experiences with the class, we looped our stories together.

Fig. 2: The final design for the Girlhood shirts

I was also pulling out threads of stories, unweaving stitches that had been tightly hooked into the way I viewed my life and experience. This unravelling of the stories I told myself was unsettling, and I decided not to share some of these stories. I began to be aware of the silent stories (Blix et al, 2021) in the room that day, both in the students who spoke only some of their stories, and the ones who shared no stories at all. I continue to think about those silent stories and their "thereness" and importance.

My graduate supervisor, Dr. Sean Lessard, who was also teaching another class within the school, was in the classroom that day. He sometimes stopped by the Girlhood classroom to connect with the students and to listen to what we were talking about. The students got to know him and, over time, accepted him as a member of the class. When I asked the class what we might do with these stories concerning the dress code meeting, the students offered ideas, and then Sean suggested we think about making t-shirts as a form of expression and activism. The students were immediately on board, invested in designing what would be on our bodies, and what message(s) we would present to the world. Over the next few weeks, the students brainstormed designs, colors, and words, working to capture their experiences of the course and what it meant to be in it. We talked and voted before settling on bluebell flowers to represent us—flowers that symbolize truth, gratitude, and love, and that also served as an homage to bell hooks, who the students admired and wanted to recognize. One student, an artist, turned our sketches into something beautiful, creating three versions before the class voted on a single image. The shirts were printed, and each of the students in the class wore theirs proudly in the hallways, to the dress code meeting, and in their worlds beyond the school.

Beginning Again: A Narrative Inquiry Into Experiences of the Course

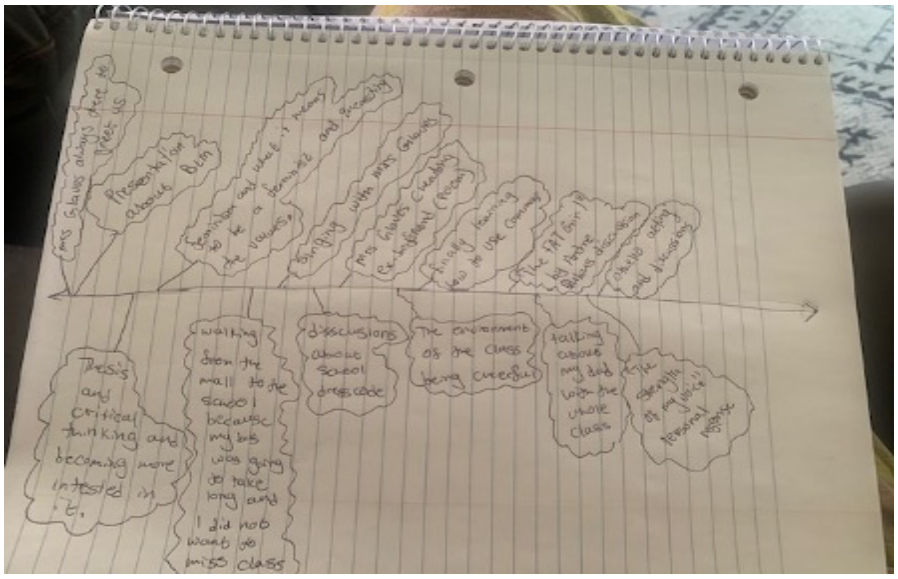

Fig. 3: Maria's timeline capturing memories of her Girlhood course experience

As part of my research, Maria and I had been meeting and revisiting her stories of the course. During one conversation, she created a timeline outlining her memories of the course and laid it on the desk in front of her. One of her memories was "Discussions on the school dress code." When I saw this marked on Maria's timeline, I made assumptions about what she would say about it: I expected one discussion, but a different one unfolded. I had assumed that Maria would identify the same way I did with that day.

> **Maria**: Everybody was talking about how they were getting dress-coded and stuff. And I was thinking, hmm, I have never really been dress-coded. I had the polar opposite experience. It made me wonder, "How come I have never been dress-coded?" And it's because of my religion. I cover up. I have been covering up since I was a child. I haven't been sexualized in that way, I guess. I can't believe that anyone would sexualize a child based on what they wear. My mom always covered me up because of my religion, so no one even took a second glance at me.
>
> Even now with the hijab and everything, sometimes, I do go out without it, and there is a whole difference in how people view me with it on and without it. When I wear the hijab, nobody cares about me. Men don't look at me. If I take it off and show my hair, and do my hair, all of a sudden men approach me. The two different experiences show the ways in which women get sexualized and [our discussion in class showed] it starts even when you're a child…
>
> I don't even think I spoke that day. I was like, "Woah!" All the girls were talking about how male teachers would come up to them, specifically male teachers, and tell them "You shouldn't be wearing this," and some of the students were in Grade 4! … It was just really sad.
>
> I also had discussions about this with my aunt, we talked about this and the beauty standards … the ways women are supposed to look, completely shaven. It just shows how these standards start when you're a kid, and go on when you grow older. Women are still striving to achieve the standard.

Mel: So then what was it about that day and that discussion that stood out to you?

Maria: I think it was that I initially felt that I couldn't relate to [the other students' experiences]. It made me stop a minute, and think about why I hadn't been dress-coded… Children dress in all kinds of ways, it doesn't matter. I just couldn't believe that just because I covered up, people viewed me in a certain way. They viewed me differently. It ties into so many things in society. These girls in my class are talking about getting dress-coded in Grade 4 and I was in Grade 12 and had never had that happen—except for hats, that was the only thing.

Mel: Well, but even hats are an interesting thing to think about.

Maria: Yeah. That one guy, I forgot his name… he was your professor and teacher?

Mel: Oh, Sean. Yeah.

Maria: He had come in that day and talked about how it was all about power and control … and it did make me think. Like, we were wearing masks at school, and you can't see my face, so you're going to worry about a hat or what someone is wearing? The thing is, what I learnt about it is when I am wearing a hijab, I am looked at as a woman who should be respected. When men look at me, they don't go, "Hey yo, can I get your number?" I don't get catcalled, or anything. I don't have bad experiences with it unless someone is Islamophobic. . . . When I wear the hijab, it is different. . . . The hijab has protected me from the male gaze, I guess. . . .

Some of my friends started to not wear their hijab and dress differently, and I thought they looked cute. And I started to wonder, why aren't my crushes liking me back? Why aren't I getting their attention? I didn't realize the power of the hijab. I didn't really start to get it until I started taking it off and I could feel the difference. I noticed a difference in myself. When I didn't wear it I pandered to the male gaze, I would say. And then when I had it on, I didn't at all.

This conversation showed me something I did not know and revealed how our class discussion in Girlhood had settled in our memories so differently. The dress-coding conversation resonated with me deeply and evoked my memories of being dress-coded in high school, which helped me relate to the many stories unfolding. I told myself we all related to the stories in the same way. And while I was aware of silent stories that day, I had not considered that one of the silent students, like Maria, might be connecting to this conversation in a very different way, having never been dress-coded.

My research conversation with Maria about this day brought me up against the view of someone whose perspective was very different from my own. It caused me to puzzle about the course and recognize new uncertainties within it. This inward turn pushed me towards new understandings; I began to see that each day of the course was filled with unknowns, and that it was our willingness to step into these discussions and inquire into those uncertainties that made change possible. My conversations with Maria were not just important, but vital. These were the conversations that helped me enact the feminism I had learned about.

Untangling Another Story: Maria Steps Into Uncertainty

Maria also talked about another experience. The students had been writing 100-word stories and were invited to share what they had written with the class if they wanted to. Maria sat at her desk where she always did, three seats back from the front, along the side wall, her binder open and a piece of looseleaf in her hand. The class was always a chatty and vibrant one; however, as Maria raised her hand, and read her story on this day, the room settled into total silence. It was that special quiet that comes with absolute attention and listening, when everyone is sharply attuned to what someone is telling them. Maria later shared with me that this was something that, until this point, she had not yet done in a school place. It was a brave moment in the course that we all witnessed.

In one of our research conversations, Maria told me that that day was a powerful one for her as well. She had saved the story, and even sent me a picture of it (Figure 4).

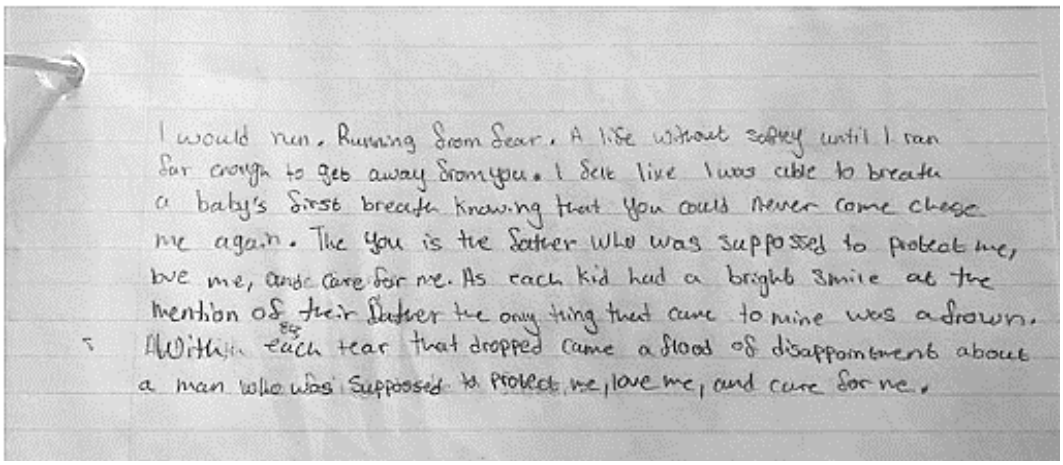
I would run. Running from fear. A life without safety until I ran far enough to get away from you. I felt like I was able to breathe a baby's first breath knowing that you could never come close me again. The you is the father who was supposed to protect me, love me, and care for me. As each kid had a bright smile at the mention of their father the only thing that came to mine was a frown. With each tear that dropped came a flood of disappointment about a man who was supposed to protect me, love me, and care for me.

Fig. 4: Maria's 100-word story that was shared with her classmates

Mel: Okay, do you have any big memories that right off the top, stand out to you about the class?

Maria: My biggest one was when I cried in class talking about my dad. That was a really big one for me. Because I don't get emotional easily. I know how to suppress my emotions. I learned that as a kid. To just start suppressing my emotions.

Mel: Mm-hmm.

Maria: So then when I read it, I just started crying and I was like, "What is happening?" My voice started breaking, and I was like, "Well, I'm going to have to continue," and I just let myself cry and continue.

Mel: That was 100 percent a moment I have written down. We did 100-word stories as poems and you could choose if you wanted to share, and when you shared yours, it was one of those moments where everybody was quiet, just listening to you read. It was so powerful and I will never forget it. And I was like… you don't always get to see everyone's face when you're reading something, but from where I was sitting, I could see, and it was amazing to see [your classmates'] faces and how you commanded everyone's attention. It was an honor to hear you read that.

> **Maria**: You know, Ada [name has been changed] came up to me after and was like, "Girl, I love your poem. I actually understand where you're coming from." She was like, "I got daddy issues too," and I was like [nods].
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> **Mel**: Did she really come up to you after? Awww.
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> **Maria**: Yeah, and she was like, "I was tearing up and everything." I was trying to hide myself a little bit and for a minute I couldn't read the paper. The tears were covering the paper.
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> **Mel**: I know. That is so cool. I know that feeling: writing it is one thing, but taking that step and sharing it, reading it out loud to people, especially if it's something painful or something you haven't totally made sense of, or is difficult to talk about, that is when it is hard.
>
> **Maria**: Yeah, and with my dad, he is a complicated subject. He is a complicated person in my life. No one else is as complicated as that man to be honest. But I was thinking about it the day before, and the day before I was like, "Should I share this in class? Would I share this in class?" And then I just knew I would share it. And when you asked, I just [slowly raises hand], it was a really safe space. Like, I felt if I said something, I wouldn't be judged for it. I felt that people would just accept me there.

In this moment, Maria moved into an uncertain place. But as she said, "It was a really safe space. Like, I felt if I said something, I wouldn't be judged for it. I felt that people would just accept me there." She had never read her work in front of a class in this way and was not someone who openly shared her emotions. She did not know what would happen to her. It was a place of uncertainty, unpredictable and unknown. However, by stepping forward into it, Maria grew. She experienced solidarity with her classmates and began to see herself in a new way, that is, as a writer. This moment helps me see the potential that lies within running toward uncertainty rather than running away from it, or sticking with what we know. I am noticing that this act, stepping into the unknown, is what helps us to grow and change. We can only see the world and ourselves differently by engaging with these new beginnings, or moments of uncertainty.

Seeing Uncertainty and Potential in Narrative Threads

After co-composing narrative accounts with Maria and Alison, I searched for narrative threads (Clandinin, 2022) that cut across them. A narrative thread is a resonance or weaving within and across different stories of participants' experiences. While acknowledging the particularity and uniqueness of each account, narrative inquirers look into experiences that lift and carry within them the capacity to create new meaning. This may mean noticing similarities, tensions, and differences within and across experiences as they are lived and told within diverse places, times, and relationships.

In my master's thesis (Glaves, 2023), I wrote about four narrative threads that became evident. These emerged from my conversations with Alison and Maria, and with Sean and Jean. The first visible thread was an intergenerational familial thread for myself, Alison, and Maria. This thread was already crocheted into our lives before we entered the class. This was an important realization for me—that the course was a place where existing ideas, rooted in family culture and traditions, were refined, nurtured, developed,

challenged, and deepened. All three of us entered the course with families that made space for feminism, although not always named as feminism. This familial feminism shaped the course and, over time, the course also shaped our understanding of these family experiences as well.

The second thread is related to the first. Because feminism was already being lived in our families, the experience of Girlhood helped to strengthen and deepen their/our understandings of feminist language and concepts as we all learned specific terminology to name the worlds we/they lived in. For example, Maria told me about often talking to her aunt about things. During Girlhood, she went home and spoke to her aunt about what she read, discussed, or wrote in class. Although these conversations did not start with Girlhood, they were deepened by Maria's experiences within it. As Maria learned specific terms in class, she brought feminist language home, weaving it into her conversations with her aunt. This refinement of language allowed them to explore stories, ideas, moments, and experiences with more specificity. Learning feminist language is something that Alison and Maria both mentioned and valued. For all three of us, feminist terminology and ideas helped us refine our understanding of our experiences, helping us loop in new understandings of ourselves and our places in the world.

I awakened slowly to the third thread as I came to understand that institutional schooling tends to happen in boxes. There are boundaries around everything: the grades students are in, units of study explored, books read, themes we are supposed to see, ways we write essays or solve math, and even report cards tracking progress. I began to understand that these shapes echo institutional borders around what, and how, we know. These are strong borders and I can now see how they have impacted me, how they have shaped what I see and how I see. My inquiries with Alison and Maria showed me how difficult it is to unlearn the boundaries outlined by these boxes. It is difficult to move outside the boundaries. It takes bravery. As Maria shared her 100-word poem, she began breaking out of the box that school had been for her. In Grade 12, Maria helped change the shape of school. The story she told pushed against the boundaries, broke them down and created a new space, a new shape, a new beginning. It takes bravery to enroll in a feminist class; it takes bravery to create and sustain the class; it takes bravery to seek and celebrate sisterhood; it takes bravery to write personally and be vulnerable in a class. The course pushed against the boundaries of school.

Attending to boundary-breaking stories helped a fourth thread emerge for me as Alison and Maria spoke about the opportunities they were given in the Girlhood course to write and tell their personal stories, or stories about their friendships and families. The freedom to explore their personal experiences invited them to also attend to who they were in dominant social narratives (Clandinin and Connelly, 2000). Alison and Maria shared that they felt supported in storytelling, and they felt "good at it." These storied experiences, open-ended, looping, and explorative, resonated and created bonds among all of us who experienced them. I see the way Maria's experience sharing her 100-word story with the class meant something to her. It meant something to her that her peers approached her after she read her story, letting her know that her story resonated with them. It meant something to her to look at a relationship that was, as she put it, "complicated," and begin to observe the ways the story was changing just by telling it. Inviting in experiential stories opened up the willingness of Maria, Alison, and myself, to write. Seeing writing as explorative, conversational, evolving, and worth sharing was an important element of the

course. It was important that Maria sent me a picture of her 100-word story, months after the course was finished, and was still thinking about her story of her relationship with her dad.

Moving Forward Into the Unknown

Arendt describes natality as the

> condition for continued human existence, it is the miracle of birth, it is the new beginning inherent in each birth that makes action possible, it is spontaneous and it is unpredictable. Natality means we always have the ability to break with the current situation and begin something new. But what that is cannot be said (Hill, 2021, p. 6)

I can see now that my research points to many uncertainties and new beginnings and helps me recognize that the course itself was a break from the norms of the institutional narrative of schooling.

I am thinking about Arendt, who writes that rebirth brings with it unpredictability; for me, uncertainty is difficult. It stretches me and challenges me, especially now as I enter a new teaching experience that I find disorienting. Sometimes it can feel like my journey in Girlhood was comfortable and easy, especially as I look back from a new teaching position, where I feel especially unsteady. However, through writing this paper, I see that there was uncertainty and unpredictability there too. Along with Alison and Maria, I, too, went through rebirth in my experiences of Girlhood and grew as a result of the unpredictability. Our family stories, engagement with feminist language, personal writing, and our connections to larger social systems helped us pull in former experiences as we pushed, and were pushed, into new experiences and knowledge. I see that tensions existed in Girlhood between the "old" knowing we carried in, and the "new" knowing we embarked upon. Each moment these forces met revealed a new beginning. Unpredictability was present there in each new beginning.

I also recognize that the threads I became aware of in my research contain unpredictability *and* great potential. To be in a liminal space (Heilbrun, 1988), to be uncertain, and to face the abyss of uncertainty and not knowing is the only way to grow and evolve. To remind myself through the stories of Girlhood that this tension existed in a course I loved helps me as I navigate a new course and new beginning.

Continuing Forward: A New Beginning

Remembering these stories and writing this paper helps me as I walk into this new beginning in my hometown. Both of these intertwine in a way that helps me see that to grow and to evolve requires stepping forward. It brings me comfort to look back and see that even in the Girlhood course, there lived many unknowns and uncertainties. It helps to realize that there will always be uncertainty each time we begin again. Being reborn is a messy business, filled with unexpectedness as I untangle the old and new identities found there. The simple act of stepping into a new space means I can't know how it will unfold. And here I am doing it, carrying a crochet bowl, knowing some of the stitches that led me here, but unable to know how the next stitches will take shape.

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Melanie Glaves has been teaching high school English for 17 years. She has taught in four secondary schools in Alberta and Ontario. She completed her master's research at the University of Alberta and continues to imagine ways she can enact feminist practice in her classroom. She currently lives in Ontario with her husband and two kids.

Sean Lessard is from Montreal Lake Cree Nation, which is in Northern Saskatchewan and part of Treaty Six territory. Sean is a full professor at the University of Alberta in Secondary Education. His areas of research are narrative inquiry, teacher education, and Indigenous youth wellness. Sean is also a former youth worker, teacher, and school guidance counsellor. He works with Indigenous communities throughout North America, supporting education, health, and child welfare reforms.

D. Jean Clandinin is a professor emeritus at the University of Alberta. A former teacher, counsellor, and psychologist, she is author or co-author of many books including *Narrative Inquiry*, *Engaging in Narrative Inquiry*, and *Philosophical Roots of Narrative Inquiry*. Within the field of education, Dr. Clandinin's research has had a profound impact on the related areas of teacher knowledge, teacher education, and narrative inquiry. Her research on teachers' personal practical knowledge has altered our understanding of the role that teachers play in curriculum-making in their classrooms and of the need for incorporating this knowledge into teacher education programs. She has been instrumental in the development of narrative inquiry as a methodology for conducting research in the social sciences.