



Unbundling Stories: Encountering Tensions Between the Familial and School Curriculum-Making Worlds

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ABSTRACT

This paper is an autobiographical narrative inquiry into lived experiences in home and school places. Drawing on Huber, Murphy, and Clandinin's (2011) reconceptualization of curriculum making as occurring in two worlds (Lugones, 1987), the author explores the tensions that existed between her early familial curriculum-making world and her school curriculum-making worlds. Inquiring into the embodied tensions she carries, the author recognizes how she privileges school curriculum making over familial curriculum making in schools, and wonders of the costs to the children she teaches, as well to herself in doing so.

Attending to Stories Through Narrative Inquiry

I first came to learn about the importance of understanding experience as narrative life composition through telling stories of experience as a way to explore my personal practical knowledge.¹ It occurred in a graduate course titled, *Life in Elementary Classrooms*, offered by Dr. D. Jean Clandinin. It was in this course where I began to learn of narrative inquiry as both a way of understanding experience and as a research methodology. Connelly and Clandinin (2006) developed the following definition of narrative inquiry,

People shape their daily lives by stories of who they and others are and as they interpret their past in terms of these stories. Story, in the current idiom, is a portal through which a person enters the world and by which their experience of the

world is interpreted and made personally meaningful. Narrative inquiry, the study of experience as story, then, is first and foremost a way of thinking about experience (p. 479).

Narrative inquiry recognizes and honors the complexities of human experiences and the contexts, which are shaped through the past, present, and future via the stories we live and tell. As I shared stories of earlier experiences in various contexts alongside others, I began to illuminate my earlier stories of school and its importance in my familial world, together with experiences I had with my late granny, Mary Pruden. While I began to tell and retell stories of who I was and who I was becoming, both professionally and personally, resonances of place and belonging began to emerge. Other wonderings around identity also began to surface, specifically around my experiences of becoming a teacher, and how this was shaped by my experiences in school and at home. I found myself writing more stories about the life of my granny, and of my experiences by her side, remembering our shared familial stories. I also began to search for physical, tangible items such as early writing pieces,² photographs, and recorded conversations that brought me closer to those particular experiences.

It was also in this course I began to learn from stories, revisiting stories once told, and lived, narratively inquiring into the bumping places where tensions existed. As I began to think about important stories, I returned to my familial world where I began to form my identity, or my stories to live by.³ As I began to narratively inquire into my stories of experiences, I was able to see possibilities in retelling stories. Clandinin and Connelly (1998) write about the importance of inquiring into, or retelling of, stories as a way to move forward because,

the promise of storytelling emerges when we move beyond regarding a story as a fixed entity and engage in conversation with our stories. The mere telling of a story leaves it as a fixed entity. It is in the inquiry, our conversations with each other, with texts, with situations, and with other stories that we can come to retelling our stories and to reliving them. (p. 251)

At one time, I believed stories to be fixed, frozen in time and place, stories told of my family and I, stories I told of my family and self and who we are in the world, as these became stories to live by. However, in the course, I participated in a weekly works-in-progress group where I worked in a group with two peers to share stories of experience and to respond in ways that allowed each of us to see other possibilities in future retellings (Clandinin & Connelly, 2000). As I listened, and responded, to others' stories of experience I was encouraged to remain attentive to the three-dimensional

narrative inquiry space of temporality, sociality, and place.⁴ It was in this safe place, in the works-in-progress groups where relationships developed over time, where I began to tell and listen to the secret and cover stories⁵ that were both on and off our professional landscapes.

Attending to Familial Curriculum Making

In another graduate course called *Building a Curriculum of Community*, offered by Drs. Janice Huber and Shaun Murphy, I began to share more stories of earlier experiences alongside my granny and was introduced to the concept of familial curriculum making. Huber et al. (2011) recognize children live in, across, and between two curriculum-making worlds⁶: the familial curriculum-making world and the school curriculum-making world, which they travel between daily. Huber and colleagues (2011) conceptualized curriculum making to include familial curriculum making as occurring in home and community landscapes as they engaged in narrative inquiries alongside three children and their families. Focusing on Dewey's (1938) notion of experience, Schwab's (1969) four curriculum commonplaces—teacher, learner, subject matter, and milieu—and stories to live by, they began to imagine a counter narrative or counter story that began with the lives of children and families in which they saw curriculum making as a dynamic interaction occurring in multiple landscapes. Huber et al. (2011) define familial curriculum-making as,

an account of parents'/families' and children's lives together in homes and communities where the parents and families are an integral part of the curricular process in which families, children/learners, subject matter, and home and community milieu are in dynamic interaction. (pp. 7–8).

Inquiring into these growing understandings of my experiences with my granny in our familial curriculum-making world, my research puzzle began to take shape. In this paper, I make visible and explore how my experiences in my familial curriculum-making world alongside my granny intercept and bump up against my experiences in the school curriculum-making world, and inquire into how these bumps shaped, and continue to shape, tensions in my stories to live by as teacher. By focusing on the tensions I experienced as I lived in both worlds, I attend to the costs of silencing my familial curriculum making as I privileged school curriculum making. The stories of the past, as retold in the present, carry the resonances of both dominant and Cree/Métis linguistic, social, cultural, institutional, and familial narratives. Through the retelling of experiences I continued to experience more bumping places, or tensions in my stories to live by, alongside my granny. It was in retelling my familial stories of school that

I awakened (Greene, 1995) to the tensions I was living in by choosing school curriculum making over my familial curriculum-making world. I began to wonder what my granny and I had to give up, particularly the *cost* to our lives, as I became more educated. Thoreau (1854/2008) helps me to frame the use of the term “cost” when he wrote, “the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it” (p. 20). Clandinin and colleagues (2012) also wonder about the cost of becoming a teacher when they write, “The cost of becoming a teacher is paid from the ‘life’ of the teacher, much of which takes place off the school landscape” (p. 72). It is in this sense I use the term *cost*. I began to frame my research puzzle and wonder about the cost to my life and familial curriculum-making world as I privileged the school curriculum-making world, as a student and teacher. For this autobiographical narrative inquiry, my research puzzle is an exploration of the bumping places between my family stories and the stories that I lived in schools, alongside my granny.

A beginning.

I will tell you something about stories,

[He said]

They aren't just entertainment,

Don't be fooled.

They are all we have, you see,

all we have to fight off

illness and death.

You don't have anything

if you don't have the stories.

...

He rubbed his belly.

I keep them here

[he said]

Here, put your hand on it

See, it is moving.

There is life here

for the people.

And in the belly of this story

the rituals and the ceremony

are still growing.

(Silko, 1997, p. 2)

Laguna storyteller Leslie Silko (1997) helps me to understand narrative inquiry as she speaks about the importance of attending to stories, reminding me that stories carry me through life, moving and growing “in the belly,” shaping my experiences and the stories I live and tell. When I think of the stories I tell, I also pay attention to the stories I don’t tell, the silent stories, and I wonder how these stories shape me, as I move forward. When she writes of *the rituals and the ceremony*, I am reminded of how the stories I carry are sacred stories, from places I came to know first and how, over time, the stories I carry shaped, and continue to shape, who I am and who I am becoming. Crites (1971) refers to sacred stories as unspoken resonances living in stories of the past, while presently creating a forward-looking story, when he writes,

and certainly the sacred story to which we give this name cannot be directly told but its resonances can be felt in many of the stories that are being told, in songs being sung, in a renewed resolution to act. (p. 311)

I imagine sacred stories reverberating through generations, carrying on, moving and growing through stories, spoken and unspoken. The resonances of the stories I tell of my experiences are filled with experiences from my familial curriculum-making world with my granny. I have returned to the stories of my granny, stories of the person who has shaped me the most, stories from a place of love, stories I remember were told to me, by her. I return to the stories she believed were important to her. As I carry these familial, intergenerational stories in my body, they are helping me change and grow, as I move forward in a “renewed resolution to act” (Crites, 1971) and begin to wonder about the importance of awakening to stories of experience from the familial curriculum-making world as I lived in the school curriculum-making world.

Encountering Tensions

King (2003) reminds me to be mindful “that stories were medicine, that a story told one way could cure, that the same story told another way could injure” (p. 92). I hope in the retelling of my stories that I remember of my experiences with my granny, I do not injure anyone in the process, including myself. As I return to my experiences in my familial curriculum-making world, I am filled with many ethical dilemmas around writing my early stories. I feel tensions alongside family members who will read my work and the relational ethics I hold alongside them and my late granny; therefore it is important to mention the wonderings I carry are mine alone. I can only share my inquiries alongside my experiences through the stories told or given to me, by my granny. I hope I remain attentive to the stories of my granny with respect and integrity to our experiences. I also worry about how readers will interpret the storied experiences

I write about. I know these stories come from a place of love for my home place, my first place of knowing and living. I also know I cannot tell the whole story of my experiences with my granny, but rather only a few small fragments. As I lay fragments of my stories alongside fragments of her stories, I am able to wonder and inquire into what becomes visible to me.

Story Bundles⁷

With a focus on narratively inquiring into stories from my familial curriculum-making world in a good way, I was drawn to Anderson's (2011) metaphorical image of a "story bundle." She reminds me of how sacred and relational our stories are. I imagine these bundles as relational, layered, living, dynamic, changing stories residing within each person. I imagine we embody story bundles and, within each bundle, there are individual stories as well as stories from multiple sources. We carry them whether we wish to carry them or not, spoken or unspoken. Story bundles may also present themselves generationally and are part of our knowing through our earliest familial curriculum-making world. The notion of wrapping and unwrapping of story bundles occurs simultaneously, knowingly or unknowingly, creating "stories to live by" (Connelly & Clandinin, 1999, p. 4). Okri (1997) reminds me of the transformative importance in opening the stories we live by, and in, when he writes:

we live by stories, we also live in them. One way or another we are living the stories planted in us early or along the way, or we are also living the stories we planted - knowingly or unknowingly - in ourselves. We live stories that either give our lives meaning or negate it with meaninglessness. If we change the stories we live by, quite possibly we change our lives. (p. 46)

It is to my familial, intergenerational stories, those planted in me, knowingly or unknowingly, that I attend. I inquire into the gaps, silences, and bumping places where there were lived tensions alongside my granny as I developed my forward-looking stories. I wish to expand my own story bundles, as I create new stories to live by. Neumann (1997) reminds me to pay attention to the silences in stories of human lives and the difficulties of separating the intertwining of relational and generational stories, alongside our own stories. These lived stories weave backwards and forward, inward and outward and cannot be isolated and separated from my familial world, the places I have come to know, and live, first. Setterfield (2006) allows me to see the parts and the whole, simultaneously, when she writes,

Human lives are not pieces of string that can be separated out from a knot of others and laid out straight. Families are webs. Impossible to touch one part of it without setting the rest vibrating. Impossible to understand one part without having a sense of the whole. (p. 59)

The stories I write about are stories woven throughout my being, mind, body, and spirit. As I attend to my experiences in the familial curriculum-making world, which granny and I co-composed (Huber et al., 2011), I am reminded of Greene's (1993) words, "the narratives we shape out of materials of our lived lives must somehow take account of our original landscapes" (p. 148). They are living stories; organic stories continuously being reshaped, as long as I continue to inquire into them. In inquiring into my lived and told stories, I looked back to remember and to wonder why these experiences with my granny and schools "sit in my belly" more profoundly than others. I wonder why I pay more attention to these stories than to others. It is through my autobiographical narrative inquiry into the stories lived alongside my granny, that I hope I will be able to learn more from them and to create shifted stories to live by.

Story Bundle 1: Sliding Back to an Early Forward-Looking Story

When I returned to my home place⁸ through the telling of my earlier experiences, I began to share sacred familial stories, unwrapping and reshaping my story bundles as granddaughter, student, and teacher, in both my familial and school curriculum-making worlds.

Looking back: An early story to live by.

*My girl,
Go to school. Don't be like me.
Gee, I wish my mom let me go to school.
Once you have kids, that's it, your life is over!
Always go to school and become somebody first.
Okay!*

(Recalled Memory, Interim Research Text, 2011)

When I was a young child, teenager, and young adult attending University, my granny often repeated this statement to me while we were alone in her bedroom. Alongside her advice, my granny often spoke of a shift in her stories to live by when she was in year three, a story that not only shaped her life, but mine as well. Her story

would slide backwards in time to a place when her mother, Nancy Gairdner (nee Gladu) took her out of St. Bernard's Indian Residential School⁹ during her third year. At first she mentioned it was because her tongue was swollen, implying this physical ailment was the main reason her mother would not let her return. Her demeanor and story shifted as she began sharing her secret story of having to stay home; she was expected to raise her younger siblings and take care of the house while her mother left for days to tend to her trap line. I remember watching her bang her clasped hand on her bed at this memory, expressing regret and anger as she imagined her life would have been much different, if only she had gone to school. Sitting next to her, I remember as a child I did not disagree with her; instead, I was empathetic to her stories of regret and sadness for not being allowed to go to school. I became more convinced of the importance of school. I also remember assuring her I would complete school and become *somebody*. She seemed satisfied in knowing I would not follow in her footsteps, even though I admired and loved who she was and who she had become. As I now slide backwards, remembering my experiences where she expressed the importance of what happened in the school curriculum-making world and becoming *somebody* first, I wonder about the stories of school I was living. Were my experiences in the school curriculum-making world seen as more important than our familial curriculum-making world?

Handwritten notes. I remember sitting with her at her kitchen table, watching her write on pieces of scrap paper. This was her way of documenting her experiences and she often spoke about having a "book" written about her life. She spoke out loud as she slowly and carefully connected letters together, handwriting her thoughts into words and sentences. As I sat and watched her write stories, I was reminded of how others related stories to me of how she taught herself how to read and write beyond grade three. Her handwriting was sometimes difficult to read and filled with scratched out, misspelled words or words written over other words, as she corrected her spelling. She would often ask me how to spell a word or if what she was writing was spelled correctly. Many times I helped her spell words she did not know, but I also remember other times telling her the words she wrote were correct, even though they were not. Looking back, perhaps I did this because I saw her frustration when she had trouble spelling certain words, crumpling and throwing away the paper or flipping it over to start again. She was determined to write her words and sentences correctly. During this time in 1999, she handed me a small pile of handwritten papers that included stories of her life and of school. One particular note stands out from the others. It read, "not going to school made me dumb. I always blame school or my mom I guess because if I had any school [I] am for sure I never ever think Grouard [as] home. This life, very ugly poor life." (Handwritten note, Mary Pruden, 1999). Now 15 years later, as I inquire into her handwritten notes I am filled with wonder and regret. I wonder what I was

thinking about when I received these notes, and why had I put them away for so long? Was I ashamed of what she was writing? Did I withhold her stories from others because I knew in some way she truly believed she had a poor life and was “dumb” in the ways of school? Why did she share this with me, alongside contradictory stories of fond memories of her life in Grouard? I remember her telling me many stories where her life was good when she was younger, living in the North and full of adventures. I wonder what my granny was experiencing as she summed up the story of her life as a, “very ugly poor life.” At the time she gave me these notes, I was in university studying to become a teacher. She introduced me to her visitors as “Cindy, the teacher,” years before I graduated. I smile at this memory and am reminded of how proud she was at knowing I was going to school to become *somebody*; someone who did not in her eyes have an “ugly poor life.” As I now slide backwards, remembering my experiences where she expressed the importance of the school curriculum-making world and of becoming *somebody* first, I wonder about the stories of school I was living as I travelled between the two worlds. Was the school curriculum-making world seen as more important than our familial curriculum-making world? I wonder when my granny’s idea of *somebody* shifted from living and navigating the land, to becoming educated in the schooling system. My granny had a wealth of knowledge and yet I wonder now why she viewed her knowledge as having little or no worth. I also wonder about the shift of place in her stories to live by, when she believed the city to be home, yet always spoke of Grouard as our home place, a place situating and identifying our family as Cree-Métis people.

Story Bundle 2: A Bumping Place

In 1999, I asked my granny to share her experiences of traveling to her father’s Hudson Bay post at Fort St. John in 1930 when she was 16. During this time, I was an undergraduate student in the teacher education program and enrolled in a course titled, *The Métis*. Growing up I had listened to many of her stories of living in the North and I thought her experiences would provide me with suitable subject matter about the lives of Métis people. As such, I imagined a brilliant final paper for the course. I did not expect the tensions I would experience as I began to listen and record the stories she was sharing as I began to compare them to the school curriculum making I had been learning. At the time I did not know how to address these tensions, and, like the handwritten notes she gave me, the recorded conversation was never used and had been neatly stored in a safe place until I was called to narratively inquire into moments of tension between my familial and school curriculum-making worlds.

As I return, listen to, and inquire into our recorded conversation now, I recognize many tensions as my school curriculum-making world bumped up against my experiences in

my familial curriculum-making world, alongside my granny. I now pay attention to our words, her responses and wonders, our silences, the way I asked questions, and how I responded to the stories she told me. I notice surprise, shock, and disappointment in our voices; especially mine when the stories my granny shares do not follow the plotlines, events, and settings of the stories told in my school curriculum making, the curriculum making I valued as I was becoming *somebody*. In the transcription segment below, I ask my granny if she ever ate pemmican while they cooked bannock by campfires during her trip to the post. This was a lesson I learned in my school curriculum making about the diets of travelling Métis people with images of them, us,¹⁰ making, and eating meals of pemmican.

Granny: *Going across in the fall and ah we used to make 50 bannocks every night, we had to, to take them for the next day for our trip. We used to make a great big long fire and the boys used to help with those bannocks and my mother was busy making them, cooking them in the frying pan around, around the campfire, 50 a day or 50 at every evening we use to make, rain or shine never mind.*

Cindy: *Did you ever eat pemmican with that, did you ever eat pemmican?*

Granny: *Pumpkin?*

Cindy: *Pemmican? [wrote the word pemmican down on paper for her to read]*

Granny: *Pemmican, what's that?*

Cindy: *It's um, it's, it's like [trying to remember my learning in schools about pemmican] dried buffalo meat and they, they ground it and they add berries and lard?*

Granny: *We never see no buffalo, we never had no meat of buffalo.*

Cindy: *Oh?*

Granny: *They killed a bear over there on the way going and they skin it and everything and not very, not very [much], my dad, my mother wants one hind leg eh, one quarter. So they brought it for her and ah she sliced it but she smoked it a little bit there and she took it with her, she wanted to eat it.*

(Recorded Conversation, November 26, 1999)



Fig. 1: Great grandfather, William Alexander Gairdner (Centre) at Hudson Bay Post, date unknown.



Fig. 2: Photograph traveling to the Hudson Bay Post in Fort St. John, British Columbia. (L-R) Louise Gairdner, Fred Beaton, Nancy Gairdner (nee Gladu), unknown boy, Elizabeth Gairdner. Location unknown, date 1930.

Looking back now, as I listen to the recording and look at these photographs taken during her trip to the post, I recognize at the time I was not inquiring into her experiences, but merely listening and imposing the school curriculum making I was engaged in at university. I was learning about the diets of Métis people and of their dependence on buffalo meat. I imagine, before I began speaking with my granny, that surely she too lived this way and knew what pemmican was. I was surprised and began to stumble when my granny began to question the knowledge I was imposing into our conversation, knowledge I assumed she should have. As part of this curriculum making, I was also composing stories to live by as a Cree-Métis person in two different worlds: the school curriculum-making world and the familial curriculum-making world. Sliding forward, as I listen to the tape over and over again, I also pay attention to my story bundle, by inquiring into my stories to live by, as I was composing stories around my granny's kitchen table in 1999, I encounter another bumping place. Granny continued to share her experiences as she travelled to the Hudson Bay Post, while I continued to impose my school curriculum making of Métis people into her stories of experience.

Granny: *And ah, and we all got the same saddle horse all the time. And then when it comes to uh day in, and day in, every day, every day we travelled for two weeks and now you can get there in an hour's time. So then we uh had to, we had to stop by the river, now we had to camp there, right close where the bush is eh?*

Cindy: *Do you know which river?*

Granny: *Well the Peace, one of them is Peace River and the other one is Blueberry River and the other one I don't remember what was the name of it but we crossed three of them. We crossed three, three rivers. And we had to camp there and we'd get ready to cross, put everything right so that it won't get wet you know from...*

Cindy: *[Interrupting] How did you do that? Do you remember?*

Granny: *Well they, they have, they have ah, uh*

Cindy: *[Interrupting] 'Cause you had carts right, did you have carts, horses pulling these carts?*

Granny: *No.*

Cindy: *No? [Questioning voice]*

Granny: *They have ah, they have a way of fixing stuff so it won't get wet*

Cindy: *Uh huh.*

Granny: *'Cause you'd starve eh?*

Cindy: *Yeah.*

Granny: *And then they put higher, they put it higher and then uh, then two rivers we didn't have to make a scow. Gee why didn't I write all this when I was there. I could write already then even if I didn't go to school huh.*

Cindy: *Uh huh.*

Granny: *So ah I stayed there by the river um over night I think so they can, they can make a scow. We stayed there two days there.*

Cindy: *Draw me a scow, what's that look like?*

Granny: *Scow?*

Cindy: *Oh no, what does it look like? Yeah, what does it look like though Granny?*

Granny: *Well it's a, it's just like a big, did you ever see a, uh, oh, did you ever see a raft?*

Cindy: *Yeah, yeah.*

Granny: *Well like that.*

(Recorded Conversation, Field Texts, November 26, 1999)



Fig. 3: Mary Pruden riding her horse, Boldy, to the Hudson Bay post in Fort St. John, British Columbia. Location Fort Nelson, British Columbia, 16 years old, date: 1930.



Fig. 4: Photograph titled "Fording the North." Date: 1908.

As I reflect back on this conversation and look at these photographs, I wonder how was I making sense of my school curriculum-making world alongside very different stories of my familial curriculum-making world. What was I learning by recording and listening to my granny's experiences? Was I even really listening? Did I imagine my granny's experiences of knowing as unimportant and not "authentic" Métis experiences, as I tried to categorize her lived experiences into the knowledge I had learned in the school curriculum-making world? I recall being disappointed because she did not do the things I learned about Métis people from my school curriculum making. Looking back I wonder how was I supposed to make sense of her stories of experience when they did not follow my learning in schools? Feeling disappointed, I shelved our recorded conversation because it did not fit the story I was learning in textbooks about Métis people. As I did so, I imagine I disregarded my granny's experiences as being "not good enough" while I continued to follow and privilege the stories I had come to know in schools.

As I attend to the bumping places I experienced between my two curriculum-making worlds, tensions resonated throughout the recorded conversation. I pause now and wonder, was I being taught a homogenous narrative of Métis identity in my school curriculum-making world? Did I see the school curriculum as being the most important, even though my granny was trying to tell me otherwise through her telling and retelling of many stories of experiences she loved to tell? As I pay more attention to our interaction and the stories we both were telling, I notice I interrupted granny's stories of her experience and imposed my stories of Métis identity with pemmican, buffalo meat, and the use of carts pulled by horses, stories learned in the school curriculum-making worlds. My granny never spoke of the symbols I was learning in my school curriculum making, which narrowly identified Métis lifestyle and culture. As I listen now, I recognize my naivety. I sense the frustration in both our voices as I listen to the recording over and over. She seems annoyed with my questions as her answers become shorter and shorter. I sense my disappointment when her responses do not validate the knowledge I was composing in my school curriculum-making world. I also recognize now how my knowledge from the school curriculum-making world shaped the conversation, as I pay attention to how I tried to guide the conversation to fit a safer story; a story I thought to be true, valued, and most recognizable in schools. I now wonder what she thought about my questions as I was becoming *educated* in a university setting, an opportunity she never had. How did she make sense of my interruptions against her stories? When I began to question her stories to live by, did she see her stories as less than, and my stories of school as more important, just as I did? I wonder what she thought about my learning of Métis people in schools, about *her*, about *us* when it was so different from her experiences and the stories she was trying to share? I wonder now about the costs of living and travelling within and between multiple curriculum-making worlds, as I became *somebody*. I began to privilege the school curriculum over my familial curriculum making, when I put aside her stories of experience, especially in 1999 when I did not value the stories she was sharing with me; instead silencing them as I continued to follow the grand narratives learned in the school curriculum-making world.

Looking Forward: Why Familial Curriculum Making

Looking forward, Huber and colleagues (2011) engage in imagined conversations with curriculum theorists, other teacher educators, and families. They imagine these three groups will find value as we "broaden the boundaries of where, and under whose direction, curriculum is made" (p. 143) more than the narrow and limiting conceptualization with which it is currently associated. I imagine that practicing teachers and administrators will also find this reconceptualization of curriculum making valuable in their work alongside diverse children, families, and community members. Indeed,

I imagine that children will appreciate the acknowledgement of their familial curriculum making, and of their travel between and across two curriculum-making worlds.

I wonder about the possibilities when children have opportunities to share their familial curriculum-making worlds, which are often silenced in classrooms. How may children's lives be shaped differently if those working in schools attended to the stories being lived in families and communities? I now pay attention to the unfolding of lives inside classrooms, alongside others, and wonder how I may attend to the diverse, complex stories of experiences that are so very alive in children's familial curriculum-making worlds. As I further explore this reconceptualization of familial curriculum making within my research, it is my hope that I may add to future scholarship in its development and support the shift on school landscapes. Much like Huber et al. (2011) I wonder if the privileging of classroom and school curriculum making could shift to a more equitable regard for the curriculum making being lived out on familial and community landscapes? If we continue to privilege the school curriculum-making world without recognizing the multiple diverse familial curriculum-making worlds children live in daily, I cannot help but wonder about the costs to self and others. As Silko (1997) reminds me, "you don't have anything if you don't have the stories" (p. 2).

Notes

1. Connelly and Clandinin (1988) define *personal practical knowledge* as being in each "teacher's past experience, in the teacher's present mind and body, and in the future plans actions. Personal practical knowledge is found in the teacher's practice. It is, for any teacher, a particular way of reconstructing the past and the intentions of the future to deal with the exigencies of present situation" (p. 25).
2. I identified my granny using the terms *Grandma* and *Grandmother* in early school writing pieces. The words grandma and grandmother were rarely used at home, unless we were speaking about someone else's relation. All the grandchildren referred to her as *granny*, yet this is not present in my earlier writings. I wonder now, did I use these words because they were more acceptable in my school curriculum-making world?
3. Connelly and Clandinin developed the term "stories to live by" as a narrative conception of identity making, shaped by the narrative telling and retelling of secret and cover stories in various contexts. Secret and cover stories are lived out on personal and professional landscapes. Secret lived stories are stories told to others in safe and secret places. Cover stories shield secret stories, in order to protect the secret stories we live. (Connelly & Clandinin, 1999).

4. Clandinin and Connelly's (2000) narrative inquiry research framework consists of the simultaneous exploration of temporality (past, present, future), sociality (personal and social), and place while moving in four directions, allowing inquirers to travel – inward, outward, backward and forward, always situated in place.
5. Secret and cover stories are lived out on personal and professional landscapes. Secret lived stories are stories told to others in safe and secret places. Cover stories allow us to cover over secret stories, in order to protect the secret stories we live. (Connelly & Clandinin, 1999).
6. Huber et al. (2011) draw upon Lugones (1987) understanding that a “‘world’ need not be a construction of a whole society. It may be a construction of a tiny portion of a particular society. It may be inhabited by just a few people. Some ‘worlds’ are bigger than other” (p. 10). Lugones also calls me to pay attention to the concept of ‘world’ – travelling where “those of us who are ‘world’ – travellers have the distinct experience of being different in different ‘worlds’ and of having the capacity to remember other ‘worlds’ and ourselves in them” (p. 11). It is my hope by inquiring into my familial curriculum-making world, I will be able to travel into my granny’s world with “loving perception,” the ability to “understand what it is like to be [her] and what it is like to be ourselves in [her] eyes” (p. 17).
7. I borrow the term “story bundle” from author Kim Anderson. She does not directly define story bundle, therefore, this is my interpretation. Metaphorically, the story bundle represents the stories each person carries. The story bundles I will be referring to throughout the text are pieces of my story, lived and told in relation with others and stories yet to be created.
8. My mother and I experienced many transitions as she completed her Bachelor of Arts degree, first at the University of Calgary, then at the University of Alberta. As I moved from place to place, from school to school, I came to view my granny’s home as a place of stability. During a year of many transitions, I lived with my granny for a short period. I recall from early written school artifacts and from my memories, I had considered her home to be my home place.
9. St. Bernard’s Indian Residential School operated from 1894 to 1961. Information retrieved from http://www.caedm.ca/Portals/0/documents/social_justice/2014-02_21_IndianResidentialSchoolsinAlberta_WEB.pdf
10. The use of the word “us” refers to identifying my family and myself as Cree-Métis.

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