

That's My Grandma:
My Grandmother's Stories, Resistance and Remembering

by

Jennifer King
B.A., Carleton University, 2009

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Abstract

Knowing our stories as Indigenous peoples is a powerful means of remembering and resurgence. My research used an Indigenous storytelling methodology to gather stories from my Grandmother about her life and our family. The purpose of this work was to learn more about my family stories and history as an Anishinaabe person, to honour my Grandmother by sharing part of her life story and to offer an example of Indigenous family-based research to other researchers. In contrast to strategies that focus on political mobilization, legal gains or state recognition, family-based research sees collective transformation as beginning with small-scale change, remembering and reconnection. Social work must expand its understanding of Indigenous resistance and resurgence to incorporate strategies that embrace w/holistic knowledges and encourage introspective and family-based questions in research.

Table of Contents

Supervisory Committee	ii
Abstract.....	iii
Table of Contents	iv
List Of Images/Figures	vi
Ojibway Terminology.....	vii
Thanksgiving Prayer	viii
Acknowledgements	ix
Dedication	x
Chapter 1: “What Does This Work Mean To You?”	1
Introducing Myself.....	4
Honouring My Talk	7
Chapter 2: Literature Review.....	8
Our Research, Our Way	8
Relationship.....	12
Writing ourselves into research and the plurality of truths	12
Reciprocity	13
Multiple sources of knowledge/knowing	14
Indigenous research as decolonization and self-determination.....	15
Research as remembering and “going home”	16
Overlapping with qualitative approaches?	17
The challenge and importance of language.....	18
Storytelling In Indigenous Research.....	19
Storytelling, remembering and decolonization	22
Children, Families And Nations	23
Remembering, Resistance And Resurgence	30
Chapter 3: Methodology.....	36
My Anishnaabe Worldview	36
The role of Western theory	39
Family-Based Storytelling Research.....	41
Listening to stories (story talk)	42
Re-telling stories (story writing)	45
What Have I Learned? Theories of Analysis.....	47
In A Good Way: Ethics In Storytelling Research.....	50
Chapter 4: My Grandma’s Stories.....	56
Prologue	56
The Stories of Carolyn King of Parry Island	57
The Here And Now	84

Chapter 5: Analysis	85
Lessons In Storytelling Research.....	85
Lessons in informed consent.....	86
Concerns about the tokenism of gifting and ceremony in Indigenous research	90
Storytelling is more than telling stories	92
Storytelling And The Ripple Effect	95
I Was Never Supposed to Know My Stories: Family-Based Research As Resistance And Resurgence.....	102
Chapter 6: This Is Really Just The Beginning	113
References.....	117
Appendix A: Consent Form - Grandma	125
Appendix B: Consent Form - Mother and Siblings	132

List Of Images/Figures

Figure 1: Grandma's Cousin, Gloria Wheatley, Toronto Indian Club Princess, 1954	70
Figure 2: Grandma And My Mom, Toni, At The Parry Sound Cenotaph, 2015	77
Figure 3: Grandma And Me, May 2015.....	94
Figure 4: Death of L. Tabobondong, 1958	96
Figure 4: Four Leaf Clovers Found in Maxwell King's Pay Book.....	101

Ojibway Terminology

Boozhoo – formal greeting

Bshkwegin – leather

Chi-miigwetch – big thank you, thank you very much

Doodooshaaboo – milk

Jimaan – boat, canoe

Kiwenziinh – old man, grandfather

Miinan – blueberries

Ndizhnikaas – my name is

Ndoonjibaa – I come from

Niibiishaaboo – tea

Wiingashk – sweetgrass

Wiigwaas – birch bark

Thanksgiving Prayer

Giving thanks and acknowledging one's place in the web of Creation are important aspects of both Indigenous research and my life as an Ojibway/Anishinaabe person. This Thanksgiving Prayer was taught to me by Jean Akiwenzie, an Anishinaabemowin (Ojibway) language instructor at Carleton University in Ottawa, Canada.

“Thank you Great Spirit for everything you have given us upon this earth, so that we may live well.

Thank you my grandfather for shining on us today.

I say thank you today that you help me look upon everyone in a good way, and that I speak to everyone in a good way.

Thank you for giving us the trees, for giving us the animals, for giving us the birds, for giving us the fish, and for giving us the breath of life. Thank you.”

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To my beautiful mother, Toni, and my amazing husband, Tom: there are no words to express how grateful I am for your love and support—not just in this endeavour, but every day and in all things. I would be lost without you. Of course, this work would not have been possible without the participation of my Grandmother, Carolyn King. Thank you Grandma for sharing your stories with us. I dedicate this work to you.

To my best friends and siblings, Christina, Brent and D'ante: thank you for cheering me on and making me laugh, for washing dishes and folding laundry and for helping out with Hazel. I am the luckiest sister in the world!

And to my daughter Hazel Wren: I love you more than I can say. You are my sunshine.

I am blessed to have an amazing long distance support system. An enormous thank you goes to my Dad, Pat, Uncle Wayne, Aunt Lucy, cousins Katlin and Kristin, and of course to my second family, Pat and Jim, John, Jenny, Arran and sweet Lenora. Your encouragement means the world to me.

I would like to offer my sincere thanks and appreciation to the faculty and staff of the School of Social Work, University of Victoria. I mean it when I say that the MSW program has forever changed how I think about and understand the world. I may privilege Indigenous theory, but where would I be without Foucault? I would also like to acknowledge the C.E.O and volunteer researchers at the Parry Sound Public Library for providing me with invaluable historical material. I am grateful for your assistance.

Finally, to my supervisors, Jacquie Green and Robina Thomas: thank you for sticking with me, and for making me feel more like a colleague than a student. It was an absolute honour to have you as my advisors. I am truly inspired by your example. Chi-miigwetch!

Dedication

*In memory of Beth Bastien
Mentor and friend
It was you who helped me believe
That I was smart and had a right to speak up
That my ideas were important
Your confidence made me brave
Thank you*

*And to my Grandma
Carolyn King
For saying "yes"*

Chapter 1: “What Does This Work Mean To You?”

“To remember who we are and where we come from as Anishinaabe is an act of resistance against being dismembered” (Absolon, 2011, p. 16).

This thesis is about my Grandmother, her stories, our family, remembering and resurgence. It is about the survival of knowledge, re/connection and the transformative power of knowing one’s stories as an Indigenous—or in my case, First Nations, Anishinaabe—person.¹ My research used an Indigenous storytelling methodology to gather stories from my Grandmother about her life experiences, our family and its history. My Grandmother’s story is told in her own voice. My analysis draws on the work of Indigenous scholars to position family-based research as an important strategy of Indigenous resistance and resurgence.

Colonial laws and policies in Canada targeted Indigenous children and families and attempted to sever the transfer of knowledge between generations (Absolon, 2011; Fournier & Crey, 1997). In this context, knowing our family stories and history as Indigenous peoples is a powerful means of resistance and resurgence. Family-based research is a concept that developed organically to guide the purpose and process of my work. Family-based research focuses on the family as an important site of resistance, remembering and change. This thesis is my attempt to re/member my history, honour my relations and restore some of the connections that were severed in my own family. My hope is that this work might inspire other Indigenous people to embark on their own journeys of remembering. My research sought to explore the following questions:

- What stories might my Grandmother tell about her life and our family history?

¹ I use the term Indigenous to refer collectively to First Nations, Metis and Inuit peoples in Canada. I am First Nations, but more specifically I am Ojibway/ Anishinaabe. The term Aboriginal is also used by some authors to refer to First Nations, Metis and Inuit peoples in Canada as a collective group.

- Why are these stories important? Why is family-based research important?
- How does this type of research inform social work education and practice?

My research falls within the broader Indigenous movement of remembering, resistance and resurgence in the context of a colonial legacy and present that continues to impact the everyday lives of First Nations, Metis and Inuit peoples in Canada. Like many Indigenous writers, thinkers and activists (see for example, Alfred, 2009; Coulthard, 2014; Simpson, 2011), my work is based on the understanding that colonial relations of power are very much alive in Canada today. As such, my use of the term “remembering” has two meanings. The first is literal. In asking my Grandmother to share her stories, I sought to recall, bring to mind and learn more about our family and its history. The second meaning is deeper and more symbolic. To remember is also to piece together and to heal old wounds. As Absolon (2011) writes, “The aches and pains of being *dismembered* [emphasis added] as a people and being severed from our families of origin...runs deep” (p. 15). Absolon (2011) uses the term “dismember” to “evoke an image and meaning of forced disconnection” (p. 21). *Re/membering*, then, is about reconnection (Absolon, 2011).

As a social worker, my research is also about broadening how social work as a discipline recognizes personal and collective resistance and agency in the lives of Indigenous peoples. Drawing on the work of Indigenous scholars, I argue that change begins at the personal level. Western theories of social and political mobilization fail to capture the many ways that Indigenous peoples have resisted over time (Simpson, 2011). In addition to erasing this history of courage and struggle, a narrow definition of resistance diminishes the legitimacy of research that focuses on the individual and family as a site of resurgence. This is not to say that macro, discursive or systems level change is not important. Obviously issues of inequity, discrimination and normalization must be addressed, and there is a need for dedicated activists and academics

working on these issues. I believe, however, that honouring and reclaiming our teachings and values as Indigenous peoples, working to strengthen our personal sense of self, our family and community connections, will lead to an Indigenous resurgence that could never be imparted from above. And yet, whether outright stated or tacitly implied, research that focuses on the individual or family is often considered less important than studies that focus on “big picture” issues. My research seeks to challenge this assumption.

In the following chapter, I review the literature on theories of Indigenous research; colonial policies that targeted Indigenous children and families; and, theories of Indigenous resistance and resurgence. Chapter 3 (methodology) sets out my research framework, including my ethical considerations as an Anishinaabe researcher. My Grandmother’s story is told in Chapter 4, and Chapter 5 comprises my analysis of this work. I begin, however, by introducing myself. This too is an aspect of Indigenous research (Absolon & Willett, 2005; Kovach, 2009; Wilson, 2008). Introducing oneself is a way of inviting a relationship with the reader. As will be discussed in Chapter 2, relationship is a key element of Indigenous research. Introducing myself allows you (the reader) to examine my motives and purpose in undertaking this work. It tells you something of my relationship to the topic. Why am I interested? What does this research mean to me?

A detailed and purposeful introduction of self in Indigenous research is about speaking from a place of “I.” Introducing oneself is about acknowledging that the analysis and interpretations of the work come from somewhere. Indigenous methodologies reject the possibility of neutrality or objectivity in research (Absolon, 2011; Absolon & Willett, 2005; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; Wilson, 2008). Introducing oneself, then, is “about being congruent with a knowledge system that tells us that we can only interpret the world from the place of our experience” (Kovach, 2009, p.110). Or, as the late Monture-Angus (1995) taught us: “As I have

come to understand it from listening to the Elders and traditional teachers, the only person I can speak about is myself. That is how the Creator made all of us” (p. 44).

Introducing oneself in Indigenous research differs from practice of self-location found in some Western paradigms, such as feminist research. Introducing oneself stems from a different ontological and epistemic base. Introducing oneself is about reciprocity, relationship and acknowledging our relations. Rather than a simple extraction of knowledge, Indigenous researchers are required to give back by sharing something of themselves and contributing to the research relationship (Kovach, 2009). Introducing oneself is also about acknowledging one’s place in the web of creation that includes both the physical and spiritual worlds. Introducing myself is about acknowledging who I am as an Anishinaabe woman. As Absolon and Willet (2005) state: “knowing who we are is connected to our healing as Indigenous peoples. It’s connected to what we stand for individually and collectively. Who you are speaks to your ancestors. When you say who you are, it acknowledges them” (p. 102).

Introducing Myself

Boozhoo, Jennifer King ndizhnikaas. Ottawa ndoonjibaa. Greetings, my name is Jennifer King. I was born on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, but my ancestral territory lies here in “Ontario.” My mother is Anishinaabe (Ojibway) and my father is non-Indigenous. I locate myself in this world through my relationships with others. I am accountable to those who have been here before me and those yet to come.

My mother was adopted as an infant during the period in Canada commonly referred to as the Sixties Scoop: the time between 1960 and the early-1980s marked by a dramatic rise in child welfare apprehensions and adoption of Indigenous children by non-Indigenous families (Sinclair, 2007, 2009). My mother’s adoptive parents were English. They were married in England and

immigrated to Canada after the Second World War. My Granddad got a job working for the correctional system, or the penitentiary system as it was then called, and they settled in Ontario. Their first child, a son, was born in the 1950s. Unable to have more biological children, my Nana and Granddad turned to adoption. They lived in Guelph, Ontario, at the time but my mother came to them through the Children's Aid Society of Toronto. She was about eight months old at the time of her adoption.

My Nana passed away in 2007 and my Granddad passed in 2011. I love my Nana dearly. She was an extremely important figure in my life. However, it must be acknowledged both she and my Granddad were extremely racist. They held all of the hurtful, derogatory views about Native people that were common to the era. They regarded "Indians" as lazy, dirty, drunks...and so on. Their views were perhaps not surprising given their English origins, England being the birthplace of the so-called empire. Why my Nana and Granddad ever decided or agreed to adopt a First Nations baby is something that I will never understand. My mother grew up in a situation of degrading and humiliating commentary about Native people, cultural disconnection and rejection of her identity, violence and abuse.² These experiences had, obviously, a profound impact on my mother's life. As her daughter I have come to understand the physical, emotional, spiritual and intellectual *necessity* of knowing who we are and where we come from as Indigenous people.

I was about 12 years old when my mother, Toni, located her birth mother. My biological Grandmother's name is Carolyn. She was born in Toronto, but comes from the Wasauksing First Nation, near Parry Sound, Ontario. A decade passed before my mother, siblings and I had the

² My mother has shared some of her story and experiences publicly (Nease & Cotnam, 2016; Smith, 2015), in order to educate people about the Sixties Scoop and the need for more culturally-based therapy and healing programs for Native people in Canada.

chance to meet my Grandmother in person, and the process of getting to know one another has been slow and tentative. Until recently, we tended to visit my Grandma only once or twice a year, and although the visits got easier and more comfortable with time, we rarely talked about the past. I was in my final year of graduate coursework when my Grandmother happened to mention a cousin of hers/ours who became Chief in the 1950s after her husband, also a former Chief, died in jail. “The cops said it was natural,” said my Grandma matter-of-factly, “but everyone knows they beat him to death.”

Listening to my Grandma talk so casually about a family and community history that I knew almost nothing about, of colonial violence that remained hidden away, I felt heavy with everything that had been lost. More than 10 years had passed since I met my Grandmother, yet there was still so much that I did not know. I wanted to hear her stories, the stories of her life and our family. It was shortly after that visit that I decided to pursue storytelling with my Grandmother as the topic of my thesis. Instinctively, I felt that knowing our family stories was about more than me, my mother, my siblings or my Grandmother. Knowing my/our family stories is about relationship and connection. Knowing our stories is about strong Indigenous families and communities made up of people who know who they are and where they come from. Knowing our stories is about restoring the ties that colonization sought to sever.

Though I have long believed in the importance of family, community and cultural connection in terms of healing, it was not until I started to explore the literature on Indigenous resurgence that I began to understand how deeply the personal and familial are tied to change. In contrast to the conventional focus on political mobilization or legal gains, there is an emerging body of scholarship that argues resistance and resurgence must come from within: from within our communities and from within ourselves (Alfred, 2009; Coburn, 2015; Coulthard, 2014;

Simpson, 2011). Simpson (2011) asks us to shift our energies from trying to change “the colonial outside” to focusing on “a flourishing of the *Indigenous* inside” (p. 17). She goes on to say:

[At this point] I am not so concerned about how we dismantle the master’s house, that is, which set of theories we use to critique colonialism; but I am very concerned with how we (re)build our own house, or our own houses. I have spent enough time taking down the master’s house, and now I want most of my energy to go into visioning and building our new house. (2011, p. 32)

Honouring My Talk

My research looks at the importance of family stories in the context of colonial policies and discourse that sought (seeks) to “dismember” Indigenous peoples (Abosolon, 2011). My work reflects not simply an intellectual project, but a path motivated by emotional, spiritual and bodily wonderings. I was motivated by the desire for change. The ethic of “giving back” is fundamental to Indigenous research (Kovach, 2009; Wilson, 2008). When I asked myself, “What can I do right now to contribute to the well-being of Indigenous communities?” the answer was simple: Honour your talk.

If I believe family history and cultural knowledge to be so fundamental to decolonization, why did I know so little of my own roots? The Sixties Scoop, whether through explicit policy or Euro Western assumption, sought to assimilate Indigenous children and sever the link between family, culture, community and territory. To me, the resistance of this research lies in restoring (however partially) my connection to family and community. In doing so, I hope that my “story about stories” (Whiteduck, 2010) might contribute to the broader Indigenous movement of resurgence and re/connection.

Chapter 2: Literature Review

In undertaking this research, my review of the literature focused on three areas: theories of Indigenous research and storytelling methodologies; neo/colonial policies and practices that targeted Indigenous children and families; and, theories of Indigenous resistance and resurgence. Reviewing the recent literature on Indigenous research was an essential step in developing my own Indigenous storytelling methodology (outlined in Chapter 3). Understanding why and how colonization targeted Indigenous family relationships is integral to understanding the significance of family-based research. “Knowing our stories” as Indigenous peoples is a way of reclaiming and remembering the knowledge and connections that colonization sought to sever. Research becomes resistance when it foregrounds Indigenous worldviews and knowledges.

Our Research, Our Way

Indigenous research is research that emanates from an Indigenous ontology, or worldview. Indigenous research draws on an Indigenous worldview to guide and shape all aspects of the research process, from the research question to the final presentation of knowledge (Absolon 2011; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; Hart, 2010; Simpson 2011; Wilson, 2008). Worldviews are “cognitive, perceptual, and affective maps that people continuously use to make sense of the social landscape” (Hart, 2010, p. 2). Or, as Absolon (2011) writes, worldviews “are the inner lens from which we look upon the world” (p. 57). There are significant differences between Western and Indigenous worldviews, and it is this differing ontological base that distinguishes Indigenous research from Western paradigms.

Indigenous worldviews are encoded in the nature and structure of Indigenous languages and cultural traditions, passed from one generation to the next through the oral tradition (Absolon, 2011; Kovach, 2009). Given the “colonial baggage” associated with the term research

in Indigenous communities, Absolon (2011) now hyphenates re-search, meaning “to look again.” Re-search is about searching from our own location(s) and using our own ways as Indigenous peoples: “It is the process of how we come to know” (Absolon, 2011, p. 21). Indigenous research is an extension of traditional values and ways of being, seeing, doing. Importantly, Absolon (2011) reminds us that Indigenous research is not about creating new paradigms or methodologies. Rather, Indigenous research is about revealing those ways of thinking, seeing and doing that have guided us since time immemorial, and transferring or replicating them to the research context.

Indigenous worldviews emerged from a close relationship with the land and environment (Absolon, 2011; Hart, 2010; Kovach 2009; Simpson, 2011). Absolon (2011) writes that Indigenous worldviews are “earth centred philosophies, express strong ties to the land and hold reverence for Spirit and ancestors” (p. 57). Similarly, Simpson (2011) teaches that “the spiritual world is alive and influencing” (p. 40). Indigenous worldviews are also w/holistic and relational/relationship based (Absolon, 2011; Archibald; 2008; Hart, 2010; Kovach, 2009; Wilson, 2008). As human beings, we have responsibilities toward and are accountable to all forms of Creation. All things are related.

Closely related to this is the concept of w/holism. Absolon (2011) notes that she spells “wholistic with a ‘w’ to denote whole versus hole or holy” (p. 59). A w/holistic worldview recognizes the relationship(s) between past, present and future, between all forms of creation and the natural and spiritual worlds, and seeks to maintain balance and harmony on all levels (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008). For this reason, Indigenous research, regardless of the specific research question or context, is largely about restoring balance and harmony, relationships and connections (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008; Wilson 2008).

Indigenous worldviews reflect a highly contextual and intricate way of understanding the world born from intimate relationships with the land, natural and spiritual worlds since time immemorial. The characteristics outlined above are cursory at best, intended only to provide a general basis from which to situate a more detailed review of Indigenous research as a distinct paradigm or theoretical framework. While there are commonalities across Indigenous worldviews, there are also important contextual differences. All of the authors cited in this review were careful to emphasize that Indigenous worldviews differ across territories and between peoples. It is therefore necessary to speak about Indigenous worldviews in the plural (not singular) form.

Kovach (2009), in particular, emphasizes that while there are commonalities across nations, Indigenous knowledge is also very dependent on the particularities of language, place and culture. Kovach (2009) thus points to the importance of what she calls tribal-based research: research paradigms that move beyond a general or pan-Indigenous approach to articulate and engage with the specificity of one's tribal/cultural knowledge. As Indigenous peoples we share a common foundation, but our cultural traditions, stories, songs, languages and land-based experiences are different (Kovach 2009; Wilson 2008). The importance of tribal-based knowledge (though not always referred to in these terms) in guiding the work of Indigenous researchers is apparent in the works cited here. For example, as a Haisla scholar, Green (2013) uses the concept and framework of "Noosa" to explore Haisla ways of life and laws. Simpson's (2011) work on resurgence is grounded in the Nishnaabeg language, stories and teachings of her people and Thomas (2005) defines ethics in research as *uy'skwuluwun*—the Hul'qumi'num word for a good mind and a good heart.

Indigenous scholars have developed various paradigms for thinking about Indigenous research. As defined by Absolon (2011), “Paradigms are frameworks, perspectives or models from which we see, interpret and understand our world” (p. 53). They include our understanding of reality and the nature of our existence, morals and ethics (Absolon, 2011). Wilson’s (2008) Indigenous research paradigm arranges the concepts ontology, epistemology, methodology and axiology into a circle to symbolize how the concepts are in fact inseparable, and that whole is greater than the sum of the parts. Hart (2010) also uses the framework of ontology, epistemology, methodology and axiology to develop an Indigenous research paradigm for his doctoral work. In doing so, however, he notes the possible limitations of this framework: “Clearly, these concepts are not rooted in Indigenous worldviews since they have evolved elsewhere” (Hart, 2010, p. 6).

A more recent paradigm, and arguably one that is more consistent with an earth-centred philosophy, is Absolon’s (2011) petal flower framework. After praying for guidance, the framework came to her in a dream: “The dream was so vivid that as soon as I awoke, I drew out the petal flower and identified its various components [roots, flower centre, leaves, stem, petals and environmental context] in relation to Indigenous methodologies” (Absolon, 2011, p. 48). The petal flower is used to symbolize a wholistic framework for Indigenous research, where each “part” is understood as interconnected and dependent on the other.

The interrelated nature of an Indigenous research paradigm became especially clear to me in thinking about how to structure this review. Trying to separate out the various concepts, values, and characteristics associated with an Indigenous paradigm according to when or how they fit into the research process would be inconsistent with the overarching concept of wholism that defines Indigenous research. Rather, what follows is a broad summary of the common

values, concepts and characteristics discussed by Indigenous scholars as intrinsic to an Indigenous research paradigm. These themes are understood and interpreted in the context of Indigenous worldviews and tribal knowledges, as outlined above.

Relationship.

Relationship, or a relational way of being, was identified as a key principle of Indigenous research by all authors cited in this review (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2005, 2009; Hart 2010; Simpson, 2011; Thomas, 2005; Wilson, 2008). The importance of relationship in research is tied fundamentally to an Indigenous worldview. An Indigenous paradigm sees human beings as inextricably connected with all forms of creation, as well as the spiritual world. This relational way of being is “at the heart of what it means to be Indigenous” (Wilson, 2008, p. 80). Relationship is understood to guide the entirety of the research process, from start to finish. In this way, Indigenous research is essentially about building and strengthening relationships: with the topic, with those who participate in the research, with the knowledge shared and with the reader/audience (Wilson, 2008). From this follows a broad definition and understanding of accountability in Indigenous research. Indigenous researchers are accountable not only to those who take part in the research, but to their relations, ancestors and, indeed, all of creation (Wilson, 2008).

Writing ourselves into research and the plurality of truths.

Indigenous paradigms reject the possibility of objectivity or neutrality in research. In contrast to Western paradigms, which have traditionally valued objectivity and/or distance between the researcher, research topic and research participants, Indigenous research encourages and indeed expects that the researcher will have a personal connection with the topic. Those operating from an Indigenous paradigm are expected to introduce themselves to the reader and

explain their interest in the study. Absolon (2011) refers to this as “writing ourselves into research.” Introducing oneself is a way of acknowledging our place in relation to territory, family, cultural group and the web of creation that includes both the physical and spiritual worlds (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008). The act of writing oneself into research differs from the practice of self-location that is encouraged by some Western paradigms: “situating self in Indigenous re-search is different from eurowestern research in that we acknowledge and include the relationships between self, Spirit, responsibility, knowledge and truth” (Absolon, 2011, p. 76).

Writing oneself into research is also about acknowledging one’s relationship with the reader and/or research audience. Wilson (2008) notes that while some western academics have started to include themselves in their texts, they continue to overlook the reader. Green (2013), for example, incorporates the Haisla practice of “Noosta” by directing questions to the reader, inviting them to think about methods or approaches that might enhance their own research experience. Locating oneself in research is further about making plain the relationship between the self and interpretation of knowledge gathered. Writes Kovach (2009), it “is about being congruent with a knowledge system that tells us that we can only interpret the world from the place of our experience” (p.110). From this it follows that interpretations of knowledge may differ, and indeed Indigenous epistemology is characterized by an acceptance of plurality and individual truths (Simpson, 2011, p. 86).

Reciprocity.

Reciprocity, giving back, was emphasized by all of the Indigenous scholars cited here as foundational to Indigenous research (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; Hart 2010; Simpson, 2011; Thomas, 2005; Wilson, 2008). Indigenous researchers have a

responsibility to give back by ensuring the knowledge gained is shared with others (Archibald, 2008). Reciprocity in Indigenous research is defined in a broad sense. At the most basic level, reciprocity is about contributing “to the collective good of Indigenous well-being and humanity” (Absolon, 2011, p. 37). Examples of reciprocity in Indigenous research include: choosing a research topic that is relevant and meaningful to Indigenous peoples; working to protect and pass on cultural knowledge; use of sacred medicines, gifts and food to show reciprocity and gratitude; emphasis on the accessibility of research findings, both in terms of making the work readily available, but also in terms of language and writing style. The practice of writing oneself into research is related to reciprocity as well. Rather than an extraction of knowledge, Indigenous research involves a dynamic exchange in which the researcher is required to give back by sharing something of themselves and contributing to the research relationship (Kovach, 2009).

Multiple sources of knowledge/knowing.

Indigenous research recognizes and draws on multiple sources of knowledge and ways of knowing. In addition to human knowledge, Indigenous research respects the land, sky world, animals, plants, weather, spirituality, ceremonies, traditional teachings, dreams and stories as important sources of knowledge (Absolon 2011; Archibald, 2008; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; Hart, 2010; Simpson 2011; Thomas, 2005; Wilson, 2008). From this epistemological base, dreams, visions, ceremonies and prayer are recognized as “concrete methodological searching tools” (Absolon, 2011, p. 122). Indigenous research draws on w/holistic ways of knowing that engage the body/physical being, heart/emotional self, spirit/spiritual energy and mind/intellect (Absolon, 2011; Simpson, 2011). Indeed, Simpson (2011) notes that the “term ‘Indigenous theory’ or ‘Indigenous thought’ is problematic because it reinforces an artificial division between thought and embodiment” (see footnote 39, p. 44). This differs significantly from Western

research paradigms, which are based solely on *human* relationships and mental/intellectual processes.

Indigenous research frameworks further recognize “the self” as an important source of knowledge (Absolon, 2011; Kovach, 2009; Simpson, 2011). Simpson (2011) writes that “All of the knowledge that Gzhwe Mnidoo [Creator] possessed from making every aspect of creation was transferred to us” (p. 42). Similarly, Absolon (2011) teaches that, “Within the self exists millennia of Indigenous ancestral knowledge, teachings and Spirit” (p. 67). This type of inward knowing or intuitive knowledge clashes with the positivist roots of Western paradigms, but is understood as an important and valid source of knowing in Indigenous research.

Indigenous research as decolonization and self-determination.

Decolonization, or a decolonizing lens, was discussed by all of the authors cited in this review as a fundamental aspect of Indigenous research. Attention to de/colonization in Indigenous research manifests in various ways. Some scholars may include decolonization as a specific aspect of their respective paradigms (see for example, Absolon, 2011; Kovach, 2009). Others may address decolonization through a rejection and critique of Western/European/white dominance, colonialism and its impact on Indigenous peoples. That said, some Indigenous researchers prefer not to talk about colonization specifically, because doing so “puts the colonizer at the centre of the discourse and we [Indigenous peoples] are positioned to become reactive” (Graham Smith in Kovach, 2009, p. 91). From this perspective, it is preferable to talk about “*conscientization* rather than colonization because such a term is more positive. It puts a focus on us at the centre rather than the colonizers, and it also centres concerns about our development” (Graham Smith in Kovach, 2009, p. 91).

Even when not discussed explicitly, decolonization remains fundamental to Indigenous research. By centering Indigenous worldviews and tribal knowledges, Indigenous research requires us to *unlearn* Western norms and expectations (Absolon, 2011). Despite growing recognition and space for diverse knowledges, the academy retains its monopoly on what counts as knowledge (Kovach, 2009). In this context, asserting Indigenous worldviews, knowledges and methodologies is an act of self-determination and resistance (Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; LaRoque, 2015). Finally, Indigenous research is decolonizing in motivation and purpose. Absolon (2011) writes that Indigenous research is about survival, transformation, change and freedom.

Research as remembering and “going home.”

Given its emphasis on relationship, decolonization and the importance of writing oneself into the work, it is perhaps no surprise that Indigenous research is also regarded as personal and transformative (Absolon, 2011; Kovach, 2009). Both Kovach (2009) and Absolon (2011) discuss at length the relationship between Indigenous research, “learning about self,” remembering, reconnecting, belonging and, ultimately, finding one’s way home. “Finding our way home,” as Absolon (2011) explains, “means searching to return to our own roots and to find the dignity and humanity intended by the Creator” (p. 55). Finding our way home is about knowing who we are as Indigenous peoples. In this context, the term “remember” or “remembering” refers to both memory (recalling where we come from and what we know) and reconnection (Absolon, 2011).

As discussed above, Indigenous research requires one to center an Indigenous worldview and engage with tribal knowledge. In doing so, researchers draw on and *remember* their ancestors, families, territories, stories, names, Elders, languages, histories, traditions, protocols, cultures and more (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008; Kovach, 2009; Simpson, 2011). Through

the process of Indigenous research, one *always* learns about the self, and “self in relation to Creation,” regardless of whether the work has an explicit or obvious link to one’s life or personal situation (Absolon, 2011, p. 69).

Overlapping with qualitative approaches?

The literature referenced here is all but unanimous on the characteristics of Indigenous research. I noted but one potential point of departure. I raise this not as a critique, but rather as a point for further consideration. In contrast to other scholars, Kovach’s (2009) work on Indigenous methodologies positions Indigenous research alongside qualitative research approaches. Like Indigenous methodologies, qualitative approaches are relational, interpretive and must show evidence of process and content (Kovach, 2009). Kovach (2009) thus suggests that qualitative and Indigenous methodologies are positioned in an insider/outsider relationship, *distinct* but overlapping. She emphasizes that Indigenous methodologies are born from a different ontological and epistemological foundations, and are therefore distinct from Western methodologies. That said, Kovach (2009) argues that the “insider space” shared by Indigenous and qualitative methodologies offers a point from which Indigenous researchers can begin to educate the non-Indigenous academic community about the particularities of tribal research. Without support from non-Indigenous allies, Indigenous students will continue to face marginalization and discouragement when attempting to honour Indigenous knowledges and ways in research (Kovach, 2009).

Kovach’s comparison and consideration differs from the approach taken by some other Indigenous researchers. Absolon (2011) prefaces her discussion of Indigenous research by stating: “I do not make comparisons with eurowestern methods of searching. There is no need to. There are many pathways to knowledge” (p.12). Other Indigenous researchers have argued that

Indigenous methodologies can and should include quantitative research. Blackstock (2010), for example, notes that Indigenous peoples have and continue to call for disaggregated data to inform policy and practice. She posits that quantitative research *can* be placed in an Indigenous envelope to advance policy goals—that there are ways to “Indigenize” quantitative research.

Wilson (2008) notes that Indigenous researchers tend to be attracted or drawn to narrative methods, owing to their “easy fit” with the relational nature of Indigenous paradigms. Wilson (2008) is clear in his assessment that Indigenous research is based on an Indigenous worldview and epistemology. However, he also states that Indigenous research can and should engage a broad range of methods and sources of knowledge:

We also need to count upon our five quantifiable senses. We need to use both empirical and other forms of information. We need all of the methods available to us that will allow us to fulfill our obligations or relationships to the community. (Wilson, 2008, p. 111)

Like Blackstock (2010), Wilson’s (2008) assessment of Indigenous research would seem to include methods and approaches beyond the qualitative realm.

The challenge and importance of language.

Of final note is the ongoing challenge faced by Indigenous researchers in regards to language. Indigenous worldviews are encoded and reflected in language yet, sadly, very few Indigenous researchers are fluent speakers. Kovach (2009) notes that English is the primary language spoken by most Indigenous peoples in Canada. Working, thinking and writing in English has an influence on how we are able to conceptualize the world and transmit knowledge (Absolon 2011; Alfred, 2009; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; Simpson, 2011). This point is significant in that it illustrates both the reality of ongoing colonial impacts, as well as the vital

importance of language revitalization in Indigenous communities. That said, Indigenous worldviews are very much alive, and Indigenous research continues to flourish as a distinct way of being, seeing and doing in the pursuit of knowledge.

Storytelling In Indigenous Research

As an Indigenous methodology, storytelling refers to the telling of stories in research (Archibald, 2008). Storytelling reflects a fundamental belief in stories as an important source of knowledge. Kovach (2009) explains: “The interrelationship between story and knowing cannot be traced back to any specific starting time within tribal societies, for they have been tightly bound since time immemorial as legitimate form of understanding” (p. 95). As Thomas (2005) writes, “Storytelling traditionally was, and still is, a teaching tool” (p. 252). Storytelling has been used by both Indigenous researchers and educators as a means of sharing knowledge, culture and history (Archibald 2008; Green, 2013; McGuire, 2013; Patrick, 2004; Thomas, 2000, 2005; Turner, 2010). Archibald (2008) refers to the use of story in research and education as “storywork”: the intentional engagement with story for the purposes of learning or healing. Similarly, Green (2013) uses the term “storying” to refer to a dynamic process of teaching and learning.

Indigenous scholars and storytellers have identified different types or “genres” of Indigenous stories (Archibald, 2008, p. 83). Kovach (2009) teaches that there are two general forms: stories that hold “mythical elements,” such as creation stories, and personal narratives (p. 95). Simpson (2011), a Nishnaabeg storyteller, also discusses Indigenous stories in terms of *Aandisokaanan* (traditional, sacred stories) and *Dibaajimowinan* (personal stories, narratives, histories). While differentiating between story types, Simpson (2011) emphasizes that personal narratives, one’s experiences, are always tied to creation stories: “I have come to understand the

Dibaajimowinan as echoing the Aandisokaanan” (p. 40). Archibald (2008) similarly notes the wide range of Indigenous story types, including sacred, Trickster, origin, historical, naming, territorial and life experience.

Given their spiritual quality, there are rules and protocols associated with the (re)telling of sacred and traditional stories, and extensive training is often required before one is considered “qualified” to do so (Archibald, 2008; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; Simpson, 2011). The (re)telling of sacred and traditional stories carries with it important responsibilities and it is widely acknowledged among Indigenous scholars and storytellers that this knowledge must be protected. It is understood that some stories are too sacred for reproduction and dissemination in the academy (Archibald, 2008; Green, 2013; Kovach, 2009; Simpson, 2011; Wilson, 2008).

Storytelling, like Indigenous research more generally, engages the mind, body, heart and spirit in an active process of listening and learning. Many of the Elders who participated in Archibald’s (2008) research on storywork noted the importance of “learning how to listen.” As was stated, “We have three ears to listen with, two on the sides of our head and one in our heart” (Archibald, 2008, p. 76). Similarly, Thomas (2005) teaches that, “All stories have something to teach us. What is most important is to learn to listen, not simply to hear, the words that storytellers have to share” (p. 241). Storytelling is not a passive activity, but rather an active exchange in which the listener must “inter-relate” with the story (Archibald, 2008, p. 133). To understand or make meaning, one must form a relationship with the story. Simpson (2011) writes that, “Storytelling is an emergent practice, and meaning for each individual listener will necessarily be different. The relationships between the storyteller and listeners become the nest that cradles the meaning” (p. 104).

Story listening requires that one forms a relationship with both the storyteller, and the story itself. In general, storytellers leave it to the listener (or reader) to draw their own conclusions and make their own meanings of the stories shared (Archibald, 2008; Green, 2013; Simpson, 2011; Wilson, 2008). The process of meaning-making is fluid and personal; there is no one truth. In contrast with Western approaches to narrative, “the meanings that one makes or doesn’t make from them [stories] can happen at any time. One does not have to give a meaning right after hearing a story, as with the question-and-answer pedagogical approach” (Archibald, 2008, pp. 24-25). Moreover, the meanings or conclusions one draws can *change* as they gain new experiences or enter a new phase of human development (Archibald, 2008; Kovach, 2009; Wilson, 2008). Learning from stories is understood as a lifelong process (Green, 2013).

Indigenous scholars and storytellers have noted the challenge of translating oral stories into “the stillness of the written word” (Absolon, 2011, p. 155). Non-verbal communication and nuances, such as gestures, tone, personality, rhythm and dialectic exchange, are difficult, if not impossible to replicate in written form (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008; Kovach, 2009; Simpson, 2011). The physical element of gathering together is also lost, as traditionally coming together to hear stories was a way to reinforce the web of relationships within and between communities (Simpson, 2011). In addition, storytellers often respond to and tailor their approach to their listeners, meaning that the nature or choice of the story may change depending on the context of those present (Archibald 2008; Simpson, 2011). The writer faces a unique challenge, as they are tasked with translating what is an embodied, personal experience into static form.

At the same time, Indigenous scholars and storytellers have recognized both the practical necessity and benefit of translating oral stories to text (Archibald, 2008; Thomas, 2005). As Thomas (2005) notes, “as with everything, times change” and Indigenous peoples must adapt to

have their voices heard (p. 242). The written word offers another means, in concert with the oral tradition, to ensure Indigenous stories live on forever. The task, as explained by Archibald (2008), is to “translate” the story in such a way that it maintains its spirit or life force. She states that researchers and educators can activate the life force of a story by approaching storytelling research with the same respect, reverence, responsibility and reciprocity that characterize the oral tradition. Similarly, Thomas (2005) writes that to honour the roots of the storytelling tradition, “we are compelled to listen and document stories in the spirit of the Ancestors” (p. 242). In this way, storywork, like Indigenous research more generally, is about translating the principles and ethics of Indigenous worldviews and cultures in new and different contexts.

Storytelling, remembering and decolonization.

Indigenous scholars have made explicit links between Indigenous stories, storytelling, survival, resistance and resurgence (Daniels, 2005; Green, 2013; McGuire, 2013; Simpson, 2011; Thomas, 2000, 2005; Turner, 2010). As Kovach (2009) writes, “Stories remind us of who we are and of our belonging” (p. 94). Stories are repositories of the values, philosophies and ways of being that have guided Indigenous peoples since the beginning of time. This is particularly true of sacred and traditional stories, however as noted in the section above, all stories have something to teach us. Knowing our stories as Indigenous peoples allows us to “share and document missing pieces of our history and pass these teachings on to future generations” (Thomas, 2005, p. 253). Similarly, Green (2013) teaches that stories and storying are means of “re-awakening” cultural knowledge and teachings (p. 13). Storytelling allows us to vision a different reality, a different future, one that reflects our own ways; storytelling is a way through which Indigenous knowledge can be uncovered and reclaimed (Archibald, 2008; Green, 2013;

Kovach, 2009; McGuire, 2013; Simpson, 2011; Thomas, 2005). In this sense, storytelling is thus both decolonizing and transformative.

The importance of stories as a means of remembering, passing on knowledge and reclaiming traditional values, philosophies and practices is seen in the work of Indigenous authors who seek to preserve their family stories (Daniels, 2005; Turner, 2010; Whiteduck, 2010), explore Indigenous knowledges (Green, 2013; McGuire, 2013; Patrick, 2004) or document a “counter-story—*our truths*” (Thomas, 2005). Daniels (2005), for instance, writes that telling and exploring her family story as an Aboriginal adoptee was a means of reclaiming power. McGuire (2013) used the stories given to her by her father, as well stories published by famed artist Norval Morriseau, to explore and share Anishinaabe knowledge(s), focusing particularly on stories and teachings of resilience. Thomas’ (2005) work with former students of Kuper Island Residential School brings to light stories of survival and resistance. As Thomas (2005) writes, “These stories simply must be told” (p. 242). Indigenous storytellers characterize their work as being about identity, survival, resilience, resistance, resurgence, renewal, continuance, truth and healing. In this way, storytelling, with its emphasis on Indigenous knowledge and remembering who we are and where we come from, can be seen as an important strategy of as Indigenous resistance and resurgence.

Children, Families And Nations

As I have shared, my mother was adopted by a white family during the Sixties Scoop. The term “Sixties Scoop” refers to the period between 1960 and the early-1980s marked by a dramatic increase in child welfare apprehensions and adoption of Indigenous children by non-Indigenous families (Sinclair, 2007, 2009). As readers are likely aware, child welfare was not the only means through which Indigenous children were separated from their families, communities

and territories following the arrival of European settlers. Fournier and Crey (1997) argue that Canada's "Indian policy" has, from its very inception, "sought to undermine the bond between aboriginal children and families" (p. 17). Before proceeding to review the literature in this area, I must caution that my focus here is on policies and practices that affected First Nations children and families. While some of the authors cited make reference to the experiences of Aboriginal children generally, readers should understand that my brief review does not reflect nor do justice to the unique experiences of Metis and Inuit children.

Fournier and Crey (1997) position the Sixties Scoop along a continuum of colonial policies that targeted Indigenous families, and children in particular. The "theft" of children began with the arrival of European explorers and the introduction of foreign diseases that decimated Indigenous communities. Children were targeted by early European clerics as the first converts—seized and spirited away to Europe for re-education and indoctrination. The eventual colonization of Turtle Island (North America) led to forcible and systematic attempts to assimilate Indigenous peoples into white society. Central to this policy of assimilation was the residential school system. Dating back to the 1870s, the residential school system,

was an education system in name only for much of its existence. These residential schools were created for the purpose of separating Aboriginal children from their families, in order to minimize and weaken family ties and cultural linkages, and to indoctrinate children into a new culture. (Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, 2015, p. v)

In addition to the forced separation of children and families through the residential school system, families continued to suffer the ongoing devastation of European diseases well into the 1900s. Crey (Fournier and Crey, 1997) recounts how his mother, born in 1925, spent a great deal of her childhood alone in hospital, recuperating from tuberculosis.

As reported by the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada (2015), there were more than 130 residential schools located across the country. These state-funded, Church-run schools operated in Canada for over 100 years. Although most had closed by the 1980s, the last federally supported school remained in operation until 1996. More than 150,000 First Nations, Metis and Inuit children were placed in residential schools during this time. Milloy's (1999) comprehensive study, *A National Crime*, traces the history of Canada's residential school system from 1879 to 1986, analyzing the vision, assumptions and rationale from which residential schools were created and sustained. He argues that the residential school system was a site of "ontological struggle," in which it was necessary to "separate the 'savage' parent from the child" (p. xiv-xv). In addition to the damage inflicted by this "ontological struggle," the residential school system was plagued by widespread physical, sexual, emotional and spiritual abuse, malnutrition and preventable death (Milloy, 1999; Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, 2015).

Milloy's (1999) work further chronicles the post-war transition of residential schools from "educational" to child welfare institutions. By 1948, there was general agreement among federal policy makers that the residential school system should be brought to an end in favour of an integrated approach to education (Milloy, 1999). Closure was stymied, however, by the child welfare function that the schools had come to assume for "neglected" children—neglect being defined according to non-Aboriginal concepts and with a strong class bias that held families responsible for situations of poverty and economic marginalization. While statistics are scarce, a survey in 1953 disclosed that over 40% of children in residential schools were there for reasons of (perceived) neglect (Milloy, 1999, p. 214).

Amendments to the *Indian Act* in 1951 worked to address the welfare function of residential schools by transferring child welfare responsibilities to provincial social workers. The amendments to the *Indian Act* extended provincial laws, practices and policies, including child welfare legislation, on reserve, giving social workers the right to operate in First Nations communities (Blackstock, 2009, Milloy, 1999). Prior to the 1951 amendments, reserve lands (and the “Indians” who lived there) were under the sole jurisdiction of the federal government. During the early years of this legislative change, however, residential schools were still considered an acceptable child welfare placement option and indeed, social workers had an active role in placing Aboriginal children in residential schools as late as the 1960s (Blackstock, 2009; Milloy, 1999).

The incursion of social workers into First Nations communities following amendments to the *Indian Act* resulted in a dramatic increase in the apprehension and adoption of First Nations children. This “pattern of mass removals” is commonly referred to as the Sixties Scoop (Blackstock, 2009, p. 30). As the term implies, many of these children were literally “scooped up” without the knowledge or consent of their extended family or band governments, and most children were adopted by white families (Sinclair, 2007, 2009). Private adoptions to families in the United States and overseas were not uncommon (Nuttgens 2004; Sinclair, 2007). Despite the high rates of apprehension and adoption during this period (1960 to the early-1980s), Sinclair reminds us that “the ‘Sixties Scoop’ was not specific child welfare policy or program” (2007, p. 66). Rather, the Sixties Scoop refers to an era in Aboriginal child welfare history characterized by “questionable apprehensions and adoptions” (Sinclair, 2007, p. 67).

As Crey’s story indicates (Fournier & Crey, 1997), Indigenous families living off reserve were also affected by the assumptions, philosophies and standards of child welfare practice in the

Sixties Scoop era. Crey and his siblings were apprehended from their home in Hope, British Columbia, separated from each other and placed with white families. Crey writes:

For status Indians like my mother, there were none of the social services a white family in crisis might have received. For her, there were no homemakers, no preventative family counselling services, no funded day-care facilities. There was no respite at all from the day-to-day drudgery faced by an uneducated mother of six trying to survive on welfare.

(Fournier & Crey, 1997, p. 30)

Spears (2003) and Daniels (2005) also share personal stories of their experiences as First Nations children adopted by non-Indigenous families. Like Crey (Fournier & Crey, 1997), they frame their adoptions within the context of colonialism and discuss the profound impact that cultural disconnection—the feeling of being different—had on their sense of identity. They argue that this sense of disconnection had a direct link to the struggles they experienced in later years. Daniels (2005) writes that, “To be born Aboriginal and to be adopted into a non-Aboriginal family, means to be disconnected from roots and identity” (p. 3). Daniels (2005) and Spears (2003) both characterize the separation of Indigenous children and families in this manner as an act of genocide.

Carriere’s (2007) research with First Nations adoptees also highlights the importance of connectedness and identity in adoption. Loss of identity, as a result of Canadian government policies and laws, emerged as the core category in Carriere’s (2007) research, manifesting itself in the physical, emotional, mental and spiritual health of the adoptees. Questions of “Who am I?” and “Where do I come from?” were common among the adoptees interviewed for the study.

Carriere (2007) concludes that, “connectedness and health for First Nations adoptees are related

in a significant way. There is a link between knowing who you are, where you come from and how you feel as a whole person” (p. 61).

Without dismissing or diminishing experiences of loss, Sinclair’s (2009) research indicates that “identity problems” are better understood in terms of racism and discrimination. Sinclair (2009) argues that the “lost identity” paradigm places the locus of the problem with the child, essentially blaming the adoptee for “losing” their identity: “A commonly accepted phrase regarding Aboriginal TRA [transracial adoption] is ‘lost identity,’ as if adopted children, even those adopted at birth, had their Aboriginal identity intact and dropped it by the wayside” (p. 106). The issue, Sinclair (2009) writes, is that Aboriginal adoptees are socialized to have a “white identity” yet as they proceed through life, they quickly find themselves denied access to the privileges of white society. Unfortunately, many if not most Aboriginal transracial adoptees are without access to positive cultural mirrors or role models to assist in navigating experiences of racism. Knowing who you are, then, is about positive meaning-making in the face of racism and the pervasiveness of negative discourse about Indigenous peoples in Canada (see for example, Harding, 2010).

In reviewing the literature on residential schools and the Sixties Scoop, my purpose was not to seek out positive or negative experiences, or to argue that all children suffered, or suffered in the same way. Swidrovich (2004) contends that the Sixties Scoop has been characterized almost exclusively in terms of colonial control and attempted assimilation. This colonial model has “resulted in an overwhelming focus on negative consequences and experiences with the child welfare system” (p. ii), and as such has prevented the exploration of satisfying or positive experiences. Her study sought to broaden the discourse by creating space for positive adoption experiences during this era. Though not specifically intended to draw out positive or satisfying

experiences, Nuttgen's (2004) research with Aboriginal adoptees also found a range of adoption experiences, adding to the discourse in this vein and pointing to the complexity of Aboriginal adoption issues.

While I acknowledge Swidrovich's (2004) call for a more nuanced view, beyond a straightforward assimilationist agenda, the fact that some children had positive or satisfying experiences does not dismiss the power, privilege and authority of white policy makers and social workers in shaping child welfare according to their own norms and beliefs. Differential treatment did exist. My understanding of the Sixties Scoop era aligns with that of Sinclair (2009), who writes "the Sixties Scoop was a by-product of the interaction between key economic policies, the residual influence of a colonial agenda, an untried child welfare bureaucracy and a very large socio-economic divide between Aboriginal and non-aboriginal people" (p. 93). For many Indigenous children and families, child welfare policies were and are the first point of dis-memberment. In referencing the work of Daniels (2005), Spears (2003) and Carriere (2007), my intent is to demonstrate how this dis-memberment has been felt in the lives of some Indigenous adoptees and, as such, why knowing our stories can be such a powerful act of resistance and resurgence.

The impact of child welfare on First Nations families (and indeed, on Aboriginal families more generally) continues to be an issue of great concern. In 2016, the Canadian Human Rights Tribunal ruled that the federal government's provision of First Nations Child and Family Services (FNCFS) on reserve is flawed, inequitable and thus discriminatory under the Canadian Human Rights Act (First Nations Child and Family Caring Society, 2016). The Tribunal found that:

the FNCFS Program denied services to many First Nations children and families living on-reserve and resulted in adverse impacts for them because it was based on flawed assumptions about First Nations communities that did not reflect the actual needs of those communities. The Tribunal also found that the FNCFS Program's two main funding mechanisms incentivized removing First Nations' children from their families. (First Nations Child and Family Caring Society, 2016, p. 1)

The Tribunal has ordered Canada to substantively reform its provision of FNCFS on reserve, however at this point (summer 2016) the government's direction in this regard is still unclear.

In addition to the discrimination in child welfare experienced by First Nations families on reserve, the situation of Indigenous families across Canada remains grave. While exact numbers are difficult to determine, there are more children in care today than at the height of either the residential school system or the Sixties Scoop (Blackstock, 2009; Sinclair, 2009). Citing the work of Gilchrist, Sinclair writes "the Sixties Scoop has merely evolved into the Millennium Scoop, where long-term institutionalization is the predominant outcome rather than adoption" (p. 94). It is in this context that the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, in its 2015 "Calls to Action," lists child welfare issues as key to redressing the legacy of residential schools and advancing the process of Canadian reconciliation.

Remembering, Resistance And Resurgence

As discussed in Chapter 1, I situate my research within the broader Indigenous movement of remembering, resistance and resurgence. While arguably there is no one definition of resurgence, I locate my research within the body of literature that sees resistance and resurgence as coming from within: from within our communities and from within ourselves (Alfred, 2009; Coburn, 2015; Coulthard, 2014; Simpson, 2011). This body of literature represents a departure

from the focus on political mobilization, education, legal gains and state recognition which until relatively recently have dominated the conversation about Indigenous resistance. My approach is particularly influenced by the work of Alfred (2009) and Simpson (2011), who argue that Indigenous strategies of resistance must begin with and reflect cultural values, spirituality, language, teachings, stories and relationships.

In his widely referenced work, *Wasáse: Indigenous Pathways of Action and Freedom*, Alfred (2009) writes that collective transformation must begin with personal change. As individuals of diverse nations, we need to reclaim, reimagine and reassert our cultural and spiritual roots; we must learn to think, see and live “indigenously” again. In rising up as individuals, we can come together from a place of integrity to restore the power of the collective and work toward meaningful change. This approach is echoed by Simpson (2011), who writes “Transforming ourselves, our communities and our nations is ultimately the first step in transforming our relationship with the state” (p. 17).

Such an approach differs significantly from more conventional notions of resistance, which tend to focus on political mobilization, legal strategies and state recognition. Alfred (2009) argues that legal and economic strategies are grounded in and mimic foreign (Western) logic, and are therefore antithetical to a truly Indigenous movement for freedom. These approaches demand that we “surrender our true selves to become what it is that we are fighting against, so that we may better it or defeat it” (Alfred, 2009, p. 130). Prevailing legal and political strategies fail to challenge the core of the colonial relationship between Indigenous peoples and the settler state; the concessions offered in terms of self-government agreements, land claims settlements and Aboriginal rights are ones that maintain the colonial status quo, with no real moral or economic threat to the non-Indigenous population (Alfred, 2009; Coulthard 2014).

Coulthard (2014) makes a similar argument with respect to the politics of recognition. Drawing on the work of post-colonial theorist Franz Fanon (and to a lesser extent, the German philosopher Hegel), Coulthard (2014) argues that the terms of recognition are determined by and in the interest of the settler-state. The social-psychological effects of colonization are such that, over time, oppressed groups come to identify with the terms on offer, leaving the imperial and asymmetrical foundations of the system intact (Alfred, 2009; Coulthard, 2014). Like Alfred (2009) and Simpson (2011), Coulthard (2014) calls for an introspective strategy of politics and resistance rooted in the practice of self-recognition and collective self-affirmation. Reiterating the work of Fanon, Coulthard (2014) urges Indigenous peoples in Canada to “‘turn away’ from the colonial state and society and instead find in their own *decolonial praxis* the source of their liberation” (p. 48).

An introspective theory of change embraces a wide range of actions beyond those that are commonly recognized as resistance or political mobilization. Coburn (2015) defines resistance broadly as, “any refusal to accept any given aspect of colonization in its multiple, shape-shifting forms” (p. 32). From this it follows that Indigenous resurgence “is about the reinvention of diverse, specifically Indigenous ways of being, knowing and doing. Put another way, if resistance signifies challenges to colonial practices and ideas, resurgence decentres colonialism by reimagining and re-creating diverse Indigenous worldviews and practices” (Coburn, 2015, p. 32). Given the interplay between these efforts, resistance and resurgence can be understood as part of the same overarching project of personal and collective self-determination and autonomy (Coburn, 2015). Importantly, and consistent with the works cited above, this theory of resistance and resurgence requires “neither oversight nor ‘recognition’ from colonial institutions and non-Indigenous peoples” (Coburn, 2015, p. 25).

While engaging with the concepts of resistance and resurgence, Indigenous scholars also emphasize the importance of drawing on our own languages and conceptual frameworks to guide the way forward. Simpson (2011) notes that the Nishnaabeg word *Biskaabiiyang*—meaning “to look back,” “returning to ourselves” or “new emergence”—immediately resonated with her Elder/teacher, whereas the English terms resistance and resurgence did not. Alfred’s (2009) work is grounded in the Kanienkeha word/concept of *Wasáse*, an ancient ceremony and war ritual of unity, strength and commitment to action. Alfred (2009) draws on the deep philosophical meaning(s) of this term to articulate an ethical and political vision and framework for the contemporary warrior.

LaRoque (2015), meanwhile, notes that not everyone agrees with or is comfortable with the word “resistance” or the concept of resistance work. The concept of resistance is closely associated with the field of post-colonial studies, yet many if not most Indigenous scholars and activists would agree that there is nothing “post-colonial” about the Canadian state. Some have argued that resistance work has the effect of re/centering and giving power to the colonizer; that it locks Indigenous knowledges, values and ways of being in opposition to the dominant group. This perspective asks: Why must we compare ourselves and our ways to Westerns paradigms? Why should Indigenous ways of seeing, being and doing not stand alone and warrant attention and consideration in their own right? LaRoque (2015) further notes that some scholars and students view the concept of resistance as only oppositional or negative. She acknowledges that if the word resistance is interpreted literally, meaning “striving against,” then “perhaps the notion of resistance research may be limiting” (p. 14). Her own view, however, is that Indigenous scholars are best served by employing “always reflexively and critically of course” whatever theories and frameworks best assist their work (p. 15). LaRoque (2015) states that Indigenous

knowledges and cultures were/are adaptive and dynamic, and that to be creative in one's use of theory in no way lessens their grounding as an Indigenous person or scholar.

Unfortunately, much of the thinking and writing on resistance ignores the power of day-to-day forms of resistance, or the link between spirituality and meaningful political action (Alfred, 2009; Simpson, 2011). This gap is significant, as Simpson (2011) argues that Indigenous philosophy encourages us to focus on ourselves as the first site of transformation. She goes on to say:

When resistance is defined solely as large-scale political mobilization, we miss much of what has kept our languages, cultures, and systems of governance alive. We have those things today because our Ancestors often acted within the family unit . . . This, in and of itself, tells me a lot about how to build Indigenous renaissance and resurgence. (p. 16)

Indeed, Alfred (2009), Simpson (2011) and Coulthard (2014) agree that ethical decision making on a collective or mass scale is possible only after a cultural and spiritual transformation at the individual level. Defining resistance and resurgence in terms of economic, political or legal strategies also overlooks the power of small scale change. Recounting a story told to her by Metis Elder Maria Campbell, Simpson (2011) tells us that acts of resistance are like throwing a stone in the water: it is impossible to predict the impact of even the smallest wave or ripple. As Alfred (2009) writes, “All of the world's big problems are in reality very small and local problems. They are brought into force as realities only by the changes made every day” (p. 25).

In emphasizing personal transformation and small-scale change, these scholars and activists embrace the spiritual and affective realms as important sites of resistance and resurgence (Alfred, 2009; Coburn, 2015; Simpson, 2011; Wilson, 2015). They call for a more embodied, heart centred approach, one that comes from a place of love—what Wilson (2015)

describes as “action that effects love” or “love in action.” Action that effects love is about fulfilling our inherent responsibilities to each other, and to all living things: “we, the land, the water, and all living creatures, are related and, as relatives, we are meant to love and care for each other” (Wilson, 2015, p. 256). In this way, love that effects action is “a very contemporary political expression of old knowledge” (Wilson, 2015, p. 256). Coburn (2015) acknowledges that the idea of love as resistance or political action may be met with scepticism in the academy. She argues, however, that love has and continues to be a theme continually expressed by Indigenous peoples, especially women, as something that matters personally and politically, and therefore deserves serious consideration and engagement in the realm of Indigenous resistance and resurgence.

Chapter 3: Methodology

This chapter discusses my approach to family-based storytelling research. The concept of family-based Indigenous research is one that developed organically to guide the purpose and process of my work. Family-based research focuses on the family as an important site of remembering and resurgence. My belief in the importance of family-based research reflects my worldview and the role that relationship plays in the health and well-being of our people. As Wilson (2008) writes, “One’s view of ontology will be reflected in what knowledge is worth seeking” (p. 34). Family-based research attends to personal and family connections as a means of empowering the collective. Strengthening family relationships, sharing stories and knowledge and restoring one’s sense of history and place are understood as powerful strategies of personal transformation that contribute to a broader, collective resurgence and struggle against the ongoing colonization of Indigenous peoples.

My Anishnaabe Worldview

My approach to research is grounded in an Anishinaabe (Ojibway) ontology and epistemology. My ontology, my worldview, reflects the teachings and wisdom of family members, Elders, traditional knowledge holders and First Nations academics, mentors, colleagues and friends. Like Archibald (2008), I use the word teachings to mean, “cultural values, beliefs, lessons and understandings that are passed from generation to generation” (p. 1). My teachers have come from different nations and traditions, yet I see their lessons as bound by similar philosophies, values and ethics. Indigenous researchers and scholars (see Chapter 2) agree that Indigenous worldviews share common foundations. Indigenous worldviews are w/holistic and relationship based, earth-centered and hold a reverence for Spirit and ancestors. Reflecting on the teachings that she has received from other Indigenous nations, Green (2013)

writes that, “due to the generosity of my cultural teachers/friends and family...I learned that philosophies of respect, responsibility, reciprocity, accountability, honor and love are core and common attributes within our various cultural teachings” (p. 8).

While the foundations are the same, Indigenous worldviews differ across territories and between peoples. Indeed, the term Indigenous refers to three distinct groups, First Nations, Metis and Inuit, and these groups are further diversified by nation, culture, language, traditions and land based experiences. I am a First Nations woman, but more specifically I am Anishinaabe. I draw on the work and teachings of Indigenous scholars to help guide my journey, but my mother, Toni King, has always been my most important and influential teacher. Absolon (2011) writes “Acknowledging our teachers and where our knowledge comes from is another common tendency of Indigenous researchers” (p. 131). Naming our teachers is an important practice that respects both the teacher and “the genealogy of knowledge” (Absolon, 2011, p. 131). Storytelling with my Grandmother was/is a way to honour and integrate her teachings and knowledge into my way of doing, being and seeing the world.

My mother was adopted by an English family as an infant. Racism in the family meant that my mother was denied access to her culture and traditions as an Ojibway person. Her journey to reclaim her ways and teachings as Anishinaabe began in her late twenties. My mother is an incredibly strong and courageous person. She sought the guidance of Elders and traditional friends and, over time, began to introduce my siblings and I to various cultural practices and teachings. As a child I had very little concept of race or culture, no doubt the result of being light skinned and growing up in a white middle-class neighbourhood, but by age 11 or 12 I had come to know and recognize that my mother was Ojibway; however, it would be many more years before I started to understand myself in the same terms. As a teenager, I was uncertain and in

many ways fearful of Indigenous teachings and traditions and at times refused to accompany my mother to ceremonies or to visit Elders. I wanted to fit in with my white friends and Indigenous knowledge cultural practices did not fit their mould.

My mother's journey to reclaim her history, cultural knowledge and practices as a First Nations person began as an adult; however, her *spirit* and integrity as an Ojibway woman was always present, always there. My mother taught me what it means to live as Anishinaabe, to live in a good way, not through specific cultural practice, but through how she conducts herself and the values that shape how she/I see the world. Plain Cree artist George Littlechild, cited in Fournier and Crey (1997), refers to this as blood memory:

dominant society tried to strip our culture, to rob our souls, but what they didn't realize is that the soul cannot be robbed unless we allow it. There is innate genetic material that couldn't be damaged; it's passed down and remains deep within us. That's why as a group of people we've survived. (p. 114)

Anderson's (2000) work on Native womanhood also refers to the concept of blood memory:

“Many Native cultures teach us that we carry the memories of our ancestors in our physical being” (p. 25). This blood memory or spirit memory (as I prefer to think of it) can be seen in how a person conducts themselves. In conversation with Anderson (2000), Ivy Chaske explains:

How you live your life is also ceremony. I have met people who do not have the language, don't know any ceremonies, don't know anything about who they are as an Indian person, but they are the most traditional people I know. They are loyal, they are honest, they have integrity, they are caring, they know how to be respectful, *they are all of those things that made our people who they are.* (p. 27)

Later in this chapter, I discuss my ethical framework as adhering to the 7 Grandfather teachings: wisdom, love, respect, bravery, honesty, humility, truth. Importantly, my mother ingrained in me the responsibility of living one's life according to these values long before I was introduced to the 7 Grandfathers as a core teaching of Anishinaabe culture.

The teachings I have received and observed from my mother, traditional people, Elders and now my Grandmother have shaped my understanding of the world. I believe it is possible to find “a” truth, and to know something about some parts of it. I do not think it is possible to know “the” truth, nor do I believe that one truth exists. I believe in many truths, and I believe that truths can change over time. Central to my worldview is the importance of relationships and my place in connection with other beings, the physical and spiritual world, the past, present and future. Academically, I have been particularly influenced by the work of Absolon (2011), Archibald (2008), Green (2013), Kovach (2009), Simpson (2011), Thomas (2000, 2005) and Wilson (2008). Their writings have taught me much about what it means to bring Indigenous worldviews and methodologies into the academy and into one's research.

The role of Western theory.

I position myself as an Indigenous researcher, yet I am also grateful for the insights and theoretical tools offered by some Western theories and paradigms, particularly postmodernism, feminist, queer, dis/ability and critical race theories (Ahmed, 2000; Brown, 2005; Fellows & Razack, 1998; Foucault, 1994; Jeffery, 2005). These diverse theoretical approaches have helped me interrogate colonial thought and processes, and to think critically about workings of power (see for example King, 2012). I believe it is possible to center an Indigenous ontology while drawing on Western theories to advance certain research questions. While I have chosen an Indigenous methodology for my research, I do not believe Indigenous researchers need *always*

follow suit. As Kovach (2009) writes, “not all research in Indigenous contexts will require an Indigenous methodological approach; it depends on the inquiry question. *However, it should be an option* [emphasis added]” (p. 38).

Indigenous researchers may need to draw on different theoretical perspectives to address the question(s) at hand, and being rigid in our thinking or approach is to deny the complexity of our contemporary context (LaRoque, 2015). I believe that Indigenous researchers can honour the ethics of relationality and other aspects of an Indigenous worldview while still drawing upon the full range of choices from what Kovach (2009) calls “the methodological buffet table.” That said, there is a fundamental difference between research that stems from an Indigenous worldview, and research that seeks to honour or respect Indigenous values within a Western paradigm. Drawing on Indigenous values to enhance Western approaches when working with Indigenous peoples may make the research more culturally congruent; however, this is not the same as doing Indigenous research as it is articulated by scholars in Chapter 2. As Absolon (2011) explains: “To search again from our own location and to search *using our own ways* [emphasis added] as Anishinaabek is Indigenous re-search (p. 21).

In line with Kovach (2009) and LaRoque (2015), I believe that Indigenous scholars can and should make full use of the “methodological buffet table.” However, the origins and ontological assumptions of the chosen paradigm must be articulated clearly in a transparent way. Failure to do so can give rise to the tokenizing of Indigenous ontology and epistemology; that is, to present one’s work as Indigenous research while conducting oneself according to Western standards and beliefs about knowledge.

Articulating one’s worldview and epistemological framework is also about ensuring congruency between one’s stated values and the work carried out. Kovach (2010) states that

Indigenous methodologies are determined by “the interplay (the relationship) between the method and the extent to which the method, itself, is congruent with an Indigenous worldview” (p. 40). Green (2013) notes the exhaustion that many Indigenous scholars experience in translating their Indigenous worldview and epistemology into research that is “legible” from a Western perspective. I found that the reverse is also true; remaining alert to the influence of Western norms and expectations in research can be exhausting as well. The dominance of Western standards and practice in academia is pervasive and I found myself needing to guard against reproducing these norms. As readers will learn in Chapter 5, I was not always successful. That said, being clear about one’s epistemological assumptions, philosophic values and ethics in research is an important safeguard. Making plain our values and intentions as Indigenous researchers allows our mentors and colleagues to advise and guide us if they observe we have gone astray.

Family-Based Storytelling Research

My research used a storytelling methodology to gather stories from my Grandmother about our family and its history. Storytelling refers to the telling of stories in research (Archibald, 2008). My use of storytelling is grounded in a First Nations epistemology: my understanding of what can be known, who can know and what counts as knowledge. I believe stories to be a source of knowledge and storytelling to be an important way of teaching and learning. Storytelling is also about the survival of knowledge, resistance and resurgence. As I have argued throughout this thesis, colonial laws and policies attempted to sever the transfer of knowledge within families and between generations. Thomas (2005) explains:

Many of us have stories in our families that have never been shared . . . We need to go back and collect these stories and share them with our families, friends and communities.

Consequently, another significant gift of storytelling is the ability to share and document missing pieces of our history and pass these teachings on to our future generations. As stories continue to be told, we continue to build the strength and capacity to continue our resistance to colonization and assimilation. (pp. 252-253)

My research follows Thomas' (2005) example. Storytelling with my Grandmother was/is about collecting and sharing stories, stories that might otherwise be lost, and sharing them with family, friends and community. In this way, I believe that graduate studies and academic research in social work can be a source of remembering and continuance. I hope that my work might inspire other Indigenous students to seek their own "missing" stories through research.

Listening to stories (story talk).

If methodology is "how we come to know" (Absolon, 2011), then method is how we gather knowledge. Storytelling is both methodology and method. Stories are rich with knowledge, and as such storytelling is an important way of coming to know. Telling and listening to stories is also a way of gathering knowledge. In asking my Grandma for stories, my approach was guided by what Kovach (2009, 2010) refers to as the "conversational method" or "conversation as method." The conversational method is collaborative and dialogical, "a method of gathering knowledge based on oral storytelling tradition congruent with an Indigenous paradigm" (Kovach, 2010, p. 40). The conversational method is open-ended, flexible and encourages dialogue, and as such differs from standard or semi-structured interviews "that place external parameters on the research participant's narrative" (Kovach, 2009, p. 124). The storyteller has control over the process and chooses which stories or experiences to share.

The decision to use a method that encourages conversation, or dialogue, was a considered and deliberate one. Whereas Thomas (2005) and Archibald (2008) generally found no need to

ask questions in their storytelling research, my Grandmother is not usually one to initiate stories. When I first brought up the possibility of recording her stories for my graduate research, my Grandmother's first response was along the lines of "I wouldn't know what say." With this in mind, I felt that a conversational approach to storytelling would be helpful. Prior to our first storytelling visit, I prepared a list of questions about my Grandmother's life and our family history. I did not refer to this list of questions during any of "story talks." Rather, my list of questions is better thought of as part of my "researcher preparations" (Kovach, 2009, 2010).

Some storytellers are comfortable speaking at length and directing the research process; others may need encouragement to know that their knowledge, experiences and words are important and that people are interested in what they have to say. Without taking control, I wanted to be prepared and ready to encourage my Grandmother and support the process if needed. My researcher preparations were rewarded when, as we gathered around her kitchen table to record stories for the first time, my Grandma asked, "So, what do you want to talk about?"

Our storytelling visits took place at my Grandmother's home in Parry Sound, Ontario. As a family-based project of remembering and resurgence, my mother was invited (with my Grandmother's consent) to take part in the research.³ In keeping with the conversational method, my mother was encouraged to ask questions about the stories and contribute to the conversation. While my Grandmother's stories were the focus, inviting my mother to take part facilitated an intergenerational exchange of knowledge and stories about our lives and experiences. For instance, my Grandmother's stories about camping promoted my mother to share some of her

³ My adult siblings were also invited to participate in the research. Unfortunately, they were unable to make the frequent trips to Parry Sound during the time set aside for the research.

own camping memories. My Grandma was surprised to learn that my mother spent many childhood summers camping at a provincial park less than an hour from Parry Sound.

My use of the conversational method was meant to prompt or encourage stories; it was not meant to facilitate a dialogue where both or all parties contribute in an equal fashion. Although I recognize that asking questions of my Grandmother, as my mother and I did, had an impact on the nature and content of the stories, the purpose of our dialogue was not to co-create knowledge (which the conversational method can also help facilitate). My Grandmother and her stories remained the focus of our time together. Kovach (2009) states, “the task of researchers is to intuitively respond to the stories, to share as necessary their own understandings, and to be active listeners” (p.125). I hope that my use of the conversational method in storytelling honoured this sentiment. At the same time, I wonder about the role and place of silence in storytelling.

In her research with Elders/storytellers, Archibald (2008) found that her questions were often met with long silences. At first, these periods of silence made her uncomfortable. She wondered whether “the Elders didn’t understand my questions or didn’t want to answer” (Archibald, 2008, p. 88). Eventually, however, Archibald (2008) came to understand that silence is an important part of the pedagogical process: “I learned that these silences were important because the Elders were thinking about the questions and preferred not to speak until they were sure about their answers. Silence is respectful and can create good thinking” (p. 89). And so I wonder: was I too scared of silence? What might have happened, had I not asked questions of my Grandmother in those moments of silence? Did my questions come from a place of genuine curiosity, or were they promoted by the feeling that silence is uncomfortable? As discussed above, I believe that there are moments when encouragement and dialogue in storytelling may be needed. But were my gestures of support (asking questions when the conversation seemed to be

waning) for my Grandma, or were they for me? I am not sure. I pose these questions about the role of silence in storytelling as food for further thought and consideration, for myself and for other researchers.

My mother and I travelled to Parry Sound four times over the summer and fall of 2015 to share in my Grandmother's stories. Two additional trips were made (one in the winter of 2015 and one in the summer of 2016) to review and finalize the written version of my Grandma's stories, as presented Chapter 4. Story details were also confirmed by phone. Our story talk took place around the kitchen table over hot drinks and food, often blueberry muffins (my Grandma's favourite). My Grandma's stories were recorded and transcribed. In conversation with Kovach (2009), Laara Fitznor explains that audio recording is a way of preserving the "essence" of voice. Certainly, the recordings I made of our time together were invaluable in helping me translate my Grandmother's stories from oral to written. The audio files were downloaded to a password-protected computer immediately after our visits. Transcripts and drafts of my grandmother's stories were also kept on a password-protected computer. Given that this research is about gathering and passing on family stories, the transcripts have been edited to protect the privacy of those not directly involved in the research, and are available to family members for their own use.

Re-telling stories (story writing).

Indigenous scholars have discussed at length the challenges of translating oral stories into written form (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008; Kovach, 2009; Simpson, 2011; Thomas, 2005). In working with the transcripts of our storytelling visits, my intent was to keep the re-telling of my Grandma's stories as true to her voice as possible, while also ensuring that readers were able to follow the narrative and that meanings were clear. As noted in Chapter 2, it is difficult if not

impossible to convey the nuances of gesture, rhythm and tone in written form. Sentence structures and expressions that make sense orally are sometimes difficult to understand on paper. I believe that is usually necessary to work with and edit storytelling transcripts to ensure that the heart and integrity of the stories is properly represented. This of course requires a *conscious* process of editing, where every decision to cut, alter, reword or rearrange is considered and questioned. Why am I making this change? For what reason? The process of editing should be an uneasy one.

No matter how conscious or intentional the process, researchers hold incredible power over the re/presentation of oral stories. Thomas (2005) relates, “Even though I strove for authentic voice representation, how influential was I in shaping the story by including some things and excluding others? I have not completely resolved this yet. It should be a struggle” (p. 249). In addition to decisions about what to include (or exclude), researchers must pay attention to word choice and tone. As university-trained researchers, it can be easy to slip into academic writing and language. Attempts to “fix up” a story so that it reads “better” can have a dramatic impact on the spirit or tone of a story, and must be questioned (Archibald, 2008). Are changes being made to support the integrity and clarity of the story, or to adhere to a Western sense of academic standards?

As discussed in Chapter 2, Archibald (2008) teaches that translating oral stories into written form must be done in a way that maintains the spirit or life force of the story. Researchers can activate the life force of a story by approaching storytelling with the same respect, reverence, responsibility and reciprocity that characterize the oral tradition (Archibald, 2008). I was extremely conscious of my responsibility to my Grandmother and the need to ensure that she was satisfied with how her stories had been reproduced. My Grandma has trouble

with small print and finds it difficult to read lengthy documents. Rather than asking her to read my draft, I read it aloud and noted her comments and changes as we went through. I enjoyed the process. It was fun to hear her exclaim “Yes!” or “It was just like that” in response to certain passages.

As readers will observe in Chapter 4, my Grandmother’s stories are arranged according to a loose life cycle narrative. I began my story writing with five and half hours of audio and more than 60 pages of transcripts and notes, which I eventually condensed by half. Passages were removed to protect the privacy of people not directly involved in the research, or out of respect for the personal nature of a story. In editing the transcripts, I asked myself: “Is this a story my Grandmother would share with people outside of our family?” Again, my overarching priority and intent was to keep the re-telling of my Grandma’s stories as true to her voice as possible.

What Have I Learned? Theories of Analysis

My approach to analyzing my research has changed significantly since the early stages of the project. In conceptualizing my research framework, I struggled with what it would mean to analyze my Grandmother’s stories in a manner consistent with academic requirements or standards. Having just completed two years of social work coursework that focused heavily on postmodernism and critical theories, my initial sense was that “good” and thorough analysis should interrogate discourse, challenge common-sense meanings and make room for new and different narratives. And yet, in asking my Grandmother for stories, I wanted to learn and remember, not deconstruct. What does it mean to analyze a story? Is deconstruction the only form of analysis, or is it simply one approach? Ultimately, I have come to understand Indigenous analysis as an organic process of meaning making and deciding what to do with the knowledge shared (Green, 2013; Thomas, 2005).

Like all aspects of research, one's method of analysis should reflect the theoretical frame that guides the work. In contrast to a postmodern and/or critical framework that may seek to identify and deconstruct dominant narratives, my research is grounded in the understanding that stories are an important means of teaching and learning, and that *storytelling* is an important site of Indigenous resistance and resurgence. From this, it follows that the analytic question is not, "how might I unravel this story?" but rather "what has this experience taught me? What have I learned and how might these learnings be of use to others?"

Analysis in storytelling research differs from that of oral history, which is grounded in the Western tradition. I mention oral history here specifically, as it has been my experience that people tend to conflate the two. When trying to explain my research to friends and acquaintances (both inside and outside of the academy), listeners often assumed that "storytelling with my Grandmother" meant oral history. And yet, as Janovicek (2006) notes, oral history researchers seek not only to document and learn from stories, but to analyze the role of race, class, gender and other social dimensions in the life of the storyteller. Oral history researchers are also interested in how the storyteller has come to understand and make sense of their life experiences. The job of the oral historian is to analyze and in some cases re-interpret the storyteller's experience through a different lens. While Janovicek (2006) is cognizant of the potential power imbalance at play in this scenario, the task of critical re/interpretation is nonetheless fundamental to oral history. The work of oral history thus differs significantly from the epistemological and methodological roots of Indigenous storytelling research. As Janovicek (2006) states, "oral history and oral tradition are not the same thing" (p. 166).

In contrast to oral history, Indigenous researchers have taken up analysis in storytelling by re/presenting the stories shared, and drawing from these stories specific lessons, teachings and

meanings (Daniels, 2005; Green, 2013; McGuire, 2013; Thomas, 2000; Turner, 2010). Lessons, teachings and meanings are drawn with an understanding that stories contain multiple truths. The conclusions of the researcher represent but *one* interpretation of knowledge, not *the* interpretation. My experience with storytelling, however, prompted a different kind of analysis. As time went on and the research progressed, it became apparent that what I was learning was happening primarily in my heart, not my head. My research experience is best described in terms of stronger family ties, a feeling of belonging and knowledge of place. My experience with storytelling was about re/connection. I have started my journey home.

Rather than presenting a defined set of lessons or teachings from my Grandmother's stories, my analysis thus asks: What did I learn about storytelling as a research methodology? How does my experience relate to Indigenous resistance and resurgence? What are the implications for social work? Focusing on my experience of storytelling, rather than the content of my Grandma's stories, is not to say that her stories are without lessons. However, unlike storytelling research that seeks to explore cultural knowledge (Green, 2013; McGuire, 2013; Patrick, 2004) or document hidden histories like the residential school system or Sixties Scoop (Daniels, 2005; Thomas, 2000), the lessons of my Grandmother's stories are fairly specific to my family and our unique context. Moreover, as outlined above, the interpretations and meanings I draw from my Grandma's stories are mine alone. How I make sense of her stories at this point in time may be different from how I understand them after hearing another story, or after a new experience (Green, 2013). In this sense, analysis does not stop with the completion of my thesis but is constant and ongoing. As Green (2013) writes:

Storying teaches the learner that the nature of the story cannot necessarily be interpreted in the moment it is told, but that the meaning of the story could occur immediately or later in life through another story, another experience or in a dream. (p. 24)

Given the specific nature of my Grandmother's stories, the lessons I draw would likely be of most interest to family members. Yet, family members do not need me to highlight specific themes or teachings for them. They will make their own meanings and take what they need. The things I learn/take from my Grandma's stories are likely different from that of another listener or, in this case, another reader. Ultimately, I felt that analyzing my Grandmother's stories for lessons or teachings would be little more than an attempt to re-create or mirror the work of other storytellers. In trying to follow the path of others, I would miss what *my* storytelling experience was trying to tell me.⁴

There is no one right way to interpret my Grandmother's stories, no one "true" answer to be found. But that does not mean that there is nothing to be learned. My Grandmother's story is presented in full, in a separate chapter (Chapter 4), so that readers may learn and draw their own teachings from her experiences. Sharing my Grandmother's story was/is an important part of my research. As Green (2013) writes, re-telling stories "offers a process by which we preserve stories and teachings" (p. 15). Publishing my Grandmother's story is a means of honouring her voice and preserving her words for others to learn from and enjoy.

In A Good Way: Ethics In Storytelling Research

In accordance with Human Research Ethics Board standards, written consent was obtained prior to the telling or recording of any stories. I developed two informed consent forms for the

⁴ While my analytic approach differs from that taken by researchers like Green (2013), Daniels (2005), McGuire (2013) and Thomas (2000) I am nonetheless indebted to them for showing me that, when grounded in a firm epistemological and methodological base, Indigenous analysis can take many forms.

project: one for my Grandmother and one for my mother (see Appendix A and Appendix B).

While my mother was comfortable reviewing the form independently, my Grandmother and I went through the document together. I emphasized her rights as a participant, including control over the final presentation of her stories and the right to withdraw from the research at any time.

Though informed consent is integral to the research process, my understanding of ethics in research goes beyond that of institutional review boards or formal ethics review. Kovach (2009) notes that ethics from an institutional perspective is “often associated with liability concerns,” whereas the Indigenous epistemic perspective is more concerned with relationships. Wilson (2008) teaches that Indigenous axiology (ethics) is built upon the concept of relational accountability. As discussed in Chapter 2, Indigenous research paradigms invoke a broad definition and understanding of accountability. Indigenous researchers are accountable not only to those who take part in the research, but to their families and ancestors, the land, waters, plant life, animals and spirit world. The belief is that in research, as in life, we are accountable to all of creation. (Wilson, 2008)

What does it mean to be accountable as an Indigenous researcher? Absolon (2011) teaches “our codes of conduct are those guidelines provided to us by the Creator” (p. 103). Indigenous research is guided by the same codes of conduct that govern our everyday lives; how we re/search is guided by how we exist. My own ethical framework, as an Anishinaabe person and an Anishinaabe researcher, is rooted in the 7 Grandfather teachings (wisdom, love, respect, bravery, honesty, humility, truth) and a commitment to living in a good way. Without presuming to speak for all First Nations peoples, I feel comfortable saying that the ethic of “goodness” or “in a good way” exists in some form or variation in many First Nations cultures. Kovach (2009) writes, “In thinking about Indigenous research ethics, the overarching theme is to conduct

oneself in a way that reflects *miyo*” (p. 147). *Miyo* is the Cree word for good, or goodness. From a Coast Salish perspective, Thomas (2005) defines ethics in research as *uy’skwuluwun*—the Hul’qumi’num word for a good mind and a good heart.

In my own Anishinaabe teachings, the ethic of living in a good way is found in the concept of *minobimaadiziwin* or *mino bimaadiziwin*, depending on the particularities of dialect. Absolon (2011) translates *minobimaadiziwin* to mean “to live a good life, in balance with and respect for all of creation” (p. 65). I am a cultural beginner and have much to learn about this concept and the teachings it entails. At this point in time, my understanding of *minobimaadiziwin* is rooted in the 7 Grandfather teachings: wisdom, love, respect, bravery, honesty, humility, truth. Doing research in a good way means paying attention to how I conduct myself in relation to others, including the energy I bring to the encounter. The ethic of relational accountability requires me to acknowledge how my work is connected to all things, physical and spiritual, past, present and future.

I need to be honest in acknowledging that I am cultural beginner, and that my knowledge of *minobimaadiziwin* and the 7 Grandfather teachings is basic. I made every effort throughout the research to conduct myself with integrity and in a way that embodies the 7 Grandfather teachings. I believe that I was successful in upholding my responsibilities to my Grandmother and our relations. That said, I still have much to learn. *Minobimaadiziwin* is more than a word, but a concept that reflects a way of being that has guided our people since time immemorial. I do not want to tokenize this knowledge by using it in an oversimplified or artificial way. Indeed, Simpson (2011) has noted this very concern:

As a concept, *mino bimaadiziwin* is commonly used in Nishnaabeg teachings. I worry though that it is becoming almost an overused and oversimplified concept in Nishnaabeg

scholarship particularly amongst non-speakers and cultural beginners . . . While I still find *mino bimaadiziwin* to be an important concept, I use it while keeping these observations in mind. (footnote 9, pp. 26-27)

As Indigenous researchers, we need to guard against the potential tokenizing of our teachings and values, not only by others, but in our own work. Thomas (2005) states that the process of Indigenous research “must be real.” Reflecting on her graduate research with former students of Kuper Island Residential School, Thomas (2005) writes, “I was unable to use words such as ‘honour,’ ‘tradition,’ and ‘Ancestors’ only as token words that glorify or romanticize my academic process of producing a thesis” (p. 252). Indigenous research upholds an Indigenous ethical framework throughout the research process: from our choice of topic, to the methods we use to collect data, to the way we analyze what we have learned, to how we present the outcomes of the research (Wilson, 2008). An Indigenous ethical framework is also reflected in the style and tone of one’s writing. Is the work written in an accessible way? Who is your imagined audience? In choosing your words, are you writing for the Western academy or other Indigenous researchers? My imagined audience is that of Indigenous students and researchers. I have endeavoured to write in a way that is accessible and engaging to my teachers and peers.

In upholding the 7 Grandfather teachings, my first responsibility was to my Grandmother. Asking for stories invokes deep ethical responsibilities on the part of the researcher, both in terms of caring for the storyteller and respecting the knowledge shared. As Thomas (2005) writes:

I have been taught that when you ask people to share their wisdom, you must respect and honour their teachings. This was the most important ethical responsibility that I had. I had

to ensure that while I was storytelling, I simultaneously respected and honoured the storytellers. (p. 249)

Indigenous researchers have a responsibility to listen in a way that engages the mind, body, heart and spirit (Archibald, 2008). We must ensure that the re-telling of stories honours the voice of the storyteller, and not our own (Thomas, 2005).

Gift-giving is a cultural practice that is often used in Indigenous research to symbolize one's responsibility to the person taking part and the knowledge shared (Brant Castellano, 2004; Kovach, 2009). At the end of our final storytelling visit, I gifted my Grandmother with a pair of deerskin moccasins. Gift-giving, not necessarily of traditional medicine but always of something with meaning and significance, is a cultural protocol that I consider important to Indigenous research. The act of gift-giving "confirms a relationship that continues beyond the time and place of the exchange" (Brant Castellano, 2004, p. 104.). Gift-giving affirms my responsibility to the storyteller, my Grandmother, and holds me responsible for re-telling and sharing her stories in a good way.

As Indigenous researchers, how do we know that we are on the right path, that we are working in a good way? How do I know? In reflecting on the ethics of my work, I think about the questions I would ask of other Indigenous researchers. I ask myself: Have I talked about ethics? Have I described what ethics means to me? Have I talked about voice and re/presentation? What steps or processes were undertaken so that my Grandmother's stories are shared and/or represented as she intended? This chapter was about attending to these questions.

I have said that my ethical approach is guided by the 7 Grandfather teachings and the concept of doing things in a good way. The w/holistic nature of the 7 Grandfather teachings and *minobimaadiziwin* requires that I go beyond an intellectual assessment to engage my body, heart

and spirit. From this it follows that ethics in Indigenous research is also about asking: *Does it feel right...? What does your heart tell you?* Absolon (2011) affirms the importance of intuitive knowledge in assessing our work. As she writes: “Feeling good about what I am doing is another marker [of being on the right path], and my intuition has provided me with the direction I need” (Absolon, 2011 p. 83). I have positioned myself in this research as a cultural beginner and indeed I have much to learn about *minobimaadiziwin* and the 7 Grandfather teachings. I will continue to seek out knowledge of these teachings as I move forward as an Indigenous researcher in developing and honouring my Anishinaabe epistemological framework.

Chapter 4: My Grandma's Stories

Prologue

This story is written in my Grandmother's voice. It begins with my Grandmother's childhood years in Toronto, Ontario, follows her through adolescence and adulthood, bringing us to the present-day. As discussed in Chapter 3, the stories shared here are the result of four storytelling visits with my Grandmother and over 60 pages of transcripts and notes. Her stories have been arranged according to a loose life cycle orientation, however in working with the transcripts my priority was to keep the re-telling as true to my Grandmother's voice as possible.

My Grandmother grew up speaking the Ojibway language and often uses Ojibway words in the course of conversation. She speaks the language but does not write it. My Grandma used many Ojibway words in her stories, and although the meaning/translation was clear I had to rely on Ojibway dictionaries for spelling. Unfortunately, I was unable to find many of the words or phrases that my Grandma used in her storytelling (probably the result of different dialects). I had hoped to find someone who both speaks and writes the language to help me reflect more of my Grandmother's use of the language in her stories but was unable to do so in time for publication. There are a few places in the story where I make reference to my Grandmother speaking in Ojibway. These references were necessary in places where the story relied on the original sentence structure for clarity. My Grandmother's use of the Ojibway language is retained in the transcripts of her stories, where I did my best to spell Ojibway words/phrases phonetically.

Readers should note that any errors in the re-telling of this story are my own. *Thank you Grandma for sharing your stories with me, with all of us. Chi-miigwetch!*

The Stories of Carolyn King of Parry Island⁵

I was born in Toronto in 1943, during the war. That's a long time ago now. I lived in Toronto for most of my life. We lived on Franklin Avenue, in the west end. Everyone that came from Parry Island, they'd hit Toronto and come to mum's place on Franklin. Everyone. Mum wouldn't turn anyone away. It was usually mostly relatives. Anyone who came from Parry Island, mum was always giving them a helping hand, you know? They would board with us until they got situated. They paid mum a bit of rent, and she had supper ready for them at night and she'd put their laundry out and all that. The rent really helped mum along too, to buy the groceries and such. A lot of them were grateful and came back and said, "Thanks Mrs. King", you know. Everyone called her Mrs. King, except Uncle Freddy, he used to call her Mrs. K. Uncle Fred, Fred Wheatley. He was smart. He's the one who became a professor and all that at the university [University of Toronto and Trent University]. He was a country bumpkin when he came down though! And then, I don't know how, he got a job at the university as a guard or something. And from there he got into night school, and then went to university, studying Indian languages. I remember him bringing those big books home, full of Indian words, languages. I'd like to get my hands on one of those now. Uncle Fred...he was one brother who helped mum a lot. There was always something to be done around the house, handyman stuff, you know.

It was quite a big house, though it didn't look like it from the outside. There were lots of bedrooms, four upstairs and a room downstairs that we used as a bedroom too. It was red brick, with a big front porch and a balcony on the second floor. In the old days, mum used to get coal brought in. The coal man would bring it in bags over his shoulder and empty it down the shoot

⁵ Title is a nod to a research report on the Ojibwa language, published in the 1970s, based on stories shared by my Great-Grandmother (Rogers, ca. 1976). The researchers published a booklet to accompany the report titled, *The Stories of Alice King of Parry Island* (King, Rogers, & Nichols, 1985).

into a pile in the cellar, the basement. Then one of my brothers would put some in the coal scuttle and bring it up to the house. Because for the longest time we didn't have regular heat, we just had a wood stove. Almost all of my brothers and sisters ended up at Franklin at some point or another. I have ten brothers and sisters: Vincent, Maxwell, Gerald, Reginald, Lorne, Eleanore, Adrienne, Juanita, Ethel and Beverly. Five girls, and five boys. And me. I'm the youngest. It certainly surprised mum when I came along. There are ten years between my brother Reginald and I. Mum thought she was finished with the dirty diapers! My brothers and sisters, they all grew up on the Island, at *kiwenziinh's* [old man, grandfather] place, my mother's first husband. I was the only one to grow up in Toronto. But they all ended up at Franklin sooner or later. Then they'd get a job and move out on their own. Some stayed longer than others. It was just a stepping stone, eh?

Mum grew up on the Island too, Parry Island. Wasauksing they call it now. But when Max and Vincent went off to war, mum packed her bag and moved to Toronto. Her cousins were working there in a laundry or something like that. Mum had no education herself, but she used to do housework, eh? So mum got a job in there too and they shared a room and worked together, saved all their pennies. Finally the other girls, when they saved enough, they went back to the Island! The James sisters. They were old maids. They never married. But they were good housekeepers. And they could make anything and their garden was straight as a die, you know. They went back to their mother's place; they had a farm on the Island. They grew potatoes, squash, all things. It was a fairly good size. Those women were so industrious, always planting, weeding, gathering, you know, the whole nine yards. They never let the grass grow under their feet. Their father was just as energetic, and taught those girls to be the same way. They were

always working the farm, always going. They were like machines, only they were little old ladies! Everything they grew was like magic. Because they worked hard at it, you know!

They had to watch out for robbers though, because they had the most coveted farm going. There was a dog on the farm but I guess the robbers knew how to get around him; they'd just through him a bone or something so he wouldn't bark. I remember Eva complaining, she said, "I can't stand it." "[*Speaking Ojibway*]," meaning "My dog is lazy." "That dog opened the gate for the robbers and they came in last night," Eva said. "He opened the gate for them so they could come in and rob us blind! He just sat back and let them come in." Just the way she said it, I thought it was quite funny. But she was madder than heck, you know. Really mad. That dog didn't last long! They had a new one when we went there next. I don't know what happened to the first dog. Probably gave it away to someone that could afford to keep him for nothing, because you've got to earn your keep up here, you know? Everyone has to have a dog up here. In the old days we fed them scraps and now here I am, buying all different kinds of pet food. I remember our family friend Levi had this dog, he was [*speaking Ojibway*]. That means oval, like not square and not round. You'd see the dog from the back and sure enough he was oval. But the other Indians, they kept saying, "Well, I don't see him rolling over." Levi meant that that was the shape of him, but the other old Indians thought the dog tipped over all the time! It was funny. So anyway, Mum stayed with the girls in Toronto until they went back to Parry Island. They weren't meant to be city people; they were farmers, not city folk, you know. Eventually mum got the house on Franklin and family started drifting in. And as far as I know she didn't work after that, she just took in boarders. But of course she was always a go-getter, she would never rest on her laurels. She always made a go of it somehow.

My mother came from a big family. She was the oldest girl. You used to have a lot of large families on the reserve, but not anymore. Too expensive I guess, I don't know. Maybe something in the water! She had to bring up her brothers and sisters because my Grandmother was busy working, doing laundry to put food on the table. So mum had to take care of her younger brothers and sisters. All the kids had to chip in, the oldest ones.

Wellington was her oldest brother. He had a special trade: he had his Captain's papers. So we called him Cap. He was a legal captain on the Great Lakes. Uncle Wellington, he always had a boat. No matter how broke he was, he managed to buy a boat. He used to take people around the Bay, deliver the mail, or make other deliveries. His services were always in demand. There were only two boat delivery places in Parry Sound and he worked for both of them. This was back in the day when Indians just needed a boat to work, to fish and deliver. I don't think he'd last very long these days with all the licenses you have to get. Cap was always in the newspaper and all that, pictures of him. He didn't like his picture taken, but he was always in there somehow.

In the summertime I would come up to my Grandmother's on the Island. I remember this one time, I'll never forget it; Mum and I came up from Toronto, and Uncle Wellington came to pick us up in town. We got off the train from Toronto, and there's Uncle Wellington with a cab. I couldn't believe it. I don't know if mum and him had this cooked up or what, but I was surprised! We went down by cab to his boat. It was this big speed boat, oh it was a long and beautiful thing. And we had to go all the way around to Hay Bay, that's where my Grandmother's cottage was. It's hard getting off those big boats! There was no dock, just a big pile of rock. You had to jump ashore. And Mother, she wasn't exactly featherweight! Uncle Wellington, he hardly gave us any time to put our feet on the rocks before he was pulling away.

There's Mother crawling on all fours, and I'm yelling, "Come on, Mum!" And, "Uncle Wellington, come and help me!" He just said, "Oh, she can make it, she can make it." Oh my god! Well I finally got her up the rocks and into the bush. And I'm scared of snakes, you know. There was a snake seen there last summer and I was sure he was waiting in the bush for me! My Grandmother, she heard the rumpus, I'm sure. Mum was screaming, and I'm yelling, and Cap's out in the Bay. He's yelling at me, "Take her up that way!" But he wouldn't come in to help. He did it on purpose, I know it. So Grandma comes down, there's mom laying in the tall grass and I'm sitting there, my head bobbing up and down. And she says, "What's wrong with you? What's going on?" So I said, "Mum tripped and fell and she can't get up." Grandma just picked her up like a featherweight, eh? She was wiry but strong, she was a country woman. We were ok when Grandma showed up, but I didn't see Uncle Wellington for quite a while after. I imagine Mother had something to say about that!

I'm thankful for that time with my Grandmother on the Island, because I think I'd be a different person had I not had a bit of a country life in my background. Her name was Ida, Ida Wheatley. My Grandmother taught me a lot of things. She taught me how to plant potatoes. She grew everything, but potatoes was the staple. You just cut a potato in half or use culls, one or the other. You're supposed to leave a mound to show where you planted the seed, but I forgot. I made my rows flat! "Oh no!" Grandma said. She had to go all up and down the house and make a mound where I had planted my seeds. Oh, I thought I was doing so well! I was trying to be so neat, I thought she'd be proud of me. I wish I had had more time with her. I think I was about eight or nine when she passed away. There was a fire in her shed and she ran out there in the death of winter and caught a cold. She wasn't a husky woman. It turned into pneumonia and she was dead within two weeks. My mother was devastated.

My Grandmother had a nice home. She had an organ in one room, but the room on the other side was off limits. She had a big picture of Queen Victoria in there, in a gilt frame. She had a curtain over it and treated it like the holy grail. It was that sacred, she had it behind a curtain. I got to see it just once; I was honoured. Then I grew up and I found out how mean that Victoria was. But Grandma, she was partial to the Royals. We were all loyalists; I guess because my Grandfather was British. Everyone called him Boss. He was just like an Indian. He came over on the tramp steamer when he was a kid, a stowaway; because in those days in old Britain you ended up in the workhouse if you were poor. So he and his brother, I think it was his brother, they stowed away and came across to Canada. They split up when they got here and Boss ended up in Parry Sound. I don't know much about the British side of the family. I remember he was always red in the face. And he had big hands. He'd say, "Come here Nudge," that was my nickname, "come and sit in my lap." And I just remember seeing his hands—well, I was still small, eh? But that was it. I was scared of him. I never went near him after that. But he led a hard life too. He was always lumberjacking. He didn't have any other trade but bush work, you know? After my Grandmother died, they tore her house down and built a dance hall on top of it. Grandma's beautiful house! It was a real gem. It had a nice porch all around, and hardwood floors. The way she'd wax those floors, you could eat off of them.

My mother didn't have a house on Parry Island, but she did have a summer cottage. It was a pre-fab. We were going to get it winterized to use year round, but then mum said, "All these people coming in up here, we have to go back to the city. I need the rest!" We had to go back to Toronto! We only had the basic cottage, and mum wanted to build a porch all round, a great big fancy porch. So Uncle Wellington and Uncle Teddy came over to help her and Uncle Wellington had this big tool box. The cottage was just paper thin, you know, four walls and roof,

and mum, she hears them talking through the walls. They were arguing over what tool was what, you know:

“You got the wrong one—”

“Hand me that one over there.”

“Gee, I told you--!” That kind of thing. They went on like that all afternoon! I don’t think anything was done. And they were just supposed to be building a couple of steps so mum could go up and down the porch with ease. “Oh, mackerel,” she said, “you’ve been all afternoon wrangling.” Well they finally got it finished but the steps they built were so tiny, just like little baby steps! “They’re so small!” she said. And of course mum ended up tripping and falling and stubbing her toe. It would have been safer just to step off the porch to the ground! Even I found them short. Uncle Ted, he’d come round and he always wanted his coffee and donut, you know, anything sweet, candy, cookies. He’d come in for coffee and he’d have cookies on the side. And mum would say, “Is that Teddy? I bet he’s up here for his coffee and cookies. Tell him he’d better get out there and fix that porch, I can’t go up those steps! They’re too short.” So anyway, in the end Uncle Wellington came over, he took out one step and fixed the other so it was more decent.

There was no road to the Island in those days. The only way to the Island was by rail. There was a trestle bridge and if you were brave enough you could walk across. The only other way was by boat. Eleanore, she was my oldest sister, and boy could she ever row. We timed it one time, I think it was three minutes and we were in town! Oh, she was a strong girl! Three minutes, three and a half minutes and we were in town. In the summer we’d get in *kiwenziinh*’s boat, get a boat full of kids, and go out to Parry Sound Bay. The *African Queen*, we called it. *Kiwenziinh* got that boat second hand, third hand, fourth hand, I can’t remember. It needed a lot

of work. It was a putt putt, you know, it made that noise. The waves used to be very high out there in the Bay, I don't know about now. Eleanore used to take us out, she'd hit those waves a certain way, eh, and just spray us all! We thought it was a lot of fun. She'd do it on purpose, you know. Sometimes the waves would rock us sideways. That was scarier, because you could tip. But Eleanore was always out for fun. She knew what the kids wanted. There was one time, we were coming home in the evening, you know, [*speaking Ojibway*], that means dusk or dawn. And the way the trees are, it looks like you're coming in to land but you're still quite a ways away. Our friend Terry, he yells out, "I'll drag it in." "Hey, no!" I said. But by that time he'd jumped in, right over his head! And he's hanging onto the rope and still trying to drag us in to shore. We had to pull him back into the boat. "Terry, are you all right?" I said. "You misjudged, we weren't anywhere near the shore yet!" "Well yes," he said, "I was going to say, that last step is a bitch." Oh god!

I don't remember when we got a road to the Island. It took a lot of wrangling. At first it was just a really a makeshift one, a trestle bridge. You could walk across, but it wasn't safe for a car. You could take a cab from town to the bridge, but then you had to get out and walk across. If you had bags or groceries you were up the creek without a paddle. Mum and I walked across one time with *kiwenziinh*, and I fell through! I fell through but my arms caught in the trestle. I could hear the rushing water down there below...oh! My mother, she came to save me and her one leg went through the crack. And *kiwenziinh* had the suitcases so he couldn't come to our aid. We were a mess, and we weren't even half way over! It was terrifying. And there was no lights. There were no lights on the bridge. It was nighttime, about 10 p.m. or so. "Well," he said, "never again! We'll have to use a *jiimaan* [boat, canoe]." "Pretty good," mum says, "Good thing we don't have one." So that's when he bought a boat.

There was no electricity on the Island at that time either. We had wood stoves and coal oil lamps. The only place that had electricity was Depot Harbour [the railway settlement] and it was mainly white people down there. It's only lately that we've modernized. A lot of white people would say, "Oh, it's so quaint," you know, "being out there in the bush with candlelight and a coal oil lamp." They saw it as a novelty, eh? But I remember the drudgery. It was so dark at night; as kids we'd look through the window and we were sure there was someone out there in the darkness. We had blinds in the kitchen and whoever went in there first had to pull them down, cuz we were so scared in the evening, eh? Especially if people were telling ghost stories. Ohhhh! That was an atmosphere that was. I swear. You'd see the fire and the shadows dancing on the wall...it gave you the willies! And of course *kiwenziih* wouldn't want us to have the lamp on because coal oil was too expensive. So we'd be sitting there in the dark. But on nights when we had oil and the lamps were glowing, that's when they would start telling ghost stories. It was creepy.

I remember too the good old days at the Church on the Island. Seems like I spent a lot of time there. We used to have rummage sales at the Church. And in the good ole days before booze caught on to the Indians, or Indians caught on to the booze, we used to have dances over there. Good ole natural fun, you know. It was a nice church. They kept it up really good. And there was a beautiful Catholic Church. They were both up on the hill. Of course the Catholic Church got money from their parishioners. They had to keep it up. And they had to pay for the Minister too. If they wanted a Saturday service they had to pay cash up front so he would come over to the Island. And then, well, a lot of people started drifting away from the Church. So of course there were no funds. The old folks were putting out a lot money to get the Minister over there, but they couldn't do it on their own, they needed help. And then the old folks, they died off and the

Minister stopped coming. There weren't that many Catholics really, but they seemed to respect the Church more. They put money into the upkeep and all that. But then you have kids throwing rocks or things, you know, for something to do. They wrecked that Catholic Church. It had those nice stained glass windows and they broke all those.

We [Protestants] had a wonderful Minister, Ludford. But all their time [Protestant Ministers] is free, gratis, you know. Boy, he kept our Church going for many years, but they get traded around, they go to different locations. We surely missed Reverend Ludford when he went. The next guy, he was a string bean if I've ever seen one, oh my god. He was skinny! He came from up north. I can hardly say the name of the place. He loved saying that word, that name, because he was the only one who knew how to say it. Even us old Indians couldn't figure that one out! He had a place on the Island, but where he was living, it's all rock over there. "I've drilled 26 feet so far for water. I'm going broke just trying to find water on this land," he said. "If you feel up to it, say a prayer for me." And sure enough by next weekend he had water. He was just kidding but I guess some of us maybe said a prayer.

He was different from Ludford. He just said his sermon and he was gone. But Ludford, he put in overtime, on overtime, on overtime. Really took care of us. Going to see a sick patient, sick person, you know, all of that. Like one of the family, that sort of thing. He really cared about you, whether you were gonna go down the straight and narrow or what. But the next fellow, he was just so straight. Straight as a beanpole; his face was straight, everything was straight about him. Honest! And he didn't get along with us the same way. He didn't have that same adaptation like Ludford; he was a jolly old soul, eh? I don't know if they have a Minister on the Island anymore. But I remember the good ole days, sittin' up all night with the Elders and singing

hymns and everything all night long. No one left the place. And everyone was sober there. How things change!

Then there was the time that Uncle Teddy took this old couple to pick berries, *miinan*. Blueberries. That's what we're known for up here. You can make jam, and put them in your bread. They're a mainstay of the Indian. Well, blueberries and strawberries. They asked him in Indian, I remember, "Could you take us down to pick berries?" "Yeah, ok," he said. "You'll have to pack a picnic bag." Well, you didn't have to tell Mariah anything like that! She always had a picnic basket, a six quart basket. Those old folks, they lived on hard boiled eggs, boiled potatoes and salt. Cold potatoes sprinkled with salt, that's the way they liked them. That was a meal, that's what they lived on. The only thing I brought with me was an orange! Well, I didn't know we'd be gone all day!

Uncle Teddy picked us up and we went all the way down to this big sound. We stopped there and had our picnic lunch. But we were on bare rock, so Mariah says to him again, "We want to go some place where we can pick berries." "Well, all right," he says. "Jump in the boat." So we go all the way past the cottage, all the way down to Lower Village. "I hear there's good picking up there," he said. Well, he picked the worst place in the bush I ever saw! People had lived there once, but everything is overgrown now. No even ground, it's all humped, and there were dead trees all around. Oh god! Those old folks were nimble, you know, but they were still elderly! I was having trouble myself and I was only about 29 years old at the time. "Uncle Ted," I said, "I can't find anywhere up here for people to pick berries." He said, "Well, you have to go up that way more." "Oh! Ok," I said. We went higher, but the bush just kept getting thicker. There were more dead trees, I'm climbing over logs and branches and they're crawling under. And I'm getting mad because these poor folks haven't picked a berry yet! And meanwhile Uncle

Ted's out in the boat idling around, eating a big bag of cookies! Cream filled cookies! Then he says, "What's taking you so long? You should be finished by now." "You mind, Uncle Teddy!?" I said, "Get out of the boat and come on up here." "No," he says. "I've got to stay in the boat." His cherished boat. Every now and then a burst of sunlight would break through, it's the only way I knew we were still on Earth!

And then to get down we had to climb down a cliff, it was worse than in the movies, it was that steep! There were trees sticking out, and we were holding onto moss and all this. These people were in their eighties, and Uncle Ted's sitting in the boat eating cookies! Boy I could have...! "Come on, Mariah," I said. She was pretty spry, eh? They were spry because they were country folk. But they were getting tired. We put them through the ringer that day, oh! We finally made it back to the boat and Mariah said, "Now, I know where there's berries." So we pulled into a small bay and sure enough, there's berries galore. But by this time Uncle Teddy was finished his cookies. "We gotta go now!" he says. "We're not going anywhere," I said, "till they get their fill of berries!" When I told mum about the horrible day we had out with Uncle Ted she said, "I had a feeling something like that was going to happen. I don't trust him!" She saw the old folks at Church the next day and she couldn't apologize enough.

Uncle Teddy, I can still hear his engine idling around. I don't know if it was to show off or what. But all Wheatleys have a sort of evil streak, you know? So this sort of thing happens. I don't know if it was just to rub it in or what, like, "Haha, look at me in the boat while you guys are picking!" You know, that sort of thing. And he was eating cookies the whole time. Always Dare cookies, because they were the only brand that had the assortment, eh? Different cream cookies. And of course he had a bottle of tea, plain tea. *Niibiishaaboo* is what we call it. Everyone had tea in those days. Me, I can't have anything without milk. A lot of people can

drink black coffee, black tea, you know, and think nothing of it. Me, I'd faint if I don't have my *doodooshaaboo* [milk], eh? When I was small the only thing we could keep on the Island was canned milk. Well, nowadays it tastes good but when I was small, ewww! So they used to split it, half water, half canned milk for me. They'd get a quart of milk out of it. That was closest thing we had, because there was no refrigeration on the Island.

And then there was Uncle Fred. He was the one who got mum involved with the Toronto Indian Club. I remember he came to the door to get her, because she wasn't going to go. They wanted her to be one of the Elders. "I'm not going, it costs too much money," she said. You know, the whole thing. "Come on Alice," he said, "you're not doing anything else. I'll buy the TCC [transit tickets]." And away they went on the train. I still remember that. Mum had no babysitter of course, so I had to tag along. The Club met at 40 College Street; that was the YMCA, the head office, the headquarters. We used to go there every other Thursday for meetings, and they used to have dances on Friday nights. I got to know a lot of people: Millie Redmond, Mrs. Salter, Mrs. Cameron, and all of the old timers. And Eleanor and Elliot Hill.⁶ They were nice people. Well, the meetings were pretty stuffy, reading the minutes and all that nonsense. Old folks stuff. But we were just small kids. You know how kids are, trying to keep busy while the grown-ups talked about Indian affairs.

We'd go to the meetings every other week, and finally it would be time to plan the banquet. It had to be in the summer months, nice weather. And then we had to pick the Indian

⁶ The individuals named in my Grandma's stories about the Toronto Indian Club are also named in Eleanor Hill's (Hill & Le Camp, 1997) published account of the origins of the Club. In this case, prior publication negates any privacy concerns that may be associated with including third-party last names in storytelling research.



Figure 1: Grandma's Cousin, Gloria Wheatley, Toronto Indian Club Princess, 1954

Reproduced from *The Globe and Mail*, May 29, 1954, p. 5.

princess. I guess all the girls, their parents were members of the Indian Club, their daughters or whatever. They were all in their teens. About 18, I think that would be the range. One of my friends at school said, "How can that be? You have to be born a princess." They thought it was through lineage, eh? "We're more modern, democratic," I said, "We vote. Everyone has a chance." Both of Uncle Fred's daughters were voted in, Connie and Gloria. And Pat Salter, she was princess one year. Dear old Pat! She was so pretty. There were other posts too, besides princess. My sister Beverley, she was the

Welfare Convener. She had the gift of gab. She could invite anybody in, you know. And my sister Adrienne, she was the pretty one. I can't remember what post she had. I said to mum, "What's a Welfare Convener?" I still don't know what it is! Well, I think it's the one that greets you. A convener, it's just a fancy way of saying, the one who says, "Hello," I guess!

So it was very nice. The outfits that the Indian princesses wore were just beautiful. White *bshkwegin*, white leather. Oh, they were beautiful! And the headdress, you know. Really done up. Jasper Hill, he was the head honcho there, he took a lot of pictures. I got my picture in the *Toronto Telegram* once. I was sitting on the stage at 40 College Street. I was with Jasper Hill,

and I was wearing an Indian wig and a headband. I think I was supposed to be the Sun Princess or something, but I looked anything but Indian, I swear! And Jasper, he was in full regalia, but his was like a uniform, he always wore it. He was a big wheel in the Indian circles, this mighty man, this Indian chief. He really came across as the epitome of an Indian chief, you know, like someone you'd see in the magazines.

We used to have a lot of fun at those dances. And for pow wows in those days, we'd go over to the American side. The third Saturday in July, we'd go over. We'd cross at the Peace Bridge. We could cross with no problem, just go over and come back. We'd go over to get ready at the park and to come back we'd walk back across the bridge, pomp and ceremony, you know. Well, then they did away with that too! My sister said, "But this is an Indian crossing." Holy crow. It was nice just to go across. No IDs, no monitoring, nothing.

That's where our Indians are from, originally, the American side. We came up from Michigan. We were the Indians that used to harvest wild rice out of the boats. We were never stay-in-one-spot Indians. Someone said, "Let's move" and we moved. We're all over the place now. We all branched out once we hit the Georgian Bay area; people settled in different parts. A lot of our relatives stayed in Wiki, Wikwemikong. Up there. Some landed in Cape Croker. And we came across to Wasauksing. There were different villages and camps on the Island. There was Lower Village and there was Upper Village. There's just traces left now. I guess that's where they first landed, you know? Our people, they came across the Bay and saw Wasauksing and they just camped where they landed. Wasauksing, that's the proper name, eh? Most people used to call it Parry Island. But Wasauksing, that's what mother used to say that the old Indians called it. When our people came across the Bay, they saw white rock shining in the distance. That was Parry Island, shining like the white cliffs of Dover. And that's why it's called

Wasauksing. It means “shining object.” I remember a story my mother told about those days. In the old days when they used to travel by canoe, there’d be a spot for you when you had to go to the washroom. And this one girl, she was so embarrassed to say she needed to go, she didn’t tell anyone. She didn’t tell them, and her kidneys burst and she died from uraemia. Because she was too embarrassed to tell the head honcho that she needed to go, eh? Well, there’s some people like that, you know.

I’ve never danced in a pow wow myself. Well, I did a bit at the Indian Centre in Toronto. They used to have dancing there. I’d do the circle dance. But I get so embarrassed! Carolyn and Marilyn [my daughters], they were really heavy into that. They used to go to the Indian School there, at the Indian Centre. They would come home from school and go in the van down to the Indian Centre to learn how to Indian dance and do crafts and all that. They would get picked up. I can’t remember if they went every day, it was a couple of times a week anyway. So that was good for them. I was surprised to see them dancing like crazy down there. I said, “Holy crow, they’re good!” I was rather proud. I just can’t do that sort of thing, get up and dance in front of people. Not my cup of tea. But I enjoy going. I like the Grand Entry, and looking at the Indian crafts. My Grandmother used to do all sorts of crafts. Our house at Franklin was littered with all kinds of stuff my Grandmother made. And nowadays they want 400 dollars for a little quill box. My Grandmother, boy, she would charge maybe 10 or 15 dollars and she thought that was steep! She did one that I really liked, she gave it to me. It had a bluebird on the front. She dyed the quills blue and all. Double layered the *wiigwaas* [birch bark] and put the *wiingashk* [sweetgrass] all around and on the sides. Yes, that was my favourite.

And *kiwenzihn*, he used to like to whittle. I remember one time, he whittled a beautiful eagle. And he whittled a few oars and little canoes, small stuff that he could pass the time doing.

He crafted those for something to do, you know. And Mum, well she didn't have time to sit down and whip up a craft, a quill box. She could do it, but she never really had time because her focus was on the house and kids. I don't know what happened to all that stuff. A lot of my stuff was lost when I was in the hospital, when I had a stroke. I had a box full of all the Indian stuff, Indian crafts. And all our family pictures, I don't know whatever happened to them. I was the photographer of the family. The albums full of pictures that my sisters Beverly and Juanita kept, I had them all. It didn't cost much to get film developed in those days. It was only a dollar and twenty seven cents for twelve black and white pictures. My mother bought a small brownie camera. Everyone seemed to have a camera in those days. Well nowadays everyone's taking pictures too, but with their phones! Holy mackerel. But when I was in the hospital, all my things were misplaced. So all those albums are gone.

I remember too when mum and I went with a bunch of Indian women on a berry picking hunt for *miinan*. I was about six then. We had to stay over and there was no place but an old wooden lumberjack house, you know, an old campsite. So we stayed there. There was no floor and we slept on the ground. And when my mother woke up there was a worm on her apron! I'll never forget that. She was showing the other ladies, they thought it was really funny. But I screamed and I freaked and since then I have no desire for camping. And it was just a little ring worm. But that was it. My camping days were over. I hung up my spurs after that.

For strawberries we used to go down Clarkson (Ontario) way, all the way down there. We used to leave early in the morning and get picked up by truck, a whole bunch of farm ladies and some other people. We'd go for the day in that truck, until late afternoon. Pick berries, work in the fields, all for the money. We'd sell them to the guy there. He'd pay us by the basket, and then he in turn would sell to customers out of the store—so that everyone got a little bit of the

pie, I guess. But I didn't like picking raspberries, they break too easy! They get all mushed up. I'd have nothing to show for it.

I remember when we used to go to Clarkson to pick berries, mother's friends from up north would come down and they'd all get together there. This one time we had to camp over, stay overnight. There was a camp and we stayed there for a week. My sisters were there and some Indians from the Island. So it was just a jolly old time. I was really small. There was a big garage where we stayed. We had blankets dividing it into sleeping quarters. And one morning, they left me there. I was still sleeping and they had to go out to the fields, eh? So they locked me in the garage! And I couldn't get out. Oh man, that door looked so enormous! Finally someone came back, I guess for morning break or something like that and let me out. I couldn't open that door for love nor money. Mum said, "You were still sleeping so we figured, let her sleep." All those Indian women, they were up talking half the night. Talking about old times, you know. And then they'd go right to work, think nothing of it; because they hadn't seen each other since the last funeral.

The only time we saw other Indians around Franklin Avenue was when they came down from the Island to stay at mum's. I don't know where the other Indians were, but I guess mostly the east end where rents were cheaper and all that. I think we had the whole gamut of the European states staying on Franklin there. First it was the Ukrainians. And then after that the Italians moved in. And then after that, the Portuguese. They came in waves, you know. It seemed to change with the tides, with the season. Every few years a different group would come in and set up like a little village. They all stuck together, with their own people. They stayed to themselves and spoke their own language, no English allowed. Except for the kids, they had to learn English at school. We spoke Ojibway at home. I remember one time I said to my mother,

“When are you going to start talking English like other kids’ parents?” Ohhh! She gave me a beating I’ll never forget! “Don’t tell me to speak English,” she said. “Not in my own home.” I never really thought of it, you know. When people came to stay from the Island, we all spoke Indian. They had to learn more English when they got jobs and all that, naturally. White man’s world, you gotta speak English.

But I had it made where we lived. There were three theatres nearby and the school was just across the street, so no hardship there. It was a good area. I went to Perth Avenue Public School. I was the only one of my siblings to go school in Toronto. I believe they all went to the Island school, but it only went as far as grade five or six. They didn’t have Indian kids in Parry Sound schools back then. And then the residential schools came in. My sister Eleanore, she lived through that; some of her kids went to residential school. They were sent up to Chapleau, and down to Brantford Mohawk Institute. That’s how I met my husband. He came to Toronto looking for my nephew. They had gone to residential school together in Brantford and became friends. Most of them weren’t allowed to speak Indian at residential school. It was beaten out of them, you know, if they spoke Indian. Anyway, my niece said that it was hard to carry on a language because they were all different Indians, different Indians with different languages. She made a lot of friends there. But they were so mean to the kids. If you took them anything, gave them anything, it was taken off of them. They wouldn’t get it. My sisters Eleanore and Juanita used to take clothes down there sometimes. My nieces said, “Well, we never saw them.”

Later on, they started to bus the older kids to town for the upper grades. But if you missed the bus, you were out of luck! It must have been a real bummer. I remember being up there for a funeral (again, naturally); it was winter and not everyone on the Island had heat, they just had wood stoves. And those kids would have to get up and get changed and everything, and go stand

on side of the road and wait for the bus. God. But they never thought anything of it, they just said, “Oh, I’m going to school.” They liked it. There were a few rebels, you know, that wouldn’t go to school, but they always found jobs for them somehow. There was always a fence to be mended or something, you know, something to keep them busy. Summer was the best time because they could mow the lawns. They’d use a scythe and do it the old fashioned way. I don’t know what they use nowadays, probably a power mower I guess.

But where I lived, the school was just across the road. So I’d come home for lunch. But I kept bugging mum to let me stay over at the school to eat. You know, “I want to take my lunch.” She finally gave in, and you know what? By the time I ate my lunch, it was only five minutes after twelve! I was bored! So I’m sitting there. I said to one of the boys, “What do you do after you eat your sandwich?” He said, “Oh, we go out to play.” Well, there was no need for me to stay there to go out to play, I just went home across the road. Mum said, “See you didn’t need to go over there!” Besides a sandwich wasn’t that filling, I wasn’t used to sandwiches, eh? Mum was always there cooking me something. So that was handy. The teachers were nice, but very ancient. I never saw a young teacher till I got to high school. Smart, but old, you know. I was lucky, there was a park across the road from the school and in the winter they’d freeze it and make a rink. We had a skating party there one time. And our teacher, she wore these button down shoes like Grandma McDuck. They were grey, and had buttons down the side. I didn’t laugh at her but I hadn’t seen winter boots like that since the cartoons! Grandma McDuck.

And then for high school, I went to Western Com [Western Technical-Commercial School]. My niece Betty, she went to Vaughan Road, [Vaughn Road Academy]. That’s where the brains went. Both Betty and Carol were smart. Betty and Carol were my nieces, but we were

about the same age, eh? We were brought up together. Betty was the cat lover, dog lover in the family. She loved any kind of animal. She always wanted to be a vet. She was an ace in math. Plus having that good handwriting. She took after my sister Eleanore. I struggled in school though. Math was my downfall. English and reading, I was great in that. And my penmanship, I've got hideous writing. And mum, she wrote so beautifully! And my sisters, they were like calligraphers. Then here's me with this scratch, holy crow. I don't know how that worked out.

My father, he was a good writer too. But he wrote terribly small. Small letters. They were very neat, but small. Me, I liked to write large letters. My sister Eleanore, she was a terrific writer. She could dash off a letter, a two-page letter, in fifteen minutes.

And I know my brother Maxwell, he really liked writing letters. He must have got that from mum. She loved writing letters. He used to write mum all the time when he was overseas during the war.

There was a big trunk in mother's room at Franklin full of all his letters. They were written on a greyish thin paper, onion skin

or something like that. It was Air Force Issue, they gave it to the men overseas. It was very, very thin. You just folded it a certain way and licked it to save on glue. It was pre-stamped and the whole nine yards. So it didn't cost anything to write. My brother Vincent was in the war too but



Figure 2: Grandma And My Mom, Toni, At The Parry Sound Cenotaph, 2015

he got sick and couldn't fight so they sent him home. Diphtheria or something like that. Max didn't make it home. He's buried in the Netherlands. But there's a cenotaph in town [Parry Sound], outside the library, and Max's name is on it.

After high school I went to work at GE, General Electric. I went as far as grade 11. Mother could see my grades failing and she said, "You can't stay here for nothing. You have to get out and get a job!" She was strict about money. You had to sink or swim. She used to starve my cats when I was small! One spoon of Dr. Ballard's cat food, that's all I could feed them. She wouldn't let me give them any more, not one more spoon of food. So I vowed that when I was old and had cats, I was gonna give them more than one spoonful a day. I guess we fed them chicken or something too, or I must have fed them behind the scenes. No one could grow on a teaspoon of food. One of the cats ran away, I guess it figured things were better on the other side of the fence! I'll never forget that, Dr. Ballard's cat food. We always had cats at Franklin. We had a dog for a while too. I was strictly cats for the most part, so I don't know how we ended up with that dog. Mum somehow gave in I guess, in her old age. She was a beagle. She had really nice markings on her, sandy with white patches. She looked like that dog that was number one in the Westminster Dog Show a few years ago, that beagle that won. I said, "It looks like Lucky." She was a cute dog. You know, in some instances mother was so kind, and other times she was just as stern as a rock. Unmoving, you know. But then she'd turn around and be a pussycat about something you'd never expect. I guess they're old ways, cuz her mother was very, very strict.

So I was lucky. I went to the pogeey office, and got a call to go down to GE for an interview. And then they phoned me the next day to go to work. So within a week I was working. I was 17 years old. I started out as an Invoice Mail Clerk. Sorting mail and mail delivery. And you had to learn other duties too, so that if anything happened you'd be able to take over that job.

So you were a jack of all trades, eh? There were a variety of jobs so you wouldn't get bored. I like it like that. When I started out I was making about 30 dollars a week. Big stuff! Big stuff. But my mother, as soon as I got paid she said, "I want board for the past two weeks. And then two weeks in advance." I said, "Holy moly, I only got 38 dollars!" She charged me back taxes and everything.

I was at GE for four years before I got married and had Carolyn. I was 21 years old when I got married. It was the proper age at the time. Back then, everything was on a schedule. You know, by your thirties you'd be all this and that. Nowadays you just do as you want. Or what you're capable of. Before, everything was on a schedule. Now you have to have an education or you're up the creek without a paddle. A lot of my friends, my girlfriends, all they did was get married and all that. And have kids. And they were the smart ones in the bunch, like my friend Irene. She had brains and beauty, that one, long, blonde hair. And this was her own hair, no extensions or anything like that. Both her parents, they worked really hard. Her father worked in a factory, I don't remember what her mother did. One of her brothers became the principal of my old high school, Western. "Irene's younger brother?" I said. I knew they were brains but that was carrying it a little too far! My bud is a principal of a high school! Well even then, education was essential.

Anyway, I went back to GE and a year later, that's when I had Marilyn. She was a month premature. She was in the hospital in the incubator for a month. I had to go back and forth to the hospital. She was a small, small baby. So I was at GE for about five years all told. The last year, I was at the head office. It was a switching centre and we used teletypes. And the two girls that were in the office with me, they weren't doing anything but playing cards! They'd pull the desk drawer out to play cards, and if anybody came in they just shut the drawer. Shut the drawer and

look busy. And here I'm typing my little fingers off trying to get caught up on everything. Well, I wasn't too bad at typing myself. They taught us at school. You started off on the standard typewriter and if you were really fast or good at your craft you could go on to the electric. I never went to the electric. I didn't make it. I was close but no cigar. It's when they ask you to calculate your words minus your errors that I'm in trouble; I'd have about 28 words per minute but I type a 65! Not counting the errors though. Once you count the errors I'm up the creek.

Anyway, I'd be typing my fingers off and those girls would be playing cards. And then they wouldn't give me my raise. Because those girls, they had already reached their top pay level. They started off at certain amount, got their raises and couldn't go any further. When I started, I was already making what they were making at their last level. They couldn't go any further, so my boss didn't want me to go any further because I'd be making more than they were. One of them had been there ten years already. And the other had been there eight years. So they must have started off at 2 cents an hour, I guess! I don't know! But I thought, I can't work that long and just make 38 dollars a week! But then I had Marilyn, and that was it. I couldn't go back too many times.

Mum and I brought the kids up together, really. We lived at Franklin with her. By that time she wasn't taking in any borders, she was getting too old for that nonsense! So I was there to help her. We used to take the kids up to the cottage, mum's cottage on the Island. You can't see the spot now, it's all overgrown. It had a kitchen and living room and two bedrooms. And you could get indoor plumbing if you wanted, but we converted that to a small bedroom for Marilyn, so that worked out all right. The four of us would just go up and stay there. We'd lay in bed and read detective books, *Inside Detective*, you know. Especially on a rainy day, when you

couldn't go anywhere. That's all we'd do on the rainy days, get mum a snack and just stay in bed.

And I'll never forget—when the kids were really small, there was a YWCA camp on the south side of the channel. I think they're still there. They used to come over to the Island, on day trips, you know. And of course all the Indian boys would act like something from another planet, doing handstands and all this, things they wouldn't do around the Indian girls. They used to go on canoeing trips around the Island too. And you could hear them singing by the campfire at the night. When there's no wind it's really still, and you could hear them singing. But you never knew when they were going to turn up. You'd never hear them. You'd be swimming down at the shore and you'd look up and there'd be a white girl standing there, you know. Holy. I guess they were allowed to camp there. “Well, we don't know anything about it,” I'd say. “You'll have to wait, cuz we were here first.” So they'd just go off and find somewhere else.

Anyway that's how come Carolyn and Marilyn were so close to their Grandma, she was always there. She used to let them get away with murder. And I was forever disciplining them, eh? And there she was, saying, “Have a cookie,” or something. And she was supposed to be a diabetic! I said, “You did that and Grandma didn't say anything?” Whatever it was she let them get away with. “No. She let us do it.” And I said, “What?!” She never let me do it.” I guess she bent with age. You know how the willow goes. She was 72 years old when she died, I think. I never left her side really. And then we went through a period where we lost a lot of family. The relatives that stayed with us on Franklin, they're all deceased now. There was a lot of sickness and a lot of death. I thought, “Holy mackerel, I'm watching all my family die.” There was one year we never unpacked our funeral garb, just kept it in the suitcase, you know. It seemed like they were dropping like flies, I don't know. And so young. It was too much.

I stayed at Franklin for a few years after mum died. Eventually I sold the house and moved to Parry Sound. I stayed with Carolyn for a while. I had already put in with Indian Affairs for an apartment. Marilyn was going to come live with me, but she had to stay in Toronto to work. So I ended up with a huge mansion of an apartment, and it was just little old me in there! My god, it was a big place. It was after I moved to Parry Sound that I had a stroke. I was fifty something at the time, in my early fifties. Well, I didn't have a stroke per se. I didn't know what was wrong at first. I wasn't feeling right or feeling good, so I went down to the doctor's. "Well," she said, "by all the symptoms, you've had a stroke." So they took me down to the Parry Sound General Hospital. It used to be on the main drag. By the time I got down to the hospital I could hardly speak. I felt so woozy. And that's where I was diagnosed with a stroke. I don't know what caused it. I asked the doctor, but I think it was the accumulation of losing the house and all that. I was very stressed out. I guess there was a sort of pent up rage in my mind, you know. Cuz things were really hard after mum died.

From the Parry Sound General, they sent me to St. Joe's Hospital. St. Joe's was more like a rest home, a convalescent, that sort of thing, but still a hospital. "Oh, I'll be out tomorrow," I was thinking to myself. And then I went to get out of bed and I couldn't walk. Surprise, surprise! Well, I didn't like that at all. Boy oh boy, I worked hard to get out of there. Exercises and all. You have to learn how to do buttons and put your bra on. All the small things, they seem so simple, but, oh! You know what you want to do, but do you think your fingers will do it? And I had to learn to talk again. It's so infuriating, trying to talk and say words and nothing comes out. It's an awful feeling. But they just keep at you with exercises and all this, to get your motor skills back. They teach you. Like in one class we did jigsaw puzzles, only they were big, really big pieces. Monster size, you know. But do you think I could pick them up? But then you sorta learn,

and finally you're able to do it. It all depends on how your dexterity comes along. And eventually you're graded, and I was able to pass the class.

Then of course you need somewhere to go after you come out. I was lucky to get a place here. This one lady took a liking to me in the hospital. It turned out that she knew my brothers and sisters. So she liked me and whenever the worker from this place [where I live now] came in she'd say, "What about Mrs. King, Carolyn King?" Cuz he used to come and pick people who he thought were candidates for this place, where I live now. She kept on at him. Finally he came and talked to me, interviewed me and all this. He came by three or four times. I wouldn't see him but he'd be peeking around, looking at your progress and all that. Anyway, next thing you know I was accepted for a room in here. Wow, I swear, it was joyous. I had to buy all new furniture. Most of my things were lost while I was in the hospital. I didn't have any place to store them so things went this way and that; there were boxes here, there and everywhere. A lot of it went to the cottage, but someone broke in and stole everything. All they left was a microwave. That was the only thing. All my clothes were gone. I did a lot of travelling in my day, so a lot of my clothes were almost new, you know. I just had the clothes on my back, I didn't have anything.

There used to be this place in town, a used goods place. I got a bed, couch and everything for, oh it was next to nothing. "Well, seeing that you're coming from the hospital," he said, "I won't charge you hardly anything." I got everything for 110 dollars. So that was pretty good. A couch and bed and all that, I really lucked out. Marilyn came from Toronto and stayed with me, helped me put everything together. So that was handy. That was real handy. I don't bother much with the staff here, I don't bother anybody. I always mind my own business. So that was it. I'm here anyway, touch wood.

The Here And Now

Storytelling research has made a difference in my life. The chance to sit with my Grandmother and share stories was truly a gift. I have learned a great deal, not only about my Grandmother, our family, our history and our territory, but about myself. As discussed in Chapter 3, I will leave it to the reader to draw their own lessons and meanings from my Grandmother's stories. I know what mine are. I say again: *Chi-miigwetch Grandma for sharing your stories with us!*

In the following chapter, I draw on my Grandmother's stories and the experience of storytelling to discuss the value of family-based research as both a personal project of remembering and strategy of collective transformation. My Grandmother's stories provided a foundation from which to begin to take responsibility for my own learning and seek further knowledge about our family and territory. I outline my "lessons learned" about storytelling as a research methodology, not only to demonstrate personal accountability, but in hopes that these learnings may be of benefit to other researchers. Finally, I consider storytelling and family-based research as an important strategy of resistance and resurgence, focusing particularly on the implications for social work research and education.

Chapter 5: Analysis

As discussed in Chapter 3, the framework of my analysis changed quite significantly over the course of the research. The focus of my analysis has shifted away from analyzing my Grandmother's story to analyzing my own learnings and reflections about the research process, specifically:

- What did I learn about storytelling as a research methodology? What lessons can I share with other researchers?
- Storytelling and the ripple effect: taking responsibility for one's own learning;
- Storytelling as resistance and resurgence. What links can be made to social work education and practice?

These latter arguments are made in relation to the literature on storytelling and Indigenous resistance and resurgence, as per Chapter 2.

Lessons In Storytelling Research

In sharing my lessons of storytelling research, my hope is to assist new researchers embarking on a similar path, and to offer a general discussion about the power and potential stumbling blocks associated with this work. Indigenous methodologies are organic not prescriptive, meaning that every storytelling research method will be different. That said, Indigenous methodologies are also about reciprocity. As researchers, we have a responsibility to share what we have learned. My experience with storytelling research yielded three main lessons. First, institutional guidelines and requirements around informed consent are not necessarily congruent with *meaningful* consent. From an Indigenous paradigm, meaningful consent lies in the relationship between researcher and participant. The researcher's reputation in the community, whether they come "recommended" by trusted colleagues, friends or Elders,

knowledge of the researcher's place in terms of family and clan—this is the sort of information that allows participants to assess the risks associated with a given study, and decide whether or not to take part.

Second, I am concerned about the potential tokenizing of spiritual and cultural practices like gifting in research. If one is to engage in these practices, they must do so fully—not in a half-hearted or piecemeal way to satisfy a paper definition of Indigenous research. While there may be room to adapt certain practices or protocols, as I did with the practice of gifting, the spirit and intent of the practice must remain intact. Importantly, gifting in Indigenous research differs from the Western practice of offering participants a gift or honorarium. The epistemological and methodological roots of gift giving in Indigenous and Western research paradigms are very different. Finally, this work has taught me that storytelling is much more than telling stories. It is a process that fosters ongoing learning, dialogue and (re)connection. The transformative power of storytelling makes it an ideal methodology for family-based research.

Lessons in informed consent.

Western research standards emphasize the importance of informed consent forms as a means of ensuring that research participants have been informed of their rights and are aware of any potential consequences associated with the study. From an Indigenous paradigm, however, consent lies in the relationship between researcher and participant. While the formal protection of an informed consent form is indeed important, the nature of relationship-based research means that storytellers likely trust and expect that the researcher will conduct themselves in a good way and treat their stories with care and respect (Archibald, 2008). Cree educator and scholar Laara Fitznor, in conversation with Kovach (2009), indicates that it was her reputation and role in the community that encouraged participants to take part in her study. Regarding the issue of

informed consent forms, Fitznor states: “Well, these were all educators...I mean, they are used to stuff being written and signed and everything. They were okay with this...*Again, it’s the trust, the relationships, they know who I am* [emphasis added]” (Kovach, 2009, p. 138). It was trust that encouraged participants to take part in Fitznor’s research; the consent form was seen primarily as a bureaucratic hoop. As I discovered in my own research, asking storytellers, especially Elders or those without much exposure to institutional bureaucracy, to sign a lengthy and formal consent form can undermine their faith in the process by injecting a layer of legalese that does not fit with the paradigm of storytelling as a research method.

Though my research framework did not include a formal research journal, I still tended to jot down reflections and ideas (lessons learned, potential points of analysis, etc.) as they came to me throughout the project. Sorting through these scraps of paper, there is one scribbled note that stands out and bears repeating in full: *Lessons learned – Consent forms. 7 pages. WTF. I wish I had tried harder.* As this hastily written note suggests, the consent forms that I developed for this research (one for my mother and one for my Grandmother) were indeed seven pages long. Interestingly, I remember being quite pleased with how they turned out. My advisors had cautioned that Human Research Ethics Board (HREB) could have concerns about my dual-role as researcher-relative, and how this perceived power relationship might impact the research, particularly around the question of voluntary consent. From an institutional perspective, dual-role research can be considered more “risky” owing to the perceived power imbalance between researcher and participant. As such, I spent a great deal of time drafting the consent forms, especially the one for my Grandmother. I agonized over the wording. Using the template provided by the University of Victoria HREB (see: www.uvic.ca/research/conduct/home/regapproval/humanethics/), I did my best to use plain

language, and to cover in detail the purpose of the research, the research process and my Grandmother's rights as a participant. The Ethics Board returned the forms with very few comments. Surely this was a sign of success?

It was not until I sat down with my Grandmother at her tiny kitchen table, forms laid out in front of us, that I realized just how wordy, lengthy and institutional the form really was. A seven page consent form, plain language or not, can hardly be considered participant-friendly, especially when the participant in question has had little exposure to post-secondary institutions, is not accustomed to formal research and struggles with small print. My seven page consent form was printed in size 12 font, making an already long document more difficult to engage with. Thankfully, the Ethics Board had also recommended that I draft a set of talking points, which helped me to summarize the content of the form. Still, even my list of talking points was longer than it needed to be. I remember trying desperately, probably without success, to keep from cringing as my Grandmother jokingly (I hope) asked whether she was "signing her life away." It was quickly apparent that while I had "aced" the institutional ethics process, the form reflected the university's definition of informed consent and not the ethics of a storytelling methodology. In this case, strict adherence to institutional requirements actually had the potential to cause harm by undermining what should have been a relationship-based process with institutional language and unnecessary detail. In my attempt to ensure that my Grandmother was fully informed of her rights as a research participant, and that she had a variety of options in terms of what to share (pictures, video, notes, etc.), I had unwittingly presented her with something that was overwhelming in its level of choice and description.

The influence of Western norms and standards in research are pervasive indeed. I thought I was relatively attuned to these pressures, and it was humbling to be made aware of my

shortcomings in such a concrete way. Despite my commitment to Indigenous ethics, the consent form I developed was drafted with the university in mind. If I am to be honest, I have to acknowledge that I was writing for HREB, not my Grandmother. It should be noted that there were other examples for me to draw on besides the template provided by HREB. The consent form used by my advisor Robina Thomas (2000), for instance, in her research with residential school survivors, was barely a page and half long. One could argue that research dealing with the horrors of residential school is potentially more risky than a family-based storytelling project, and therefore expect the consent form to be far more detailed and lengthy—but it is not. Thomas (2000) was able to draft a consent form that satisfied institutional requirements while remaining cognizant that participating in research should not feel akin to “signing one’s life away.” As the saying goes, where there is a will, there is a way.

Following Thomas’ (2000) example, I see no reason why consent forms in Indigenous research should be more than two pages long. University ethics boards need to offer informed consent templates, developed by Indigenous scholars, geared towards Indigenous research. Moreover, ethics boards need to understand and acknowledge that informed consent means something different in Indigenous research than it does under Western paradigms. Prior and even dual-role relationships are understood as increasing trust and accountability in Indigenous research. In agreeing to take part in my research, my Grandmother trusted me, as her Granddaughter, to protect her rights and interests. When I presented her with a lengthy and formal document that did not sound like the Jen she knew and trusted, it undermined her faith in the process.

Concerns about the tokenism of gifting and ceremony in Indigenous research.

My second major learning was in the area of gifting and ceremony in research. As outlined in Chapter 3, gifting and respect for ceremony are fundamental to Indigenous research. From the outset, I knew that I wanted to respect and engage with cultural protocols in my own work. Doing so, however, has helped me realize how easily these practices can be tokenized by new Indigenous researchers/cultural beginners or non-Indigenous allies who may be unfamiliar with the roots of gifting and other cultural practices. Engaging with cultural protocol in research is complex. Researchers cannot and must not assume that all Indigenous participants follow or embrace cultural practices like gifting. Indigenous researchers may need to adapt certain protocols, as I did, to meet the research context or to respect the beliefs of participants. In doing so, however, the spirit and integrity of these practices must always remain intact.

As this was my first independent study as an Indigenous researcher, I decided to focus my engagement on the practice of gifting. My initial idea was to gift my Grandmother with a faceless doll made by a dear friend of mine, a Grandmother from the community of Six Nations in Ontario. But after a visit to Parry Sound prior to the first storytelling “interview,” I began to rethink my choice. Was my chosen gift something that my Grandma would find meaningful? I knew that I wanted to offer a gift, but not simply for the sake of giving. I decided to change my approach. After she agreed to the research, I explained to my Grandma that I wanted to give her something for sharing her stories with me, but that I wanted it to be special.⁷ Over the many months that stories were shared, I learned a great deal about my Grandmother, the things that she liked and wished she had. At the end of the research, I presented her with a pair of deerskin moccasins.

⁷ I further explained that if she decided to withdraw from the research, for any reason, the gift would still be hers to keep.

In accordance with the protocol of many First Nations cultures, gift giving typically takes place at the beginning of research, and as such my approach differed from the standard practice. In my case, however, the spirit and intent of this practice was best honoured by taking the time to decide on something of meaning. I say this not to suggest that there is right/wrong way of doing things, but rather to demonstrate that honouring the spirit and intent of a particular practice is just as important as the practice itself.

Indeed, the practice of gifting is about more than giving a gift. There is a difference between giving a gift as a sign of appreciation, which has become common practice in many research circles, and the practice of gifting, which is about relationship, accountability and intention. Both are important, but the epistemological and methodological roots of these practices are different. Increasingly, researchers are recognizing the importance of offering an honorarium or gift as a means of facilitating participation and demonstrating thanks for the knowledge that has been shared. But the practice of gifting in Indigenous research goes deeper than that. Gifting signifies that the researcher remains accountable beyond the time and place where knowledge is exchanged. It means putting this relationship before the demands of the academy. It is about establishing a lifelong connection.

This question of spirit, intent and tokenism extends to the practice of ceremony in research. Some Indigenous cultures, mine included, hold that tobacco should be offered to participants as a sign of respect and reverence for the knowledge shared. Yet, not all Indigenous people follow this tradition. My Grandmother, for example, was raised in the Protestant church. I know from previous conversation on the subject of spiritual practices that her beliefs differ from mine, and as such I felt that offering tobacco would be an imposition of my beliefs onto what should be a process of mutual respect. Instead, I chose to honour my beliefs and ethics through

the practice of gifting, as outlined above. Offering my Grandmother tobacco would have been less about showing reverence for knowledge, and more about a tokenistic exchange to satisfy a hollow, on-paper standard of Indigenous research.

As an Indigenous researcher, I think it is important to acknowledge the potential danger of using culture in tokenistic ways. In saying this, I firmly believe that cultural practice and traditional sources of knowledge have an important place in Indigenous research. Ceremonies, culture, language, the natural world, Elders—these are our first and most important sources of knowledge. They are also incredibly sacred and must be treated with appropriate respect and reverence. Given the cultural disconnect experienced by many Indigenous researchers, a consequence of ongoing colonialism, it may be a challenge to incorporate ceremony in research when one is also struggling to reclaim culture at a personal level. Alternatively, the use of ceremony in research may assist Indigenous researchers in reclaiming their traditions. Indigenous research may be the means through which ceremony is experienced and integrated into one's life. The question of tokenism depends on whether and to what extent the researcher is willing to engage with culture and ceremony in a truly meaningful way.

Storytelling is more than telling stories.

My experiences with informed consent and cultural practices such as gifting in storytelling research offered important lessons. But perhaps my greatest learning about storytelling is this: *storytelling is much more than telling stories*. I suspect this is true for storytelling in general, but it is particularly so in the case of family based-research. As I have argued, listening to, recording and sharing family stories is a means of re-membering who we are as Indigenous peoples. Asking for stories creates an atmosphere of learning and dialogue. Relationships are strengthened. Prior to this research, it was rare that my mother, Grandmother

and I would leave my Grandmother's apartment when visiting. This has changed. We left the apartment more times during our "research visits" than in all the years that we (my mother and I) have been going to Parry Sound. Most of these excursions were to local big box stores, but on one occasion I asked my Grandma if she would like to take a drive out to the reserve. We had been talking about Wasauksing a fair bit, and I thought that getting out and driving around the reserve might invite more stories about Parry Island.

Along the way we stopped at a roadside stand on the reserve and bought a few crafts and baked goods. My Grandma enjoyed chatting with the women at the stand and looking at their beadwork and other crafts. We continued on to visit the site of my great-Grandmother's cottage (no longer there). My Grandmother made a few comment about changes to Parry Island since her last visit, but overall it was a quiet ride. Eventually, I asked if she would like turn back and head into town. Her response was an enthusiastic, "Oh, yes!" It was suddenly obvious that she would much rather be at Wal-Mart! I suspect she was wondering why on earth anyone would want to spend a Saturday driving around the reserve when they could be shopping or taking care of errands.

My Grandma's boredom was a gentle reminder of our different histories and situations. My mother and I have little direct knowledge of the Island. For us, my Grandmother's stories about how so-and-so's house used to be over there, or where that road used to go, were nothing short of fascinating. Living in a large urban area, I often feel like too much of my life is spent running errands. Yet for my Grandma, getting out to browse and shop is not an everyday occurrence, and the chance to do so made her happy. From this I was reminded that family-based research is largely about spending time together. Wal-Mart is as good a place as any!

While our trip to Wasauksing did not play out as hoped, it was still an important moment of learning in family-based research. Coming to terms with the differences in our lives and experiences is just as much a part of re-membering as coming to know how we are similar. Storytelling with my Grandmother has taught me that re-membering in family based research does not end when the recorder turns off. After an hour or so of storytelling, we would carry on with the



Figure 3: Grandma And Me, May 2015

usual business of watching tv classics like *Parry Mason* or *Magnum P.I.* and eating Swiss Chalet. My Grandma knows the names of every actor from that era and remembers all the celebrity gossip. If not Swiss Chalet, our second choice for these TV marathons is pizza (my Grandma's favourite is pepperoni). My Grandmother loves bling (flashy costume jewellery) and her linen closet is better stocked than your average grocery store. These are just a few of the other things I that learned about my Grandma through this research, things that do not appear in the story above. I learned a great deal from my Grandmother's story, and I hope others will learn from it too. But while the written account is important, it is the process, the time we spent together, that I cherish the most. Storytelling will change you, if you let it.

Storytelling And The Ripple Effect

Learning about our family and the history of our community through my Grandmother's stories offered a starting point from which to further my own knowledge. Listening to my Grandma's stories inspired me to conduct further research into some of the details that emerged through our story talk, including the death of Leslie Tabobondung; the history of Wasauksing First Nation; the Toronto Indian Club; and, the passing of my Grandma's older brother Maxwell in the Second World War. Storytelling has a ripple effect. The knowledge we gain through stories can lead to other avenues of research and (self) discovery.

Readers may recall from Chapter 1 that this storytelling journey was itself prompted by a story—my Grandma's passing reference to a former Wasauksing Chief, the husband of her cousin Flora, who died in a Parry Sound jail cell. In my Grandma's words, though his death was ruled an accident, "everyone knows they [the police] killed him." Having a background in justice issues, I was saddened to learn that such a tragedy had occurred in my own extended family and community. Regardless of what happened, the fact that community members *believe* a violent injustice to have occurred surely indicates that the inquiry into the passing of Leslie Tabobondung failed to resolve the questions surrounding his death. Listening to my Grandma speak so matter-of-factly about something so tragic, something I knew nothing about, reinforced how little I knew about our collective history. It was this moment that led me to pursue storytelling as a heartfelt and personal research endeavour.

What did I learn about the story that promoted my research journey? I asked my Grandmother about the story again during the course of the research, but she had little to add. Still, I wanted to know more. I discovered that the Parry Sound Library has volunteers who specialize in local history research. I submitted a request for information and researchers were

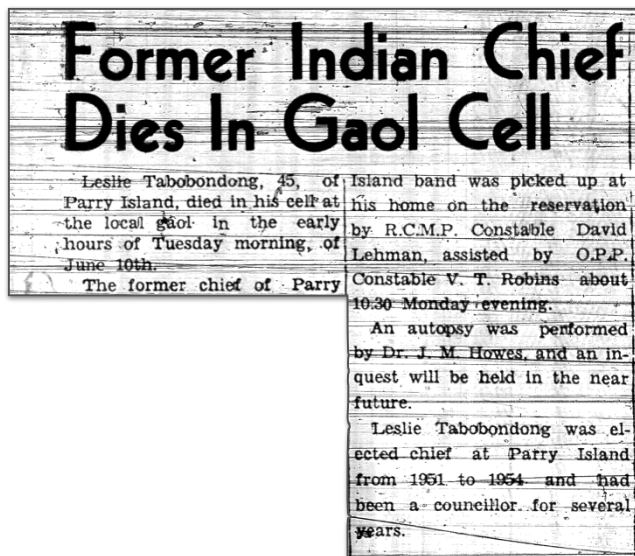


Figure 4: Death of L. Tabobondong, 1958
 Reproduced from the *Parry Sound North Star*,
 June 12, 1958, p. ii.

eventually able to locate two newspaper articles related to the incident (“Accident, jury’s verdict,” 1958; “Former Indian chief dies,” 1958). As reported in these articles, Leslie Tobobondong was 45 years old when he died in a Parry Sound jail cell in the early hours of June 10th, 1958. He had been arrested at his home on the reserve the previous night. Death was caused by “an injury of unknown origin to the crown of the

head, resulting in a brain haemorrhage” (“Accident, jury’s verdict,” 1958).

A coroner's inquest was held a month later. The physician who performed the post mortem stated that Mr. Tabobondung “had sustained a bruise on the top of his head, as well as signs of abdominal injury. The injury to his head could only have be [sic] received by a sharp blow by some instrument” (“Accident, jury’s verdict,” 1958). Family members testified, however, that while there had been a quarrel earlier that evening, “nobody had struck him” (“Accident, jury’s verdict,” 1958). On July 4th, 1958, a five-*man* coroner’s jury found that they were “satisfied that procedure which is satisfactory under normal circumstances was carried out” (“Accident, jury’s verdict,” 1958). They went on to say, “We recommend however, that in the future when a man is being admitted to jail in a totally unconscious condition exhibiting signs of injury, however slight, medical attention be sought immediately” (“Accident, jury’s verdict,” 1958). With only these two newspaper accounts, and given the conflicting testimony of Mr. Tabobondong’s family, I contacted the Office of the Chief Coroner of Ontario (personal

telephone communication, March 8, 2016) hoping for more details as to jury's reasoning. Unfortunately, I was advised that their records only go back to 1964.

I am not sure what I hoped to gain in learning more about this tragedy. I am not a direct relation of Leslie Tobobondong and to pursue some sort of justice in this case would of course require their consent. Moreover, given the history of Indigenous-police relations in this country, I have to wonder what, if anything, would come of further questioning. Is there really any justice to be found? Learning about what happened to Leslie Tobobondong is part of my ongoing and never-ending responsibility to re-member my collective history as a descendent of the Ojibway people who, after generations of migration through their traditional territory, found themselves confined to Parry Island. These stories, good and bad, are part of our history. It is my duty to re-member them.

What other stories, events and histories did I re-member through this process? I was particularly taken by my Grandmother's story about how Wasauksing got its name. It was not something I asked about, but rather a story that emerged naturally through conversation. This knowledge of place is particularly meaningful to me, given that I did not grow up in the community and know very little of the territory. I was also interested to learn about the social history of the Wasauksing. Several of my Grandmother's stories made reference to a place called Depot Harbour. Through the work of historian Franz Koennecke (1992), I discovered that Parry Island was once the site of a rail line, constructed in 1890s, by the Canada Atlantic Railway Company. Depot Harbour was the settlement built on the northern end of the Island to accommodate white workers and their families employed by the railway. Koennecke's (1992) work further documents the strong opposition voiced by the band and community in response to the railway, highlighting their disadvantaged position in negotiating with the federal government.

As Koennecke (1992) writes, it “was made very clear that the Parry Island band could either surrender the land or it would be expropriated” (p. 107). His work details how promises made to the community in exchange for the land were repeatedly violated, as well as the social and environmental impacts of this railway on Island life.

Wasauksing First Nation was one of twenty plus reserves established under the Robinson-Huron Treaty of 1850 (Surtees, 1986). Of course, the traditional territory of the Anishinaabek extends far beyond the reserve lands defined by the federal government. As my Grandma said, “We were never stay in one spot Indians.” As Surtees (1986) explains, it was the demand for leases by the mining industry that caused a push for land surrender in the area. The Robinson-Huron Treaty was signed on September 9th, 1850, and covers over 35, 000 square miles of territory extending from Parry Sound, west to Sault St. Marie, and north to Lake superior (Surtees, 1986; Talaga, 2014). However, Anishinaabek leaders were led to believe that settlers were interested mainly in the tract of land along the lakes, where minerals were believed to exist, that extensive settlement was unlikely and that land cession would not impact significantly on their hunting practices or their traditional use of the territory (Surtees, 1986).

In negotiating the treaty, the Crown ignored, willfully or otherwise, the possibility that the Anishinaabek wanted or were entitled to royalties for resources extracted from land. Rather, the Anishinaabek were provided with a set annuity. There has been no increase in the annuity since 1874, which currently provides treaty descendants a sum of four dollars a year (Talaga, 2014). In addition to the annuity, the treaty established reserves that were to be set aside for the exclusive use of the Anishinaabek. However, as seen in the case of the railway on Parry Island, the promise of “exclusive use” was not an honest one. In contrast to what Anishinaabek leaders may have been told or led to believe, the establishment of Indian reserves was in fact an essential

aspect of the government's civilization program (Surteees, 1986). Interestingly, Koennecke (1992) writes that Parry Island was not the original site of the reserve. Rather, the "original reserve south of the mouth of the Seguin River, today's Parry Sound, had been exchanged under questionable circumstances for Parry Island in 1853" (Koennecke, 1992, p. 104).

In my search to learn more about Wasauksing, I was delighted to find a comprehensive history of the community in the form of a Masters of Arts thesis by historian Franz Koennecke (1984). I was equally thrilled to locate a more recent work from the community by Rebeka Tabobondung (2008), also a Masters of Arts thesis, who documented traditional birth knowledge, based on stories and teachings of three mothers from Wasauksing First Nation. Also of interest is a PhD thesis by Robin Brownlie (1996) documenting the activities and approaches of Indian agents in the Georgian Bay in the early 1900s, including Parry Island. While a thorough review of these works was beyond the scope of my thesis, it must be remembered that this research represents the beginning, not the end, of my journey into re-membering the history of my family and community, of knowing our collective history.

While my Grandmother had many wonderful stories to share about Wasauksing, it is clear that she loved growing up in Toronto and considers herself a city girl at heart. Learning about my family's involvement with the Toronto Indian Club was indeed a highlight of the research. With further investigation I discovered that the Toronto Indian Club eventually evolved into the Native Canadian Centre of Toronto (NCCT), an important Indigenous community organization that is still in operation today. I was especially excited to find and share with my Grandmother a written account of the Club's early years (Hill & Le Camp, 1997). The chapter refers to "the King family" by name, specifically my great-grandmother, several of her older

children, and my Grandma's Uncle Fred (Fred Wheatley) and his daughters (Hill & Le Camp, 1997, p. 61).

My research into the Toronto Indian Club yielded several newspaper items about dances, banquets and other Club events. Regrettably, I was unable to locate the picture that my Grandmother describes in her story that was published in the *Toronto Telegram*. Negatives and print photos from the now-defunct *Toronto Telegram* are housed at York University in Toronto. Unfortunately, only a tiny fraction of the collection is available online and the picture my Grandmother describes is not among them.⁸ Being unable to find the photo for my Grandmother, for all of us, was extremely disappointing. But I still hope to find the picture one day. It is encouraging to know that the full collection of *Telegram* photos is available on site at York University. Indeed, this part of my storytelling journey may have reached its conclusion, but the joy of discovery is far from over.

Discovery can be joyous, but it can also be painful—especially when it touches on family members who are no longer with us. Long before we started recording stories for this research, my Grandmother told my mother and I about her older brother Maxwell, who died in the Second World War. My Grandmother was just a girl when he died. She said that she wished she knew more about what happened to him; I said that I would try to help. Trying to find out more about Maxwell was (is) something I could do to thank my Grandmother for sharing her stories with me. In October 2013, I visited Library and Archives Canada (located in Ottawa) to access Maxwell's service file. The files of those who died while in service during WWII are available to the public. I took over 200 pictures that day of documents ranging from enlistment papers to medical reports.

⁸ The digital collection *Toronto Telegram* photos is available online through York University at: <https://digital.library.yorku.ca/yul-f0433/toronto-telegram>.

I learned that Maxwell had been killed in action on April 16th, 1945. He was 24 years old. Among the papers was a form, filled in by hand after his death, listing Maxwell's immediate relatives (wife, parents, siblings) along with their names and places of birth. I was able to use this form, in tandem with my Grandmother's stories, to begin piecing together a family tree. This family tree (still a work in progress) represents one of the small ways that I am able to give back

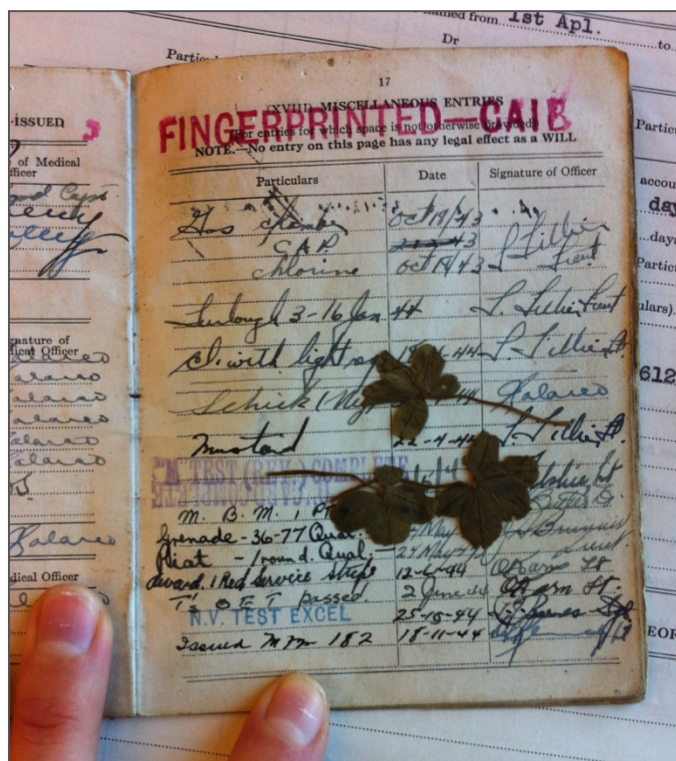


Figure 4: Four Leaf Clovers Found in Maxwell King's Pay Book

to my Grandmother and other family members as a result of this research. Buried near the bottom of Maxwell's file was his Solider's Pay Book. I had been at the library for most of the day at that point and my concentration was lagging. As I flipped absently through the book, trying to make sense of the shorthand notes and tiny handwriting, I came across something unexpected—unexpected and heartbreaking. Pressed between the pages of the tattered book was a collection of four leaf clovers. His good luck charms. Storytelling research allows us to transcend time and re-member those who have come before us. You never know what you might find or what you might learn. *We remember you Maxwell. I remember you.*

I Was Never Supposed to Know My Stories: Family-Based Research As Resistance And Resurgence

As readers may recall from Chapter 1, my mother was adopted by a white family in the 1960s, during the Sixties Scoop. Though she may not have been “scooped up” as described in some of the literature documenting the Sixties Scoop (Fournier & Crey, 1997), child welfare policy at the time was shaped, sometimes tacitly, sometimes explicitly, by the belief that Native children were better off with white families. I was never supposed to know my Grandmother’s stories. My mother was never meant to identify as a First Nations person. It is no accident that my mother was adopted by British immigrants, but rather a choice made by social workers as to the best place for a First Nations child. I love my Nana dearly, mom’s adopted mother. But it was no accident that I grew up being able to recite my Nana’s stories and history, as a child in England, rather than the stories of the land to which I should be so intimately connected. I was supposed to grow up identifying with and believing in the superiority of Euro western (white) culture. In this context, research that seeks to rebuild a connection with my Grandmother, with our family’s history, is both an act of resistance and resurgence.

What did I learn from my Grandmother’s stories? I learned that the most powerful transformations are not always ones you articulate or even see. The deepest learnings are not necessarily ones you can explain. Before this research, I would spend much of the drive to visit my Grandmother in Parry Sound worrying. Would the visit go well? Would my Grandma be happy to see us? What would we talk about? Now, all I feel is anticipation. I enjoy the drive and I look forward to our time together. We recently made dinner in my Grandmother’s apartment, instead of getting take-out, for the first time in years (perhaps ever). This is not to romanticize the process. Storytelling is powerful, but a few months of sharing stories is certainly not enough

to bridge decades of silence and trepidation. There remains much to be done. But this research was not about trying to re-create a past that never was. And there has been change. In undertaking this research, in declaring it worthwhile, I took another step in an ongoing journey to restore the connections that colonization tried to sever. I know so much more about my Grandmother, her life and our family, than I did before. And I believe she knows more about us, my mother, siblings and I. And so we persist. We carry on. When she kisses us goodbye and says she loves us, I know she means it.

Obviously, this work differs, in purpose and outcome, from the majority of research in social work; at least, it differs from the majority of research I was exposed to in my social work studies. In conceptualizing this work, I struggled with feeling like my topic was too personal—that my research needed to be applicable to a wide audience. The idea that emancipatory research should focus on interrogating systems, structures or discourse is difficult to shake. I worried that readers, especially academics, would view my research as little more than a personal and individualized project of “finding self.” This concern is not unfounded. Absolon’s (2011) study into the experiences and methodologies of Indigenous graduate researchers found that students continue to face opposition on the grounds that their work is “too personal,” “too subjective,” “too emotional” or that they are “too involved” (p. 146). Absolon refers to this as “gate-keeping” in the academy. Gate-keepers “watch over the academy to ensure you play by their rules” (p. 144). The trepidation towards differing knowledges in the academy is ironic indeed. As Kovach (2009) writes, “resistance to epistemological disruptions within academia is so great that it can stymie that which it seeks to create - new knowledge” (p. 36).

As I have argued throughout this work, family-based research is an act of resistance and resurgence. At the core, Indigenous family based research is about refusing to accept the

dismemberment of our nations. Alfred (2009) argues that the fundamental struggle facing Indigenous peoples today is “to restore connections severed by the colonial machine. The victory is an integrated personality, a cohesive community, and the restoration of respectful and harmonious relationships” (p. 45). Reading and reflecting on theories of Indigenous resistance and resurgence (Alfred, 2009; Coburn, 2015; Coulthard, 2014; Simpson, 2011), I had to ask myself: how can I live Indigenously without knowing who I am?⁹

As an Indigenous researcher, but moreover, as an Indigenous person, I refuse to accept that family-based research is “too personal” for academic inquiry. Family-based research is about the survival of knowledge. Asking my Grandmother for stories was an important step in a life-long journey to restore balance in my family and aid in the transfer of knowledge between generations. I want to challenge and unsettle the still dominant notion that research should be about acquiring and sharing knowledge. Approached differently, the research *process* can itself become a site of resurgence and personal transformation. From this perspective, research is not only about the knowledge produced, but also the changes that occur through the process undertaken.

Westernized academia does not know how to deal with, assess or value this type of family based research. Western research frameworks are founded on the premise that, for research to be valuable, it must be generalizable in nature, or at the very least offer a concrete

⁹ In saying this, I wish to acknowledge that the opportunity to learn more about my family and its history is, in many ways, a privilege. Unfortunately, the reality of ongoing colonialism makes this sort of project inaccessible to some. There are more children in child welfare care today than at the height of residential school; disconnection from family and community through child welfare “care” remains an ongoing issue. In other cases, the devastating social impacts of colonialism can make it necessary to distance oneself from family/relations for reasons of physical, emotional or spiritual safety. My intention here is not to criticize or suggest that Indigeneity is solely based on knowledge of one’s history. Rather, my point is simply that those who *are* able to learn more about their family stories and history should make every effort to do so.

interpretation of the data gathered—preferably with recommendations or suggested actions to be taken. Positivist and perhaps even more emancipatory research approaches, such as Participatory Action Research, feminist research and other critical approaches, may dismiss the utility of research that sees the researcher and their family as the primary site of change.

Research with recommendations or action items offers something tangible. *We can see she worked hard—just look at the length of the manuscript! Look at the reference list! What great recommendations!* Academics can see the work that has been done and feel comfortable attesting to its significance. How do you assess emotional learnings, personal transformation, the relationships that are formed or strengthened, the awakening of spirit, of love? Such learnings cannot be measured. There may be ways, however, to document the impact of spiritual and emotional transformation resulting from family-based research, for the benefit of other researchers.

Kovach (2009) writes that: “Inward knowledges are equally important within Indigenous inquiry, and so there need to be methods to record these types of knowing so that they become a formal part of the meaning-making aspect of research” (p.126). Journals and portfolios are methods that have been used by Indigenous researchers to document and reflect on intuitive knowledges (Kovach, 2009). Similarly, I suggest that journals and portfolios may be methods for documenting transformation in personal or family-based research. In saying this, it is important to emphasize that documenting one’s experience is not about needing to justify or legitimize it. As Indigenous researchers, we know that emotional and spiritual learning/growth is powerful. Documenting personal transformation is not about trying to legitimize our work in the eyes of Western academics; we do not need their approval. Rather, documenting one’s experience is

about sharing knowledge and forging a path so other researchers can learn and follow in our footsteps.

Western academia claims to have “made space” (itself a condescending and problematic concept) for Indigenous research, yet there are limits to this acceptance (Absolon, 2011; Kovach, 2009). Indigenous thinkers in the academy have opened up new disciplines of thought (see for example, LaRocque, 2015). They have challenged mainstream ontological and epistemological assumptions and brought to light Indigenous methodologies in research. The next step, I believe, is to challenge conventional notions of transformation and action in research. As a social worker, the focus of my discussion is transformation and action as it relates to social work education and practice.

What are the implications of my research for social work research, education and practice? At the most basic level, social work must expand its knowledge base and understanding of resistance and resurgence to incorporate strategies that focus on the individual and family as the first sites of transformation and change. Social work must overcome its resistance to w/holistic knowledges and embrace the personal and subjective as important areas of focus in Indigenous research. In this way, the academy can serve as a place of liberation for Indigenous students wishing to restore balance in their lives and families. Research can become *re-search*:

Indigenous re-search becomes a healing journey when what we gather helps us recover and heal a part of our self, life, family, community, knowledge, culture language and so on.

Indigenous searching is healing as it invokes restoration, repatriation, reclaiming, recovering and relearning. It is about healing wounded Spirits, hearts, minds and bodies. (Absolon, 2011, p. 93)

Social work can support Indigenous resistance and resurgence by embracing Indigenous methodologies and forms of analysis that allow Indigenous students to “find their way home.” As Absolon (2011) explains: “Finding our way home means searching to return to our own roots and to find the dignity and humanity intended by the Creator” (p. 55). In this way, Indigenous researchers can use an (arguably) colonial institution, the academy, to create time and space to explore our roots and re-orient our way of thinking and being in the world. Had I not decided to pursue storytelling as a thesis topic, how long would I have waited to ask my Grandmother to share more about her life and family history? Would I have made the time to read book after book, article after article, by Indigenous thinkers on topics ranging from Indigenous knowledge to strategies of resistance? Would I have sat down to research the history of the treaty that created my community? Certainly, none of these things were or are dependent on academic research. However, committing myself to personal and family-based research as part of my graduate degree gave me the time, space and support to begin the work of restoring, reclaiming, recovering and relearning—to exercise resistance and resurgence in my own life journey.

Support for this type of work in the academy is crucial. I was fortunate to have the support and guidance of two incredible Indigenous women as academic advisors, both with strong backgrounds in storytelling research (Green, 2013; Thomas 2000, 2005). Without their encouragement and validation, I doubt I would have had the confidence to pursue this type of work. Indeed, Absolon (2011) emphasizes the vital role of Indigenous faculty (as well as non-Indigenous allies) in helping emerging researchers to assert their location, personal involvement and employ Indigenous methodologies in the academy. With the support of my academic advisors, I was able to privilege the work of Indigenous scholars in developing my research framework. Indeed, the work of Indigenous thinkers in the areas of Indigenous methodologies,

resistance and resurgence, as outlined in Chapter 2, was vital in helping understand the transformative power of knowing our stories. Indigenous family-based research is not only a legitimate research interest, but an important means of transformative action.

Readers will note that my reference list is comprised primarily of works by Indigenous authors. This is the result of a deliberate effort on my part to privilege the work of Indigenous thinkers. However, this is not to say that the work of critical allies is irrelevant to Indigenous emancipatory struggles. As Kovach (2005, 2009) states, work by feminist, critical race and post-colonial theorists was instrumental to the emergence of Indigenous voices in the academy. The work of critical allies has also served to support Indigenous analyses of colonization and liberation. Coulthard (2014), for instance, draws heavily on the work of post-colonial thinker Franz Fanon to formulate a compelling and important critique of the politics of recognition in Canada. Indeed, LaRocque (2015) reminds us that Indigenous knowledge has always been adaptive and dynamic, and cautions against limiting our use of theory in a false attempt to retain the purity of traditional knowledge.

That said, I believe we have reached a point where the body of work by Indigenous thinkers is diverse, attracting both consensus and respectful disagreement, and plentiful enough to be a primary source for those engaged in Indigenous research. Privileging the work of Indigenous thinkers is also a political act. To echo Absolon (2011), “Today I consciously privilege Indigenous authors as a political and academic act of validation and goal to ‘lift up’ Indigenous knowledge” (p. 150). Again, this does not mean disregarding the potential insights of Western theories, simply that we (Indigenous researchers) prioritize the work of Indigenous thinkers in developing our own theoretical models and conducting research.

Fundamental to Indigenous research is the concept and ethic of reciprocity, or giving back (Absolon, 2011; Archibald, 2008; Kovach, 2009; Wilson, 2008). Unfortunately, not every emerging re-researcher will have the benefit of Indigenous advisors to support their work. My hope is that this thesis will provide an academic precedent to counter the reticence of gate keepers who seek to maintain the status quo. As stated above, I want to challenge Western, conventional notions of transformation and action in research. Western theory privileges research that targets the “colonial outside” (Simpson, 2011), such as policy change, program evaluation or discourse analysis. Despite the emergence of allied methodologies—methodologies guided by emancipatory, liberatory, anti-colonial and anti-racist principles (Absolon, 2011, p. 29)—research that focuses on the colonial outside remains problematic for a variety of reasons. Indigenous methodologies, and particularly personal and family based research, are about restoring harmony through positive change. They are about synthesis, not deconstruction (Wilson, 2008). In contrast, research that focuses on the colonial outside is largely concerned with breaking down and studying negative experiences. Expecting Indigenous students to focus on research that looks at the impacts of colonialism, for example, reduces diverse Indigenous lives to a common story of oppression.

If social work is really about social justice, as per the Canadian Association of Social Work Education (2016) and the Canadian Association of Social Workers (n.d.), then social work research and education has an important role to play in backing Indigenous movements for resistance and resurgence, particularly in terms of research that supports Indigenous students in finding their way home. Support for strategies of resistance and resurgence that focus on the individual and family, such as family-based research, requires more than making space in the academy. The idea of making space situates Western theory as the norm, giving Western

academics the power to recognize, *or not*, the validity of Indigenous research. In this sense, the academy is a microcosm of Coulthard's (2014) argument vis-a-vis the politics of recognition in Canada, in which the terms of recognition are determined by and in the interest of the settler state. So long as Indigenous researchers are disciplined—implicitly or otherwise—to conform to Western standards, social work education remains a tool of the colonial system.

In privileging research that targets the colonial outside, social work disciplines Indigenous students into pursuing research that supports Western theories of change. It overlooks the self as the first and most important site of transformation. Alfred (2009) argues that Indigenous peoples are facing a colonial-capitalist attempt to conquer our souls. In his words, “Territorial losses and political disempowerment are secondary conquests to that first, spiritual cause of discontent” (Alfred, 2009, p. 38). If the source of liberation lies in personal transformation, then the implications for social work research and education are indeed profound. From this it follows that research targeting the colonial outside may improve the experience of Indigenous peoples, but can never truly change it.

This raises an important question: to what extent does research and education in social work *disrupt* the status quo? Does it challenge Western hegemony in a fundamental way? Research that focuses on the colonial outside is often less contentious, because it deals with improving or reforming established systems and services. For instance, there has been a push in recent years to improve the experience of Indigenous peoples by making social systems and services “culturally relevant.” However, as Blackstock (2009) has argued, the idea of cultural relevance is largely about modifying existing systems and services, without challenge to their underlying values or assumptions; the status quo remains intact. Real and meaningful change

depends on whether (and to what extent) dominant powers are prepared to recognize the claims being made.

As argued by Coulthard (2014), looking to those in power to “recognize” our rights and needs as Indigenous peoples has the effect of legitimizing their authority. In privileging the colonial outside, social work inadvertently (or perhaps not so inadvertently) disciplines Indigenous students to conduct research that legitimizes the dominant system and, by extension, the authority of the colonial state. In doing so, Indigenous researchers compromise our autonomy as Indigenous peoples and participate in our own co-optation. It is in this context that I advocate for a different kind of Indigenous research in social work. Research that focuses on personal transformation disrupts not only conventional academic norms, but the state’s monopoly and control over societal change.

None of this is meant to dismiss outright the potential value of research that seeks justice for Indigenous peoples by addressing discursive and systemic oppression. Yet, as critical social workers, we need to be honest about the extent to which such research actually leads to meaningful change at the level of policy, law, practice or social relations. In discussing support for Indigenous self-determination movements in Canada, Coburn (2015) is candid about the potential for “scholarship and policy documents purporting to support Indigenous resistance and resurgence” to become “nothing more than a compilation of ‘good words,’ or worse, merely ‘fancy word(s)’ disconnected from transformative change” (p. 26). As I have argued, research that seeks to change the colonial outside is largely dependent on the will of others. Personal and family based research, however, does not require the participation or acquiescence of governments, organizations, policy bodies or any other external power. In this way, encouraging students to research their histories and cultures has greater potential for meaningful personal and social

transformation than “conventional” types of research. By embracing research and education that encourages Indigenous students to find their way home, social work can begin to counter its *own* role in the ongoing oppression of Indigenous peoples in Canada.

As an emerging Indigenous researcher, I was extremely fortunate to have access to Indigenous academic advisors to support my work. Their encouragement gave me the confidence to pursue family-based research and develop an argument in favour of this work that I hope will assist other Indigenous researchers in their own academic journeys. This is my humble attempt at reciprocity. My other means of giving back is far more personal. Simpson (2011) teaches “The family is microcosm of the nation” (p. 145). Seeking balance in my own life, strengthening my family ties and restoring connections is an act of resistance and resurgence. It is about love in action (Wilson, 2015). I hope that this work might inspire other Indigenous students not only to find their way home, but to use research to do it. May your research journey bring you joy and love.

Chapter 6: This Is Really Just The Beginning

This thesis has been about my Grandmother's stories, Indigenous resistance and remembering. I have always found writing conclusion sections to be difficult, and in this case the task seems especially challenging. How can I possibly whittle down the many things that I have learned, felt and experienced through this research with my Grandmother into a few pages of summarizing points? My paradigm as an Indigenous researcher tells me that the interpretations and lessons I draw from my research journey are mine alone. The lessons that I consider important or meaningful may be different from the lessons that resonate with you, the reader. Moreover, the conclusions that I draw from my research may change over time. As with any major learning journey, the process of integrating knowledge is both ongoing and lifelong.

That said, I undertook this research with my Grandmother for a reason. I wanted to honour my Grandmother by sharing part of her life story, and offer an example of Indigenous family-based research to other students and researchers. Indigenous paradigms reject the possibility of universal truth, but they also require that the researcher give back by sharing what she has learned, so that others may benefit from her experience. Without telling you what to think/feel/do, I have a responsibility to answer the questions that inspired this research—with the understanding that interpretations of knowledge are highly personal and can change over time.

As stated in Chapter 1, my research was guided by the following questions:

- What stories might my Grandmother tell about her life and our family history?
- Why are these stories important? Why is family-based research important?
- How does this type of research inform social work education and practice?

The stories my Grandmother told ranged from childhood memories to present day experiences. She told stories about the changes she has seen in our community, Wasauksing First

Nation, and about how much she loved growing up and living in Toronto. My Grandmother told stories about her own mother, Grandmother, uncles, brothers and sisters. And now I know their names, too. My Grandmother's stories inspired me to conduct further research into some of the details that emerged through our "story talk." The knowledge we gain through stories can lead to other avenues of research and (self) discovery. Family based research, and storytelling in particular, has ripple effect that can spark personal change and transformation.

My Grandmother's stories are important because they are the foundation of who I am. Her stories position me in a web of history and relations and re/connect me to my ancestors and territory. As Thomas (2005) writes in explaining the power of family stories: "My Grandmothers' stories are the essential core of my being. The stories are cultural, traditional, educational, spiritual, and political" (p. 240). As I stated in Chapter 5, Indigenous family based research is about refusing to accept the dismemberment of our nations. Colonial laws and policies in Canada targeted Indigenous children and families and tried to sever the transfer of knowledge between generations. From this it follows that family-based research, research that is about knowing who we are and where we come from, is one of the most powerful and emancipatory types of research Indigenous students and scholars can undertake.

Family-based research informs social work education and practice by challenging the effectiveness of political mobilization, legal gains and state recognition as strategies of Indigenous resistance. My experience with family-based research supports the work of Indigenous scholars who teach that collective transformation begins with small-scale, personal change (Alfred, 2009; Coburn, 2015; Simpson, 2011). Family-based research will change you, if you let it. Storytelling with my Grandmother taught me that the most powerful transformations are not always ones that you can articulate, or even see. The deepest learnings are not necessarily

ones that you can explain. Just as storytelling is about more than telling stories, family-based research is about more than the knowledge produced, but the personal and familial changes that occur through the process of remembering and reconnection.

Support for family-based research in the academy is crucial. Unfortunately, Indigenous students and researchers continue to face opposition on the grounds that their work is too personal, too subjective or self-indulgent (Absolon 2011; Kovach, 2009). Social work needs to expand its knowledge base and understanding of resistance and resurgence to embrace introspective and family-based questions as important areas of Indigenous research. Social work can support Indigenous resistance and resurgence by embracing family-based research and Indigenous methodologies that allow students to remember, reconnect and “find their way home.”

Having come to the end of my research journey, I am hopeful that my work offers a useful example and academic precedent that may be of benefit to other researchers. The academic space and freedom to remember my family stories through research has had a powerful impact on my life. Absolon (2011) describes the Indigenous re-search journey as a gift. In her words:

The gift of our searches ends up being in the remembering of ancestral ties, their legacies and knowledge . . . Searching becomes a gift that invokes memory, and this both remembers us to our nations, families and communities and brings knowledge forward that was meant for us. If we don't remember who we are, how can we pass that on to our children and families? . . . Remembering is giving back and contributing to the continuance of Indigenous peoples' way of life and existence. (Absolon, 2011, p. 78)

The chance to listen to, learn from and record my Grandmother's stories for others to enjoy was indeed a gift. Indigenous family-based research is about resistance and resurgence. In following this path of personal transformation and change, I begin with my own experience and my own family. I begin by learning my stories.

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Appendix A: Consent Form - Grandma

Participant Consent Form

You are invited to participate in a study entitled *Aanji Maajitaawin: My Grandmother's stories, remembering and resurgence* conducted by **Jennifer King**.

As you know, I (Jennifer) am working towards a Master of Social Work degree at the University of Victoria. If you have any questions about this research, you can contact me at home at:

[Address]

[Phone number]

I am conducting this research as part of the requirements for my graduate degree. **My supervisor's name is Dr. Jacquie Green**. You can contact Jacquie at: [Phone number].

Purpose and Objectives

The objective of this research is to gather family stories from you, my grandmother, stories that might otherwise be lost, and to share their teachings with others. As a personal and family project of remembering, this work is envisioned as a gift to you, our family and future generations. My hope is that this research might inspire other Indigenous people to learn more about their family histories and where they come from. This work is also about broadening how social work as a discipline understands personal and collective resistance, wellness and agency in the lives of Indigenous peoples.

Importance of this Research

Family based research, knowing one's history and family stories as an Indigenous person, is a vital way of countering colonial impacts and strengthening culture, community and nation. This study builds on research and other work that sees resistance and resurgence as beginning from within: from within our communities and from within ourselves. Family based research is a vital means of promoting collective resistance, wellness and agency in the lives of Indigenous peoples, and must be recognized as an important and valid topic in social work research and practice.

Participants Selection

The main participant in this study is you, my maternal grandmother. Traditionally, grandparents were seen and understood as teachers, and as carriers of family/community knowledge and history. This research is about family stories, teachings and re/connection, and I am interested in learning from your stories, memories and experiences.

Given the nature and purpose of the research, I would like your consent to invite my mother and two adult siblings to take part in the research: to sit with us while you tell stories and to ask questions of their own. Having other family members present to ask questions and share thoughts may help spark new stories and deepen the conversation. However, as the storyteller, it is up to you whether they take part. I would much rather you say 'no' than feel uncomfortable about having them participate.

What is Involved

If you consent to voluntarily participate in this research, I estimate that it will require about eight to 12 hours of your time. At least half of this time will be reserved for storytelling. As the main storyteller, you are asked to share stories, experiences and memories about our family and its history. The rest of the time will be used for review and making sure you approve of how the stories are re-told in the thesis. **You will have full control over which stories you share, and which stories appear in the final document. You**

will also have the opportunity to remove anything you do not want made public from the written transcript.

The stories shared will be audio recorded (taped) and transcribed. In addition to audio recordings, I may take notes, photos and possibly video recordings of our time together throughout the research. These photos, videos and notes will be used to help me think and write about what I have learned. Photos taken during the research may be used in the final document. You will have the opportunity to view and approve the photos before the document is published.

You are also welcome to share your own photos and any other material that you would like to see included in the research. Anything you share will be used to help me write the thesis and may be published in the final document. You will have the opportunity to see how your photos (along with any other material you share) are used before anything is published.

Interviews will take place at your home in Parry Sound, Ontario. Given the distance, in-person interviews may be supplemented by telephone conversations. I encourage you to call me (**Phone number**) if you have something to share and do not want to wait until the next visit. Calls will be audio recorded to add to the transcribed record. Telephone conversations may also be used to confirm details throughout the writing process.

Inconvenience

Participation in this study may cause some inconvenience, including the time devoted to the research as well as the need to tell stories on particular occasions and within a limited time frame.

Risks

Although this research does not intend to explore difficult or painful stories, it is possible that you may experience fatigue, stress, or emotional or psychological discomfort as a consequence of participation. This could result from remembering unpleasant experiences or feeling pressure to tell stories at a particular time. In addition, **the nature of the research means that anonymity is not possible; that is, you will be named/identified in the research.**

Several steps have been taken to prevent or deal with these risks. You have full control over which stories you share. You also have full control over which stories appear in the final document. Transcripts and draft copies of the stories will be provided to you, and time will be set aside to discuss the content and presentation of the stories in person. You have approval over which stories are published, which in turn provides some control over any social risk (i.e. feeling overly exposed). **Throughout the research, you always have the right to say: “I don’t feel like talking right now” or “I want to stop for the moment”.** I would rather you do so than continue with something you are uncomfortable with.

Benefits

There are several potential benefits to your participation. I envision this research as a gift: a gift to you, to other family members and to future generations. This research is about recording stories that might otherwise be lost. Indigenous people have always understood stories as an important method of teaching and learning. This research is thus of benefit not only to our family or to other Indigenous people, but to society as a whole and to the state of knowledge. My hope is that this work might inspire more Indigenous people to sit with their Elders and learn their stories. You will receive a copy of the final written document.

Compensation

To thank you for taking part and sharing your knowledge, I would like to give you a gift. This gift symbolizes my responsibility and commitment to respect what is shared. It is not meant to pressure or coerce you into participating.

Voluntary Participation

Your participation in this research is completely voluntary. If you decide to take part you may withdraw at any time without consequence or any explanation. **You do not need to explain or justify your decision to withdraw from the research.** I would rather you do so than carry on with something you are uncomfortable with, or is different from what you expected. Your well-being is far more important to me than completing the project.

Should you withdraw part-way through the study, you will be asked to initial a statement at the end of this consent form allowing me to use your data (audio recordings, transcripts and any photos, video and notes taken or shared during the research) to complete the thesis. Please know you have the right to refuse this request. If you do not consent, your data will be destroyed.

Should you withdraw from the research, the gift is yours to keep. Regardless of whether the research proceeds, the gift remains an important symbol of the journey we embarked on together.

Researcher's Relationship with Participants

Everyone taking part in this study (yourself, and possibly my mother and adult siblings, depending on your wishes) has a close family relationship with me, the researcher. Because of this 'dual-role' relationship, I understand that you might feel added pressure to participate. **Please know that your comfort and well-being are more important to me than any research project. I would never want you to agree to something you do not want to do.**

To help prevent our relationship from influencing your decision to participate, I have chosen a research approach that gives participants a great deal of control over the process. You have full control over which stories you share and which stories appear in the final research document. You have the right to withdraw from the research at any time.

Ownership and On-Going Consent

I acknowledge you, my grandmother, as the owner of the intellectual property gathered through this research, including all stories, knowledge shared and related audio recordings and written transcripts. Similarly, my mother and adult siblings are understood as the owners of the knowledge and ideas they share throughout the research.

The research will take place on multiple occasions and over an extended period of time. It is my responsibility to review your rights as a participant at regular intervals. Following these discussions, you will be asked to initial the signed consent form to indicate your ongoing consent. If you have questions at any point, please ask!

Given that this research is about the importance of passing on family stories and knowledge, I would like permission to use your data (audio files, transcripts, video, notes and any photos taken or shared) in future projects, such as articles or a book chapter. I would also like permission to share the data with other family members and future generations upon their request.

I am also asking for your permission to share the transcripts with other researchers if requested. Unlike family members, researchers would have access only to the written transcripts. Transcripts will be edited

to protect the confidentiality of people not directly involved with the research, such as family friends, former teachers, etc., by using first names only or referring to them in general terms, i.e. “the teacher”.

You have the right to refuse these requests, and I would rather you do so than agree to something you are unsure about. You can also pick and choose based on what you feel most comfortable with. For example, you could give permission to share the stories (data) with family members, but not with other researchers. If you agree to future use by myself or others, the stories (data) collected will be stored for an indefinite period of time (as discussed below). By keeping the stories (data) for an indefinite amount of time, your knowledge can be utilized by other family members.

Anonymity

The nature of this project means that anonymity is not possible. As my grandmother, your identity is disclosed by virtue of my name as the author of the work.

Confidentiality

Although anonymity is not possible (meaning your name will appear in the research), steps have been taken to protect your confidentiality. The purpose of this consent form is to make sure you understand the nature of the research. Knowing how your stories will be used should help you decide which stories to share. You will also have full control over which stories appear in the final document. If you change your mind about including a story, you can ask that it be removed from the document and interview transcript.

Audio files will be downloaded to a password-protected computer immediately after each interview. As a precaution, secondary copies of the audio files will be made and kept on a USB with similar password protection. Written drafts will also be stored on a password-protected computer and back-up copies will be stored on a USB with password protection. Photos or video taken as part of the research will be stored in the same fashion. Paper files, drafts, photos, etc. will be kept in a locked cabinet at my place of residence.

Dissemination of Results

I anticipate that the research will be shared with others in the following ways: through my thesis, which will be available online; class and conference presentations; a published chapter or article. A hard copy of the thesis will be given to all participants.

Disposal of Data

At minimum, audio files, transcripts and drafts will be stored until the thesis is complete and accepted by the university.

Should you consent to future use of data and indefinite storage (as described above), audio files will be saved onto a USB or disc with password protection and stored in a locked cabinet at my place of residence. Transcripts will also be stored in a locked cabinet. Paper drafts will be shredded upon completion of the research.

If you do not consent, all electronic data (audio files, transcripts, drafts, etc.) will be erased and paper copies will be shredded upon completion of the research.

Contacts

If you have any questions or concerns about this study you can contact me at home at:

[Address]

[Phone number]

You can also contact my supervisor, Dr. Jacquie Green, at: [Phone number]

In addition, you may verify the ethical approval of this study, or raise any concerns you might have, by contacting the Human Research Ethics Office at the University of Victoria (**1.250.472.4545** or ethics@uvic.ca).

Your signature below indicates that you understand the above conditions of participation in this study, that you have had the opportunity to have your questions answered by the researcher, and that you consent to participate in this research project.

Name of Participant

Signature

Date

Consent to Have Other Family Members Take Part in the Research. PLEASE SELECT STATEMENT:

I consent to having the researcher's mother and adult siblings (my daughter and grandchildren) take part in the study:

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

I **do not** consent to having the researcher's mother and adult siblings (my daughter and grandchildren) take part in the study:

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

Visually Recorded Images/Data. Please select statement, ONLY IF YOU CONSENT:

Photos may be taken of me for: Analysis _____ Dissemination* _____
(Participant to provide initials)

Videos may be taken of me for: Analysis _____ Dissemination* _____
(Participant to provide initials)

I understand that any photos or other materials I share with the researcher may appear in the final research document: *

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

*Even if no names are used, you may be recognizable if visual images are shown in the results.

Waiving Confidentiality. Please select statement, ONLY IF YOU CONSENT:

I consent to be identified by name / credited in the results of the study: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to have my responses attributed to me by name in the results: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

Future Use of Data. Please select statement, ONLY IF YOU CONSENT:

I consent to the use of my data (audio recordings, transcripts and any photos, videos and notes taken or shared during the research) in future research by the researcher:

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to future sharing of my data with other family members: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to future sharing of written transcripts with other researchers: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

I wish to be contacted in the event my data is requested for future use: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

Use of Data if You Withdraw from the Study *ONLY TO BE COMPLETED IN THE CASE OF WITHDRAWAL:*

I consent to the use of **all** of my already collected data (audio, interview transcripts, photos taken or shared, video, notes) to complete the research:

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to the use of my already collected data (audio, interview transcripts, photos taken or shared, video, notes) to complete the research, **excluding:**

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

I **do not** consent to the use of my data (data collected through the research will be destroyed):

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

A copy of this consent will be left with you, and a copy will be taken by the researcher.

Appendix B: Consent Form - Mother and Siblings

Participant Consent Form

You are invited to participate in a study entitled *Aanji Maajitaawin: My Grandmother's stories, remembering and resurgence* conducted by **Jennifer King**.

As you know, I (Jennifer) am working towards a Master of Social Work degree at the University of Victoria. If you have any questions about this research, you can contact me at home at:

[Address]

[Phone number]

I am conducting this research as part of the requirements for my graduate degree. **My supervisor's name is Dr. Jacquie Green**. You can contact Jacquie at: [Phone number].

Purpose and Objectives

The objective of this research is to gather family stories from Grandma (your mother/our grandmother), stories that might otherwise be lost, and to share their teachings with others. As a personal and family project of re-membering, this work is envisioned as a gift to Grandma, our family and future generations. My hope is that this research might inspire other Indigenous people to learn more about their family histories and where they come from. This work is also about broadening how social work as a discipline understands personal and collective resistance, wellness and agency in the lives of Indigenous peoples.

Importance of this Research

Family based research, knowing one's history and family stories as an Indigenous person, is a vital way of countering colonial impacts and strengthening culture, community and nation. This study builds on research and other work that sees resistance and resurgence as beginning from within: from within our communities and from within ourselves. Family based research is a vital means of promoting collective resistance, wellness and agency in the lives of Indigenous peoples, and must be recognized as an important and valid topic in social work research and practice.

Participants Selection

As described above, I am conducting storytelling research with Grandma to learn more about our family and its history. Traditionally, grandparents were seen and understood as teachers, and as carriers of family/community knowledge and history. Given the nature and purpose of this research, you are invited to learn from Grandma's stories along with me. Grandma has consented to having you participate as an active listener. Your role in this research is outlined below.

What is Involved

As an active listener, you are invited to sit with us while Grandma tells stories, to ask questions and to express your thoughts/feelings about what is shared. Your contributions to the conversation will be audio recorded, transcribed and may appear in the published thesis.

Storytelling will take place at Grandma's house in Parry Sound, Ontario. I estimate that the research will require about eight to 12 hours of your time: four to six hours for storytelling (a few separate 'research' visits lasting a couple of hours), and about equal that for going over how your contributions have been retold and re/presented in the transcripts and final document. **You have full control over what you share and will also have the chance to review and delete anything that you do not want included in the transcript and/or final document.**

I encourage you to call me (**Phone number**) if you have something to share and do not want to wait until the next visit. Calls will be audio recorded to add to the transcribed record. Telephone conversations may also be used to confirm details throughout the writing process.

Although you are welcome to ask questions about her stories, Grandma is the storyteller and has control over what she shares and what we talk about. This research does not seek or intend to ask about difficult or painful experiences, such as the circumstances of your/our mother's adoption. If you want to take part, I ask that you respect the objectives of the research and agree not to ask Grandma about things that could be sensitive or unpleasant.

The stories shared will be audio recorded (taped) and transcribed. In addition to audio recordings, I may take notes, photos and possibly video recordings of our time together throughout the research. These photos, videos and notes will be used to help me think and write about what I have learned. Photos taken during the research may be used in the final document. You will have the opportunity to view and approve the photos before the document is published.

You are also welcome to share your own photos and any other material that you would like to see included in the research. Anything you share will be used to help me write the thesis and may also be published in the final document. You will have the opportunity to see how your photos (along with any other materials you share) are used before anything is published.

Inconvenience

Participation in this study may cause some inconvenience, including the time devoted to the research as well as the need to participate on set occasions based on Grandma's schedule.

Risks

Although this research does not intend to explore difficult or painful stories, it is possible that you may experience fatigue, stress, or emotional or psychological discomfort as a consequence of participation. For example, the content of some stories may be upsetting or could trigger unpleasant feelings or memories. In addition, **the nature of the research means that anonymity is not possible; that is, you will be named/identified in the research.**

Several steps have been taken to prevent or deal with these risks. You have full control over what you share and will have the opportunity to review both the transcripts and final research document. You have the right to remove any of your contributions/comments that you do not want made public. Transcripts and drafts will be provided to you, and time will be set aside to discuss the content in person. These steps provide some control over any social risk (i.e. feeling overly exposed) associated with the research. **In addition, you have the right to opt out of some storytelling sessions or participate by listening but not asking questions or sharing comments.** I would rather you do so than continue with something you are not comfortable with.

Benefits

There are several potential benefits to your participation. I envision this research as a gift to Grandma, to other family members and to future generations. This research is about recording stories that might otherwise be lost. Indigenous people have always understood stories as an important method of teaching and learning. This research is thus of benefit not only to our family or to other Indigenous people, but to society as a whole and to the state of knowledge. My hope is that this work might inspire more Indigenous people to sit with their Elders and learn their stories. You will receive a copy of the final written document.

Compensation

As the main storyteller, Grandma will receive a gift to thank her for taking part in the research and sharing her knowledge. The gift symbolizes my responsibility and commitment to respect what is shared.

Voluntary Participation

Your participation in this research is completely voluntary. If you decide to take part, **you may withdraw at any time without consequence or any explanation. You do not need to explain or justify your decision to withdraw from the research.** I would rather you do so than carry on with something you are uncomfortable with, or is different from what you expected. Your well-being is far more important to me than completing the project.

Should you withdraw part-way through the study, you will be asked to initial a statement at the end of this consent form allowing me to use your data (audio recordings, transcripts and any photos, video and notes taken or shared during the research) to complete the thesis. Please know you have the right to refuse this request. If you do not consent, your data will be destroyed.

Should Grandma withdraw from the research, the gift is hers to keep. Regardless of whether the research proceeds, the gift remains an important symbol of the journey we embarked on together.

Researcher's Relationship with Participants

All participants in this study have a close family relationship with me, the researcher. Because of this 'dual-role' relationship, I understand that you might feel added pressure to participate. **Please know that your comfort and well-being are more important to me than any research project. I would never want you to agree to something you do not want to do.**

To help prevent our relationship from influencing your decision to participate, I have chosen a research approach that gives participants a great deal of control over the process. You have full control over what you share and will have the opportunity to review the transcripts and final research document before publication. You have the right to delete any of your comments/contributions that you do not want made public. You have the right to withdraw from the research at any time.

Ownership and On-Going Consent

I acknowledge Grandma as the owner of the intellectual property gathered through this research, including all stories, knowledge shared and related audio recordings and written transcripts. Similarly, I acknowledge you as the owner of the knowledge and ideas you share throughout the research.

The research will take place on multiple occasions and over an extended period of time. It is my responsibility to review your rights as a participant at regular intervals. Following these discussions, you will be asked to initial the signed consent form to indicate your ongoing consent. If you have questions at any point, please ask!

Given that this research is about the importance of passing on family stories and knowledge, I would like permission to use your data (audio files, transcripts, video, notes and any photos taken or shared) in future projects, such as articles or a book chapter. I would also like permission to share the data with other family members and future generations upon their request.

I am also requesting your permission to share the transcripts with other researchers if requested. Unlike family members, researchers would have access only to the written transcripts. Transcripts will be edited to protect the confidentiality of people not directly involved with the research, such as family friends, former teachers, etc., by using first names only or referring them in general terms, i.e. "the teacher".

You have the right to refuse these requests, and I would rather you do so than agree to something you are unsure about. You can also pick and choose based on what you feel most comfortable with. For example, you could give permission to share the data with family members but not other researchers. Should you agree to future use by myself or others, the data collected through this research will be stored for an indefinite period of time (as discussed below).

Anonymity

The nature of this project means that anonymity is not possible. As my mother/sibling, your identity is disclosed by virtue of my name as the author of the work.

Confidentiality

Although anonymity is not possible (meaning your name will appear in the research), steps have been taken to protect your confidentiality. The purpose of this consent form is to make sure you understand the nature of the research. Knowing how your contributions will be used should help you decide what to share. You will also have the right to review and remove any of your contributions from the transcripts and final document.

Audio files will be downloaded to a password-protected computer immediately after each interview. As a precaution, secondary copies of the audio files will be made and kept on a USB with similar password protection. Written drafts will also be stored on a password-protected computer and back-up copies will be stored on a USB with password protection. Photos or video taken as part of the research will be stored in the same fashion. Paper files, drafts, photos etc. will be kept in a locked cabinet at my place of residence.

Dissemination of Results

I anticipate that the research will be shared with others in the following ways: through my thesis, which will be available online; class and conference presentations; a published chapter or article. A hard copy of the thesis will be given to all participants.

Disposal of Data

At minimum, audio files, transcripts and drafts will be stored until the thesis is complete and accepted by the university.

Should you consent to future use of data and indefinite storage (as described above), audio files will be saved onto a USB or disc with password protection and stored in a locked cabinet at my place of residence. Transcripts will also be stored in a locked cabinet. Paper drafts will be shredded upon completion of the research.

If you do not consent, all electronic data (audio files, transcripts, drafts, etc.) will be erased and paper copies will be shredded upon completion of the research.

Contacts

If you have any questions or concerns about this study you can contact me at home at:

[Address]

[Phone number]

You can also contact my supervisor, Dr. Jacquie Green, at: **[Phone number]**.

In addition, you may verify the ethical approval of this study, or raise any concerns you might have, by contacting the Human Research Ethics Office at the University of Victoria (**1.250.472.4545** or ethics@uvic.ca).

Your signature below indicates that you understand the above conditions of participation in this study, that you have had the opportunity to have your questions answered by the researcher, and that you consent to participate in this research project.

Name of Participant

Signature

Date

Visually Recorded Images/Data. *PLEASE SELECT STATEMENT, only if you consent:*

Photos may be taken of me for: Analysis _____ Dissemination* _____
(Participant to provide initials)

Videos may be taken of me for: Analysis _____ Dissemination* _____
(Participant to provide initials)

I understand that any photos or other materials I share with the researcher may appear in the final research document: *
_____ (Participant to provide initials)

*Even if no names are used, you may be recognizable if visual images are shown in the results.

Waiving Confidentiality. *PLEASE SELECT STATEMENT, only if you consent:*

I consent to be identified by name / credited in the results of the study: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to have my responses attributed to me by name in the results: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

Future Use of Data. *PLEASE SELECT STATEMENT, only if you consent:*

I consent to the use of my data (audio recordings, transcripts and any photos, video and notes taken or shared during the research) in future research by the researcher:
_____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to future sharing of my data with other family members: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to future sharing of written transcripts with other researchers: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

I wish to be contacted in the event my data is requested for future use: _____ (Participant to provide initials)

Use of Data if You Withdraw from the Study. *ONLY TO BE COMPLETED IN THE CASE OF WITHDRAWAL:*

I consent to the use of **all** of my already collected data (audio, interview transcripts, photos taken or shared, video, notes) to complete the research:
_____ (Participant to provide initials)

I consent to the use of my already collected data (audio, interview transcripts, photos taken or shared, video, notes) to complete the research, **excluding**:

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

I **do not** consent to the use of my data (data collected through the research will be destroyed):

_____ (Participant to provide initials)

A copy of this consent will be left with you, and a copy will be taken by the researcher.