

WALKING ALONGSIDE MY RELATIONS: A TRANSDISCIPLINARY EXPLORATION OF INTERCONNECTEDNESS

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Abstract

In this article, the author explores the multidimensional nature of relationality in its various complexities, vulnerabilities and possibilities through the lens of experience. By delving into the recollections of the unexpected events of an evening in July, the author ruminates on conditions that promote and hinder interconnectedness in society while also considering the significance of relational ways of knowing and being in present times. The author's experience is theorized across the disciplines of contemplative inquiry, arts-based research and Indigenous epistemologies. In envisioning pathways forward to foster interconnectedness, a complementary art film is included wherein alternative responses to a ubiquitous question in society, "How are you?", are offered. Given that interrelationality traverses a range of experience and emotionality, from wonder and joy to sorrow and grief, the article and art film contain sensitive and mature content.

Art Film Abstract

This art film is a five-minute breathing snapshot representing the author's experience on July 10th. Through the modalities of embodied, poetic and performative inquiry, the author offers alternative responses to a ubiquitous question in society, "How are you?", in the hopes of fostering interconnectedness.

Keywords: relationality, interconnectedness, pedagogy, wholistic

**Walking Alongside my Relations:
A Transdisciplinary Exploration of Interconnectedness**

Spoken Word Poem Transcript:

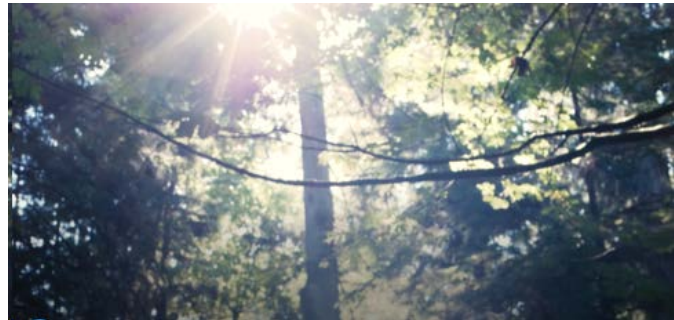
How are you? Exploring Alternative Narratives in Fostering Interconnectedness

*Where is goodness found these days?
Is she masked in cordial conversations?
In this century's question of entry:
"How are you?"
"Good", you say.*

*This story of glossy goodness deludes my
senses,
Depth of dialogue replaced with a better
look: augmented lip service.*

*Where does Goodness reside?
Does she hide in shadows or is she out there
Found on Social Media
Concealed in real truths, fake truths at our fingertips twenty-four seven?*

*Is goodness defined by the evenness of epidermis?
Didn't you see it yourself, my selfie posted two minutes ago?
Skin: a synecdoche for spirituality
A lightweight look easily applicable.
We're all good right?*



Good
*The singularity of this narrative
At first glance, natural, non-hazardous
But as we ruminate on empty rituals
"Good" etches itself on tips of tongues
Where small talk is safe talk
Or is it stylish strangulation by tongue?*

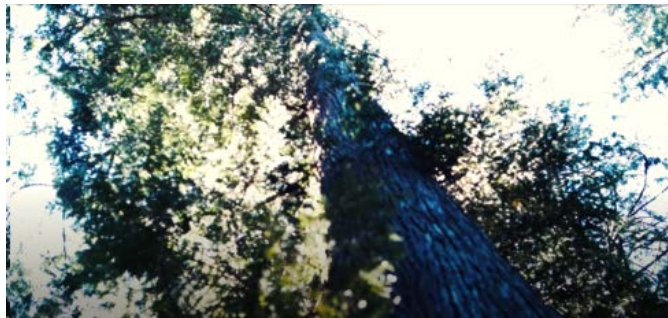
*How can we chat about the weather
When the weather vanes of our hearts are rusting?
Pain staking its territory taking too many loved ones.
Brothers and sisters have hurled themselves off of bridges, skytrain platforms.
These falls marking an expanding distance between you and me,
Smokescreens and reality.*

*If I avert my eyes maybe it's not happening,
But if I choose to be present
Where are there spaces to lean into
oscillations, reverberations, pulsations,
To cradle the broken bits of oneself with
compassion?*

Listen.

*As a little girl, I listened to the laws of
nature.*

*Soles buried in soil, this was the birthplace of my wholeness
Where good did not mean struggle free,
But free to be with whatever was stirring.*



*Isn't strife a birthright?
Does it not begin in the birth canal?
Babies transitioning from darkness to light
Attuning to conditions like trees who root
for each other
Amidst changing weather,
Sharing nutrients with sister, brothers.*

*Then why do we isolate ourselves in photoshopped walls
When these fronts are load bearing?
Are we ready to hear, to say, "Today, I'm not okay"?
Replacing artificial turf with the soil of a new day
Where conversations mirror variations of the Earth's biosphere
Calling us to hear the rhythms that are yours, mine,
Finding our stories intertwined
Woven together like the limbs of ants
Co-creating lifeboats to withstand the waters of life.*

*Earth's creatures acting as teachers
Guiding us to fresh water pathways
The hermeneutics of fluidity.*

*Instead of small talk of the weather
What if we inquired about the weather
within?*





Clouds of climbing guilt, rays of hope amid rains of grief.

In our schools, our places of work

How may we foster cultures of connection?

Resilience via heart,

Knowledge sourced from the inside out.

Indeed, to connect is an act of love,

To love, an act of living.

How may we learn to live and love in these

times of hiding?

Let us honour our weather

Attend to Nature's insights untethered

For encoded in her veins is the roadmap of our unravelling home.

My sister, my brother, step outside of your shadows

And into shades of shared experience

For goodness resides in this moment.

She is the essence of your truth awaiting to be heard, seen, freed.

So today let us start anew

As we inquire with open heart: "How are you?"



Introduction

From our very first breath, we are in relationship. With that indrawn draft of air, we become joined to everything that ever was, is and ever will be. When we exhale, we forge that relationship by virtue of the act of living. Our breath commingles with all breath, and we are a part of everything. That's the simple fact of things. We are born into a state of relationship. (Wagamese, 2016, p. 44)

As a mother, educator and graduate student, I have been exploring what it means to live in relation with the whole self, fellow human beings and the natural world within the current cultural milieu. Relationality, I have come to fathom, is integral to who we are as human beings for it reflects our wholeness within the greater whole, our cosmos. Wagamese, an Ojibway author and storyteller, elucidates how the act of breathing, itself, unites us with "everything that ever was, is and ever will be" (Wagamese, 2016, p. 44). In this way, when I carve out time to align with the rhythm of my own breath, I am continually reminded that I am a relational being, that the essence of relationality flows in and through me. From these dynamic sites of breath, blood and tissue, there exist profound potentialities for connectivity with inner and outer landscapes.

A high school educator of 19 years in the B.C. school system, I have become increasingly aware that teaching is deeply and inextricably relational. Before students set foot in the classroom, I take time to tend to my breath as I arrive in this place, creating a spaciousness for engagement. This has become a ritual, and by doing this, the details that typically occupy my attention like the logistics of planned activities, temporarily dissipate or fade, allowing for openness conducive to the receipt of my students and their relational worlds. I greet my students at the door knowing that each person is entering the classroom with unique associations which transgress the audible "hello". As I continue to adopt and enact relational ways of seeing, knowing and being in the classroom, I reflect on how I engage with my students; how we co-create classroom community together; and how curricular approaches are chosen, crafted and implemented. Teaching is inevitably relational, commencing even before students enter the classroom doors, coloring all interactions whether they are tied to planned curricular modalities or not. Here, I am reminded of Cajete's view of education stemming from Indigenous epistemologies whereby "education is, at its essence, learning about life through participation and relationship in community, including not only people, but plants, animals, and the whole of Nature" (Cajete, 1994, p. 26). Indeed, salient potentialities for learning exist in and through sites of connectivity with oneself, one another and the natural environment.

Over the last decade, by placing relationship at the nucleus of my pedagogical practice, I have witnessed my students' emerging capacities to attend to inner and outer resonances as personalized pathways for inquiry. These classroom experiences have fuelled my interest in relationality. During my graduate studies, I have examined the multidimensional nature of relationality through the theoretical lenses of contemplative inquiry, arts-based research and Indigenous epistemologies. For me, it is when theory interweaves with life experience that the

essence of relationality is illuminated with its nuanced ambiguities, perplexities and complexities. In this article, I sojourn a notable personal experience, one whose ripples of awareness are generative, and here, I lean into relationality and its boundless expressions of wonder, joy, disorientation, sorrow and tragedy. The experience of July 10th unexpectedly placed itself on my path and as I digest the intense events of this evening, I ruminate on key questions: How is relationality experienced in and through the body, and how does this way of listening promote interconnectedness? What conditions support and hinder experiences of relationality? And importantly, in our present day, is interconnectedness a luxury or an ethical imperative? In reflecting on the dynamics of relationality, I envision new pathways for living well with oneself and one's relations and these possibilities are proposed in a complementary artistic film. Through embodied and performative inquiry, I offer alternative responses to a ubiquitous question in society, "How are you?", in the hopes of fostering interconnectedness through artistic representation. In this film, the theoretical and reflective threads from this article's explication of events from July 10th are interwoven. Given that interrelationality traverses a range of experience, this article and art film contain sensitive and mature content.

Relationality: Listening to and through the Body

On the evening of July 10th, 2018, I sat in the audience of the Firehall Arts Theatre awaiting the performances of the *Dancing on the Edge Festival of Contemporary Dance*. As a mother, educator and student, the insurmountable to-do lists were consuming and I relished the opportunity to plant the fullness of my weight in designated seating. A colleague, Carolina Bergonzoni, had choreographed one of the dances and I was excited to relax and enjoy the show from the comfort of the sixth row. The performance started and after what seemed to be a few minutes, I noted that my initial frame of reference, which reflected a demarcation of audience and performer, had, at an indefinite point, slipped to the backdrop of my awareness. I detected an emerging vitality in the core of my body. I was not just enlivened *by* the dancers, but enlivened *with* them, the essence of their movements inhabiting my torso. I wondered if this physical simulation occurred because I loved to dance and carved out time for this practice on a regular basis.

Curious about this unexpected shift, I was reminded of Fel's accentuation of Applebaum's concept of "the stop", integral to her work in performative inquiry. A stop moment is "an unexpected stranger that calls our attention to what is hidden- a vulnerability, an intimacy, a curiosity" (Fels, 2015, p.112, 113). Here, I felt compelled to pause and align with what was unfolding in and through my body, each moment born anew with sensory guests, an echoing of the dancers' rawness of emotion revealed through their grace. My hands and feet flowed in synchronicity with the dancers' movements, surging energetically from beneath my flesh, blood pulsating rapidly through my veins as though I too was emulating the dancers' motions. I peered down at my animated limbs, assessing whether I was physically in motion or sitting in the relative stillness of the sixth row for boundaries of real and imaginal had become blurred.

How had my spatial associations been altered by the performance? What conditions promoted this sense of malleability, the rendering of perceptual penetration? Cajete, in referencing Indigenous ways of knowing, highlights how human observance influences energy relationships through the quality of one's attention, whereby radiating concentric rings of spiritual essence affect the nature of existence at the level of subatomic particles; thus, reinforcing a sense of energetic exchange even in the absence of physical intervention (Cajete, 1994, p. 57). Similarly, Kelly, an Indigenous scholar of Anishinaabe descent, reflects on her life experience and practices as an artist wherein zones of receptivity are not only depicted in the act of creating, but "each art form acted pedagogically on [her], and [she] learned to move, to see, [and] to hear" with new sensibilities (Kelly, 2015, p. 49). In exploring her "senses and sensibilities...through deep attention and contemplation", Kelly shares a quote by Wolfram von Goethe which illustrates how engagement, in this way, expands our perceptual capacities for "every object well contemplated opens a new organ of perception in us" (Goethe as cited in Kelly, 2015, p. 46). Quality of attention seemed to shape and re-shape inner and outer landscapes like my experience of engagement when witnessing the dancers in motion.

In the classroom, I had pondered processes of observance in the context of inquiry-based learning with my students. Reciprocation of inner and outer attentiveness influenced their inquiry processes and as a class we played with this interplay. Sometimes, we directed our attention to one vessel of self as part of an inquiry. For example, students learned how to plot emotions as part of their learning. Other times, the focus was solely sensation whereby students wrote from sites of the body while interacting with objects of study. This reciprocal dance of inner and outer awareness seemed to underpin inquiry processes. But what was it that promoted the merging of these landscapes, the perceptual absorption that I had noticed when examining the dancers' movements? And how did my students experience the shifting and melding of inner and outer experience in the classroom?

This kind of intermingling of experience was not completely foreign for me. It occurred when I was absorbed in practices of writing, singing, dancing and teaching. The quality of these engagements seemed to reflect Csikszentmihalyi's psychological concept of flow, a kind of perceptual absorption that transcended time and space (Csikszentmihalyi, 2008). During times of flow, inner and outer boundaries blurred and it was as though I was witnessing the expressivity and wisdom of my spirit and body in full blossom while my typical mental dialogue was muted. From these experiences, I had come to recognize how the body, with its sensitivities and nuanced cues, was an animate site conducive to openness and connection. I was first introduced to the experiences of listening deeply to the body during inquiry processes in Dr. Snowber's classes at SFU. Snowber illuminates how listening "is not just an activity of the mind, but everything within us mind, heart, body, soul, imagination and cognition" and from the receptivity of our pores, "listening to the body is one of the greatest gifts we are given as humans" (Snowber, 2016, p. 55). Over time, I practiced listening to and through the wisdom of physicality where murmurings of gut and palpitations of heart summoned me to experiential and creative engagements. Snowber explicates this dynamic in sharing that "listening happens through our

senses and is central to the creative process” (Snowber, 2016, p. 56). In this way, listening was inherently relational and the body’s knowledge in her twinges and energetic pulsations allowed me to connect with my own “human beingness” even in the midst of a public dance performance (Snowber, 2016, p. 6).

How often was this way of listening, listening in relation to and through the body, integrated in classroom activities? For me, after having been schooled in a curriculum steeped in cognitive frameworks, my coming to understand knowledge as constructed through various facets of self, with the sensuous as an expansive gateway to knowing, was a hermeneutic revelation. By listening deeply to the body, multiple possibilities for connection existed. Along the same vein, Cajete acknowledges that learning, echoed in the foundation of Indigenous principles, is embodied through the various vessels of self including the body, heart and spirit” with “art [as] a vehicle of utility recognized as an expression of the soul and a way of connecting people to their inner sources of life” (Cajete, 1994, p. 30, 31). Artistic inquiry encompassed the active participation of the whole self often including imagination, emotionality and the body. Cajete’s words reminded me of my students’ gravitation to artistic modalities of representation of and for learning. As my attention was drawn back to the Firehall Arts Theatre where I listened to the grace of the dancers’ movements in relation to my internal responsiveness, Cajete’s words rang true.

Interconnectedness: A Teaching, a Knowing, a Truth

Fascinated, I continued to watch the dancers at the Firehall Arts Theatre. Following their gesticulations of hands and feet while tuning into the varied flow of my own breath, I sensed that there was not one dance taking place, but many. The three performers had drawn me into their worlds, engendering a sense of wonder. The dancers’ articulations activated a vitality from beneath my fleshly encasement where senses, emotions, thoughts and imaginings intermingled, where the mundane and habitual dissipated. At one point near the end of the performance, I became fixated on the dancers who stood side by side, their limbs extended, connected by the tenderness of touch. In witnessing this, I became flooded with compassion as though, I, too, was physically embraced. I absorbed the warmth of their physical contact from afar and spatial boundaries dissipated. From this intimate orientation, the performers and audience members were not separate, not strangers, but my relations.

I perceived that I was an extension of their extension and at that moment, I experienced a deep connectedness rooted in and radiating from my bones. In *Embers: One Ojibway’s Meditations*, Wagamese foregrounds the phrase, “all of my relations” in honouring the relationality and interdependence of all creation (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36). Wagamese speaks of all relations as “every person, just as it means every rock, mineral, blade of grass, and creature” and that the awareness and enactment of our relationality is “hugely important...[pointing] to the truth that we are all related, that we are all connected, that we all belong to each other...not just those who look like me, sing like me, dance like me, speak like me, pray like me or behave like me. ALL my relations” (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36). And within this paradigm, espoused in

Indigenous ontologies, conceived in the circularity of life stages, processes, seasons, ceremonies and concentric rings of cosmological embeddedness, there was no existence outside of the circle for “everyone is a part of it” (Ross, 2014, p. 57). At the end of the show, I felt as though I had been gifted. The performance had moved me to experience new insights and ponderings. I exited the theatre, making my way to Waterfront Station by foot to catch the sea bus. I walked, blanketed in warmth, in the lingering satiation of the performance.

Interrelationality: To Attend or Exit?

When I arrived at the station, something was awry. I had travelled this route many times. On this night, there was an exaggerated bustle outside, while inside, the building was unusually vacant. Uncertain about the eeriness, I proceeded to the station gates, beeping through with my Compass Card. This was when I noticed that the Sky-Train entrance was completely obstructed. A transit attendant stood in front. He quickly discerned my concern and informed me that the area was closed. Without having time to process the information, a man was walking in my direction. Our eyes met for a brief moment and with a slight shrug of his shoulders, he uttered, “...uh, another suicide” and proceeded on his way. My face burned as though I had just been slapped. The juxtaposition of experience from warmth to shock was utterly destabilizing. With each step, I tensed my thighs for my legs felt weak and my heels spoke louder than usual, drawing attention to the emptiness of the long corridor. Focussing on the loud reverberations of shoes to avert the noise emerging in my mind, I realized that these distractions were futile.

Again, Wagamese’s words rang from my inner ear, “all of my relations” (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36). Suddenly, I felt the weight of grief knotted in the pit of my gut making it difficult for me to breathe- grief for the agony that this human being, my relation, must have endured before taking their life; grief for family, friends and students who had left this world after having experienced hopelessness, despair; grief for the way the man had said, with seeming nonchalance, “another suicide”. For me, this gesture symbolized a severed connection from our relations. If we were interconnected, why were our relations taking their lives? How had we become so disconnected? Or perhaps the disconnection arose from feeling too much. Similar to the beautiful energetic exchange I experienced at the dance performance, it was possible that this situation mirrored empathetic responses, but conversely, in its tragic form. If this was the case, the potency of emotion would have been overwhelming, prompting some people to numb themselves, to avert their eyes. Did the enactment of relationality imply leaning into the boundlessness of emotionality? This experience was humbling and I wondered about its implications as a mother and educator. When engaging with my students, there was no way of truly knowing what emotions and experiences students were bringing into the classroom as relational beings.

The sea bus doors opened and I sat in the closest available seat. People poured into the vessel, all of them having walked past the sky train closure. The illuminated “Exit this Side” sign above the door called my attention. I believed the sign would serve me well as a fixture in bearing the twelve-minute ride. While gazing at the glowing letters, questions spilled into my

mind, questions that I realized would probably never be answered. This knowing exacerbated inner tumult. I glanced at my surroundings, observing the majority of people staring at screens, seemingly unaffected. I wondered if they were utilizing their phones in the same way I employed the signage, as a means of coping with discomfort. Or had they checked out? Again, I looked at the sign, my attention drawn to the word 'exit' and then to the juxtaposing echo of "all my relations" (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36). Not a single set of eyes met mine for they were occupied, soaked in the glowing aura of iPhone interfaces. A slight nausea set in and I felt utterly disconnected from the people around me. Instead, I befriended the ocean view. Questions swelled and dissolved in my mind: When do we choose to exit ourselves, to exit one another and when do we choose to attend to internal oscillations? Had we become accustomed to avoidance in the face of tragedy?

Questions of the mind continued to mimic movements of moonlit undulations. I sensed an alignment with the waves, trusting the transience of turbulence, that calm waters would inevitably follow like the changing of seasons. Water's image outside the door mirrored another in my mind's eye, reflecting the Indigenous wisdom of Hogan's stunning descriptions of the interconnectedness of human beings and the natural world in highlighting how "we are water people...our salt bodies, like the great round of ocean, are pulled and held by the moon" (Hogan, 1995, p. 108). This embeddedness, which signifies the interrelationality of humans and nature, according to Hogan, is informed by nature's wisdom in that "terrestrial intelligence lies beyond our human knowing and grasping" (Hogan, 1995, p. 11). And here, pausing with Hogan's penetrating imagery, I became aware of the emerging plasticity of my body molding into plastic seating as though I was nested in the ineffable cosmos. Breath inhabited my core with greater expansion and flow. Held by water's rhythmic teachings, my attention oscillated back to the people around me in this vessel. Indeed, we shared an experience of being transported through life's ocean together, from point of origin to final destination, reflecting a commonality of purpose transgressing diverse historical, social and political positionalities. How could such a kaleidoscope of experience be held within one vessel?

Relationality: A Luxury or Necessity?

From the window of the sea bus, the moon's glow led me to a familiar structure standing robustly in the not so distant backdrop. I examined the Lions Gate Bridge, my eyes starting at the pointed peaks, following the cables' descent to the roadway, and then from restless vehicle to the bridge base where the dark waters were accented by the bridge's lights. My eyes darted back and forth from roadway to base, base to roadway. Is the knowing of interconnectedness sufficient in our time or is there an ethical imperative to enact it? Is it a luxury to care for oneself and one another or is this a necessity? Wagamese speaks of living from the truth of relationality in that "we live because everything else does. [And] if we were to choose collectively to live that teaching, the energy of our change of consciousness would heal each of us- and heal the planet" (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36). Accentuating this truth, Wagamese states that this is "our saving grace

in the end”, but, I queried, how do we to collectively “live that teaching” (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36)?

As I sat in the sea bus, I noticed the distance from the bridge’s roadway to base. This gap was emblematic of the growing disconnection between us and the sorrowful evidence of this could not be averted. Since 1991, over 100 of ‘my relations’ had jumped off the Lions Gate Bridge with 28 deaths occurring within the last 5 years. Of these relations, the highest percentage of victims were between the ages of 20 and 29 (Seyd, 2013). Numbers mentioned in summation, I felt, were reductive, ceasing to capture the essence of loved ones who were with us. The North Shore News, in referencing a report by the *Child Death Review Unit of B.C.*, reminds us that “[these] children and youth were sons and daughters, sisters and brothers, nieces and nephews, grandchildren and cousins...they were the kid down the street and captain of the hockey team” (Seyd, 2013). Based on this report, one of the responses in deterring suicide was the installation of phones on both North Shore bridges starting in 2009 (Seyd, 2013). But I wondered, were higher railings and bridge phones the answer to these tragedies?

The air suddenly tasted stale and I wanted to leave the sea bus and drink in the freshness outside the vessel doors. I peered beyond the doors that insulated us, keeping us safe. How may we cultivate interconnection if “...it’s our saving grace in the end” (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36)? Though we carried propensities for connection in our genomes, mimicked in our own mirror neurons for empathy (Schonert-Reichl, 2015), our internal wiring did not preclude intentionality and agency. Connectedness was certainly not a given, but rather, seemed to be an ethical enactment, a conscious way of living founded on principles of mutual respect and an awareness of our interdependence. A bump awoke me from my inner meanderings. Our vessel had docked at the Lonsdale Quay, the doors lined with my people. We had arrived at our final destination, but I felt far from it, distant from ‘home’. Upon exiting the “Exit this Side” doors, I could not exit this inquiry.

I walked up the Lonsdale Quay ramp and was enveloped in a collective swarm of pedestrians who swiftly proceeded past me. I wondered where we were headed and why we were running. What was our final destination? Was it a place outside of ourselves? Or was our destination accessible in the now, in relational ways of seeing and being, nestled beautifully in the Anishinaabe principle of ““kiizhewaatiwin” whose closest translation is “living a life of love, kindness, sharing and respect” (Kinew, 2016)? Kinew emphasizes that “every culture on earth could benefit from this way to approach challenges of our time”, that from this hermeneutic of respect radiated possibilities for constructing bridges of connection across difference (Kinew, 2016). The Lonsdale Quay gates gave way and the image of the open gate served as a reminder for me to linger in the reverberations of the evening for they would endure and shape shift with the passage of time and quality of attention.

A Call to Action

Over the next months, I tended to the resonances of that evening. I visited sites related the experience of July 10th. These places included the Lonsdale Quay, the Lions Gate Bridge and

Waterfront Station. I wrote and danced from these places in attempting to make sense of what unravelled that night. In digesting this experience through artistic practices, the practices began to cross-pollinate. My writing took on rhythmic qualities while my limbs expressed the storied spectrum of joy through grief when I danced. Consequently, a soundscape of understanding emerged, and here, further wonderings and possibilities for interconnectedness surfaced in my field of awareness. Though I had not arrived at a destination of absolute answers, I sought to share my inquiry process with ‘my relations’ to explore resonant questions and alternative narratives in envisioning new pathways of being together. This is when I recalled the dance performance at the Firehall Arts Theatre and how it engendered a sense of perceptual penetration, paving the way for experiential connectedness. Greene elaborated on such active states of consciousness, of being moved from passivity to “wide-awakeness” nurtured by artistic engagement (Greene, 2008). The arts, in this way, provoked an openness and malleability conducive to relational ways of seeing, knowing and being.

Like the dance performance, I sought to represent my inquiry artistically in a way that was accessible for “all of my relations” (Wagamese, 2016, p. 36). Sepideh Yadegar, a Digital Arts media student and I created a five-minute breathing snapshot in an artistic film that includes spoken word poetry and embodied inquiry. In this film, theoretical and reflective threads are interwoven from the events of July 10th. Through this piece, I offer alternative responses to a ubiquitous question in society, “How are you?”, in the hopes of nurturing interconnectedness. This film is my contribution in supporting connection with one’s whole self, one another and nature for I believe that each of us has a role in its enactment. Like Dukdukdiya, the little hummingbird in Yahgulanaas’ parable (2008) who would not abandon the forest fire, but rather, picked up a single bead of water at a time in addressing the forest fire, relational ways of seeing and being begin with a single bead of intentionality whose ripples carry infinite possibilities for honouring wholeness, both individually and collectively. Connection begins in our homes, our schools, our places of work. Let us find fulfillment in the goodness of being in relation for “it is time to articulate and practice an epistemology of love instead of one of separation” (Zajonc, 2009, p. 179).

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