

From the Town By a Spring

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Abstract

What follows are a few small flights all written over the course of recent times of isolation. Writing these has helped me understand anew that, under panic and threat and rush and its ensuing exhaustions, the open-heartedness needed for “the real work” is hard to maintain, but it is exactly what needs maintaining. Take heart. We are well surrounded with good examples and meticulous scholarship and beautiful articulations. This is a message as much to myself as anyone.

Keywords: ecological awareness, writing, reading, composure

A re-iteration of a dedication written years ago (Seidel & Jardine, 2016):

For the elders who left and the babies who arrived.

Meanwhile, my son sent me a picture yesterday of a picture book being readied to be read to a newly born, their first, our first:

Introduction



Autumn Window Glares, September 26th, 2021, Bragg Creek, AB (all photos in this article are by the author unless otherwise noted)

Odin’s two Ravens are named Huginn and Muninn, meaning “thought” and “memory” (<https://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/pre/pre04.htm>, footnote to p. 51).

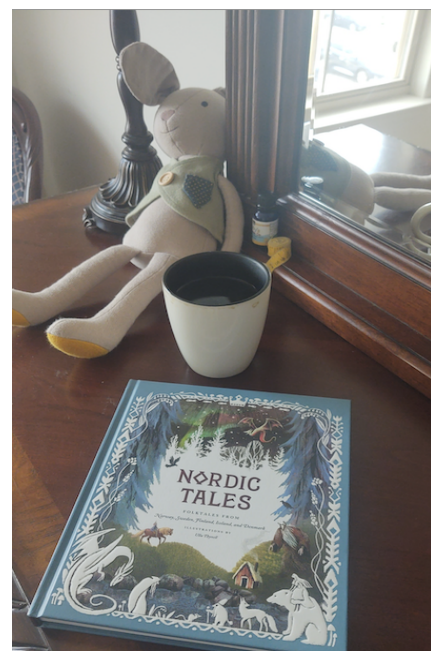


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And meanwhile, Don Domanski sings, his breath now gone:

Ravens go to the edges of the earth

and return with our hearts in their beaks.

Don Domanski (2010, p. 121), from *"In the Dream of Yellow Birches"*

Thought. Memory. Going to the edges of the Earth and returning with heart. These twines are at the heart of education in its wholeness, its soar, its deeply Earthly joy (Latremouille, Tait & Jardine, 2021).

Family relations, kinship threads, all of us, all of it, every topic, every school, every voice and breath, every idea and image, every story told or forgotten, not one single whit left over, a Ganesha-fungus just as much a living relation as the oxygens tumbling down from the trees overhead:



Ganesha's Kiss, August, 2021

Sanskrit: गणेश.
The god of beginnings.
The remover of obstacles.
In a wood near a town near a spring.

There is no special "course" that corners the market on exploring living fields of relations. It is not the special purview of "environmental education," or a matter of "outdoors" versus "indoors":

I don't know of *any* topic in *any* . . . curriculum guide that is not worthy of love, devotion, and

study. I've never seen any topography [i.e., any *topic*], treated with affection, that cannot become an open and rich and living field of good work, good questions, and thrilling, often humiliating and painful and worthwhile discoveries and lessons. Loved, such places begin to glow and shed their light on us. "Sometimes it is necessary to reteach a thing is loveliness" (Kinnell, 2002, n.p.). This is our central task as teachers, not just with students, but also with all the knowledge entrusted to us in schools. All of it. (Jardine, 2018a, p. 224)

This is as much true of commas and their graceful use in English as it is true of walks in the woods. They bespeak fields of relations, fields of ancestries, and shifting them through the written word changes its landscapes. They are a *topic*, a "place," a locale of interrelatedness, rich, abundant, and becoming even more mysteriously captivating in light of how other tongues don't use such things in their scripts. They, if treated properly, are like Ravens. They are beautiful.

Meanwhile, that pair of Ravens – our neighbours twenty acres over told us one day that they had built a nest and that they'd seen little heads peeking up over its rim. My wife and I thought of how lovely it would be if they brought the family down to the feeder someday – wee little baby Ravens. Aw, that'll be sweet.

Well, they did. They brought four huge loud squawking tussling pecking teenagers and there were fights for about a week or so. And then, because they are territorial beasts, the four young'uns one day simply disappeared from view.

What follows are a few small flights all written over the course of recent times of isolation that have made interrelatedness all the more palpable. The tumults of love and devotion and careful attention that are now required are many and, well, not new. The sense of impend lately might beckon panic and rush, but the opposite is required, right here, right now. Under panic and threat and rush and its ensuant exhaustions, the open-heartedness needed for "the real work" (Snyder, 1980) is hard to maintain, but it is exactly what needs maintaining. Take heart. You are well surrounded with good examples and meticulous scholarship and beautiful articulations.

This is a message as much to myself as anyone. It is exactly what I need now more than ever in my life. It is a little hummed tune to the baby I haven't yet met, he crossed a borderline, we all inside more viruses than we think. We need each other's strength, fortitude and careful, rigorous insight – in that commons comes comfort, support, and a bristling, insistent affection despite all odds against it.

Flight One: An Acknowledgement



So Beautiful, So Awful, July 27th, 2021, around 7:00AM, MDT

Tsong-kha-pa in 1406, Tibet: "I compose this in order to condition my own mind" (2000, p. 111). I write, in part, in order to find some small composure in the middle of my distractions and disparities and rushabouts. To settle down and shape, form, to find out what I might make of all this murky air, and what it has made of me. Writing helps me remember what I've forgotten or never knew because writing needs reading. Tsong-kha-pa's words help me open things that might have become closed off. They help enliven things that seem dead, ordinary, flat, dull, and finished. They help me remember things I might forget if "[left]

to my own devices" (Arendt, 1969, p. 196). And isn't it just like me, wandering last time across a University commons, everyone, everyone, not exactly "there," peering at hand held devices, keeping, I suppose, "in touch" with elsewhere. Just like me, look up this word "device": "the means by which things are divided." (Online Etymological Dictionary, [OED], under "device").

Composed, this speaks of me as I compose myself in its presence. This might be a definition of a certain form of pedagogy. Even to mention, in teaching writing, even in the confines of school, that you might just be composing yourself – not only settling yourself but making yourself into someone in that act – well, this breaks school's confine and affirms it at the same time.

Composing a picture is the same, although it first happens in a snap. Composing, there, with the branch bends and smoldering sunlight is done in order that now, when I look at it, I'm more likely to be captured by it, less likely to forget the portends of the smoke in the air from the fires to the West of us. I'm more likely to set it out in a paper for public display if it has some, well, hint of beauty to it. So beautiful, so awful. Taking that picture, now, in retrospect, feels a bit like posing for a portrait of myself, that acridness in the air, eye sting, and sorrow. The word "sorrow" has two lovely etymological ancestors. Old English *sorg*, meaning "grief, regret." But also buried here a Sanskrit root that gives it a second wing: "*surksati*, "cares for" (OED, under "sorrow."). Together these can become winged.

So, if I may, it has become more and more common for speakers and writers and others to begin by acknowledging the land upon which they stand and those who first stood there. This is often done using the language of the people and place itself. But, too often, these things are rattled off like a schoolboy memorization that needs no tender of the words and ideas uttered. Well-intended wastes of breaths, sometimes.

I can't pretend to do better, so I won't. Because, even when well-read and well uttered, there is something else, here I wish to acknowledge. Something of the promises about this place where I live and work and breath that my own people made. Consider the

language used, the images invoked, the possessive pronouns

From: Supplementary Treaty No. 7 (Reprinted from the Edition of 1877, Roger Duhamel, 1966):

That Her [Queen Victoria's] Indian people may know and feel assured of what allowance they are to count upon and receive from Her Majesty's bounty and benevolence. (p. 3)

This be a little breath of my acknowledgement of what my people have done. But wait. This from a Parliamentary memo from 1920, written by Duncan Campbell Scott (1862-1947):

I want to get rid of the Indian problem. Our object is to continue [with 'enfranchisement', which means giving up one's First Nations status], is to continue until there is not a single Indian in Canada that has not be absorbed into the body politic and there is no Indian question" (cited in Miller, 2004, p. 34)

Vital-Justin Grandin (1829-1902):

The children whom we have brought up are no longer Indians & at the time of leaving our Establishments, the boys at least, do not wish to receive even the ordinary grants made to Indians, they wish to live like the whites, and they are able to do so. I proposed that the government of Canada make a trial of letting us have children of five years old and leaving them in our Orphan Asylums & Industrial schools until the time of their marriage or the age of 21 years. (cited in *Canada's Residential Schools*, 2015)

His name translates as "Life-Giving Justice."

So, then, for now, these acknowledgements:

. . . 215 unmarked graves near a former residential school near Kamloops, British Columbia (Paperny, 2021), reported on May 28, 2021, . . .

. . . 182 unmarked graves of children discovered near Cranbrook, British Columbia (Migdal, 2021), reported on June 20, 2021, . . .

. . . 751 unmarked graves on the Cowessess First Nation in Saskatchewan (Eneas, 2021), reported on June 25, 2021, . . .

And these, now, of course, are already out of date. Years and years ago, in a reference I can no longer trace, Canadian author Robertson Davies said something like this, that becoming educated means becoming haunted by more ghosts. This, of course, is good news and bad news. Composing oneself is always haunting and always in need of re-composting. Stuffed toys are lined up along the Tsuut'ina Nation fence nearby. Thought and Memory. "Everything is teaching you. Isn't this so? Can you just get up and walk away so easily now?" (Chah, 2004, p. 5)

Flight Two: A Photo for Earth Day



It teaches, this enlarged photo of a bit of sun reflections in a Spring runoff driveway puddle. How easy it is to come to see a bowing teacher surrounded by young, seated children, right in the middle of a story full of sun and water and wonders and old and young.

To call it projection is a too-easy, bland truth. To let the project teach me something about the wherewithal's of my living is a different matter altogether. Here, the teacher taught something by the students' encircling the story breathed up into their airs. Oh, how I've loved that leaning in we'd all do over beautiful things that are full of tales.

The bow. The stand. The sit. The circle. The water. The sun.

The teaching. The teacher. The taught. And just who's who.

The story. The study. The raptures. The great secrecy of cuddling inwards. This is here, now, for us.

How easy it is to see something else altogether. See? See the classroom cluster tucked away there?



The verdant chemistries of spring runoff. The words are adequate to that chemistry's smell. The old-ache human memories of winters survived once again, of leaf-rot brought 'round to good soils. Elders gone and babies arrived. Of little sparks of hope. Ice under the surface.

Shh, now. Here's a secret that's well known. This work is pleasurable, it is joyous, even when what it unearths is not especially so.

"Once upon a time . . .".

How many chances might a cluster of water-students need to fill this array with more stories than any heart could ever hold? Being this bewildered over something this simple is what is required to respond adequately and rigorously to how much is right on hand if we treat it the right way. It is the way to deal with the whirlwind rushes in school hallways that always demand one more thing, one more thing. Composure is an ecological virtue (Jardine, 2020a).

The thing will settle us if we can only interrupt, if the eyes can only blink, and the ears do what ears do. Pop?

Refractions. Reflections. Light. Spring. Melt. Decay. A milky sky reflection. The opacities of water and how it bends light and scatters it.

And the smell, just imagined. Just imagine.

Flight Three: Sky Give Breath



[Composite photo, Tom Buckley-Houston, 2014, original photo of 4% Crescent Moon, Venus and Mercury, Stephen Rahn, 2013]

*If Andromeda were bright enough to see
With the naked flesh eye. Imagine our cosmologies.
Imagine the stories that would need telling. The
shapes of our little gods.
The spells of our lunacies.*

Oh, the dreams we would have. What songs would be sung from balconies under this sky? What would we tell our children about ourselves and about where we are, what guides us? Take but a minute to think of all the stories of our moon and the long casts of ancestral figures, ancestral names and ponders.

For centuries, people have believed that the Moon affects human behaviour. The word lunacy derives from the Latin *lunaticus*, meaning “moonstruck”, and both the Greek philosopher Aristotle and the Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder believed that madness and epilepsy were caused by the Moon. (Geddes, 2019).

Old Wives’ Tales that if you fell asleep with the moonlight on your face, you’d become a lunatic. And that very phrase, “Old Wives’ Tales,” is as deep a well of mixed and contested ancestries as one might imagine. A “place,” a rich, ancestral “topic.” Ghosts haunting one way or the other.

Here you go, a little side trail on the way by, full of wilful children and scolding women needing to be shut up:

I’ve just been writing another piece and exploring, in part, an old term used by my grandmother to name dragonflies: “darning needles.” This, in fact, originates in old, shall we say, “folktales” meant, I expect, to simply frighten or reprimand:

The devil’s darning needles . . . sew up the mouths of scolding women, saucy children, and profane men. Even more sinister is the belief that the devil’s darning needle will enter a person’s ear and penetrate the brain. (Mitchell & Lasswell, p. 20).

The reference to dragonflies and darning has to do with their hovering, criss-cross, back and forth movement over open fields like the darning of the toes of socks that I’m old enough to recall my grandmother hunched over. Weaving. Latin *textus*, now re-read in reverie. “Dragonflies’ was, for me as a child

(and lingering since), enough of a name to keep me rather alert. “Something about silent, quick, hovering needles, though, was a different matter. The point was received as a boy even though the folktale history was never mentioned and probably not even explicitly known, even though it haunted the tale being told. Reading about it recently wasn’t exactly a surprise, and yet it was. The joy of knowing more.” (Jardine, 2018b, p. 42).

Black pedagogies about breaking the will of children as the main aim of education (Miller, 2002), wherein are cited late 19th century pedagogy manuals. This would have been the atmosphere of my grandmother’s and mother’s and father’s schooling. Of mine, too. And there were many sulphurous whiffs of it still in schools I used to visit in Calgary only a few years back. Fear of the audacious uprising of the young. Of the new baby.

Why imagine something like this or remember these things out loud? Because we’re already doing it and have been doing it long-since and we are -- variously, multifariously, positionally, differentiated -- captured by these tales before we know it. *Then* comes the task of understanding, of trying to wake up a bit to what has already happened to us “over and above our wanting and doing” (Gadamer, 1989, p. xxxvii), and perhaps, then, loosen some threads, turn our backs on some ways, learn something more liveable. About what has already been happening to us. And every language has its own tale to tell back to us, making my own dreaming more vivid than before. Each in the presence of the others becomes more its own place, its own spread, lived in. These two photographers, and a wonderful follow-up in *Slate Magazine* by Phil Plait (2014) with delicious further details, like the Moon being 3,500 kilometers across and Andromeda being 140,000 *light years* across.

There are myriad voices needed here *because the topic itself is already myriad* and thereby needs myriadness in order to be well taken care of, well grieved over, well-spoken and written and dreamt and mooned over. “Holistic” because that is how things *are* when things are left to repose in themselves. Radiant beings, daresay (Jardine, 2016). Fulsome. Abundant. Stories, gods, measurements, light and its ways, night skies, distances, light pollution, dark adaptation – where you

live, what time you have on your hands, whether there is a place within reach where some dark might be found.

All my relations show up around the stitches of devil's darning needles. So, take a glance at that photo again, and take a deep breath of night air. Just imagine the stories that might start crouching alongside Luna and Mercury and Venus.

"Once upon a time. . .".

Here in the foothills, years ago, on a good night when the red hum of Calgary to the east was low ebbing, you could see just a wee drift of the smudge of its bright center in the belt of stars underneath Cassiopeia.

Okay, then . . .

*Years ago, before the trees were pine
There appeared in the sky a great soft vortex of light
and cloud.
And the first human flesh to see this wonder
Fell sat and still and hummed
A deep thrumming wordless chest vibration.
Sky Give Breath seems like a good name
But hardly good enough. Words glint and fail
All in one gesture. The failure of words is my only
refuge.*

Nah. That's terrible. Not good enough at all.

What about something of the protection (*medō*) of humanity (*andrós*) now reduced to just a smudge under city lights? The old Greek tale is a bit of a horror with a woman chained and Perseus the binding/rescuing hero. One more Old Wives' Tale.

Meanwhile, Ravens come back from the edges of the earth with doctored photos of Sky Give Breath in their beaks. Night Sky Take My Breath Away.

Then, early next morning:



Flight Four: "The Grand Parade"



". . .the Grand Parade. . .of Lifeless Packaging . . .I just need a fuse"

from "The Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging," (Banks, et al., 1974a)

Brought to you by Amazon.ca. And by my own misshapen isolation home deliveries. And my own flailing memory that remembered this song in passing.

Meanwhile, a morning onlooker *caught on this very disk*. I move my body to hide my misshapeness from the glance. Too late. Spotted and its lovely equivocation:



"And I'm hovering like a fly, waiting for the windshield on the freeway" (1974b).

Best description ever of the sense of the huge impending crises and the smallness of what there is to do. What to do? I write this. You read.

Take heart. Tail up. White flagged.

Or maybe more like this guy below, reposed just up the hill, spring, 2021, having eaten earlier from our birdfeeder as he tiptoed along the railing, waiting, now, for me to pay enough attention to what paying enough attention takes in little disks in plastic seals in paper envelopes filled with plastic bubbles, all to show an earthly lovely, him all tossed away upslope, as if recycling is enough attention to spend:



"The . . . intrusive power of a being reposing in itself" (Gadamer 1977, p. 227).

Being *seen*, not just seeing. I become an object of *its* quick regard such that, even though I took the picture, the picture now frames me in its light. "We can entrust ourselves to what we are investigating to guide us safely in the quest" (Gadamer 1989, p. 378). Why cite this book junk? To reassure myself that I am not alone in my musings over that bear. To learn a phrase, I would have probably never thought of – "a being reposing in itself" – that makes that picture *more* beautiful. The idea of entrusting myself to what I'm exploring – I memorized that phrase when I came upon

it, underlined it, and remembered the page number. I wanted it to mark me because it made my flesh more raw when I came upon things. Made my heart more open. I am not good enough alone to pay good enough attention to my own lived experience. I need the ghosts in the language, in the ancestor's words, to help lift me out of my own sinks.

Improperly done, scholarship can just get in the way of lived experience, a kind of gummy blockage that gets in the way, gets in between. *Schola* – the Latin means "leisure" (a terrible irony, considering the rush of many schools), but it also means "an opening up, a keeping clear" (OED, under "school"). For me, and for years, this sort of thing is like learning to recognize bird calls when you hear them. It is expansive of lived experience. When I first moved here, I only experienced Chick-a-dees until I learned that there might be further, deeper folds in my experience that my own experiential presumptiveness was blocking. There are three. And their songs switch in the Spring. There is nothing especially sacrosanct about "my experience." I recall joking to a class of over 200 preservice teachers, that when you hear that call on your way over to the pub with your friends, you will know what it is and you'll stifle a little giggle, and your friends will ask what's up, and you'll have to figure out what you're going to tell them.

Whether you're going to tell them.

Just like sweet Ursula tucked up under the spruce. Big head a' rested on the Spruce root.

So those lifeless packaging lyrics are 47 years old. So, my memory clicked when the package arrived, and I started to write. Haunted by ghosts.

I was 24 on first listening.

I'm no longer 24.

I beg your indulgence. The following passage was written in 1994, when I was 44 (I'm no longer 44) and published in a book in the year 2000.

The little boy crouched mid-stream on the book cover just had his first child, my first grandchild, August 4, 2021. I'm citing it because, well, even though I wrote it, I forgot all over again:

There has been a disturbing loss in the area of ecological awareness. Currently, in Canada at least, there are three 'R's' to environmentalism: reduce, reuse and recycle (some have introduced a fourth 'r': recover). Several years ago there was another, different fourth 'R' which has since gone missing: *refuse*. It is vital to not misread this missing fourth 'R.' It is not simply 'refuse' in the sense of 'garbage'. It also suggests refusal. The most potent form of ecological action is simply saying 'no' to those elements of our lives and our ways that are unsustainable, that befoul our nest. Saying 'no' to the garbage. Refusing. The loss of this fourth 'R'--the loss of the power and potency and responsibility involved in the act of refusal--is, unfortunately, not very mysterious. It leaves us with a vision of ecology which does not demand that we take responsibility for our own consumptive desires except *after* they are fully satiated. We can consume anything we want as long as we deal with the garbage *afterwards*. We are not required to consider how it may be that much of what we consume is *itself* garbage and how our relentless consumptiveness--our inability to say 'no'--might itself spell ecological disaster. We live in an economy geared to saying 'yes' without hesitation, geared to growth without restraint, geared to the giddy sense of consumptive vitality that such a headlong rush provides. In a horrible twist of logic, the relinquishing of the power of refusal leads to precisely that sense of rootlessness and powerlessness and futility that makes one susceptible to becoming a relentless consumer who is unable to refuse:

People whose governing habit is the relinquishment of power, competence and responsibility, and whose characteristic suffering is the anxiety of futility, make excellent spenders. They are the ideal consumers. By inducing in them little panics of boredom, powerlessness, sexual failure, mortality, paranoia,

they can be made to buy virtually anything that is 'attractively packaged'. (Berry 1986, 24) (Jardine, 2000, p. 62-3)

So, every picture in this article takes part in that lifelessly packaged camera disk and in my own culpability and memory loss, and love of the beauties that amble by this place.

And, if you enjoy these pictures, well hah! Welcome to the once-again hidden grand parade. I love you, just as I love them. We are being regarded regardless of our own regard. The fly doesn't know of the coming windshield. We do. And we can't become panicked or paralysed over it. Instead, we must read *ever more carefully, and teach our children to read*. We must teach our children what wisdom does:

"Hugh [of St. Victor (1096-1141)] begins to explain what wisdom does. The sentence begins, *sapientia illuminat hominem*, 'wisdom illuminates man' . . . *ut seipsum agnoscat*, 'so that he may recognize himself.' Once again, in this rendering, translation and exegesis are in conflict, and the English words chosen could easily veil the sense that interpretation can reveal. Enlightenment in Hugh's world and what is understood as enlightenment now are two different things. The light, which in Hugh's metaphoric usage illuminates, is the counterfoil of the eighteenth-century light of reason. The light of which Hugh speaks here brings man to a glow. Approaching wisdom makes the reader radiant. The studious striving that Hugh teaches is a commitment to engage in an activity by which the reader's own 'self' will be kindled and brought to sparkle." (Illich, 1993, p. 17)

An eco-pedagogical theory of reading, that, carefully read things, texts, images, ideas, pictures, faces begin to glow and shed their light on us. A counterfoil to our self-centeredness. "*It draws you into its path*" (Gadamer 2007a, p, 198, emphasis added).

Exactly what happened when I came around the corner of the house and that bear earlier that spring day, beckoning how close is comfort and reminding me --

duh! – of bringing the birdfeeder in instead of having it ripped down. My self was surely kindled and brought to sparkle:



It is an *Ereignis* – an event that ‘appropriates us’ into itself. It jolts us, it knocks us over, and sets up a world of its own, into which we are drawn, as it were. (Gadamer 2001, p. 71)

It captivates us just as the beautiful captivates us. It [that photo, this citation, that bird call, that child’s query] has asserted itself and captivated us before we can come to ourselves and be in a position to test the claim . . .that it makes. In understanding we are drawn into an event of truth [Greek: *aletheia*, meaning variously opening what seemed closed, remembering what seemed forgotten, enlivening what seemed dead ordinary and familiar] and arrive, as it were, too late. (Gadamer, 1989, p. 490).

“Something solid forming in the air” (1974a). Isn’t he beautiful? Our attention to him is also beautiful – *can be* beautiful. This has to be learned and practiced, to be drawn out of ourselves into a world of relations where “I” have no especial paramount except, right here, like so many fellow teachers (see Seidel & Jardine, 2016), to write, to remember, to think:

Surroundings of ancestors, lineages, elders, voices, companions—this is what emerges in stories from the ecological, radical heart of curriculum, the heart of our common and contested “course,” and our work felt increasingly surrounded, supported, rooted and encouraged by the lines of thinking that wove around us. During our courses, we heard many times that teachers often feel that they are alone in their suspicions about their circumstances, and often their only recourse is dis-ease, complaint, and exhaustion. During our studies together, we examined how this isolation is a deliberate by-product of industrial and managerial schemes and how it is profoundly anti-pedagogical at its root. The refuge of our common work in [see Seidel & Jardine, 2016] was one of relief and commiseration, of realizing that with study one can fill the surroundings with tales of joy and hope. (Seidel & Jardine, 2016, p. 3).

To let my considerations become considerate – English root, “to dwell long upon” (OED, under “consider”).

The bear was back last night (September 29, 2021), 1:30 AM MDT, nearly twice the size, slowly migrating his way back up the Eastern Slopes for winter.

Flight Five: What About a Sunrise?



What about a sunrise on behalf of nothing at all?

For no purpose other than the crests of Robin warbles in the morning?

For just how delicious the words "Robin Warbles" are to tongue back in the breathy-wet throat flesh.

For to teach kids phonics: "Robin Warbles."

For to notice sunlight up the driveway with poppy clusters.



It will save the world this notice. The earth is warm to the touch. My touch is warm to the earth. For now. There is nothing original about not noticing. There is nothing graceful about being too busy. I weep. Go ahead. What are you waiting for? What am I waiting for? Chance it. It could always be the last chance. Feeling like a chancy gardener. I like to watch for ripen. I like joke groans over these lines. Feel the warm. All this makes the tickety-tocket countable summers left to me a bit more bearable. This summer could always be the last one of mine. Just this morning. Dew. Driveway. Sun. Another little hidden music joke. *This could be the last soft gasp over Ravens in the trees come visit.* Beaks on roof peaks. Could be the last ones I'll ever see. And the joyous rush: *it is always thus*, that these could be the last, *and has always been thus*. And it is for you, too, always thus.

Don't forget to love teaching phonics in the meanwhile. "Robin Warbles." "Poppy Clusters."

It will save the world.

Flight Six: "You Live in the Wild Country"



Light Foot Trot, September 2021

Language [even what pictures bespeak] itself is a form of life, and like life, it is hazy [*diesig*]; over and over it will surround us with a haze. Again and again, we move for a while in a self-lighting haze, a haze that again envelops us as we seek the right word. (Gadamer, 2007b, p. 371)

We be between moons and suns. Crepuscular:

Between light and dark (Latin, *crepusculum*), but also related to *creper* "obscure, uncertain." "It is not certain whether "twilight" or "obscure" was the original sense." (OED, n.d.)

So as moons and days, so, too, with the self and its real or imagined, hidden or transparent countenances. Twilit. Its nature is to change and drop away. Is between. (Jardine, 2020b, p. 15).



"The true locus of hermeneutics is this in-between"
(Gadamer, 1989, p. 295).

All we can do is try to speak it, try to say it, try to save it. Look, we say, this land is where your mother lived and where your daughter will live. This is your sister's country. You lived there as a child, boy or girl, you lived there. Have you forgotten? All the children are wild. You lived in the wild country. (Le Guin, 1989, p. 47)

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