Editorial:

Transporting History:
Last Night My Parents' House Was Moved

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In 2009, Jennifer George wrote a compelling thesis based on her hermeneutic MA study, *On Pedagogy and Memory*. In it, she tells the story of her grade 1-2 class being incensed about the removal of grain elevators. The kids, under her mindful guidance, took issue with the way that history was being taken away – transported, sometimes just decimated, erased. This outstanding thesis that I refer to time and time again in my own teaching reminds me how memory has a location.

My mother came from a farming community in Saskatchewan. Grain elevators were her history, and mark her memories of growing up, of family, location, belonging. The prairies and farm-

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lands dotted with grain elevators house memories that are hers, but she is in them as well, and she in the memories of others.

In 2017, my father died. Our family had lived in a house in Calgary since 1970, when my father relocated us to the city to take on a position as the minister of a United Church. The house was called a manse, allocated to ministers, in lieu of a respectable salary (excuse the judgement). Over the years, we had lived in several towns and several manses, but my father eventually bought this manse at a very reasonable price, thank you to the generosity of the church. The house was built in 1962 in a lovely community in the city. It had been housed by two previous minister families before we moved in. My brother and I experienced our teenaged years in this house, moved away, and my son and I returned there in 1992 to live with my parents for 9 years, while I pursued graduate studies. My son, too, then grew up in this house, until we moved to our own house, but my parents remained. It was still the home we went to regularly and shared many celebrations, meals, and memories there. When my father died, my mother relocated, and we sold the house. It is now being removed from that location and being relocated somewhere else.

When we are young, we do not realize that we are making memories and weaving our identities through the homes, places, and communities that shape us as well as us shaping them. As we get older, we see the temporal dimension to space, home, and community that reminds us that time is moving on and we are displaced in many ways by homes and places that were "ours." Over time, we realize they were really only ours for a moment.

Place and home are important not just because we have memories (and in many ways our identities are tied to them, as my mother's was to grain elevators), but also because they help us build our relationships and, in a way, be known to others. People share the place and have an associated memory of us in it. Last night as I stared at the hole where my parents' home had once stood, a neighbor came outside to greet me and talked of his years of memories of my parents. For this neighbor, a hole where my parents were exists as well. Since they are now both recently deceased, the hole has a different representation – their deaths have left holes in our lives.

My parents' home is being moved – somewhere. It will carry the history of the people who built it, who lived in it before my family, and my family. More importantly, it will carry the history of the family who will occupy it now.

> In fact history does not belong to us; we belong to it. Long before we understand ourselves through the process of self-examination, we understand ourselves in a self-evident way in the family, society, and state in which we live. (Gadamer, 1960/1989, p. 276)

I look at the hole left by the house gone and remember that holes are invitations to be filled. I know that a new house will fill this lot, create a new history that infuses the soil, embeds itself, and plants roots of history. A part of me travels with 2848 Lionel Cr. to wherever it is going but a part of me remains in the foundation of what is left behind.