“But it’s our story. Read it.”: Stories My Grandfather Told Me and Writing for Continuance

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ABSTRACT This is a story about stories. Born out of a ten-year-old request from my grandfather, Ronald Whiteduck, to help him record our family’s and community’s history, this research essay explores the theoretical, ethical, and methodological considerations of writing oral history in Native communities. Punctuated by transcriptions of my grandfather’s stories and my self-reflection, this essay explores Native writing in terms of the responsibilities Native writers have when we write; how writing can keep our people grounded in our homelands; the potential of writing to decolonize; and, most importantly, writing for the continuance of our nations. When we write, Native writers are responsible to our families, our communities, and the larger Native academic community. Our stories represent a fundamental love and respect for our homeland, and writing them ensures our children can return home regardless of their physical location. Through writing we can achieve decolonization by responding to past and ongoing oppression, while actively moving beyond it. Continuance manifests when we thrive in a space of our own, where our ways of being are combined with tools provided by academia to further our goals. The essay concludes by asking, “Where does it end?”

REFERENCES


My parents never told me stories when it was my bedtime, they didn’t have that tradition and I never wanted either. I preferred to put the cartoon...
channel and I slept easily. I think that tradition is dying because kids prefer to watch TV before slept or play video games or listen to music. I use to do my own storytelling, maybe you all should try it as it helps relax the mind for sleep. As in storytelling, I don't mean speaking out loud I mean by using the mind. When you're in bed just close your eyes and just use your imagination by visualising things like walking through a forest and make it into a story in your mind. Feb 26, 2015 Sardis rated it it was amazing. Stories My Grandfather Told Me by Maria Grazia Swan: This was very hard for me to read right now. I had to stop repeatedly to watch video clips I had of Poppa (father-in-law of 35+ years) who passed away last fall @ age 96. I have the prescription for you: read a minimum of 4 tales from Stories My Grandfather Told Me and buy a new box of tissues in the morning. This is a different view of Italy with austere black & white photographs depicting the setting & characters. Maria has written short stories for anthologies, articles for high profile magazines and numerous blogs tackling love and life. She engaged her editorial and non-fiction skills for Mating Dance Rituals for Singles Who Weren't born yesterday.