ARTICLE

Fragments Are Enough: Re-Stor(y)ing the "Wasteland"

Jill Carter and Jessica Watkin

> A wasteland is a place where, we are taught, there is nothing and no one salvageable. . . . Wastelands are named wastelands by the ones responsible for their devastation. Once they have devastated the earth—logged the forest bare, poisoned the water, turned our neighbourhoods into brownfields so that we must grow our vegetables in pots above the ground—once they have consumed all that they believe to be valuable, the rest is discarded.
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> –Erica Violet Lee, "In Defence of the Wastelands"

Reclaiming the "Wasteland"

Jessica Watkin (JW): An artistic practice resisting "wholeness" offers space for marginalized artists to find process and place that respond to their lived experiences.

When teaching Disability performance theory, I can feel my students' resistance first and then the ease of their fear to approach Disability as something valuable. Erica Violet Lee writes of wasteland theory as a framework that "[understands] that there is nothing and no one beyond healing" (Lee 2016). As an educator who is Disabled myself, I demonstrate this belief, this truth, with what I hope is in good relationship to wasteland theory: "destabilizing gentleness, carefulness, softness" (Lee 2016). These concepts are not antithetical to strength but are destabilizing actions amid a society that can default to harshness, speed, and toughness.

In her book *Braided Learning: Illuminating Indigenous Presence Through Art and Story,* Lenape-Potawatomi scholar Susan Dion encourages white settler educators, with care, to "turn toward" stories and truths about Indigenous history. She invites them to demonstrate the consequences that erasing these truths have for Indigenous peoples and the stakes involved (Dion 2022, 19).

To not have courage, to not work toward dismantling the shame of our colonial history, perpetuates that shame. By centring care and learning, Dion invokes a kind of listening that "turns toward" the things that we have yet to engage fully.

Jill Carter (JC): Despite our refusal of the master narrative, I wonder how many of us still hold a kernel of belief that those of us who have been cast to the margins are those "whose lives do not matter as lives" (Butler 2016, 196)? If our lives do not matter, what value could there be in reading about them, seeing them played out on stage, or being exposed to any teachings we might have to offer? And yet, as Lee insists, even those of us relegated to the ravaged margins "deserve things written for us, and written by us" (Lee 2016).

Like the ravaged and plundered biotas from which little or nothing that is deemed profitable might be extracted, we (the racialized, disabled, aged and/or impecunious) live with the knowledge that our lives are considered "not lives," not whole lives and, therefore, not "grievable lives" (Butler 2016, 197).

I suggest that such attitudes are rooted in a cognitive aberration, which is specific to the Western, neoliberal mindset, and which ultimately leads to the devaluation of all life. And, as Chickasaw scholar Linda Hogan has argued, this murderous flaw in the Western imaginary finds its genesis in our relationship to the spoken word—to thought carried on air and sounded in the spaces between us (2000, 117–18).

JW: In her 2018 book *Care Work: Dreaming Disability Justice,* Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha offers the concept of prefigurative politics. It is an orientation to creation and being in the world that involves demonstrating the changes you may like to witness in the future (Piepzna-Samarasinha 2018, 149). Piepzna-Samarasinha's invitation to "[wake] up and [act] as if the revolution has happened" (149), presences an accessible future *now*. As a Blind woman, I disrupt the visual world with nonvisual interactions, education, and art making as much as possible. They are normal to me.

By making space for learning and creation *that already considers Disability as having worth,* we begin to invoke spaces where we may meet one another, and hear one another, in a sense of deep listening beyond just words and meaning. Lee's writing about such kinds of spaces and gestures emphasizes the mosaic nature of this work. She reminds us that creating these spaces is

not one size fits all. It takes different methods and approaches that must shift and change in response to the people in the room: "We must piece those worlds together from gathered scraps, slowly building incandescent ceremonies out of nothing but our bodies, our words, and time" (Lee 2016).

The Language of Restor(y)ation

JC: Gathering up despoiled fragments. Re-stor(y)ing devastated biotas. Speaking into being hopeful futures within re-membered life-supporting worlds. This is necessary work, and it is the work of the storyteller.

Indigenous peoples have long understood that a story told is a potent and living entity that profoundly shapes our understanding of self within the creation and our way of doing life (Cajete 2017, 116). The story told in words, song, dance, or ritual action has been the primary mode of instruction for every people since the beginning of the beginning. The spaces where story is told are ceremonial spaces. However, in this untenable present moment, many of these spaces have become corrupted. *Story* has been weaponized. And those who emerge from their encounters with *story* (in rehearsal rooms, lecture halls, or online fora) often emerge with diminished faith in their own agency, their own infinite worth, the grievability of their lives.

Storytelling is a hopeful act. And it is a ceremonial act. And *ceremony*, as I have come to understand it, is a mechanism through which transformation is both marked and wrought. We undergo ceremonies of learning to move from a state of unknowing to knowing. We undergo ceremonies of healing to move from a state of illness to health. We undergo ceremonies of adoption, naming, and clan initiation to move from one stage of life with its responsibilities and privileges to another stage of life with new responsibilities and privileges. Within ceremony, the past, present, and future converge. Through ceremony, living humans understand themselves to be profoundly connected and responsible to the generations of the dead, the generations of the unborn, the living humans of their historical moment, and all beings who occupy the other-than-human world. The thresholds dissolve between flesh and spirit, human and non-human, living and dead. The threshold between performer and witness dissolves. Together we enter a transformational moment of opportunity in which chaos may be re-ordered.

My interest as an artist and an educator lies in curating the pedagogical incubator. The spaces wherein I do my work—lecture halls, rehearsal halls, page and stage—are all spaces of *story*. These are spaces wherein we teach, we learn, and we are transformed for good or ill. What actions, stories, and linguistic shifts might be required of us to reshape the pedagogical incubator into a *ceremonial container* wherein all participants are safe to articulate hard truths and wherein deep listening occurs? What actions, stories, and linguistic shifts are needed to ensure that the pedagogical incubator (in all its manifestations) becomes the space wherein we come to know ourselves, each other, and each life form that surrounds us as beings of infinite worth? Beings, whose participation in the time and spaces we share is essential to our collective well-being? Beings who are powerful change-agents in the crafting of right relations and hopeful futures?

Wherever I am called upon to tell story, my foci lie in upending conventional structures that cast contemporary witnesses as passive vessels to be filled. I am driven by these foci when employing, re-forming, or devising the structures that contain and carry the stories that I will tell and that will be told to me. It is with a sense of urgency, tempered (for good or ill) by my own incorrigible optimism, that I "cast" all participants in the performative event as world builders charged with the delicate task of confronting harsh truths and untenable living conditions. My hope, always, is that we will stay in the room together, sit with the discomfort, and apply ourselves to the hard work of storying hope, of seeking solutions, and of transforming the harsh and untenable into a "usable past"[1] that will empower the generations who come after us.

As an Anishinaabe artist-researcher-educator, I have absorbed the lessons with which my forebears and contemporary mentors have gifted me: The principle of minobimaatisiiwin (the way of good life) requires me to walk through the world carefully to ensure that *every* body lives and that their lives

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[1] Footnote: The notion of the "usable past" was introduced by Van Wyck Brooks in 1918. Today, I use this term in the spirit of Afro-futurists such as Ytasha L. Womack, who invites her readers to "hop into a parallel universe with a past that reads like a fantasy or a future that feels like the past" (2013, 2).

are good. My life is bound up in yours; yours, in mine. Each life, each story, constitutes a single bead in the greater tapestry. No one body is the "whole." Rather, each body is an essential fragment that sustains the "whole."

JW: An artistic practice resisting the drive to "wholeness" offers space for marginalized artists to find process and place that responds to their lived experiences. I am unable to see a "wholeness" anywhere. My blindness literally inhibits me from seeing my full face in the mirror, a full page of writing, or the stage from the audience. But for me, this is not a lack; it is offering something. I offer a fragmented view, which is enough.

Fragments are enough. In the context of Disability dramaturgy and my dramaturgical practice, embracing the fragment-like nature of living every day, and many other things including creation of live performance, is an ongoing practice of care. Eli Clare writes of the "mosaic," fragmented nature of living and thinking Disability (Clare 2017, xv–xvi), and I see this work as constellation building. Layers of identity, oppression, and socio-political implications imprint on our bodyminds.[2]

As a dramaturgical practice, fragmentation does not ask artists to find clarity immediately or to articulate a whole in relation to their work. Rather, it invites artists to move at the pace of the work, at the pace of care, and allow emergences, repetitions, recirculations, and other moments of Disability life to inform how the work is created.

JC: Once upon a time in the West, Hogan tells us, the act of uttering the name of a human or nonhuman entity connoted familiarity and respect. The very utterance bound the speaker more tightly into relationship with the one named (Paz, cited in Hogan 2000, 117). Consider the placename "Marathon," which means a field with fennel. Its character and appearance and function have been disassociated from the name, which has now come to mean a competitive running event, within which a distance of twenty-six miles and 385 yards must be traversed. Consider, too, placenames in Tkaron:to. . . .

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[2] Footnote: Clare also sees bodyminds as mosaics in and off themselves, collections of understandings put alongside one another (2017, xvi).

No longer the place of black alders, Etobicoke is now a western subsection of the Greater Toronto Area. No longer the place where we "leave the canoes and go home" (*Kabechenong*), the Humber is a river named by John Graves Simcoe for a prominent family in England after whom an English estuary had been named. Newcomers to these shores encountered landscapes that had been named for their character and in accordance with the relationships that had been developed between the human and other-than-human entities that occupied these landscapes. To mark their "discoveries" and stake their claims, the colonizing newcomers proceeded to "re-scape" those lands and rename them after the humans they deemed "grievable" (regardless of the character or deeds of those they honoured), just as contemporary North America names its streets, towns, buildings, and green spaces for those from whom something of "worth" has been or may be derived.

If Creation begins with a word reverberating through emptiness, so too the processes of dissolution and fragmentation—the reversal of the process, the uncreation—might be ignited through the stirring of the air between us by the sounding of intention. Through his manipulation of language, Hogan tells us, Western man has severed himself from the creation by separating himself from all that is "other" (2000, 117). From the moment we begin to speak our first words in these languages, we separate ourselves from the "other-than-me" through naming. As our facility with language increases, we render ourselves emotionally capable of neglecting and/or destroying that which is other than us and those beings in which we can perceive no immediate profit to us.

JW: Disabled thinker Mia Mingus offers us *access intimacy*, an articulation of the unspoken and invisible intimacy between people in relation to access (Mingus). Nothing needs to be uttered, or intentioned because intentions are inferred based on the lived experiences of those involved.

A friend of mine rolls into a rehearsal hall in her power wheelchair in wintertime and someone immediately wipes off her chair's wheels without asking, without preparation. It just is a matter of how we interact with one another to anticipate, or to ask, or to try to care for one another.

A Language of Welcome

JC: It seems to me that what you describe here, Jess, is a turn toward the curation of spaces that welcome *every* body and all bodies of knowledge, that privilege an ongoing process over the final product, and that remind us that we are never finished—spaces that invite us into a perpetual exercise of "relearn[ing] the world" (Simpson, qtd. in Maynard et al. 2021, 144–45).

But the curation of such spaces requires a significant investment of hopeful imagination, time, and ongoing institutional support. I hear in your words, Jess, a space that reverberates with the beginnings of a language. A language that, if adopted as the lingua franca of the everyday, could bridge the distances and breach the walls between us. A language that could affect relational repair within all spaces of encounter.

This excites and emboldens me and calls to mind Linda Hogan's notion of a language of a "different yield." I understand this as a language of compassion for self and other that manifests inextricable connection with each utterance (however articulated) and a language that requires, of the receiver, effortful, close listening to sustain connection and deepen intimacy (Hogan 2000, 123). What *affect* (e.g., emotional state and impulse to act) might be produced from sounding such a language (in its verbal and non-verbal forms) within spaces of public performance? And what *affect* might this produce within and apart from these spaces?

Writing during the COVID-19 pandemic, anthropologist Xiang Biao introduces the notion of "the nearby" as a conceptual tool to inform the refusal of a contemporary administrative infrastructure "that is turning local communities into units of administrative control and value extraction" (2021, 147). Although he locates his ideas specifically in China, Xiang Biao's observations are relevant to the social conditions under which we live in the land of the free-wheeling capitalist. Xiang Biao cautions us that postmodern humans have become overly preoccupied with both ourselves ("the very near") and distant, imagined worlds (to which we acknowledge no responsibility). Consequently, we have lost sight of the "nearby"—the intermedial spaces between the immediately proximate and the distant. We are no longer able to perceive the connectors between ourselves and those "others" beside us (2021, 147).

On August 31, 2024, I had the opportunity to witness *In My Own Little Corner*, produced by EveryBody on Stage in Toronto.[3] This piece bridges the distances between witness and storyteller, between independence and dependence, between humans and their nonhuman companions, between teacher and learner, and between life and death. Together, in a shared "little corner," we occupy the "nearby." The experiential distances between us are not as vast as we have been taught to imagine. The one who teaches has much to learn. The one who cares for another will eventually require care. The dead still speak, and their utterances, reverberating in the spaces between, still hold sway over our lives and doings.

Playwright and lead storyteller Carly Neis prefaces our experience of immersion into the "nearby" with a poignant introduction to the language that has been (and continues to be) employed to bar her from the spaces of training and of public performance. Her verbal monologue, accompanied by projections and somatic utterance by sign-language performers, emphasizes how she has been rarified as a "wheelchair bound," "cripple[d]," unfortunate being whose needs are so great and whose experiences are so removed from the "rest of us" that neither she nor her story have been deemed worthy of a public platform. This, despite her years of hard-won professional training. This, despite the powerful stage presence and fine singing voice she has developed. This, despite her charisma, creativity, and the crucial life lessons she has to share. Language—a language that neither holds nor articulates her essential qualities and gifts—has thrust Neis into a distant realm, a "little [wasteland of a] corner," constructed by the popular imaginary in which she might exist unseen, unheard, ungrievable.

[3] Footnote: This production took place at Native Earth Performing Arts' Aki Studio. Since 1982, Native Earth Performing Arts (NEPA) has graced Tkaron:to with groundbreaking productions by Indigenous artists from Turtle Island and beyond. However, it was not until 2012 that NEPA finally found a permanent home—the home within which stories emerging from various marginalized communities have also been amplified. This is an Indigenous space—a space carefully curated to nurture the Indigenous body and to extend a welcome and like care out to all bodies. As an aging performer and as a director who has worked with *aged* performers, I have found very few venues within this city, which accommodate so broad and diverse a spectrum of abilities and needs as does this modest studio—named for earth herself.

JW: During the 2020 pandemic and lockdowns, the Disability community lost the mentor and Elder Christine Korcza. Christine presented at the 2018 FOOT festival I organized at the University of Toronto; we have had so many amazing conversations; she came to my tactile rug exhibition *Productive Discomfort* and felt the rug I had hooked to be touched in a fine art gallery. She embodied what it meant to live against, to live with, wasteland. Her work was not dramaturgical in the tangible sense, but her accessibility work lives on in the dramaturgy of Disability life in her absence: she is felt because we love and miss her. Her legacy is a hope that lingers, that maybe we cannot touch but is fragmented, a mosaic on every Disabled artist's body.

Her absence rings loudly in my ears in my own practice, as I advocate for Disabled artists in institutions that do not want to spend money or time including us. They invest (somewhat) in the invitation. But is that invitation extended to the Disabled artist? Sure, but not for the amount of time it would take for them to feel comfortable, safe, and supported.

JC: From her "own little corner," surrounded by supportive bodies on stage (including her therapy dog), Carly Neis maps key points in a journey toward mutual understanding and reciprocal care between mentor and mentee. With musical theatre numbers, she articulates suffering, hope, fallibility, forgiveness, and love, which endure through the inchoate noise of crisis into the vast silence that separates the living mourner from the life that is no more.

The inclusive experience she has curated fills the spaces between us with sound, projected text, somatic expression, softness and colour, bottles of water to cool parched throats, fidget toys to gather or release energies, and with cozy couches and hard-backed chairs to comfortably hold witnessing and performing bodies on and offstage.[4]

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[4] Footnote: While I witnessed Neis's show from "my own little corner" in the back row of Aki Studio, I felt myself, energetically, in close proximity with the performing bodies on stage and with those who held and supported those bodies. These supporting bodies included human and canine helpers and ASL interpreters. Indeed, that sense of proximity could have been no greater had I located myself down stage right in the rest area for the ASL interpreters, downstage left with the stage manager and Neis's therapy dog, or in the "pit" (i.e., the space between stage and audience) where comfortable seating had been arranged. Populating the pit with

To curate a space such as this—a space that welcomes and communicates concern for the comfort and assurance of dignity for the bodies that share Neis's space—requires a significant investment of thought, time, and money. This investment is necessary; such spaces reverberate with the beginnings of a new language (verbal and non-verbal) and an explicit invitation to fully commune by listening "otherwise" with the hair follicles, eyes, nerve endings, fingertips, and heart as much as with the ears. This language is laden with promise to shift expectation and assumption, to re-form cognitive frameworks, and to (perhaps) initiate the development of a "new bodily ontology" called for by Marlene Tronicke (2023, 54).

In this historic moment, this work is crucial. The lacuna between self and other is increasing at an alarming rate, while respect and compassion dwindle. The earth burns: species are disappearing; civil discourse has broken down in online forums, in public spaces, and even in the halls of academe; acts of unimaginable brutality are committed daily in private homes, on the streets, and on the "battlefield." All life on this planet is precarious and vulnerable despite what we have taught ourselves to believe. And despite the language that we employ to separate ourselves from the "other," we are all interdependent. And none of us are "safe."

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performing and witnessing bodies was one strategy employed to blur the boundaries between audience and performer. Shared light, shared refreshments, and shared water breaks were also employed to further chip away at the conventional boundaries between the active performer and the passive spectator. Indeed, the embodied response to a shared apprehension of shifts in light, sounds of water, and verbal or ASL cues transformed a simple act of drinking water into a moving meditation in which we all participated. And with each iteration of the "water break," the incontrovertible truth of our shared dependencies and our common fragility thickened the air around us and filled the spaces between.

Revealing the Self, Receiving the Other

JW: Jill, I am curious about what you think about the shift from creating "safe places" to "safer spaces" in care- and trauma-informed theatre practice. There was a shift away from "safe" because, as I have heard in many meetings and gatherings, "we can never ensure a safe space for everybody." I have recently reconsidered the relationship between discomfort, danger/violence, and safety to be vulnerable or one's true self with others.

I actually believe that we should always be "safe" in work situations and artistic spaces. "Safe" in the realistic sense of we are not in physical danger or in the possible way of harm or violence. We are creating safe spaces when we enter into artistic contracts of working with one another because we do not, I hope, intend to harm one another. I think this language is important, especially when we face the real issue of not safe spaces that Disabled folks sometimes face (and other marginalized folks, like emotional and physical harm to people of colour). If we cannot ensure safety of any kind in this work, should we be doing this at all?

JC: The assurance that we are safe to reveal ourselves to others who are sharing space with us is not so easily accomplished, I fear. I believe that to initiate an ontological shift that will bring us together into the "nearby," we require a new language. Not new words. Not politically correct expressions. But a language that grows with us in the womb; a language that inhabits every story we will ever hear; a language that emanates from heart, and blood, and bone; a language that celebrates the life of self and the life of "other"; a language that reaches across the chasm between the "very near" (self) into the realms of imagined distance to draw us together into the "nearby."

While reinventing the language that has come to divide us is not, I think, a task for the dramaturg (or theatre maker) *alone*; it is part of a collective endeavour toward a cultural shift in which *all* arts workers should take up an active role. After all, it is through the *story* that we learn to shape lips and tongue and to power breath into the language that will make or unmake self and other, that will blast chasms to separate us or bridge the distances between us.

Within the classroom or the rehearsal hall, I have often found it useful to employ Metis curator and scholar David Garneau's concept of "irreconcilable spaces of Aboriginality" (2016, 21–42). In courses, for instance, where we are engaging with the history and ongoing effects of Canada's residential school system, a retreat into such spaces allows us to articulate the truths that have defined our attitudes, actions, and inaction without the risk of dismissal, denial, reprisal, or recrimination from those whose lived experiences and cosmological understandings do not align with our own.

Within a space restricted to Indigenous learners, the walls might vibrate with the soundings of grief, frustration, scorn, rage, prayer, invocation, and harrowing love. Within their own space, non-Indigenous learners might articulate their understanding of and reactions to the truths that they have encountered in tones of defensiveness, frustration, paralysis, guilt, incomprehension, denial and perhaps, too, a harrowing love.

It is important to acknowledge that when I began this practice in rehearsals for *Encounters at the "Edge of the Woods"* (2019), I learned some valuable lessons, which have informed the ways in which I have begun to operationalize "irreconcilable spaces" in both rehearsal halls and classroom settings. In my experience, two spaces (Indigenous/settler) have not satisfactorily addressed or adequately accommodated the specific concerns and positionality of the diverse individuals who have gathered on these lands and in these spaces to "relearn the world" and so learn what will be required from all of us to live together in a good way.

My nascent attempts have taught me that additional spaces often need to be carved out for those project participants who identify as Indigenous peoples from territories beyond Turtle Island (North America). Similarly, spaces for racialized, disabled, and otherwise marginalized peoples also need to be curated to ensure that all participants may foreground and work through their lived experiences and the beliefs, concerns, and queries that have emerged from these experiences. The opportunity to begin the project of creating new knowledge alongside those whose lived experiences align (to some significant degree) with our own should be offered, before all groups come together to share the work that they have done and begin a collaborative process of project-building that respects and addresses the concerns of all participants and that facilitates a process of acknowledgement, redress, and conciliation

(Carter and Wastasecoot 2024, 19–21). As David Garneau reminds us, within the project of conciliation where harms must be acknowledged, addressed, redressed and eventually forgiven, each party has its own work to do (2016, 23). And before the artistic contract can be negotiated, before a generative collaboration can begin, each collaborator must rest comfortably in the knowledge that the others have done their work.

Led by Listening

JW: Disabled people desire to be understood. When we ask, when we refuse, when we hurt, and when we celebrate. As a nonvisual dramaturg, I am led by listening. As I listen to Blind artist Alex Bulmer work through her script for *Perceptual Archaeology: Or How to Travel Blind*, she articulates a feeling I had never known I'd had before. She describes, after losing her vision, travelling to Los Angeles and finding a swimming pool with her cane. She talks us through finding liquid, gently getting into the pool while leaving her cane on the edge, and using the water's sound to find shape and place in the pool:

> I heard a lap echo slap beneath the diving board.
> As I swam around . . . and around. . .
> I came to understand. . .
> the pool shape. (Bulmer 2023)

Using sound as a way to world build was so seamlessly a part of my life that I did not even recognize it as a concept that needed articulating. Yet, the feeling in my chest when Alex's words hit my body is palpable. In this moment, Alex is heard. She is understood. This text spoken in the play invokes audience members to reflect on the relationship between their bodyminds and the material world and the ways we might relate.

Later in the process, Alex is on stage, and we are working on scenes for the production opening in one week. I listen for visual cues that are not translated nonvisually. We begin a call and response-type process where I would listen, pause the rehearsal, and ask what was happening visually, and then we would try out solutions back and forth to find a nonvisual translation for action on stage. Alex says a line and makes a funny face that makes the team laugh. Can she also make a funny noise? Great.

A pace emerged, an exchange, a toggle toward inviting in that "nearby," inviting into understanding through clarity and creativity. In this way, my dramaturgical practice was nonvisual and in good relationship to nonvisual audiences while honouring Alex's presence.

Language is a meeting place to find one another. When fragments, scraps, barriers, and refusals are regular and the norm, marginalized communities find one another through a shared understanding, through a shared moment or connection, of being with.

I recognize that it is human nature to hold onto understandings of the world around us based on our cultural upbringing, the belief systems of our loved ones, and what we've learned through our lived experiences. We build tools that keep us safe and rely on them into adulthood and most importantly into our relationships with others. The deep understanding that not every person we encounter understands the world around us in the same way is essential to begin unpacking how to connect better, how to develop safe spaces, how to learn to listen, to be in good relationship with one another.

Can I ask a question I think I know the answer to and listen for a different answer? And accept that answer as a truth? Can I be curious about that truth for another person? Can I hear what they are saying to me? Am I able to be vulnerable and to invite vulnerability?

Alex Bulmer stands on stage without being able to see the people in the audience who are witnessing her, and yet she continues to share her vulnerability, her most fear-filled moments. Her body, her words, and her invitations to be heard carry audiences sighted or Blind to hear her. And not just to hear, but to listen. Some of us can hear a word or a concept, we can receive meaning from what someone is telling us, but are we able to pull together scraps, inferences, input from words and from bodies, from information offered and invited, from pulses and heartbeats and intangible affectations that help us come to an understanding, that help us process. Listening, then, is learned through experience, through facing the unknown or the different over and over again over time, and ultimately having the courage to be with, listen to, and respect one another.

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