

THE FOREST OF BECOMING

AN ALLEGORICAL JOURNEY THROUGH *CURRERE*

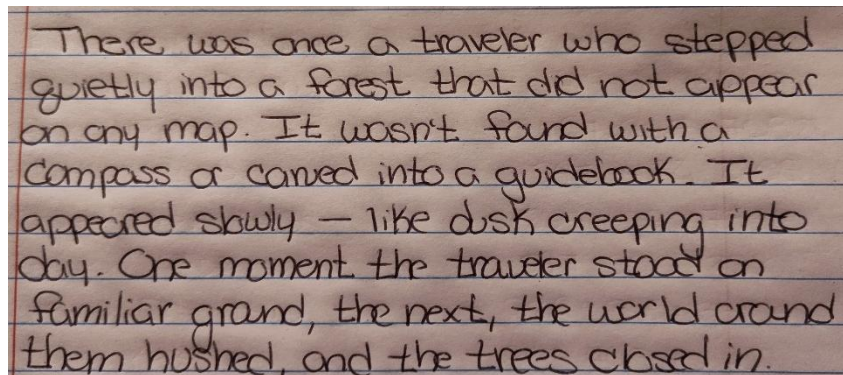
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A student once scribbled a poem in the margin of their worksheet. It wasn't graded, cited, or turned into data. It was simply lived—a moment of expression blooming quietly inside the machinery of school. That poem was curriculum.

I know, because I was that student.

It wasn't exactly a poem. It was a story—written late one night during my 11th-grade English class at a small private Christian school. We were learning about allegory through Orwell's (1945) *Animal Farm*. "Use symbols," my teacher said. "Tell a deeper truth through fiction."

So, I wrote about a traveler moving through a dense, gray forest, branches curling like eyes, whispers riding the cold wind: *You're too much. You're not enough. No one would notice if you vanished.* What I felt deeply, though never said aloud, was that the forest was my loneliness—the bullying ignored in the halls, the principal who told me to "work it out," the spiritual harm delivered by a counselor's condemnation. The forest held everything I couldn't name.



There was once a traveler who stepped quietly into a forest that did not appear on any map. It wasn't found with a compass or carved into a guidebook. It appeared slowly - like dusk creeping into day. One moment the traveler stood on familiar ground, the next, the world around them hushed, and the trees closed in.

Excerpt from "The Forest," Work written by the author in 11th Grade English

When my teacher returned the story, she wrote in the margin: "Haunting. Evocative. What does the forest represent?" She didn't press for an answer. She simply saw it.

That moment taught me something I would only later find language for: curriculum lives beneath the surface—in stories, silence, and symbols. It can be both wound and balm, the forest and the traveler.

In today's standardized, factory-model education system, curriculum is often treated as a set of directives—content to be delivered efficiently, behaviors to be managed, and outcomes to be measured for accountability. But beneath those mechanized structures lies a quieter, more vital terrain: lived experience. It is the kind of curriculum that *currere* dares us to notice. As Pinar (1975) argues, curriculum is not merely a noun but a verb—a "complicated conversation" between the



self and the world. *Currere*, from the Latin “to run the course,” invites us not to manage learning from a distance, but to reenter it, to reflect on our educational lives autobiographically, recursively, and imaginatively.

In *What Is Curriculum Theory?*, Pinar (2004) extends this vision through the language of allegory. Allegory, he writes, allows us to “reactivate the past in order to find the future,” transforming autobiography into a generative site of interpretation and ethical reflection (p. 77). In this sense, allegory is not an escape, but engagement—an aesthetic and pedagogical form through which the private becomes legible and the personal becomes political.

As an online high school social studies teacher and a doctoral student in Curriculum and Learning, I live within two interconnected worlds—one shaped by practice, the other by inquiry. My days are spent navigating digital spaces where presence is uncertain and silence echoes louder than sound. My studies call me to question what education truly means, what it leaves behind, and what it might yet become. Across both spaces, one truth endures: curriculum is not merely delivered. It is lived.

This piece takes up *currere* not simply as method, but as narrative journey—an allegorical exploration of how curriculum echoes through memory, lives in the body, and unfolds in symbolic terrain. By grounding each phase of *currere*—regressive, progressive, analytical, and syncretical—in imagined landscapes like forests, streams, and horizons, I explore how educational experience shapes and is shaped by who we are, what we’ve survived, and who we hope to become.

This is not a conventional curriculum story. It is one rooted in silence and survival, in the shadows of adolescence and the glow of digital classrooms. It follows the looping rhythms of memory and imagination and asks what it means to teach when the self remains entangled with the curriculum we once lived. As Aoki (1993) reminds us, curriculum is not only what is planned and prescribed but what is experienced and interpreted—what occurs in the interstitial space between teacher, student, and subject.

In telling these stories, drawn from my own life as both student and educator, I turn to allegory as a way of excavating meaning. Each metaphor is a container for emotion, complexity, and contradiction. Each scene reveals curriculum not as static content but as evolving identity. In the tradition of *currere*, this is a search for self-understanding through education and education through self-understanding.

What follows is not a single story, but a spiral—of past and present, shadow and light, curriculum and care. The journey is personal. But the path, I hope, is shared.

SANCTUARY LOST, FOREST FOUND (REGRESSIVE)

Beneath the restless hum of a working-class city, a young traveler carved out a sanctuary—hidden deep within a shadowed basement where silence breathed between cold cement walls. Plush bears and rabbits sat in quiet rows, their stitched eyes fixed in patient vigil. The chalkboard stood like an ancient altar, dusted with chalk and longing. Worn scrolls of moss and brittle leaves—donated relics from forgotten seasons—held the weight of stories not yet told.

Within this refuge, the traveler rehearsed a sacred craft: the language of care. Here, lessons were not scripted but born from a tender yearning to be seen, to be understood, and to understand. This was no mere play; it was a quiet act of hope in a world where fitting in was a puzzle unsolved.

Each morning, as the basement’s hush gave way to the day’s first stirrings, a familiar melody drifted from the static glow of a small screen—soft and steady as a heartbeat. There, a man



in a red cardigan spoke with a kindness that didn't need to be earned. His words flowed like a slow, warm river, carrying truths too often lost in noise. With a quiet ritual, he unzipped a small suitcase—not to impress, but to share. Inside, he revealed a teddy bear's stitched heart and whispered that love is not worn on the outside but lives deep within. This was no mere toy, but a quiet message—that gentleness holds a hidden strength, and love does not need to shout to be deeply real.¹

Surrounded by plush bears in the quiet sanctuary, the traveler felt the truth of that moment deeply. Though distant, the man in the red sweater became a silent guide—embodying listening, honoring feeling, and caring without condition—and his quiet guidance remained a steady presence, a gentle reminder of care amid a growing world.

But childhood was fleeting, and the basement belonged to a time long passed. In time, the sanctuary's walls shifted from shelter to boundary—a space that no longer held the traveler but instead called toward the unknown just beyond.

With a steadying breath and the basement door closing softly behind, the traveler stepped into a transformed world—a dense, tangled forest of becoming, fraught with shadows and complexity. This was no place for childhood's gentle play, but a realm where innocence faded and survival meant learning to navigate towering oaks draped in golden armor—players on battlefields where only the strongest trees thrived. The forest's law was strict: the tallest trees cast the longest shadows, while those who did not grow fast enough faded into the underbrush, invisible or marked by the thorns of exclusion. Its ancient limbs twisted like whispered fears and tangled doubts, shaping a landscape both daunting and full of quiet resilience.

The traveler, quiet and shy, wandered the edges of this world, a shadow moving like mist between gnarled trunks—present but unseen, slipping through narrow winding paths heavy with brittle scrolls of moss and the bittersweet tang of fallen pine needles. Hollow trunks groaned in the wind; branches snapped like distant thunder.

The traveler found kin among the wildflowers and brambles—those resilient blooms that leaned away from the sun's unyielding gaze. Marked by difference, they grew in quiet defiance, their petals soft, their presence unmistakably other. But belonging was brittle. Cruel whispers stirred the leaves like wind through dry brush, and silence thickened the air, pressing down like storm-heavy skies. Grief clung like damp moss to the traveler's frame—subtle at first, then suffocating. Beneath the surface, hunger wound itself into roots, coiling tight with unmet need. Shame, sharp and unseen, hid beneath practiced smiles—splinters beneath skin—growing inward, unspoken.

The Watcher of Halls, a great hawk cloaked in shadow, circled above—its piercing gaze cold and distant. Though it knew the names of the dominant oaks and champion trees, it turned blind eyes to the traveler's unraveling form.

The Keeper of Lists, a quiet spider weaving webs of cold records and rigid rules, catalogued pain as entries in its ledger, dismissing a trembling leaf's desperate flutter with a whispered, "You seek only attention." Those words sank deep into the dark soil, shadows stretching long and chill beneath the forest floor.

When the forest's refuge failed, the traveler sought the Guidance Glade—a dim, shadowed clearing where voices were supposed to be heard. There, the Keeper of Paths listened with folded hands, head tilted like a quiet prayer. But her words were sharp briars wrapped in scripture's cloak, proclaiming brokenness, exile, damnation. "Some are lost," she intoned, "their roots severed from grace."



Such judgment was a poison, seeping through roots and leaves. The traveler's pain, once a silent scream, was stained with shame's darkest ink.

Other sentinels of the woods—the teachers who shepherded the young saplings—turned their faces away. Their silence was a gathering storm, a silent pact with exclusion's thorny vines. In a forest preaching compassion, they followed the loudest call, leaving the traveler to shrink beneath their gaze. Their inaction was wind that stilled breath and stoked the fire of loneliness.

The forest's power was not shouted but whispered: surveillance in shadows, containment in the subtle twisting of paths. The traveler's story was displaced—moved aside to the shadowed margins where becoming was denied. This was the curriculum not written in scrolls but etched deep into bark—the silent lessons of omission, exclusion, and erasure.

Each day added rings to the forest growing inside the traveler's chest: a hollow place where hope struggled to take root. Attendance became avoidance; presence meant exposure to thorns. Depression settled like a quiet fog; disordered rituals became the traveler's way to claim control amid chaos.



The Traveler Walking Through the Paths of the Forest as the Watcher of Halls Circles Above²

Yet within the darkness, a single shaft of light pierced the canopy.

Steady as a river stone shaped by patient waters, a Weaver of Words found the traveler. She saw the fragile poems folded like secret seeds within hidden leaves—confessions inked in shadows between the lines. She did not rush to mend broken branches but asked gently, “What story lives inside this poem? What do these words mean to you?”

Her notes returned like seedlings planted in fertile ground: *You are seen. Your voice matters.* She did not lead the traveler out of the forest but gave a compass—a quiet, steady hope to navigate dark paths.



THE HORIZON IMAGINED (PROGRESSIVE)

Years later, standing at the forest's worn edge, the traveler lifts his eyes to a horizon vast and uncharted—a sky painted in shifting shades of dawn, where every breath of wind whispers possibility. Behind him lie the tangled brambles and shadows of old pain. But before him, a new wildness stirs—raw, untamed, and alive with promise.

What if the forest could bloom anew—its dense thorns unraveling into vines of wildflowers, each blossom radiant, unruly, and essential? The traveler imagines this transformation: a landscape where silence softens into a hush, inviting deep listening. Here, no leaf is dismissed for curling differently, no root ignored for growing in its own direction. Each branch and blossom is honored for its becoming. No longer a labyrinth of exclusion, the forest becomes a vibrant ecosystem of belonging—where difference is not feared but cherished as the very soil from which growth emerges.

Within this renewed landscape, curriculum begins to breathe. No longer rigid bark etched with unyielding rules, it becomes a living weave of tendrils stretching through shared ground—flexible, relational, alive. Care is no longer a fleeting bloom, but a perennial covenant—a collective tending of both fragile shoots and ancient roots. Learning becomes interdependence, not imposition.

In the clearing, inclusion is no longer symbolic—it is embodied. Travelers need not reshape themselves to fit old molds; they are welcomed in their fullness—wild edges, broken branches, radiant hues, and all. Ambiguity and silence are held sacred, not problems to fix but spaces to feel. Those once unseen now find room to root and rise. Curriculum unfolds not as script but as shared story—shaped by struggle, relationship, and reflection. Relational empathy is not an afterthought but a foundation, asking not only, “What do you know?” but “How are you?” and “What do you need to thrive?”

Learning and teaching, once a solitary climb, now unfold as shared journey—lanterns lit together, guiding one another through dappled light and shifting shadow. Presence becomes not just footprints, but a steady heartbeat beneath the hush—a rhythm honoring every pause, every whispered doubt, every slow-blooming truth. Curriculum emerges not as an imposed path but as choreography of co-creation. Even in the misted glades where digital winds scatter connection, the forest holds faith in fragile threads. Patience is dawn's first light—compassion, the quiet rain that coaxes growth in the most unexpected places.

The traveler carries the shadowed forest behind them now—its bark smoothed by time and trial. They step toward the restless horizon, not chasing a distant dream but enacting a bold insurgency—reclaiming and remaking both story and self.

THE PIXELATED STREAM (ANALYTICAL)

Today, the traveler stands beside a pixelated stream—its waters flickering with fractured light, reflections broken into shards that shimmer just beyond touch. This stream threads through shadowed forests of code and glass, a place both connecting and separating, alive yet fragmented.

Each day, the traveler dips his hands into the shifting current—a grid of glowing names rippling faintly on the surface. Eyes dim like shadowed pools, voices muffle to whispers beneath the rush of invisible waves. Fellow wanderers drift like autumn leaves caught in the stream's



restless flow, their presence fractured into pixels and silence. Absences ripple beneath the surface—echoes louder than any spoken word.

At first, the traveler believes the stillness to be emptiness—disconnection carved in ice. The stream lies dark and silent, still as frozen glass, with no ripples stirring and no voices breaking the surface. He casts his words like stones into the void, hearing only hollow echoes that fade into the cold ash of dying embers. That silence—vast and unyielding—becomes more than absence. It is the riverbed itself, shaped by invisible distance. Moore's (1993) theory of transactional distance becomes the traveler's lantern, illuminating the widening chasm between bank and shore, where tightly scripted lessons and one-way eddies deepen the divide. Dialogue flickers and fades, and without bridges built through presence and imagination, the stream grows colder still.

The traveler understands then: this is more than unfamiliar tools—it is profound isolation, a solitude born of fractured currents. Where is the human warmth beneath the cold glass? The preparation for managing the forest floors where footsteps once echoed does not teach the traveler how to tend a stream so wide, so fragmented.

And yet Moore's (1993) lantern glows on. Transactional distance, the traveler learns, is not a fixed canyon but a space to be bridged—a current that can be shaped with intention. It calls for care and creativity, presence that reaches without demanding, and dialogue woven like vine across water.

And slowly, beneath the fractured light, whispers stir—stories hidden beneath the ripple.

Moss is one such leaf adrift in the pixelated stream—a flicker unseen, assignments untouched, his name marked by absence and shadow. Yet when the traveler reaches beneath the water's surface, a tangled life emerges, woven with weighty currents—early morning care for younger siblings, night-shifts endured like storms, grief cloaked beneath the streambed—realities invisible to any digital gaze.

But this story is just one thread woven into a vast tapestry. The traveler carries with him a question whispered by a distant guide—"What does the forest represent?"—a quiet call to listen beyond words. He knows these moments do not flow alone. They are entwined with vast ecosystems beyond the screen. Learning is shaped by currents and undercurrents—social tides, emotional storms, technological eddies. What appears as silence is often the surface of unseen struggles: economic hardship, mental health tempests, caregiving storms, identity quests.

Yet, too often, empathy is lost amid systemic blindness, where structures that claim care overlook the hidden currents beneath. The traveler chooses to meet these silences not with quick fixes, but with grace, flexibility, and patient attention.

To understand these tangled currents, the traveler turns to guides who speak of ecosystems and webs—voices that illuminate what lies beneath the visible. Bronfenbrenner's (1979) vast ecosystem presses upon the unseen tides, shaping currents beyond the traveler's sight. Capra's (1996) living systems whisper that no leaf floats alone—each pulse linked in a vast web, vibrant and shifting. Eisner (1966) beckons the traveler to sense what slips beneath measure—the heartbeats between flickers, the breath beneath pixels.

With this awareness, the traveler shifts his gaze, learning to read the stream's hidden patterns—not as a static pane, but as a flowing, wild current—an ecosystem of presence and absence, connection and distance. With intention, bridges of asynchronous dialogue are built, and quiet pools emerge where slow blooms of voice begin to open. Presence becomes more than footprints pressed on soft earth—it is the steady heartbeat beneath fractured light, honoring every pause, every shadowed doubt, every slow-unfolding truth.



Yet the traveler knows this fragile emergence is delicate, like flickering shards of light scattered across the pixelated stream reminding him that tending these quiet currents calls for the care of a forest-tender, one who listens to rhythms beneath the soil, who waits for unseen roots to stretch, and who trusts that, even in silence, growth is stirring.

Just as a forest does not grow through force but through steady, patient nurturing, the traveler begins to shape this digital grove with quiet intention. He does not command growth but invites it—through gestures small yet sacred. Rather than rules and rigid bark, the traveler plants seeds of stories. Instead of lectures, presence takes root—inviting gentle leaves and quiet wanderers to share not just names, but playlists, images, and reflections—snapshots that reach beyond the pixelated surface. These moments echo the traveler’s childhood sanctuary, where teddy bears once stood in quiet rows—stitched guardians of care and imagination, holding space for what was too tender to speak aloud. In that same spirit, the traveler now offers fragments of self: faded photographs, well-worn songs, memories of those who once tended to their young growth. Even the distant sound of a barking dog becomes a reminder that warmth and presence still thread through the digital expanse.

This is more than rapport-building—it is engrossment, the deep, attentive presence at the heart of what both Noddings (1984) and Gilligan (1982) call the ethic of care and relationships. This ethic moves beyond obligation or duty, inviting a relational responsiveness that nurtures trust and honors the emotional lives of others. It requires meeting others, not as tasks to manage but as whole beings to understand and support. The traveler embodies this by calling each by name, celebrating small victories, and following up not to monitor, but simply to ask, “Are you okay?”

In the pixelated stream, isolation gives way to connection, and the cold waters warm with genuine belonging. Here, education becomes an act of love and community—where vulnerability meets compassion, and learning becomes a shared journey, not a solitary climb. Social and emotional learning flows beneath these currents, guiding toward self-awareness and kinship. Weekly check-ins whisper gently, “How’s your head? How’s your heart?”—and in these tender moments, trust blossoms without judgment or grade. The traveler learns that care is not simply an action but a practice of holding space for others’ full humanity—a healing presence that resists the isolation of fractured screens (hooks, 1994).

This ethic of care creates the fertile soil in which moments of choice and creativity take root—sacred groves in the stream where rigid structures loosen their grip. Within these openings, students transform into storytellers and meaning-makers, weaving poems inspired by Galileo’s gaze or assembling collages that wrestle with justice and liberty. These expressions—imperfect yet deeply human—are not mere branches from the curriculum but vital pathways feeding a richer, more vibrant current of learning.

Curriculum is not just what is taught; it is the living web of relationships, the pulse beneath content. Each emoji, each delayed response, each whispered thanks is a feedback loop of trust and connection. In this pixelated stream, empathy is not just feeling; it is a practice, a continual reaching across currents, an unyielding hope for connection. In these moments, the traveler hears the resonant voice of Wheatley (2007) whispering through the digital leaves: “We are rediscovering our interconnectedness; there are no isolated individuals in the natural world. Life seeks to affiliate with other life” (para. 12). Even in fractured pixels and digital silence, life seeks affiliation. And so, the traveler listens, reaches, and waits for the currents to carry voice back—knowing that every ripple matters.



RETURNING TO THE PATH (SYNTHETICAL)

With roots deep and gaze forward, the traveler moves between worlds—through the forest of memory, along the shimmering stream of the present, and toward the horizon of gined becoming.

The traveler no longer fears the forest's hush. He knows that silence can cradle meaning, that wounds can root into wisdom, and that the unseen may still be deeply felt. Beneath the leaf litter of time, lessons once buried now bloom. The student he once was does not haunt him. He walks beside him—a companion, a guide—reminding him of who still waits to be seen.

The traveler returns often to the clearing—the sacred space where metaphor once met recognition. It is here he learned to listen for what could not be named, to hold space rather than solve. Now, he too listens like that—tenderly, curiously—knowing that care does not always speak aloud, but hums softly in shared presence.

In this return, the traveler sees his classroom not as a destination, but as a dwelling—a grove where human beings gather in all their contradictions and complexity. He does not arrive perfect; he arrives becoming. Each flickering name across the stream, each shadowed silence, is not a void to fill but a voice to invite. Here, education is not the offering of maps, but the walking of trails together—sometimes lost, sometimes found, always unfolding.

This is a pedagogy of presence—not performance, but witness. The traveler remembers Boyle's (2012) "enlightened witness"—the one who tends with presence, who helps others see their truest selves not through scrutiny but through sight. In the classroom-as-clearing, the traveler becomes that witness, not perched above but kneeling beside. He no longer asks, *What do you know?* but instead, *What do you carry? What do you need to bloom?*

Relational empathy becomes a compass—turning curriculum into conversation, assessment into reflection, and silence into sacred pause. This is not about reaching those "on the margins"—for the traveler knows now, we are all on the margins of something (Boyle, 2012). It is about building kinship in a world that too often forgets we are kin.

In this grove, the traveler cultivates a curriculum of care—rooted not in compliance, but in compassion. He's seen what grows when stories are invited to take root. He's watched hesitant voices break into flight, like birds lifted by the wind of being seen. He's witnessed identity blossom through cracks in the rigid stone—through memes, through poems, through questions whispered across the stream.

He still plants. He still reaches. And when the digital wind grows cold, he warms the space with his presence—a message sent, a name remembered, a heart checked on.

He traveler knows that the future is not some distant horizon. It grows right here, between breath and belonging, between data and dialogue. Each gesture of care is a seed—each story honored—a branch reaching toward light.

Currere is not a map, but a rhythm. It spirals, listens, opens.

The traveler walks with both memory and motion—with grief, with wonder, with purpose. He does not teach toward perfection. He teaches toward possibility.

And so, the path continues—not straight, but sacred.

Not alone, but together.



Transformation in the Forest: Using the Past and Present to Explore the Possibilities of the Future

The poem in the margin did not vanish. It loops forward, carried on the recursive rhythm of *currere*—where the past is not left behind, but reemerges anew, shaped by present understanding (Pinar, 1975). Like metaphor and allegory themselves, it offers a language for the emotional contours of experience, where literal words fall silent (Eisner, 1998). The forests, streams, and horizons I traced throughout this journey are not simply symbols; they hold the contradictions, complexities, and care that define what education truly is.

What began as a personal allegory of my own learning and teaching, particularly within the shifting landscape of online education, has unfolded into a shared terrain. Here lies a vocabulary for what formal curriculum often overlooks: the emotional labor woven through teaching, the quiet disappearance of students in digital spaces, and the fragile hope that emerges through presence. In this way, it echoes what Schubert (1982) described as “theory within”—curriculum conceived not merely as external theory applied to practice but as understanding that lives inside the educator, shaped by story, memory, and meaning-in-motion (pp. 8–9).

One memory remains a beacon—a quiet clearing of recognition from my high school English teacher, amid the shadows of bullying and neglect. It was not just affirmation; it was a witness to a self I had no words for. In that small moment, I glimpsed education’s heart—not instruction alone but care, not compliance but belonging. That lesson lives at the center of my teaching, guiding how I craft digital spaces grounded in empathy and vulnerability. I teach not only for the student I once was, but for every learner carrying unseen burdens and unspoken stories—each deserving to be fully seen.

Drawing on Noddings (1984), Gilligan (1982), hooks (1994), and others, I now understand care not as a soft addition but as the bedrock of meaningful learning and relationships. It is the soil in which connection, trust, and growth take root. In my virtual classroom, care blossoms through flexible pacing, creative design, and intentional human connection—memes that spark joy, playlists that build community, voice notes that close distance, and shared vulnerabilities that create belonging. These are not extras but essential acts of resistance against systems that prioritize efficiency over empathy. As hooks (1994) reminds us, “The classroom remains the most radical space of possibility in the academy”—a place where care becomes a catalyst for transformation



(p. 12). Through these practices, I build what I now call a *curriculum of care, a pedagogy of presence, and a vision for education rooted in empathy*.

Yet, this work transcends the walls of any classroom—virtual or physical—and sends ripples far into the fabric of our communities, cultures, and shared human experience. In a world that paradoxically grows more connected yet more fragmented, the simple act of truly seeing and honoring each individual becomes a powerful form of resistance. It disrupts systems that too often render people invisible or marginalized and plants seeds for a future where equity, empathy, and belonging are not exceptions but the norm. Teaching with care is not merely a method; it is a radical reimagining of what education can and must be—a force that nurtures whole human beings and fosters a more just, compassionate, and inclusive society. Through this lens, education becomes a living, breathing act of hope and transformation, shaping the present while daring to envision a better future.

Ultimately, teaching requires more than delivering content. It demands presence. It demands imagination. It demands that we meet students not only as learners but as whole, complex human beings—each navigating their own forests of memory, their own streams of challenge, and their own fragile clearings of hope.

This is the work.

This is the way forward.

And for me, it begins—again and again—with listening.

With presence.

With care.

And with the unshakable belief that every story deserves to be seen, and every student deserves to belong.

NOTES

1. The man in the red cardigan was Fred Rogers of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*. One episode that stayed with me, “How People Make Stuffed Bears,” shows Rogers unzipping a suitcase to reveal a teddy bear with a stitched heart. He reminds viewers that love isn’t worn on the outside—it lives within. In that moment and so many others, he taught me that true recognition comes not through appearance, but through relational knowing—through listening with kindness beyond what we can see.
2. The visual imagery in this piece—excluding the excerpt from *The Forest*—was created using Adobe Express Image Generation, guided by original written descriptions crafted specifically for this work.

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