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Interview: Creating Meaning From the Stories of Our Lives

In The Stories We Are: An Essay on Self-Creation (University of Toronto Press), gerontologist William Randall examines life as story. This remarkable volume points to the complexity, mystery and poetry of life, and it reveals why our personal story may be our most precious possession, especially as we get older.

Dr. Randall is professor of gerontology at St. Thomas University in Fredericton, N.B., Canada, where he also director of the Centre for Interdisciplinary Research on Narrative. His research has giving rise to numerous publications and several books on narrative gerontology, which views aging as a creative process of fashioning meaning and wisdom from the stories of our lives. He is listed in 2000 Outstanding Scholars of the 20th Century.

AHB reached Dr. Randall in Fredericton.

Ruth Dempsey: Why did you want to study the act of self-creation?

Bill Randall: I was a doctoral student at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education at the University of Toronto and I needed a topic for my dissertation that was really exciting and that would wake me up in the middle of the night and say, “write me.”

At the time, I had just finished a decade as a parish minister with the United Church of Canada, during which time I listened to lots of people’s stories. That’s a big part of the job, as you can imagine. And I knew instinctively that something important happens – with respect to insight into ourselves – when we feel we’re being deeply and respectfully listened to by another person, whether a friend, a counselor or even a stranger on the train.

I was eager to think in more depth about what this telling/listening process entails; indeed, what does “my story” even mean? And how is that story linked to what psychologists call “identity”, or to the “self”?

While in divinity school, I had become fascinated with what was referred to loosely in the mid-70s as “narrative theology”. A core insight of narrative theology is that, whatever else it might be, religious belief concerns “master narratives” about the world – and by implication, ourselves – that we buy into as true and by which seek to live our lives.

Also, early on in my doctoral studies I became interested in the concept of creativity, in particular of self-creativity, as well as the nature of so-called lifelong learning. One day, it hit me. By linking together these three concepts: self, creativity and learning, I could resurrect my academic interest in narrative theology and focus my thesis on the familiar metaphor of “the story of my life”.

My research question became: In what ways do we create ourselves through the stories, which in memory and imagination, we weave and re-weave about our lives?

The title I gave to what resulted from wrestling with this question was: *The stories we are: An essay on the poetics of self-creation.*

RD: Anthropologist Mary Catherine Bateson says we make our stories up as we go.

BR: When I read Mary Catherine Bateson's delightful volume entitled *Composing a Life*, it struck me that living a life is ultimately an aesthetic process, as connoted by the expression you sometimes hear: *the art of living*. If you will, we're all involved, consciously or not and more or less "successfully", in making something of our life

We're involved, in other words, in what is basically a creative process. The raw materials for which include our built-in personality traits, the unique memories and dreams we carry around inside us, the ups and downs of our life, the friendships we have along the way and the influence, positive or negative, of the family, culture, gender or creed in which we are rooted.

We take all of this and somehow, somewhere deep within us, fashion a life course and a lifestyle and a philosophy of life that distinguishes us as uniquely *us*. And we do all of this on the fly, as they say in the hockey world. We do it in an improvisational manner, as Bateson would put it, making it up as we go – literally making ourselves up.

According to narrative psychologists Dan McAdams, Donald Polkinghorne and many others, though, self is at bottom a *narrative* construction. In other words, we don't, we can't, experience ourselves apart from the tangle of *stories* – or *factions* – that we carry around inside us at any given time concerning who we are, where we've come from and where it is we're going.

A good example of this would be when someone asks you to tell them a bit about yourself. What do you do? Do you trot out a bunch of facts about, say, your height and weight and birth date? No. Sooner or later, you end up telling them some version or other of what, deep inside you, you think of as the story of your life: "I was born in New Brunswick, went to school in the States, was a minister for many years and then found my way into gerontology." In other words, you tell them a little story.

RD: My life is also shaped by the stories others tell about me . . .

BR: That leads me to the point that "my story" is always in part a function of what I guess to be the stories *about* me that other people tell or entertain concerning who I am.

An example would be when we are kids growing up in a particular family. If I overhear my mother telling someone else that "Billy is a good little boy, but I worry about him sometimes because he's not very adventurous, kind of passive really", then that story that she seems to have about who I really am will shape my inner story of myself to some

degree inevitably. Either I will buy into it as the truth, or resist it and do my darnedest to belie it.

The same goes with my other relationships. Who I experience “me” to be, for better or worse, is partly a function of who I think my friends and colleagues, my husband, wife, children, etc., *think* I am.

In a similar way, the story that each of them has of themselves will be affected to some degree by the story that they assume is at work in my mind about them. Narratively speaking, in other words, our lives are incredibly intertwined, and where “my story” begins and “your story” ends can, technically, be impossible to say. If you like, we’re continually *co-authoring* one another.

RD: This story I have about my life affects the way I live it. How so?

BR: If I think deep down that my story is basically that of a loser – that everything I do, or every relationship I have, is ultimately jinxed, and that nothing good lies in my future – then, sooner or later, that inner story becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. And more than likely I *will* lose. It’s the power of negative thinking.

In effect, the story I believe is the story I live. Psychotherapists know this, of course, and at bottom what they endeavor to do with clients in the grips, say, of depression is to help them *re-story* in a more positive direction. The field known as “narrative therapy”

revolves around just such insights: it’s not the person that has “a problem,” that is, so much as it’s a problematic story that has the person.

The aim of the therapeutic process in this sense, then, is to open the person’s story up, to get it moving in a forward direction, and thus to combat what some of us are calling “narrative foreclosure”.

Narrative foreclosure can be defined as the premature conviction that my life story has effectively ended, that no new chapters, subplots, themes, relationships and discoveries lie in store for me.

At the risk of sounding ageist, I would venture to say that a lot of older adults (upon retirement, for instance) succumb to a measure of foreclosure, and are in need of developing – with the help of good listeners – what I’ve called *a good strong story*.

RD: You say we become characters in our own life story . . .

BR: I think that inside of us – in the underlying story by which we define our identity – are a number of different characters.

You see, it's really a very complex and ever-changing story that's inside of us with numerous subplots, themes and chapters, not to mention traces of other people's stories *about* us and traces of larger stories with which we've identified over the years.

This is why I entitled my book the *stories* (not the story) we are. And I think it makes sense to say that I have a number of characters within me, a number of sub-personalities or different sides of me, that I move in and out of, depending on the situation or the people with whom I'm interacting.

It's not that I'm schizophrenic or have Multiple Personality Disorder, but rather that I'm normal. For story-wise, there will always be many different "me's" at work within me. And each person I interact with, each friend I get together with, etc., will bring out a slightly different side of me, such that I feel my me-ness a little (maybe a lot!) differently when I'm in their presence . . . because of the story of me with which I perceive them to be operating inside their own minds.

RD: Instead of life stages, you talk about different chapters?

BR: Personality psychologists routinely think of our development as unfolding according to certain identifiable "stages". Sometimes they're linked to specific ages and sometimes they're not. I prefer the notion of chapters because stage theorists tend to think in terms of development in general.

The notion of chapters allows for the unique experience of the individual within the context of their own lifetime. When I ask workshop participants to divide their life up into different chapters, most of them can do so quite readily:

- Chapter 1 – growing up;
- Chapter 2 – getting an education;
- Chapter 3 – going off to war;
- Chapter 4 – raising a family, and so on.

And of course, within each chapter are any number of sub-chapters, but ultimately all of them will be unique to my experience.

My point is that, unlike stage approaches to understanding development, the concept of chapters respects that each person story is ultimately unique – or *novel*, as I'm fond of putting it. Indeed, "Everyone's life is worth a novel", to quote the French author, Gustave Flaubert.

RD: And life's "slings and arrows" can threaten to "de-story" us. How is that?

BR: Yes, life's slings and arrows can certainly be devastating: a diagnosis of cancer, for example, or a stroke or the loss of a spouse. These are painful for us because they undermine the cherished narrative by which we've been living our lives to date. In that respect, they do indeed de-story us.

But other people can de-story us as well. In a healthcare setting, to take but one example, if none of the staff ever take the time to listen to me, to learn something about my own unique story, to give me a bit of *narrative* care and not just medical care, then before I know it I will find I'm scripted into the role of "patient" or, worse still, "the gallbladder in room 13B".

That's soul de-storying for sure, and it's an example of narrative foreclosure that (with the best of intentions, no doubt) gets foisted upon us by others, by the system and by the powers that be.

RD: Our personal story may be our most precious possession, especially the older we get.

BR: The older we get, the *thicker* we become, narratively speaking, due to the simple fact that we've been around longer than our younger friends and family members. In other words, there are simply more events, more characters, more themes, more settings and more subplots at work in the story of our life.

Another way of saying this is that we have greater "biographical capital", in which case perhaps later life can be thought of as a time to draw on the interest that has accumulated, to harvest the wisdom and insight that has been building quietly inside our story over the years.

The reason I say that our story may be our most precious possession is that, let's face it, with later life can come lots and lots of changes and losses in our circumstances – loss of mobility, loss of partner, and loss of independence. But as for our *story*? As the song goes, "No, they can't take that away from me."

Or can they? Dementia would seem to represent the ultimate example of de-storying – unless, that is, others are open to exercising narrative care towards me, and piecing together and honouring my story on my behalf.

RD: More recently, you looked at the potential of a good strong story to foster personal resilience (online in *The Gerontologist* April 26, 2012) . . .

BR: Yes, my hunch for some time has been that what distinguishes those individuals who seem able not just to cope with the changes and challenges of later life but to, if you like, *grow* through them is having what I call "a good strong story" about themselves and their world.

When I think of such a story, though, I don't mean "strong" in the sense of rigid, unbending or egocentric. Rather, a good strong story is strong in the way that, say, an elm tree or an oak tree is strong, with its many branches, its roots reaching down in all directions, and its gift of bending gracefully to wind and storm.

As to what we can each do to develop such a story? Among other things, we can join a life writing group, or a guided autobiography group or a reminiscence group and, in the course of writing, telling and sharing our life story with supportive listeners, we'll become more aware of and reflect on some of those stories which, over the years, have become especially central to our sense of self.

In this way, I believe, we can achieve a greater measure of self-acceptance (so important in later life). We can make more sense of painful episodes in our past and open ourselves to the wisdom that lies in our own unique narratives.

In the process, our stories become thicker inside of us. If you will, we *stretch* them - through the connections we experience with the stories of others. This reduces our sense of isolation and helps us feel that in the end, we're part of a larger process.

My point is that our own unique story is never about us alone. Rather, through it and by going more deeply *into* it, we tap into the broader *human* or even the *cosmic* story. This helps to lighten up our hearts, such that we can bring a healthy sense of irony and even humor to those slings and arrows we mentioned earlier.

Study: Older African Americans Tout the Power of Religious Song

Older African Americans use religious songs to cope with major life stressors such as a serious illness or the loss of a loved one, a new study has found.

Researchers interviewed 65 African Americans living in the southeastern United States. They ranged in age from 50 to 75 years, and all were part of a church congregation or other religious group. The study was led by Dr. Jill Hamilton, assistant professor in nursing at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

The findings appeared online in *The Gerontologist* on May 15, 2012.

Songs of thanksgiving and praise

Hamilton and her colleagues discovered participants derived meaning and comfort from several types of religious songs, especially songs evoking thanksgiving and praise. *Amazing Grace* topped their list of favourites.

An 85-year-old woman described how this song helped her find peace after her husband's death. "I used to sing *Amazing Grace* a lot all the time."

Similarly, a 66-year-old man, who suffered a brain aneurysm, found strength through humming the lyrics of a gospel song *God is My Everything*.

God is my everything, He's my joy in sorrow, He's my hope for tomorrow, He's my rock in a weary land, A shelter in time of storm, God is, God is my everything.

Songs of instruction

Researchers found some participants were drawn to songs that affirmed God's presence in their lives and encouraged them to rely on His power.

For example, the song *Harvest Time* was a source of hope for a 50-year-old woman, coping with treatments for cancer. "It [the song] brought me through," she said.

Songs of communion

Other participants compared songs like *Precious Lord Take My Hand* and *Touch Me Lord Jesus* to conversing with God directly and requesting healing and strength.

A 69-year-old woman explained how *Jesus Be a Fence All Around Me* helped to comfort her after a serious car accident: "I was thanking Him all the time that I was just still alive."

Family songs

Several participants reported they had learned religious songs as children. And older relatives had told them a song would get them through a stressful situation.

This point was reiterated by a 69-year-old cancer patient. He said the songs he learned from his grandmother reminded him of a previous time, when they helped to soothe and comfort him.

Songs of life after death

Finally, a small number of participants reported finding reassurance in songs that promised a future life in heaven and where loved ones would be seen again.

This group emphasized Negro spirituals including, *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*, *Old Ship of Zion*, and *By and By*.

Songs linked to mental health

For generations, religious songs have been a part of the oral tradition of African Americans. The new research reveals how older African Americans use religious songs in a personal way to boost their mental health.

Researchers say the findings could help improve the cultural relevance of mental health programs for older African Americans. For example, a healthcare professional could ask

about a favourite song to help a patient feel more at ease talking about mental health issues.

Audio Novel: A Grandfather Talks About Fear
By Carol Matthews

Over the past 20 years, 64-year-old musician and songwriter Rick Scott has been writing longhand notes in his journal about the importance of fear in our lives.

Performing shows at public schools, Scott had often observed little boys wearing T-shirts with slogans like “No fear,” and “Just do it!”

“It got me thinking about my own experience with fear. Years ago I played the title role in a Canadian tour of the musical *Barnum*, for which I had to walk a tightrope across the 30 foot stage, 12 feet up in the air, singing all the way.”

Scott had never walked a tightrope. He knew that he would not only have to learn the skill but also to deal with his fear. Having no understudy meant if he fell – and he did! – then he just had to climb right back up and do it again.

“I discovered that bravado is not the answer. You have to leave a place for fear, and you have to get to know it.”

Acknowledging and conquering fear is at the heart of *The Great Gazzoon*, Scott’s story of a music-loving boy who has to face the challenge of walking the wire between two mountains in order to safeguard his community. A musical audio novel, it consists of four CDs and a 40-page songbook with 50 original illustrations by Ottawa artist Linda Sanborn.

The characters in this delightful tale are ones with whom we can all engage. The young boy, Gazoon Wazoo, prefers singing to talking. It is his ancestral task to face the challenge of the tightrope, but instead he’s been playing his musical instrument, a “shnookimer”, and making up songs with his special “ekko” and his poetry-writing friend, Princess Pindoolah. The young princess loves words just as much as Gazoon loves music, and she convinces her father, the King, to put her in charge of the alphabet so she can give away letters to honour good deeds. She and Gazoon form an unlikely alliance based on his putting her words to music.

Their magical adventure takes place in the mountain of Jabbi Cragg that clings like moss to the cliffs of Mount Lanadoon. The sidewalks are so narrow that everyone walks sideways. The cliffs are so steep that you can see ekkos as well as hear them. The story, which unfolds over four hours and 60 chapters, is a gripping one.

It was Valley Hennell, co-writer and producer of Scott's seven award-winning children's CDs, who imagined *The Great Gazzino* as audio cinema and rewrote Rick's original manuscript and produced the recording.

"Your story can't be told without music," Princess Pindoolah tells Gazzino, and so said Hennell to Scott. Scott created the music, performed it on dulcimers that are plucked, strummed, hammered and bowed. He also plays trombone, strumstick, shakuhachi, flute, hang, thumb piano, thunder drum and dishwasher.

The performers range from seven to 75 years and include a variety of professional artists, a number of neighbours and three of Scott's grandchildren. Scott played eight of the 22 characters.

"There was an element of chaos present through some of the recording sessions," Hennell laughs. "With the community all coming together, it was a bit like Christmas without the turkey!"

Illustrator Linda Sanborn brought an eclectic expertise to the task of portraying the unusual characters and setting. She holds a doctorate in old and middle English literature from the University of Ottawa and a diploma in editorial illustration from the Ontario College of Art. Sanborn has illustrated for various Canadian publications including *Maclean's*, *The Globe and Mail*, and *Owl and Chickadee*. Recently retired from a 40 year stint teaching literature, art and art history at Heritage College in Gatineau, Que., Canada, Sanborn now lives in Ottawa where she breeds Swedish Vallhunds.

Turning her hand to *The Great Gazzino*, Sanborn has created colorful portraits that bring the story's whimsical creatures to life.

"It was a real challenge to draw an ekko, she admits. "The Wind and the shnooks were easy to envision, but we went back to the drawing board lots of times before we could agree on the ekko. It taught me that you just have to keep trying. If you give up, well, you'll never see an ekko!"

Sticking with your dreams and pursuing a goal with courage and devotion, however challenging the journey, is a powerful message in *The Great Gazzino*, which makes it a story to be enjoyed, not just by children, but by people of all ages. Fear is something we always have to deal with, especially as we age and, like Gazzino, we all need courage and endurance.

It's not the first time Scott's musical work has been inspired by his role as grandfather.

"When my second grandchild was born with Down Syndrome, it caused me to think of music in a different way. I wanted to raise awareness about the needs and joys of children with Down Syndrome, and I also wanted to raise funds for the Down Syndrome Research Foundation."

But this new work is a little different, he says, noting that as a grandfather of nine children, he finds himself worrying about the frightening world we live in.

“I wanted to talk openly with my grandchildren, and with other children, about fear – about how we can find ways to live with and learn from it – and about tradition. I hope it will leave children with the message that they came from somewhere and are going somewhere.”

Clearly Rick Scott is a grandfather worth listening to.

THE GREAT GAZZOOK will be launched at the Vancouver International Writers and Reader Festival on October 16 and 17, 2012, as well as other venues across Canada. It is available for \$30 from www.gazzook.com, CD Baby, and stores including Kidsbooks in Vancouver, Tall Tale Books and Kaboodles in Victoria, and Books on Beechwood in Ottawa.

Carol Matthews is a Vancouver-born writer and consultant, and author of five books including The First Three Years of a Grandmother’s Life (Sandhill Book Marketing) and Questions For Ariadne: The Labyrinth and the End of Times (Outlaw Editions). In 2012, she was awarded the Order of British Columbia.

Study: Seniors Meet Gentrification in Toronto’s Little Portugal

Toronto’s Little Portugal is a neighbourhood in transition, and not everyone’s happy.

Located in the downtown west end of Toronto, Little Portugal is home to the largest concentration of Portuguese in Canada. Over the past two decades, large numbers of urban professionals have moved into the neighbourhood, attracted by its downtown location and large stock of Victorian housing.

Cafés, restaurants and new businesses have followed.

Many Portuguese homeowners in their 40s and 50s have sold their homes and moved to single detached houses in Mississauga and Brampton. Well-off older Portuguese have also moved to the suburbs to be close to their adult children.

Immigrant seniors on fixed incomes have been hardest hit by this gentrification of the neighbourhood, says Carlos Teixeira, an associate professor of geography at the University of British Columbia.

“Most . . . are first generation, born in Portugal, blue collar workers with low levels of education and little knowledge of the English language.”

Teixeira's study was published in *Diversity and Aging Among Immigrant Seniors in Canada* (Detselig Enterprises Ltd).

A neighbourhood in transition

Sixty-five per cent of respondents reported steadily rising property taxes and high maintenance costs had become major concerns for low-income people in the past few years, including older Portuguese on fixed incomes.

“Some Portuguese seniors have problems maintaining their houses,” one respondent said. “If they are on a fixed income – a pension of \$1,000 – it’s not going very far. How can they pay for repairs?”

As a result, some older residents have sold their homes and moved to the suburbs. Many still return to Little Portugal to do business and to participate in the cultural and religious life of the community.

“My bank (Portuguese-owned) decided to open on Saturdays because we have clients that come from Mississauga, Brampton Kitchener, Cambridge ...,” one Portuguese bank manager said.

We won't go

Teixeira also found older Portuguese determined to stay in the community.

This group bought their homes in the 1950s and 1960s, when housing was inexpensive. For these older adults, proximity to Portuguese cultural and religious institutions and businesses trumps everything else.

As one respondent put it, “What’s the point to sell for good bucks, cash some money and go to the suburbs far away from the Portuguese community? That’s not what they want.”

Faced with increasing costs, many cope by renting out part of their homes. Most renters are Portuguese-speaking immigrants who make informal arrangements with homeowners without written leases and contracts.

Even so, many older residents have difficulty making ends meet.

One respondent, who worked as an aide to a provincial member of parliament explained:

Everyday, my number one job is dealing with people complaining to me because they are seniors and they can't afford their hydro. They can't afford to pay for the water; they cannot afford to pay their property taxes. They are all Portuguese. That's why they all come to my office, because I speak Portuguese, and that's the number one issue we are dealing with now . . .

Respondents also expressed concern about the community's aging population: "The major challenge now is how to accommodate our seniors in terms of housing in a cultural place where they feel at home."

Downtown living for the wealthy

The study concludes that the exodus to the suburbs by many Portuguese and the disappearance of affordable housing threatens the long-term viability of Little Portugal and its cultural and business institutions.

And they are not the only ones under pressure. Alan Walks and Richard Maaranen of the [University of Toronto](http://www.utoronto.ca) have found that gentrification in Montreal and Vancouver had similar effects. Researchers warn if the trend continues, Canada's metropolitan areas will become the preserves of elites, creating segregated and fragmented communities rather than inclusive ones.

ROUNDUP

DISCOVER A WORLD OF POSSIBILITIES: For many of us September is a time of new beginnings. Want to learn something new? Check out [Coursera](http://www.coursera.org), a U.S. company offering free online courses from top universities to anyone in the world with a computer. No prerequisites required.

Coursera offers courses in the arts, computer science, health, mathematics, history, literature and other disciplines. The courses do not count for credit towards a degree but students receive certificates for completing their studies.

These courses seem especially well suited to older adults with time and in search of new worlds.

Coursera has attracted more than a dozen universities to its online platform including: Stanford University, University of Edinburgh and the University of Toronto.

RUSSIA: BAD FOR MEN: The decline in male life expectancy in Russia is one of the most significant and unexpected developments in world health during the late 20th century, says William Cockerham, a leading medical sociologist at the University of Alabama in Birmingham, Al., U.S.A.

The average male life expectancy in Russia today is 64.3 years. In Canada, men have a life expectancy of 78.3 years. This is a startling 14-year difference.

So why are Russian men dying prematurely?

The problem is caused by a combination of factors, says Cockerham, but lifestyle is the chief culprit.

Highlights from his findings:

- Premature deaths are due to cardiovascular diseases and alcohol abuse.
- Russian males are heavy smokers and consume large amounts of alcohol. They eat high-fat diets and avoid regular exercise.
- The rise in male mortality is most prevalent among middle-aged blue-collar workers with lower levels of education.
- Drinking is a common aspect of Russian social life. For instance, large amounts of alcohol are consumed at weddings, birthdays and other celebrations.

Cockerham reported his research online in the *Sociology of Health & Illness* on April 12, 2012.

WHY ETHNIC NURSING HOMES MAKE A DIFFERENCE: For Siu Tin Ho, 87, living at a nursing home is much better than the monotony of being cooped up in the house. “I don’t want to live with my children,” she said.

It may help that Siu Tin Ho lives at the [Yee Hong Geriatric Care Centre](#) in Mississauga (Ont., Canada), a home catering to the needs of the Chinese population.

Early research suggests ethnic-focused nursing homes may provide significant health benefits for residents, with easy communication, cultural traditions and native cuisine easing the stress that can come with being transplanted into a mainstream nursing home.

According to Susan Griffin Thomas, director of care at Yee Hong, the home has fewer falls, less hospitalizations and lower rates of depression among its residents, compared with those living in mainstream homes.

Dr. Karen Kobayashi, a research affiliate at the University of Victoria’s Centre on Aging, says staff culture has a lot to do with Yee Hong’s success. “They specifically screen for care workers who have the same philosophy around care as the home does and they drill that into their staff,” Kobayashi said. “You don’t see that at other mainstream homes.”

Source: globeandmail.com

THE SCHOOL AROUND THE CORNER IS NOT THE SAME: Children of a tiny two-teacher school in Kilrusheighter, Sligo, Ireland, got a surprise when they welcomed their grandparents to school recently.

Grandparents did not have to bring their books or lunch, just stories from their own school days. The evening of reminiscence was part of the 50th anniversary of the school opening.

Eamon Carney arrived with his schoolbag and showed the pupils the diary he started keeping in 1955, the year his father died.

Another grandparent pulled up a sally rod (a wooden stick) from beside his chair and demonstrated how his teacher used the stick on him and his classmates. Six slaps on each hand.

The children's eyes widened.

"Six seemed to be the magic number," one granddad said. "The teacher liked the number six."

Another grandparent said the boys tried to hide the sticks on the teacher. "There were holes in the floors and the boys would put them down the hole."

"It's cruel," the children said.

Source: [RTÉ Radio: Documentary on One: Bring Your Grandparents to School Day](#)