

# The world where I live.

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Welcome viewer, sit back and let me tell you a story of the land I respect.

Before my family's arrival, the house had already been built and was inhabited by another family. This family consisted of a mother and her teenage son who left quite suddenly. At first, we were concerned that maybe they left because the house was bad. Maybe it was poorly built? Maybe there was an infestation? Or maybe it was haunted? In any case, we remained vigilant and our mother told us to report any weird findings to her. Luckily there were no weird findings to report. After setting up the furniture and finishing touches, the empty house began to feel like home.

Our house is located in the Main and Danforth area of Toronto which is situated on the traditional territory of several nations including the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishnabeg (ah-nish-naw-bek), the Chippewa (chi-puh-waa), the Haudenosaunee (hoodt-en-oh-show-nee) and the Wendat peoples. Acknowledging those who came before us is an important part of my family's beliefs because we are descendants of the Aztec people.

We acknowledge that this is not our land but like the belief of the Aztecs, we care for the land nonetheless. We thank the land for the beauty that it grows, the sunlight it invites and the nutrition it provides. We connect with the land, we pray for the land and we thank the land, in these ways, we respect the land.