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Acknowledgments

This is the moment when the author thanks the many who participate in the making of any work. It is also a moment when the author mentions that, though many did participate, the responsibility for the final product rests solely with the author. The acknowledgment task is more complex when the work is the product of a collectivity with multiple ties to the many involved in the elaboration of parts of the work. The partial solution we use in the book is to include a special acknowledgment section in each of the ethnographic chapters. Many, in all sorts of settings, allowed us entry into their lives, and we are very thankful for their openness.

But this solution is not really satisfactory. This dissatisfaction led to my writing an extended coda "on collaboration" (Appendix 3) that is also an extended acknowledgment of the hosts with whom I have been in conversation over the many years of my career. This book, I argue, is a "next" statement in this conversation about education in (everyday) life. I hope this book, as statement, is taken in the spirit of a return gift that will trigger further statements in the future of a conversation that will probably not end any time soon.

I do want to thank those who have helped with the final production of the book. I will mention Corinne Kentor, Angelique Olmo, Rachel Simon, and Bridget Bartolini. Corinne Kentor was particularly helpful in the final editing of the manuscript and deserves a special mention. My editors at Routledge must also be thanked for making my work, and that of all my coauthors, available to a broader audience.

And I want to mention those who cannot be mentioned, except in this particular position in a book: my wife, children, their spouses, their children. All keep challenging me in surprising ways that are delightful even when they smart. I like to tell of one such moment when my mother's mother surprised me. She had never quite made it to eighth grade but she was also mother-in-law to a university professor. So, perhaps, she knew just what to teach a newly minted Ph.D.: "Tu as plus d'instruction que moi, mais pas plus d'éducation." She knew what it took me many more years to learn, and then to say—schooling is not education. When, 50 years later, in my 70s, I enter new "communities of practice" in hospitals or

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rehabilitation centers, or when I face Medicare regulations, I acknowledge my grandmother's wisdom. I also acknowledge the wisdom in the wonder of a grandson telling how he and his friends discovered that I had written a blog about memes. Who would have thought a grandfather did such things! How do you tell him that he got it wrong? And, perhaps, how do you escape the lecture the anthropologist in the grandfather could not *then* try not to give?

Who was learning more at such moments is something I am glad no one is trying to measure, assess, or transform into gate-keeping moments. My grandson was happy. I was happy. For all these moments, even the more difficult ones, I am thankful.

Hervé Varenne