

*Ubiquity: The Journal of Literature, Literacy, and the Arts,*  
*Praxis Strand, Vol. 7 No. 2, Fall/Winter 2020, pp. 1-9*

Ubiquity: <http://ed-ubiquity.gsu.edu/wordpress/>

ISSN: 2379-3007

**In Memoriam: March, 2020 – Present**

© Gertrude Tinker Sachs

*Georgia State University*

Correspondence concerning this article should be directed to Gertrude Tinker Sachs, Ph.D.,  
Georgia State University, College of Education and Human Development, 30 Pryor Street,  
Atlanta, GA 30303.

Contact: [praxisubiquity@gmail.com](mailto:praxisubiquity@gmail.com)

*Ubiquity: The Journal of Literature, Literacy, and the Arts, Praxis Strand, Vol. 7 No. 2,*

Fall/Winter 2020

**In Memoriam: March, 2020 – Present**

A moment in time

Can be a moment

A year

A lifetime

And yet,

Reflecting on a moment

During the moment

Is different from

Reflecting

After the moment

After the moment has passed.

And so

We reflect on

Covid19.

For COVID-19, time has not yet passed. Around the world, the pandemic rages on and here in the United States, we are still facing the challenges of people dying as well as the added challenges of COVID variants and who and how many have or have not received vaccinations. As I thought of an appropriate account of this time of COVID-19 reckoning, I think the title “In

Memoriam” is most appropriate for this sobering and sacred time. Our journal felt the impact and we could not devote time to Praxis because our minds were helter-skelter and deeply absorbed with other matters, like how to survive a pandemic. Our worlds were all turned upside down and we could not all comprehend the far-reaching impact of what was going on locally, nationally, and internationally as we watched on television and watched accounts from around the nation and around the globe. Those of us who survived have been in mourning and some of us are just now coming out of it despite the remaining scars and tears. Here is my tribute:

Think of the countless graves stacked up in countries around the world that did not have the resources and infrastructure to meet the needs of their citizens;

Think of the hospitalized with no one to hold their hands or visit them;

Think of the dead with no one to mourn them;

Think of all the funerals that could not be held;

Some buried without fanfare or relatives;

Some deposited into mass graves.

Think of all the older folks in nursing homes who could not see their families;

Their frail bodies and fading memories

Dying before death

Think still of all of the parents who could not go to work because they had to stay home and care for their children.

Think of all the children who could not go to school and had to be cooped up at home,

Unable to venture out to play and be with their friends and teachers.

Think of all the communities and the gathering places,

becoming ghost towns,

gathering places no more,

shuttered and closed.

Think of all those who were obligated to go to work despite fearing for their lives: the grocery store clerks, the cashiers, the delivery people, the bus drivers, doctors, nurses, hospital workers, school cleaners, garbage collectors, the grave diggers ...

Think of how quiet the airports were, no people, no planes.

Think of how quiet the streets were, no people, no cars

Think of how empty the grocery store shelves were, no toilet paper, no hand sanitizers

Think of the pets, and their owners, not knowing what to do

Think of how empty we were

Think of how scared we were

Think of how uncertain we were

Think of how essential masks, ventilators, and gloves were

Think of how so many around the world, had none.

We know this is not a sci-fi movie.

This was real.

This is still real in many places.

As I coined these words, I suddenly acknowledged what I had failed to voice all those months ago as I had lived through moments of responding to what needed to be done to run a department at a university. I was one of the blessed ones. I had an outlet. A way out. Now I am feeling the release of all of my bottled-up emotions, fears, trials, unshed tears for the lost, the vulnerable, the dead, the homeless, the refugees, the hungry and the lonely. So many lonely, scared souls. The loss of touch and the birth of Zoom. The fighting evocation of Dylan Thomas's famous poem "Do not go gentle into that good night" comes to my mind as I mourn yet celebrate the many human forces vigorously combatting the pandemic. All of us need to fight for our lives and the lives of those around us and far away from us in other countries.

Do not go gentle into that good night,

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

Because their words had forked no lightning they

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see the blinding sight

Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

(Dylan Thomas 1914-1953)

I should not be surprised by the latency of my response. In times of crisis, I react and respond to get things done and then I have a crash, a falling into the abyss from the carrying of burdens, the emotions, the wear and fear of COVID. Because now comes the reflecting. The

thinking, because now we have a lull; a vaccine, in fact vaccines, to carry some of us until the next time.

We at *Ubiquity – Praxis* take this moment in time to reflect, to recover, to grow: to become better, nicer, kinder, more generous and more proactive human beings to all who live on this Earth. Do not go gentle into that good night.

Mawusi Kambui Pierre and Alex Stark, both teachers and doctoral students, add their insights on how the pandemic impacted them as educators, in different settings. We invite you too, to share your reflections with us for our special issue, Fall 2021. Kambui Pierre and Stark dwell on the struggles that the pandemic wrought on their teaching, but most of all they imbue their report with the hopefulness the pandemic birthed through the merging of home and school and the enactment of a stronger pedagogy of love and caring. They had to embrace more explicitly the humanity of their students. This is something we can all do better whether there is a pandemic or not and whether we are online or offline. The world can always use a lot more LOVE and CARE.

**References**

Thomas, D. (2010). *Dylan Thomas: Collected poems*. New Directions.

**Author Bio:** Gertrude Tinker Sachs, Ph.D., is Chair of the Department of Middle and Secondary Education (MSE) of Georgia State University and Associate Professor of ESOL, Language, and Literacy. As a critical teacher educator professor, Dr. Tinker Sachs' research focuses on inquiry-oriented local and international teacher professional development through transformative culturally responsive literacy pedagogies in English as a first or additional language in low-income communities.