

HOPE CALENDAR

Death has been my greatest fear during Covid.

Not my own death of the virus, but something else.

Restrictions descended on us quickly, particularly here in Melbourne, and the freedom to move and congregate quickly slipped away and isolation replaced our choices.

Many deaths clouded in on me. The death of working as a photographer and filmmaker, the death of being a punter at live gigs, the death of long drives, the death of space. A space we could no longer reach out to... no longer inhabit.

More literally, death took on new meaning during covid. At a time when most come together at death, Covid kept us apart, and this surely was the greatest of all pains for so many. Truly I felt fear that should something happen to someone close, the coming together would be left to pixels on a screen. A substitution revolution born.

My friend's father passed away during Covid when numbers of mourners were limited to 10.

I felt as an image maker I could offer my friend a link to those of his family that could not attend. I offered to photograph his father's funeral and present this online, not live, but in reflection, a moving show of images over music . This would be an emotional outreach, not just a literal shoot and show.

I attended his father's funeral, when his father's own family couldn't and I concentrated on the subtlety of that which matters.

Words on the headstone highlighting his life's work as a loved husband and loving father. The carrying of the coffin, the holding of hands for support, the casting of dirt to the grave, the sun through the trees, and the farewell celebration.

One family member wrote; "That was the most beautiful funeral I have never attended."

Covid is a reminder to us all of that which is important.

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