Our first world war

This issue is a tribute to those working on the front lines of the coronavirus pandemic

Photograph © Peter Turnley
Void of cars
Empty streets became commonplace due to shelter-in-place orders.

March 17, 2020: The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, left, is eerily devoid of cars after midnight as San Francisco shut down. Six Bay Area counties issued a shelter-in-place order for residents to try to curtail the spread of the coronavirus.
By Carlos Avila Gonzalez
San Francisco Chronicle

March 22, 2020: Above, very few cars and pedestrians are on Elm Street in downtown Dallas ahead of Judge Clay Jenkins’ shelter-in-place order.
By Tom Fox
The Dallas Morning News
In early March I was halfway through designing and editing the Best of Photojournalism issue when the pandemic made a serious turn for the worse. BOP judging had just ended, NPPA’s Northern Short Course was over, the News Video Workshop, Immersion and the Advance Storytelling Workshop were gearing up to welcome participants. And boom. Much of the revenue we depend upon to keep this venerable organization running came to a screeching halt. And so did the BOP issue. Those best-laid plans? Out the window.

But photojournalists tend to be innate problem solvers. We’re resilient creatures and bounce back. We’re all in this together and yet so very far apart.

In the first of three emergency Zoom meetings of the board of directors, it was obvious to me what I needed to do. The May/June issue of News Photographer – this issue – had to be a tribute to those working on the front lines. I had to scramble.

Despite their obvious challenges, the regular contributors to the magazine were all in. Ross Taylor, Autumn Payne, Julie Elman, Eric Maierson teach college classes, so they were also adapting to remote classes. Matt Pearl was on paternity leave and wanted to write about his perspective (page 23). Stewart Pittman jotted down his stark experiences as a television photographer (page 39). Editor Emeritus Donald Winslow gave me a call a week before my deadline. He ended up writing about how this magazine began on the heels of World War II and now we’re in a very different kind of world war (page 6). Peter Turnley’s words echo that sentiment (page 5).

Autumn’s column arrived on a day that wasn’t going well. Six sentences in and my emotional response was unexpected. Her words jolted me out of feeling overwhelmed and wanted to write about his perspective.

“...I was working in a silo, and an idea was formed. I turned to social media and asked for pictures of photographers working while covering the coronavirus. Moments after the call went out, pictures rolled into my email. Masked and gloved photographers with eyes peering at me. You could tell some were smiling underneath their masks. You could also see stress. This is for you, the visual storytellers who are out there facing personal risks because it’s what we do. Call us crazy, but photojournalists tend to be innate problem solvers. We’re resilient creatures and bounce back. We’re all in this together and yet so very far apart...”

SUE MORROW
EDITOR

Someone once said: The best plans always go sideways.
“It’s what we do.”

This is something my editor Sue Morrow says a lot. I’ve worked with her since 2004 and continue to do so to this day. But at no time like the present have those words really sunk in.

We are facing the single biggest crisis of our lifetime. And we are stepping up to the plate. “It’s what we do.”

Last month a former colleague of mine posed this question to The Sacramento Bee’s Facebook page: Who are the unsung heroes of this pandemic? The public answered: medical workers, janitors, grocery store workers.

And my answer to that question is you. You are an unsung hero of this pandemic.

You who are young and new to this field, picking up three assignments before 10 a.m. because the staff has been cut so small. You.

You who are a veteran visual professional who pounds the pavement telling stories that will forever define this moment for history. You.

Continued on the next page
You who work long hard hours from home, hearing someone else take care of your kids on the other side of the door so that you can keep the pressure on our elected officials and ask the tough questions that will lead to answers, 

You who are berated by the president of the United States. 

You who ignore all attacks from the public, or choose to laugh them off, when they blame you for creating the pandemic. 

You who turn the other cheek. 

You who risk your personal safety and well-being for an ungrateful public, a public that has ample insults and few words of praise. 

You who has left your job in a newsroom but seeks another way to use your skills to help the public: 

By pivoting at a moment’s notice to convert your in-person classroom material into remote instruction so your students can learn in a crisis so that they will one day take up the torch. 

By representing politicians who are seeking to communicate with their public. 

Continued on the next page
By documenting your own story from your home and add to the collective visual experience of this time.

By throwing yourself into the duties of your job after journalism. You need a break. You need to fill your own cup.

I initially wanted to write to you about how you might do that, because, gosh darn it, you deserve it. But I also know that you will not stop until this has eased up. And the answers to what gives you that joy and well-being are individual to each person. Seek that out when you are able — even if it's for five minutes before the day has begun.

So this is a love letter to you, in case no one has told you lately: You are doing a great job. You are amazing. You are always committed, hardworking and purpose-filled. I feel honored to count myself among you.

“It’s what we do.”

Autumn Payne is an independent visual journalist based in Sacramento, Calif. She can be reached at autumnpayne.com.
A message from the board of directors

The National Press Photographers Association’s board of directors wants to assure you, our members, that we are here for you as we all face a new reality during the COVID-19 pandemic. You may have noticed from recent announcements that the board has been meeting more frequently than ever, to monitor and ensure the financial stability of the association and its members.

We care deeply about you, our colleagues, especially at a time when so many of you — independent and staff visual journalists — are experiencing a loss of work and are being directly exposed to the risks this virus poses to you while on the front lines of news coverage. Our work as journalists has never been more challenging nor more vital as we strive to accurately inform the public. Supporting and advocating for you and the work you do is the core mission of our organization and we will continue exploring ways we can continue to be there for you into the future.

Some facts: As a 501(c)(6) — a membership organization that promotes the common business or trade of its members — we don’t have access to the Payroll Protection Plan portion of the CARES Act, the recent relief measures the federal government extended to assist other nonprofits and businesses. Like many organizations, all of our spring educational workshops have been postponed. This has caused significant financial strain. We are working to find ways to make up for this loss while causing as little disruption as possible to the services you value most.

Still, we remain committed to our mission: the advancement of visual journalism. This is why we have provided health and safety resources, resources on funding opportunities, services to members with legal issues related to coverage of the pandemic, four online town halls, multiple smaller online gatherings, and are planning more online educational opportunities. Our relief fund with the National Press Photographer Foundation, to bring assistance to our members most affected by this pandemic, raised nearly $40,000 (see page 16). If you have creative ideas for how else we can serve you, please let us know.

As we plan our next steps, we want to thank you for your continued support of the NPPA. Without you, we cannot exist. With you, our voice is even stronger. We are proud of the work our members are doing, and honored to have you in our ranks. In the meantime, reach out. Tell us how we can help.

How are you?

Amid one of the worst crises to face our industry, our world, we need to pause for a moment. Slowly exhale and relax the shoulders. How are you doing? We know that you all have been working at a seemingly unending level of stress and effort. Our world has changed so dramatically and profoundly, and we are all still trying to determine our way forward. It’s important that we find moments for ourselves to reflect and acknowledge the change.

As we find our footing, visuals will continue to have a vital role in journalism. The National Press Photographers Association will be here to continue to support, advocate and provide resources for our members to adapt and thrive as our industry continues to evolve.

Who Moved My Cheese?

This is the title of a very popular book from the ‘90s that spoke to the concept of adapting to change. The head-spinning evolution of technology in the past few decades completely disrupted journalism, and the industry as a whole was caught flat-footed, responding in reluctant fits and spurts. The recession affiliated with the coronavirus response has continued a seismic shift. Staff jobs continue to be cut, and more visual journalists at all career levels are facing a seismic shift. Staff jobs continue to be cut, and more visual journalists at all career levels are facing a loss of work and are being laid off as the industry reacts to the recession.

With the uncertainty surrounding future in-person events, we are expanding our virtual training into a core part of our programming. We have held four virtual town halls aimed at different parts of our membership and will continue to find ways to connect our community. Our event chairs, who spend countless hours on our workshops, short courses and contests, are likewise looking to continue our mission to educate and inspire safely, amid whatever public health conditions dictate.

We have seen our peers furloughed or laid off as the industry reacts to the recession. Our mission is to provide support for our members in all positions. Our recent fundraiser for members in need raised over $40,000. We were humbled by the response and the ability to provide relief at a time of financial crisis. This is why we, and our volunteers, do this work. Stability can be fleeting, and helping one another is the only way to keep going.

In that vein, NPPA is facing its own financial challenges in the coronavirus era. We have decided, for now, to move publication of News Photographer magazine completely online after this May/June issue. Our editor, Sue Morrow, has brought new life to each issue, highlighting your work, and elevating voices that are needed across our craft. It has been wonderful to see the magazine reach this new level in a short period of time. The decades of work that have graced its pages will not fade in the sunlight. Her work will continue digitally, and we will continue to focus on communicating the best of our industry. This issue proves the strength of that mission.

Your work during this crisis shines here. Even with the constraints of covering a pandemic from a distance and without traditional structures, you have innovated and adapted. Every story you create about your community is essential. Every highlight of a local hero, every illumination of actions taken against the public good, even the lighthearted feature that brings a brief smile amid uncertainty serves a purpose.

Despite the challenges this time brings, our work will not stop. Our advocacy efforts will remain bold, and we will continue to be a force in visual leadership. Our counsel continues to work on legislative issues as well as aiding members who have been interfered with while performing their jobs.

We are only as strong as our membership and we thank those of you who are part of the NPPA. If you’re engaging with us for the first time, welcome, and thank you. If you have been with us, please stay the course. Your support for the NPPA helps us support you.

Thank you.

Andrew Stanfill, NPPA President
president@nppa.org

Akili Ramsess, NPPA Executive Director
director@nppa.org

We didn’t know in early March that the Northern Short Course would be the last gathering for a while. With disinfectant on the table, from left, Andrew Stanfill, NPPA president; Akili Ramsess, NPPA executive director; Melia; Lyttle, past president; Alicia Calzada, NPPA general counsel, greeted attendees.
In Memoriam
Anthony J. Causi
1971-2020

Anthony Causi is the first photojournalist known to have died from coronavirus. He was memorialized on social media by Derek Jeter and other notable sports figures. To pay respect for a good deed done a few years ago, six billboards were recently placed around New Jersey by Drew Katz, owner of Interstate Outdoor Advertising, with a black and white picture of Causi holding a camera and a caption that reads, “In Loving Memory, Anthony J. Causi, 1971-2020.”

The following was posted on David Handschuh’s Facebook page April 12 and published here with permission.

Being on the front page of a newspaper with a powerful image is the dream that visual journalists have on a regular basis. It means you have the photo for the story of the day. Sports photographers long for the honor of having their work on the back page of the New York Post. It means that you have captured the play of the game. The ball is just hitting the first baseman’s glove on the big play of the big game. The sweat is flying off a boxer, stunned as a leather glove catches him squarely in the face. So many newspaper readers flip the Post to the back page, reading the newsprint from right to left like a Hebrew prayer book. Well, today our community turns to the back page to mourn a colleague.

Anthony J. Causi put up a championship-level fight for the last several weeks. He ran the New York City Marathon. He went to Game 7 of the Stanley Cup playoffs. He pitched from the mound at Yankee Stadium and tossed pass after pass in the Super Bowl fight for his life.

Unfortunately, that motherfucker won. Anthony died this evening (April 12) at age 48 from coronavirus. He leaves behind his wife, Romina, and their children, John and Mia.

To those who read “The book,” the newspaper, from back to front, your world will be a good bit emptier without his images. Anthony was sports photography in New York. Every player, coach, photographer, editor and reader is shedding a tear this evening for your loss.

Rest In Peace, sir. Your images are history. Your laugh and smile will not be forgotten.

David Handschuh

NPPA’s COVID-19 Emergency Relief Fund

News photographers are on the front lines of every major disaster, and the COVID-19 pandemic is an unprecedented story with historic global impact. In addition to placing themselves at personal risk, they have been hit hard financially by canceled assignments, layoffs, furloughs and salary cuts as publishers and clients scale back. The National Press Photographers Association and the National Press Photographers Foundation have created a relief fund for NPPA photojournalists affected financially by the pandemic. As our fundraising goal was met in mid-April, an application procedure was established and a committee formed to review applicants and disperse funds. All donations are made through the NPPF, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization. Contributions are tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law. Due to the generosity of more than 400 donors, more than $34,000 was distributed to nearly 70 qualified applicants at the end of April, providing each with a $500 relief grant. Residual funds were held over for a second fundraiser, likely to be held later this year.

Donations may still be made at nppf.org/nppa-covid-19-relief-fund, where the list of donors also can be found.

By David Handschuh

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David Handschuh is a past president of the NPPA.
In this extraordinary time in history, the need for journalists has never been greater. And for photojournalists, it means to live up to their professional and ethical obligations, as well as stay healthy, is a critical part of that.

An obvious piece of this puzzle is ensuring that we have access to tell the story. To be able to document the nation on matters of public concern — and at this point there is no greater concern than the COVID-19 pandemic — it is imperative that every regulation issued by federal, state and municipal governments include news organizations and those engaged in gathering and disseminating news as “essential businesses” not subject to the restrictions being imposed on nonessential functions. It should be remembered that, among other things, the First Amendment not only protects free speech and the media but also the public’s right to receive information.

For the most part, the federal and state governments have identified news organizations and journalists as essential businesses. We have not seen significant issues with this since the majority of the population began shelter-in-place orders.

We are hearing that many photographers are being told that they may not photograph hospitals, medical facilities and drive-up testing sites due to HIPAA restrictions and that security staff have demanded such images be deleted or destroyed. Also, many government agencies are refusing to provide information about the number of COVID-19 cases and deaths, citing the same federal law. It is one thing to prevent photography and recording inside a hospital where patients and staff may be living in a state of isolation or duration of privacy in a public place, but there is no reason to prevent photography and record what any person can see from that vantage point. The other relevant rule is that there is no reasonable expectation of privacy in a public place, which is why police may record us with bodycams and dashcams, and surveillance cameras are so ubiquitous.

Additionally, HIPAA restrictions only apply to those who have “a duty of care” to a patient. This means that people such as hospital personnel and first responders may not photograph or record those they are treating without express written permission. However, journalists have no such duty of care and therefore may photograph and record people being tested or treated in public or make images of the facilities they are being treated in if visible from a public place.

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Man in a Bubble
By Craig F. Walker
The Boston Globe

March 12, 2020: A man wears a plastic bubble as he walks down William J. Day Boulevard in Boston. The man, who asked not to be identified, said he found the contraption in a friend’s yard and thought it would protect him from the coronavirus. “It’s all about precaution,” he said.
Testing PPE
By Lindsey Wasson
Reuters

April 1, 2020: U.S. Army soldiers wear qualitative test-fit hoods, filled with sweet or bitter solution to test the proper fit of their N95 masks at a military field hospital for non-coronavirus patients inside CenturyLink Field Event Center during the coronavirus pandemic outbreak in Seattle, Washington.
March 12, 2020: A man wears a plastic bubble as he walks down William J Day Boulevard in Boston. The man, who asked not to be identified, said he found the contraption in a friend's yard and thought it would protect him from the coronavirus. "It's all about precaution," he said.

March 11, 2020: Lori Spencer visits her mom, Judie Shape, 81, who Spencer says tested positive for coronavirus, at Life Care Center of Kirkland, a Seattle-area nursing home. The facility was at the epicenter of one of the biggest coronavirus outbreaks in the United States.
OPENERS

Suited up
By Ken Lambert
The Seattle Times

March 12, 2020: Freshly suited Servpro cleaning team prepares to reenter the Life Care Center, where there has been a coronavirus outbreak in the Seattle suburb of Kirkland, Washington.
April 20, 2020 - Members of an Infection Control Team from the Georgia Army National Guard’s 138th Chemical Company disinfect the Wellstar Atherton Place senior care facility from possible contamination of the coronavirus in Marietta, north of Atlanta.

After a week of speaking with the Guard, I was allowed to cover a unit going into this senior facility. It was agreed beforehand that I would go inside with the team only if my use of their PPE did not take away from any first responders. My own PPE kit consists of N95 surgical masks, gloves, hand sanitizer and wipes. We also agreed to protect the privacy of any residents we might encounter.

The team helped me suit up. I could not use my eyeglasses. Showing the suited-up unit members working among the folks living in the nursing facility was an image I was hoping to capture and I was fortunate when it briefly came together.
March 19, 2020: The Rev. Scott Holmer of St. Edward the Confessor parish in Bowie, Maryland, has been sitting in the parking lot of his church to hear confessions or just simply give a blessing. His and other churches in the state and across the nation were ordered closed because of restrictions set in place due to the coronavirus. “I can’t absolve people over the phone or through Zoom or over Skype,” he said. “Jesus never would have used such technology, even if it had been around in the first century.”
Food shortages
By Andrew Dolph,
Andrew Dolph
Photography LLC

March 15, 2020: A man shops for bread in the Market District store in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Later in the day, Gov. Mike DeWine announced the closure of restaurants and bars.
Adapt and learn
By RJ Sangosti
The Denver Post
March 17, 2020:
On the first day of remote learning from home, eight-year-old and gymnast Allie Vanderploeg, left, works with her brother, Kaden, center, and her sister, Maddie, 11, Lakewood, Colorado. Jeffco Public Schools is one of the biggest school districts in Colorado and quickly converted to online teaching after closing schools due to the coronavirus. The school district handed out chrome books, laptops and iPads to all the of the students, and in a short time, the teachers and administration developed online learning for thousands of kids.

This can be a bit scary for kids. Some don’t understand exactly what’s going on, but one thing I loved seeing was how kids, even if they’re dealing with something new and different, found a way to make the situation more fun. And sometimes, they found the best way to learn was to turn the world upside down.

– RJ. Sangosti
Surreal
By Marcus Santos
ZUMA Wire
March 17, 2020:
Grand Central station is nearly empty during rush hour in New York City during the coronavirus outbreak.
OPENERS

Getting tested
By Mark Mulligan
Houston Chronicle

March 19, 2020: People line up in their cars for free drive-through COVID-19 testing at the United Memorial Medical Center in Houston. Drivers go through a series of three tents: screening, registration, and if they qualify, testing. Tents are set up for each step of the process.
Food lines
By William Luther
San Antonio Express-News

April 9, 2020: People wait in their cars at Traders Village for the San Antonio Food Bank to begin food distribution. The need for emergency food aid has exploded in recent weeks due to the COVID-19 epidemic. On April 9, the Labor Department said 6.6 million people applied for first-time unemployment benefits.

This image, made before Easter weekend, prompted thousands to reach for their wallets, raising $500,000 for the San Antonio Food Bank, which has been feeding 120,000 per week instead of the usual 58,000. It held four drive-through distributions between March 31 and April 9 — providing food for 15,500 households. This event was its largest, serving 10,000 households. About 6,000 households had preregistered for the event, but on the day itself, thousands more showed up.

“I’ve been fortunate through my career to have images I have taken that made the network and magazine rounds, but I have never seen one of my images have this kind of direct and measurable impact in my community. It is quite humbling.”

– William Luther
Tailgate in place
By Jay Janner
Austin American-Statesman

April 5, 2020: Austin High seniors and best friends, clockwise from top left, Brooke Peterman, Maddy McCutchin, Lucia Suarez, Reese Simek and Lily Tickle, visit in the school parking lot in the midst of a shelter-in-place order. The girls sat in the back of their cars to chat at a safe distance.
Anger rises

By Joshua A. Bickel
The Columbus Dispatch,
USA Today Network

April 13, 2020: About 100 protesters assembled outside Ohio Statehouse in Columbus during Gov. Mike DeWine’s weekday update on the state’s response to the COVID-19 pandemic. They were upset that the state remains under a stay-at-home order and that nonessential businesses remain closed.
STEWART PITTMAN  |  29.97 FPS

Welcome to "News: Pandemic Edition."

“We could probably get two packages out of that.”

Whatever my assignment editor was trying to milk for two stories in one day was lost on me. Sunk low behind the wheel of my news unit, I shifted in the seat and squinted at my phone, which currently showed a quad-box of bored co-workers. Through the windshield, I could see the big bristling TV station van behind us, confident and content, but I could tell by her eyes that she was depressed as most of the drivers seemed, and I didn’t have the heart to harass any of them.

A couple of months ago, I would have told you I’d shot it all. Hurricanes, homicides, forest fires, floods, riots, pomp and squalar. Like most folks who read this magazine, I’ve been blessed with the kind of access to intrigue that would have boggled the mind of my 7-year-old self. I have floated through a sea of dead cattle, backpedaled in front of guilty senators and sullied the edges of more homicides than I can recall. But I have never covered anything like the coronavirus.

Who has?

At the local level, we’ve adjusted to the unique demands of a global pandemic in ways that nothing short of unthinkable just a dozen weeks ago or so. Reporters cobbling together material without ever leaving their apartments. Directors punching shows from the comfort of their couches. Anchor hosting whole newscasts from their backyard. Got to say, I’ve been blessed.

Whatever my assignment editor was thinking of the day, it’s not the time for the cranky photog to stage a hunger strike. You want to be a part of this splintering business? Get versatile.

At least that’s the view from where I sit, which lately is the driver’s seat of a Ford Explorer that’s packed to the gills with lights, scrims and all manner of hurricane gear that won’t help me in the least to cover a pandemic. Far more useful is my trusty laptop, a prehistoric model that I could turn my pictures around that one organizer’s pod and watch the cars snake through the line before passing right behind me.

“God has helped me today.”

A “maskie” by Stewart Pittman.

As much as I may have mastered my tools as of late, how exactly was I going to get my storytelling jollies in a sterile environment such as this?

Watch the video by Stewart Pittman, click here. And another one here.

Everything except a sound bite from a nonofficial. Maybe all the social distancing was getting to me. Whatever it was, I just didn’t have the heart to harass any of the folks as they popped their trunks for a few free groceries. “Maybe I can wrap my pictures around that one organizer’s interview, I mean, she was pretty good.”

Deep within my frontal lobe, I did the storytelling math and came up with an equation that convinced me I could turn my camera off now and still have enough to cover a pandemic. Far more useful is my trusty laptop, a prehistoric model that I could turn my pictures around that one organizer’s pod and watch the cars snake through the line before passing right behind me.

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Deep within my frontal lobe, I did the storytelling math and came up with an equation that convinced me I could turn my camera off now and still have enough to cover a pandemic. Far more useful is my trusty laptop, a prehistoric model that I could turn my pictures around that one organizer’s pod and watch the cars snake through the line before passing right behind me. As depressed as most of the drivers seemed, it had been a fruitful shoot. After interviewing one of the organizers, I put away my homemade boom pole and pretended to be invisible. The visuals poured forth: a low-slung wide shot of tires crunching gravel, a tight frame of bananas before they’re pulled out of view, a silhouette of a driver’s profile as he patiently waited.

Yes, I had everything I needed for my 90-second report.

“I could see the big bristling TV station van behind us, confident and content.”

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See more photos by Stewart Pittman on page 48. For more news photography, please visit npaonlineinsuranceadvantage.com.
“Every day feels a little bit like hanging on to the roof of a swerving car.” — Lindsey Wasson, independent visual journalist based in Seattle lindseywasson.com

“I work as a food photographer, so day by day I’m watching my entire industry be destroyed. But as terrifying as it is to not know if my livelihood will be OK again, it’s far worse to watch the imminent destruction of my friends and clients: chefs, bartenders, waiters. I feel sick pretty much all the time.” — Libby Volgyes, independent photographer, West Palm Beach, Florida; website: libbyvision.com

“I am trying to get paid for some work that I did a month ago and another that was published in December. Here in Latin America, any payment is good, especially when around three assignments were canceled and probably will be like this for another two months. If I get paid the ones that are owed to me, I could survive another month and a half, so I am really relying on these.” — Anonymous independent visual journalist based in Mexico

“One minute freelancing was going very well, as I was covering 18 straight days of spring training, and then overnight it’s all gone. The entire sports world is gone. I’m still a little numb. Who knows how or if it will come back. Taking things a day at a time.” — Jim Rassol, independent visual journalist, Fort Lauderdale, Florida

“All of my photo assignments have evaporated. I had two final ‘holdout’ clients who were waiting it out to see what happened, and they have both been called off as of the past two days. I’ve two freelance reporting gigs, and they are the only things keeping me afloat right now.” — Lauren Cothren, freelance correspondent/photojournalist, New York City; website: laurencothers.com
I never worry about anything where I cannot affect the outcome. I can assess risk, though, so what I can do is make my crew and my family as safe and prepared as humanly possible. Everything else is out of my control.

For me as the regional photo editor of the South, a big part of my job right now is that I’m talking to photographers and assessing their needs. And it’s a lot of real practical stuff we’re telling them, like wiping your gear with isopropyl alcohol. Companywide, worldwide, managers are just reaching out and trying to communicate effectively. We’ve been having town halls via Zoom, and people from around the world are hearing best practices for covering something of this magnitude. Everyone is paying attention to what the CDC and WHO has to say. And so we just talk about best practices with our crews and reinforce the commonsense aspects of it all.

I tell my photographers you can still make pictures with a 400 mm lens; maybe now is not when you need to be in there with a wide-angle lens.

Photographers generally are already remote employees as is; we don’t need them in the office, so we’re good there. And we’re just trying to support them any way we can. The biggest ask from my crew so far has been for N95 masks and surgical gloves and isopropyl alcohol, so I’m driving around looking for that and sending it directly to their houses or finding some other way to get it to them.

I was in a large box store last week, and I’ve never seen this level of hysteria and panic before. I’ve never seen anything like this in the United States. It’s unprecedented, from my perspective.

— Mike Stewart, Associated Press, U.S. regional photo editor/South

I work for an NBC owned-and-operated station out of San Diego. As of Monday, I have been working remotely, which, fortunately for me, I’m well equipped to do. I’m an MMJ and have everything I need to still tell a visual story. The biggest difference is getting those interviews. I’m adhering to social distancing and reducing my human contact. I’m trying to get creative with my FaceTime interviews. I screen-record my interviews on my phone while shooting the phone with my news camera. I have the phone on a tripod positioned in front of my computer screen that has an image relating to the story (usually a coronavirus microscopic image). That gives it a little more depth and substance to be in the field, and anyone who knows me knows I hate stick sços. So I clean my lavaliier microphone, hand it to my subject to put on themselves, and then I immediately clean it when they hand it back to me.

Personally, this sucks. I love my co-workers, and I love people. Not seeing my boss and deskmates on a daily basis is frustrating. I like to work on stories alone, but those stories are part of a bigger newscast with many other stories. The last four assignments have changed because they cannot go out, find stories and interact with the public. I am being very careful not to even suggest something you love. It’s advice we should all take.

— Joe Little, MMJ and director of storytelling at NBC 7 San Diego

I specialize in documenting life events like bar mitzvahs. Today, two were postponed from April to June/July. May events are also in doubt. Thank heavens the wine aisle is still well stocked.

— Jean-Costa, independent visual journalist, Sacramento, California

I have lost all clients through mid-April, probably longer. It happened to be a busy month that was going to provide revenue for the next several months. If my partner didn’t still have his job, I’d be in a terrible situation. I feel fortunate but more vulnerable than ever. It makes me question my career choice, which I’ve always known has very little stability.

— Elisa Fierari, independent photographer, Los Angeles; website: olisafierari.com

I’m trying to keep the COVID-19 news and what we do as journalists in perspective. I covered the Oklahoma City bombing, 9/11 and the I-35W bridge collapse in the Twin Cities. With this experience, I know we’re in for a long haul with the virus coverage. I’m advising friends and journalists to take care of themselves mentally. Especially today with the amount of updates you can get on social media, people can get overwhelmed. You have to take a break from it. You have to get your rest, eat right, cut down on the booze, be present with your family and friends, and do something you love. It’s advice we should all take.

— Britt Akagi, KCTV news operations manager, Kansas City, Missouri

Ohio University is closed. The photojournalism students I have in one of my classes are freshmen in their first photojournalism class. Luckily it is the middle of the semester, and we have covered the basics of photojournalism. They understand content, visual creativity and the law.

The last four assignments have changed because they cannot go out, find stories and interact with the public. I am being very careful not to even suggest they leave their homes. The students cannot feel like they will get a better grade by going out into the public to get a better photo. I know photojournalists take chances all the time, but these students have their whole lives to practice those skills. Now is not the time to do it. They were told to photograph their families or roommates. There are moments, interactions and relationships for them to photograph in their family or friends’ everyday activities. See the extraordinary in the ordinary. Years from now they will have a little record of what was happening around them during the pandemic of 2020.

— Marcy Nighswander, professor, Ohio University’s School of Visual Communication

“After a few of our journalists were in contact with a person who tested positive for COVID-19 at a journalism conference in New Orleans, the Houston Chronicle sent their nonvisual journalists to work from home. But like all other news organizations, the photography team is out in the field.

“We are learning as we go about how to cover a story of such magnitude during a time in which visual storytelling is being used in ways it was not during other epidemics throughout history. We have worked so hard to make sure that we tell stories that show intimacy and humanity, but now getting too close and intimate with our subjects could mean that we get sick and jeopardize the ability of our organization to keep our community informed.

“The Houston Chronicle photo department is keeping close communication among ourselves to be as well-coordinated and team best practices from each other. We are learning to make sure we call certain subjects ahead of our visit, especially high-risk ones, to make sure we are all comfortable with the setting in which the portraits or photos will be made. We are considering using telephoto lenses more often, having zero physical contact with the subjects; we are cleaning our photography gear, computer keyboard and cellphones after work.

“On a personal level, I will be moving to the guest room of our house to make sure I do everything in my power to not contaminate my partner with whatever I could bring home from the street. My partner suffers from lupus, a condition in which the immune system attacks its own tissues. Needless to say, I am deeply concerned: that’s a fact I cannot omit.”

— Marie D. De Jesus, Houston Chronicle staff photographer
March 20, 2020, the first week of school closures in Ohio
Lilli Morgan, 6, reads to her brother Isaac, 5, and sister Naomi, 2, in a box their parents saved for them to use while they are home from school due to the novel coronavirus. This is the first week of school closures in Ohio and parents have been scrambling for ways to homeschool their children and keep them engaged in learning. Isaac was fulfilling one of his school requirements by having a family member read to him.

Success can look different per most situations. What was a big success for you in this position and why?
I’ve been at my paper, The Newark Advocate, for just over seven years and have seen success in many different ways. The first time I felt successful was after completing my first photo story. An editor took a chance on me, knowing I wanted to work on stories, and sent me to a trailer park that was nestled between two highways and on the edge of the wealthiest town in our county. After knocking on doors someone finally answered, but they didn’t want to have their pictures taken. I spent some time with them, even went down to the creek with them, took my shoes off and hopped in the water with the kids. That’s when the mom changed her mind and opened up her life to me. That story turned into a yearlong project, and we were able to cover the eviction of all the families who lived there so developers could build on the land. That’s when I learned that putting down the camera and being present with people is just as important as making photos. I have built on this lesson in every story I have told since then.

Why do you love photojournalism?
I love photojournalism for so many reasons. I am an introvert by nature, but having a camera in my hand forces me to talk with people I would not normally get the chance to meet and experience things that I would normally shy away from. It has opened me up to the world and let me get to know my hometown from a new perspective. I also love the power of a photograph. Look at the world we are in now. The work that photojournalists are doing today will serve as a historical record for these trying times. They will help us understand the magnitude of this pandemic and hopefully guide us toward being prepared for the next one.
Despite twinges of guilt, new-dad duties take precedence over covering pandemic

March 13 was our baby girl’s due date. We didn’t realize how fortunate we were when she arrived two weeks early, two weeks before the coronavirus pandemic fully overtook most Americans’ lives.

By the time March 13 arrived, the NCAA had canceled the Final Four; the NBA, NHL and MLB had postponed or suspended their seasons; and the stock market had plummeted. A day earlier, my state of Georgia announced the first COVID-19-related death. That afternoon the United States officially entered a national state of emergency.

This was clearly, also, a journalistic emergency — the kind where anyone who can pick up a camera and write a script is expected to report. I didn’t. On March 13, I fed and swaddled my newborn, then picked up my older daughter from daycare with the knowledge she likely wouldn’t return anytime soon.

I wanted to work. But I wouldn’t cut short this critical period to do so. A storyteller’s instinct is to rush to the biggest stories. We romanticize it. I’ve heard reporters boast about cutting short weekends, vacations and honeymoons to cover the World Series and the Olympics. I resisted the first few weeks of perhaps my career’s most important story to make sure I savored one of my life’s most meaningful moments. I knew I had lifted a little from my already overworked co-workers.

Regardless, I felt it mostly from myself. The COVID-19 pandemic will dominate our coverage for months and likely years. These days, I wake up early, feed my toddler, then hop onto Zoom for the morning editorial meeting. I conduct interviews while I calm my 1-month-old. I conduct interviews while I calm my 1-month-old. I conduct interviews while I calm my 1-month-old.

Three days before my daughter arrived, I inquired of my bosses I planned to take four weeks off: two for maternity leave and two as paid time off. I resolved as many commitments as I could beforehand and cleared those weeks to focus solely on family. No story, I pledged to myself, would reel me back.

A storyteller’s instinct is to rush to the biggest stories. We romanticize it. I’ve heard reporters boast about cutting short weekends, vacations and honeymoons to cover the World Series and the Olympics. I resisted the first few weeks of perhaps my career’s most important story to make sure I savored one of my life’s most meaningful moments.

Matt Pearl is a solo video journalist and chief of storytelling and development at WXIA-TV in Atlanta. His blog can be found at tellingthestoryblog.com.

Matt Pearl

The Leader in Mirrorless

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WHEN THIS IS OVER

Community of hope on Instagram helps us recall things we’ll one day love again

Here is the world. Beautiful and terrible things will happen. Don’t be afraid.

— Frederick Buechner

But I am afraid. And I know you probably are too. It feels like there is no certainty anymore, not for us, not for our families or the ones we hold dear.

We wash our hands until they are raw. We spray our doorknobs with disinfectants, and some of us pray, though it’s been so long we have trouble remembering the words.

But in these times, let us not forget hope, that one day this, too, will be over and that we will all reunite in restaurants and clubs and conferences and we’ll tell stories about what we did for all those days when we were alone.

So until that day arrives, illustrator Julie Elman and I are gathering our friends’ and colleagues’ aspirations in a new Instagram account called @when_this_is_over. Here, we are showcasing a collection of doodles, photographs, and drawings from people around the world.

Our goal is to build a community of hope to remember all the things we will one day get to do again.

Please consider a submission, even if it’s just a wish on a Post-it note. You can email us at whenthisisoveranditwillbe@gmail.com or send us a message within the Instagram app.

We miss you all and will see you soon. In the meantime, please be safe and take care of yourself and others.

Continued on the next page
Eric Maierson is a freelance writer and two-time Emmy-winning video editor and producer. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife, Ellen, and their two dogs, both rascals. Julie M. Elman is a professor at the School of Visual Communication at Ohio University, where she teaches publication design and editorial illustration.

@joyce hayden:
"When this is over, I want to live as wildly in the world as I do in my dreams."

@hundleysam:
"When this is over, I’ll get my tetanus shot."

@lauradidyk:
"When this is over, I will find someone to hold hands with."

@captainingboy:
"When this is over, we will raise our hands and say, thank you."

Send us your submissions. Email us at whenthisisoveranditwillbe@gmail.com or DM us on Instagram at @when_this_is_over.
April 3: Hanging my mask out to dry after attempting to disinfect it while on assignment in Bolinas, California. I wear N95 masks when I’m on assignment covering this pandemic. I had a box of 10 masks from the last fire season in my trunk that I couldn’t donate because they were unsealed. The first time I put a mask on to cover a coronavirus story, it was like someone punched me in the stomach. I didn’t realize the smell of the mask would send my mind right back to the Camp Fire, but it did. I had a surge of panic and anxiety that I haven’t felt since November 2018, and I wasn’t prepared for it. This pandemic is one more traumatic event I’ll be documenting, and it won’t be the last. My reaction was a reminder that those experiences stay with me and have changed me for good.

Jessica Christian is a staff photographer with the San Francisco Chronicle whose work focuses on documenting daily life and intimate connections within communities across Northern California. She is a Bay Area native and San Francisco State University alumna living in Oakland, California.
March 27: Having a panic attack in my car in between assignments on a particularly high anxiety day while working in Alameda, California. The grief comes in waves. And it’s like each wave originates from a completely different ocean. It’s a profound type of grieving over the normal that used to be my life that can only be handled through compartmentalization. The anxiety wells up when I least expect it, forcing me away from the focus of the work at hand and into a deep abyss of hopelessness and uncertainty. But then the seas calm, and I can breathe again. It’s like another wave hits me, but this time it’s of strength, and I get a surge of empowerment that has me eager for the chance to risk it all to tell more stories. It’s exhausting and complicated and unexpected, but it’s there. I documented myself during a panic attack because I’ve made the same image of others in their hardest times. My story wouldn’t be accurate without those really hard moments sprinkled in among the good ones.

March 17: In my home sweatpants, disinfecting my gear with a rag and rubbing alcohol in the downstairs space at my apartment in Oakland, California. Coming home from work now comes with a rigorous cleaning routine — not just of my gear, but of my physical self as well. When I walk in the door from an assignment, I immediately strip down out of my clothes and put them on a pile on the concrete floor of my downstairs space. Then I sit and use a bottle of 70% isopropyl alcohol and a cloth and clean every part of my camera, laptop, card reader, camera bag, keys, phone and wallet. I then put on sweats and clean the door handle of my car and apartment. Depending on how many assignments I have that day, I go upstairs with my outdoor clothes and throw them in the washing machine and immediately shower. This process has added a good 30 minutes to my workflow and routine, but it’s a necessary precaution to ensure I can continue working without infecting my household and my community.

March 18: Eating leftover Chinese takeout in my car that is now my mobile work station while on assignments. Working out of my car is nothing new. I’ve been eating cold leftovers in my driver’s seat on deadline for years, but the context certainly makes this new now. Before, I’d dip into a coffee shop and edit my photos. Now I’m restricted to my car, which makes me feel a bit claustrophobic and strangely, in a way, safer than ever. It’s still very business as usual but with this invisible monster looming over every outdoor interaction. My car is my mobile editing desk, my lunch table, my storage unit and my personal bubble. Nothing bad can touch me in here.

March 26: Looking out the window of my apartment in Oakland, California. Besides daily walks, my windows are my only connection to the outside world. I live in a two-bedroom apartment warehouse with no yard, no patio and no porch. I swear that if I had just 4 square feet of grass, my happiness and mental health would drastically improve. I find myself peeking out of our large industrial windows almost 10 times a day, scoping out the dog walkers outside and admiring the low-hanging clouds that hover over the Berkeley hills at dusk. At times I feel like I’m in my own castle, locked up in a high tower overlooking the vast landscape that seems so untouchable. It’s another sense of security and safety that I think we’re all desperately seeking.
April 6: Putting my hand up to the window to say goodbye to my grandpa and mom during a visit to her house in Sunol, California. At the end of the day, my No. 1 priority is my family. My mom is taking care of my 82-year-old grandpa, who lives with kidney disease and is at high risk. My grandma Joyce is on lockdown in her nursing home with early dementia. I don’t worry as much about her because I know she’s in a secure place and, unfortunately, her condition makes it so she’s not fully aware of the gravity of this situation. They’ve been married 63 years, and this is the longest they’ve gone without seeing or speaking to each other. It absolutely breaks my heart knowing my grandpa is living with the anxiety and pain of being away from her. All I want is to comfort him, but I know that the best way to support him is to keep my distance and keep him safe. We sat at a distance and laughed like nothing was wrong until I had to say goodbye through a pane of glass. Next time, it will be a really big hug.

March 26: A toilet paper tower sits in my bathroom at home in Oakland, California. My mom just called. She was crying in the paper goods aisle at her local grocery store because there’s no toilet paper left on the shelves. She’s on her last four rolls to be used among her, my elderly grandparents and my stepsister, who all share a house. Here I am at home with a tower of my own paper gold, feeling guilty that I have more than her, even though I know I’ll run out soon. This tug on my nervous system between work responsibilities and being there for my family is probably the most exhausting part of this pandemic experience. Taking care of my home and my health seems trivial compared with the needs of my elders, but I know in order to do my job well and be there for my community, I need to focus on me for just a little bit longer than I usually do.

March 26: Felt a sore throat and headache coming on, so I poured a glass of Airborne. Phantom symptoms are real. The fear of contracting this virus is unavoidably real, which manifests in physical ways that only worsen when I give them attention. I came home from an assignment in a college student’s home with a cough I just couldn’t kick. The tickle in my throat turned to tightness in my chest and panic ensued. Out of pure comfort, I poured myself a glass of Airborne in a feeble attempt to ward off the symptoms and ‘save myself’, knowing full well that if I really was sick a glass of glorified orange juice wouldn’t help. After work distractions, my cough disappeared, my chest loosened and I realized it was all in my head. But what if the next time I’m feeling this way I chalk it up to nerves and I really am sick?
When life gives you quarantine, why not bake a cake?

Adrian and I are going to document this “adventure” together. We both have cameras and journals. One of us can read and write, and we both can push shutter buttons. My husband, also a journalist, and I are the tour guides on this quarantine journey for him and his baby brother, Charlie. Adrian is 4 years old.

Sometimes at night, I white-knuckle my iPhone as I lie in bed, my stomach churning as my eyes pore over the headlines. We’ve always been direct with the boys. When I didn’t want to do the whole Santa Claus thing, my husband told me to “lighten up and let them be kids.” He was right. Plus it’s an excellent way to extract good behavior for at least six weeks a year. What? Don’t judge me.

When the world seems off-axis, I Google Mr. Rogers’ quotes. I was a staff photographer at the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette before moving to Virginia, and when you live in Pittsburgh, you are actually required to memorize Mr. Rogers-isms. I want to say he’s the city’s favorite son, but then there are those Steelers, so let’s say that he is “one of the favorite sons.”

“If you can accept your humanness, your child can, too. There will probably be many times throughout their lives that children will feel that the world has turned upside down. Knowing that real love and good memories never die can nourish everyone in the family in every time of need.” – Mr. Fred Rogers

I took Adrian and Charlie on a walk around the block to wave goodbye to their neighborhood friends the day before the move. They said goodbye from the alley and across a fence. “When the virus is over, can I go to soccer practice again?” Adrian asked.
One week into social distancing, Charlie had his second birthday on March 20. The night before, I put on an apron and pretended to be a housewife from the 1940s. Listening to Billie Holiday, I made him a cake from scratch because cake mix was uncommon back then — nor was it in my kitchen. There is, however, Google, and the answer to my question "best chocolate cake recipe." Practicing the good judgment of a wartime woman who is rationing supplies, I broke in half the only candle I could find. It was the ugliest cake I’ve ever seen. But it tasted decadent, extravagant — the way the memory of a dinner at my favorite restaurant seems now.

We didn’t have any birthday wrapping paper, so Charlie’s Amazon-delivered gifts were wrapped in Santa Claus-adorned paper. He couldn’t have cared less. It’s what’s inside that counts.

That night, Adrian crawled into my bed, where I was reading an old-fashioned B-O-O-K.

"Mama, quarantine is where you stay inside until the virus is over?"

"Yes, I think so," I said.

"Well, OK, but I still wish I could go to school," he said.

April 19, 2020

It’s week five now, right? I think so.

Time is not like it was before when there was work to do, playdates to be had or beers to drink in public with friends. Some days drag on forever - the days when the boys are misbehaving, or when it’s raining. Those days last until I drag my body into bed and try to sleep. Charlie calls night time “Dark Day.” That’s how I know another day is coming, when it’s Dark Day again.

Some days - regular Light Days - are great. Me and the boys explore our new home. (Yes, we moved in the middle of the pandemic.) We didn’t move far, but now we have a little land. We stomp around outside in the mud and make proper messes. That makes the day fun and it’s easier to ignore the truth about why we never leave to go to the park, have a playdate or go to school.

On other days, Adrian misses school. He misses people because he is a people person. He loved school. He asks to visit my parents who live hundreds of miles away at “Granddad’s Farm.”

“Well?” he asks, and then, “Well, I know why.”

“Why?” I ask, curious about what he will say.

“Because of the virus. The virus is the worst thing in the whole entire world,” he says.

He means “worst thing in the whole entire world” the way all kids do. In kids’
I comfort Adrian while he has another headache on March 25.

Charlie cries because I won’t let him throw flour on the ground while his father works from home.

As I packed our mugs and cups to move, Sunday’s Washington Post reminds me that this isn’t a regular move, this move is during the pandemic.

Quarantine
Continued from page 57

books, there is only “the best ever” or “the worst ever.” It was the best “Paw Patrol rescue mission ever!” It was the best “birthday party Cupcake ever had!” Terrible. Fantastic. That’s it. There are no shades of gray.

I go in and out of missing assignments and being a working photojournalist. Some days I miss taking photographs of strangers. I miss moving their stray hairs out of their face before we make the portrait. There is a lot of time now but not so much time that I can dwell on my identity as a photojournalist - something I’ve been for much longer than I’ve been a mother. There are bigger problems to worry about. So I don’t. We move along, in and out of days. We are not having the best days ever, but we are far from having the worst days possible.

Julia Rendleman is a member of the collective American Reportage and an independent photojournalist based in Richmond, Virginia. She is contributing to WP - the journal, a collaboration of Women Photograph members about the time of COVID-19. To see more of her work check out Instagram: @juliarendleman Website: juliaarendleman.com

Adrian and Charlie play a game in a box as I try to pack up our kitchen in preparation to move.
Despite risks, freelance photojournalist Maddie McGarvey leapt at the chance to cover novel coronavirus’s impact on a Kentucky town.
Keep moving forward.

It’s a phrase I think about a lot. Throughout the hardest moments of my life, I’ve carried it with me, whether it be from struggles that are economic, physical or even mental. We all face times in our lives that check us to our core. I think back to my father telling me once that people’s character is defined not when they’re knocked down, but in how they stand up and keep moving forward.

But how do we move forward in the time of a pandemic when we’re supposed to stay still?

Even harder, how are freelancers handling this? Even in a healthy economy, it can be a struggle. It’s a struggle that many are learning to negotiate in an uncertain time.

Maddie McGarvey, 29, is one of them. She’s covered major issues in a consistently respectful, and beautiful, way. McGarvey also covered one of the early outbreaks in Cynthiana, Kentucky.

Located in Columbus, Ohio, McGarvey has been an independent photographer since 2013. She graduated with a photojournalism degree from the School of Visual Communication at Ohio University. Much of her work is with clients such as The New York Times, The Wall Street Journal, The Washington Post, and magazines such as Time and National Geographic.

Like many of us, she began hearing about the outbreak in January. “I remember listening to ‘The Daily’ (podcast) and hearing about what was happening in Wuhan, China, and hearing perfectly normal people just passing away. I thought, ‘Whoa, this is a very big deal,’” McGarvey said. “I had just lost my father suddenly. I was so sad for them because I was very sensitive to the feeling. But, at the same time, it felt kind of far away.”

Soon after, she was on assignment with Joe Biden’s campaign for The New York Times. One of the pool journalists mentioned to Biden that Donald Trump called coronavirus a hoax. “That actually stopped Biden in his tracks,” said McGarvey. “I can’t remember directly what he said, but he was just like, ‘That’s crazy. This is not a hoax.’”

She continued, “It made me start thinking about it a little bit more. This was late February. At that time my sister-in-law, who is a nurse practitioner, was starting to get really nervous about it.

Obviously then, almost overnight, everything changed here.”

Afterward, like so many others, McGarvey had assignments. She was planning on traveling to the Democratic debate in Phoenix and then the Ohio primaries, but the debate was canceled, and the primaries postponed. In the wake of this, new assignments began to come in related to the virus. One of the first was from Morrigan McCarthy, who is a photo editor on the national desk for The New York Times. She wanted to know if McGarvey could go to a small town in Kentucky where there was an outbreak. At the time, it was ground zero for Kentucky.

As a freelancer, it can be a tough decision. Thankfully, her editor was understanding. “We had a very open conversation, and she said, ‘You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to; this is something that’s very unknown.’ It’s nice to see editors

Story continued on the page 64

Even though there was an outbreak of the coronavirus in early March, the town of Cynthiana, Kentucky seemed unaffected.
That struck me.

“Driving in, I was definitely anxious; there’s always a risk, and there’s this is a known place where there was an outbreak,” said McGarvey. “It’s extra scary that any one of us can be carrying this. She recalled, “I had like two or three tiny little (hand) sanitizers that I’m trying to use as much as possible. There’s like this weird sense of guilt, too, because I really don’t want to be responsible for making it any worse.”

According to McGarvey, when she arrived, the town seemed unaffected. There were still plenty of people eating at restaurants, going to coffee shops and walking around town.

“This was like the first few days of if hitting the U.S. and I think registering with people that this is a big deal. But this was before the governor shut down all the restaurants and bars and cafes and everything.”

After she arrived, she spent the day photographing and walking around for hours, looking for evidence of how the town was dealing with it. One image was of the town’s newspaper. “It had big type of the town,” she said. “It had big words saying, ‘Don’t panic.’ This was so wild, seeing that boldly around town.

“Don’t panic.”

“Don’t panic.”

“*This is a job where you, you physically cannot work from home, like, you have to be out there, which puts you at a huge risk. So it’s really, that’s really tough. I try to think of what I can do to help support.”

She continued working and went to a movie theater in the historic downtown Rohe Opera House. Though a shutdown was just days away, according to McGarvey, it was a peek into the last bit of normalcy.

“It’s already there,” said McGarvey. “The disease is already there.”

“It’s like a creeping presence that is here. People are trying to hold on to what they have, the normalcy they have, but, you know, it’s not normal anymore. I was just trying to play off the feeling of unease, like, this could be anywhere. There’s something a little bit weird happening.”

I asked her what movie was playing in the picture. "Onward," she replied.

That’s impressive. It’s a fitting title for how we’re all trying to deal with this. For freelancers like McGarvey, onward is a difficult but necessary path to work through. Now back at home, Maddie is social distancing like the rest of us and doing what she can to get through.

“It’s hard. We live in this gig economy, and we’re so vulnerable,” said McGarvey. “This is a job where you, you physically cannot work from home, like, you have to be out there, which puts you at a huge risk. So it’s really, that’s really tough. I try to think of what I can do to help support.”

She has. At the time of the interview, McGarvey had just started a print-sale fundraiser with her work. All of the proceeds will go into existing emergency funds for photographers. It raised $3,500 in a little over 24 hours.

That’s impressive.

It’s impressive especially because she’s also lost out on work.

“Like everyone else, I’ve lost out on thousands and thousands of dollars of work and all that, but I think that the assignments are just changing,” said McGarvey. “We’re in the news business. I think you just have to kind of adjust with it because there’s always going to be some stories to tell.”

And she has. At the time of the interview, McGarvey had just started a print-sale fundraiser with her work. All of the proceeds will go into existing emergency funds for photographers. It raised $3,500 in a little over 24 hours.

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By Sue Morrow

“We’re all in this together and yet so far apart.” Those words epitomize how visual journalists must work as they document the coronavirus pandemic around the globe. Their personal safety and that of their subjects is a necessity. And then they return home, sanitize equipment and quarantine themselves from family members. Rinse and repeat.

As of mid-May, over 83,000 people have died in the United States. We pay a lot of attention to New York City, which continues to be the epicenter of COVID-19-related deaths. But what about our rural communities who are in serious jeopardy and who lack the resources of our cities?

Associated Press reporter Claire Galofaro wrote in a May 6 story (“It’s gone haywire: When COVID-19 arrived in rural America”) “by nearly every measure, coronavirus patients are faring worse in rural Georgia than almost anywhere else in America, according to researchers at Emory University in Atlanta. Although New York City had thousands more deaths, the per capita death rate in these Georgia counties is just as high.”

In April, Galofaro, AP photographer Brynn Anderson and videographer Angie Wang spent five days in Dawson, Georgia, where rural Terrell County is mostly poor and African American. According to their reporting, the county coroner handles between 38 and 50 deaths a year. By mid-April? They had reached 41.

April 18, 2020, Dawson, Georgia: Mortician Cordarial O. Holloway, foreground left, funeral director Robert L. Allbritten, foreground right, and funeral attendants Eddie Keith, background left, and Ronald Costello place a casket into a hearse. Across Terrell County, the latest Associated Press analysis of available state and local data shows that nearly one-third of those who have died are African American, with black people representing about 14% of the population in the areas covered.

DEATHS IN THE QUIETER PLACES:
Telling the COVID-19 stories of rural America

By Sue Morrow

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Story continued on the page 68

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Story continued on the page 68
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Covering death has become routine for journalists. And it takes a toll.

“It is emotionally challenging,” Anderson said. “I have dreams, I have death dreams, which I think a lot of people are having right now because of COVID-19. I have dreams where people I know are dying. It affects me mentally because I have a 3-year-old daughter and a husband.” But Anderson also says she’s OK and took a few days to decompress and quarantine when she got home.

“It affects me tremendously afterward because it makes me think about how precious life is and how easily it can be taken away,” she said.

Rural towns
Continued from page 62

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Unheard of in February, this is now normal

The simplicity of grabbing gear and heading out the door on an assignment has changed forever. Before and after an assignment, time is needed to sanitize gear and to make sure personal protective equipment (PPE) is in good condition.

Add staying in a hotel to the equation and things get complicated.

“When we got there, I had to clean out the hotel room because I was anxious about staying where there were people coming in and out,” Anderson explained. “We had to put on our masks, our gloves, everything, and we used bleach to clean out the rooms. And I changed the sheets and basically tried not to touch anything the whole time I was there. I wore my protective gear constantly. You have to think, I could potentially get this virus. And so that’s always in the back of your mind. You try not to think about it.”

Story continued on the page 72

April 19, 2020, Dawson, Georgia: Eddie Keith, 69, locks the church doors after visiting his pastor’s church a couple times a week. Keith has worked for Albritten’s Funeral Service for 35 years and he picked up the body of his pastor, who died from COVID-19. Keith says he talked to him as he loaded the body into the hearse, “I didn’t think you’d leave me so early,” he remembers saying. “I thought we were going to grow old together.”

April 20, 2020, Albany Georgia: A wooden cross made from a tree stump, known by some locals as a symbol of hope, sits outside of Phoebe Putney Memorial Hospital. The patients were very sick. Some died within hours. Some died on the way, in the back of ambulances. The region is predominantly black, but even so, African Americans died disproportionally, said Phoebe Putney Memorial’s chief executive officer, Scott Steiner. In the 10 counties in the cluster hit hard by coronavirus, the population is 55 percent black. But African Americans account for about 80 percent of the deaths at the hospital.

April 17, 2020, Dawson, Georgia: The Rev. Willard O. Weston Sr. reacts to the news of another COVID-19 death. He’d found himself on his knees in his bathroom, trying to scream out the sadness. “At this pace, you don’t get a chance to really take a deep breath from the previous death, and then you’re getting a call about another,” he said. “I’ve had some moments over the last two or three weeks, and I’ve questioned the good Lord: what is this? How can we continue?”
April 18, 2020, Dawson, Georgia: A pair of chairs belonging to Nellie “Pollye Ann” Mae and Benjamin Tolbert, sit it in their bedroom. They died days apart due to COVID-19 in different hospitals an hour away from one another. Few hospitals are available in rural communities.

Excerpt from the AP story:

Everyone in town knew Benjamin, 58, as a hard worker. He had worked for 28 years at a Tyson Foods plant, and yet he always found more work to do, washing his car, tending the lawn. He and his wife had been together 30 years. He was mild-mannered, but Pollye Ann found a joke in everything. She was a minister, she played the organ, sang gospel and danced, wildly, joyfully.

Their son Desmond, who lived with his parents, was tending to his mother’s sister, who was admitted to a hospital an hour from Dawson and was placed on a ventilator. He was on the phone with a nurse as his mother took her last breath. Two days later, the call came from his father’s caregivers. Benjamin never knew that his wife got sick and Pollye Ann didn’t know her husband was on his death bed. They were apart, far from home, without their son at their sides.
In Dawson, life centers around church, and everyone knows one another. As the journalists completed a video interview with the Rev. Willard O. Weston Sr., of Sardis Baptist Church, he got a phone call with news of another death.

“He said people rely on him for strength in the community,” Anderson said. “It was hard for him because he has to have strength for himself and for his family and then for other people in his community. It’s a difficult time for him.”

Anderson is thankful for how responsive AP is with coronavirus stories. She went into quarantine and then went on desk duty from home.

“I was trying to help, you know, find other stories and, and whatever was happening in Georgia, because it was actually reopening,” Anderson said. “So yeah, I dove right in. I mean, that’s kinda my job, right?”

With a 3-year-old at home?

“It’s almost impossible, so I did the best I could. I wore a mask. I didn’t let her near me. She had to stay as far back as possible, which is very hard because I hadn’t seen her in five days,” Anderson said. “It was very difficult, very challenging, very emotionally draining because she would just cry...but it was something that needed to be done.”

Anderson has received positive feedback from readers, but one email noted how the pictures stopped her in her tracks and then led her to read the story.

“As a photographer, that’s what I want. I want you to stop and look and see and read the story because it’s important,” Anderson said. These rural places “feel very forgotten about. And I want to bring that to light. I want people to stop forgetting about people that they don’t see all the time.”

Anderson gives thanks to reporter Claire Galofaro for building relationships in Dawson to tell this story; Enric Martí, AP deputy director of photography and global enterprise photo editor, and to everyone who made this story possible.

Rural towns

Continued from page 69

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April 17, 2020, Dawson, Georgia: An illuminated cross stands in front of a residence near downtown Dawson. Of the 10 counties with the highest death rate per capita in America, half are in rural southwest Georgia, where there are no packed skyscraper apartment buildings or subways. Ambulances rush along country roads, just fields and farms in either direction, carrying COVID-19 patients to the nearest hospital, for some an hour away.

Excerpt from the AP story:

By nearly every measure, coronavirus patients are faring worse in rural Georgia than almost anywhere else in America, according to researchers at Emory University in Atlanta. Although New York City had thousands more deaths, the per capita death rate in these Georgia counties is just as high.

“They are vulnerable people living in vulnerable places, people who are marginalized on a variety of measures, whether we’re talking about race, whether we’re talking about education or employment, in places that have fewer resources,” said Shivani Patel, an epidemiologist at Emory. Then COVID-19 arrived: “It’s like our worst nightmare coming true.”
Early morning, April 9, 2020: Before a sanctuary of parishioners’ photographs, the Rev. Clayton Elder rehearses his Holy Thursday service before going live on YouTube at St. Philip Episcopal Church in Frisco, Texas. Elder wanted to feel a connection with his congregation, so the community life director printed the photos emailed to her and posted them in the pews. About 250 parishioners tuned into the live broadcast on YouTube.

Earlier in April, I had a flashback driving around looking for newsworthy photos. This is what we did growing up at smaller papers. Wild art, as it was called, was to fill that hole on the metro page and on 1A. Instead of looking at briefs for what’s going on in the Dallas area, it’s trolling Twitter or Instagram for what people in our community are seeing. I can’t remember a time where most all photos I’ve taken were outdoors. In some ways it’s easier, others not so much. Anyway, we are all in this together. – Tom Fox, The Dallas Morning News
Pastor Paul Barkey leads a Sunday prayer with parishioners inside their cars parked outside Ashland Community Church in Manhattan, Kansas. It was the sixth week that the church held a drive-in service because some parishioners prefer attending in their cars than watch the service on a live stream. “Normally we go to Rock Hills Church, but they are online now,” said Paul Nickel. “We crave being around people on Sunday morning. We miss that fellowship,” Nickel said.

When I arrived and met Pastor Paul Barkey, he announced my presence to everyone through his microphone. “I’ll just mention it: we do have a guest from The Manhattan Mercury, so we will just go ahead and worship, and make them a part of our worship, too.” I spoke with several church-goers through the crack of their car window, muffled by my face mask. There was an overwhelming amount of joy and hope spilling out from each vehicle as they expressed the importance of fellowship. Honking echoed throughout the Flint Hills as Barkey ended the service in prayer.

Most people say hallelujah and praise. We honk our horns,” Barkey said. After the service, newcomers drove up to Barkey and thanked him, telling him they’d be back the following week. Barkey’s wife, Jan, played a grand piano inside the church during the service. Next time, she plans on bringing the piano outside.

— Nickolas Oatley
April 5, 2020: Catholic priest Daren Weisbrod, left and above, a chaplain at The Highlands School in Irving, Texas, prays over Richard and Tammie White outside their home. The Whites wore handkerchief masks as they prayed on the front walk. Weisbrod used his bike to pedal around an Irving neighborhood near the school, praying with member families outside their homes on Palm Sunday. Along the way, he blessed homes, some putting out palms on their doors and figurines. “Today’s a day when everybody wants to see their priest. They wish they could be in Mass and they wish that they could have their holy palms that remind them throughout the year of this day as we’re kicking off Holy Week,” he said.
March 26, 2020: Sam Martinez, his daughter Maryann Martinez, and his 9-year-old granddaughter, Alyssa Martinez, in San Jose, Calif., sit for a portrait with a 1981 wedding picture of Sam and his wife, Arcelia, who died of COVID-19. Even in this difficult time, Sam, left, was warm and caring and shared his memories about his wife. She was known among her family members as a great cook, loving nana and “mother hen.”
April 23, 2020: Emergency department nurse Debby Buonopane is applauded by her coworkers as she departs Brigham & Women’s Hospital in Boston. Buonopane fought for her life with COVID-19 in the hospital she serves. She is also a breast cancer survivor, Navy veteran and single mom. She also volunteers yearly at the Boston Marathon as a first responder.
March 13, 2020: The intensive care unit of the Cremona hospital in Italy is seen during one of the many moments of discouragement of that period. “We are not heroes, we are professionals and, above all, people,” said Paolo Miranda, the photographer. This photograph became iconic on social media as one of the first to show the emotional impact on health care workers.
Crowded transport

By John Moore
Getty Images

**April 6, 2020:** An EMT wearing personal protective equipment (PPE) prepares to unload COVID-19 transfer patients at the Montefiore Medical Center’s Wakefield Campus in the Bronx, New York. A specialized bus known as a Medical Evacuation Transport Unit (METU) carries infected patients on stretchers and benches between hospitals. The patient transfers are designed to help overwhelmed hospitals even out caseloads in Westchester County and New York City at the epicenter of the U.S. coronavirus pandemic. The patients were being transferred from the Einstein Campus, Wyler Hospital, also a Bronx Montefiore hospital. The transfers are staffed by Empress EMS, Yonkers police and hospital staff at both ends wearing PPE.
April 6, 2020: Medics in PPE's intubate a gravely ill patient with COVID-19 symptoms at his home in Yonkers, New York. The man, 92, was barely breathing when they arrived, and they performed a rapid sequence intubation (RSI) on him before transporting him by ambulance to St. John’s Riverside Hospital. The medics, left to right, Capt. AJ Briones (paramedic) and Michelle Melo, Empress EMS employees, treat and transport patients to hospitals throughout Westchester County and parts of New York City.
Two losses

By Todd McInturf
The Detroit News

April 10, 2020: Cassandra Brown touches the forehead of her late husband, Freddie Lee Brown, Jr., 59, after she cries over her late son, Freddie Lee Brown, III, 20, right. They died three days apart from COVID-19.

It’s so difficult to photograph raw emotion while having to bury our own emotion, but that’s what we do as photojournalists. It was my sincere honor to document Sandy Brown, of Grand Blanc, Mich., at the combined viewings and funerals of her husband, and son. Sandy wants the world to know the precious lives COVID-19 has stolen from her. With full access from the family, the funeral home owner told me how she thought Sandy’s viewing would proceed. Sandy talked to her son first then moved to her husband and touched his head. It was a very emotional moment. — Todd McInturf
Viewing restrictions
By Ryan Christopher Jones
For The New York Times

March 30, 2020:
Family members attend the funeral for Anthony Schilizzi, 75, at John Vincent Scalia Home for Funerals in Staten Island, New York. Schilizzi died March 23 from COVID-19. Because of the current Centers for Disease Control and Prevention restrictions, only 10 immediate family members are able to attend funerals, and chairs are spaced at least 6 feet apart.

The pandemic in New York has been about death: bodies in white bags, makeshift morgues, overloaded hospitals and funeral homes. I have photographed all of that, but when it came to covering an actual funeral, I wanted it to be less about death and more about how we’re coping with our humanity. This pandemic is forcing society to reconsider how we think about space, grief and connection, and funerals are where we have to confront our brutal new reality.

– Ryan Christopher Jones
Instagram
@ryanchristopherjones
Overwhelmed

By Bryan R. Smith
Reuters


The New York Post reported that "almost every space in most rooms of the funeral home in Elmhurst is completely filled with the dead — with a funeral director counting 25 in one room alone, all awaiting cremation."
Space-bound
By Jonathan Newton
The Washington Post
The Boeing Starliner is launched for its maiden voyage to the International Space Station from Kennedy Space Center in Florida on December 20, 2019. The story is on the previous page.

Unclaimed bodies
By Lucas Jackson
Reuters
April 9, 2020: Photographed by a drone, bodies of people with no known next of kin are buried on New York City's Hart Island, which has served as the city's potter's field for 150 years. Victims of tuberculosis, yellow fever, AIDS and influenza outbreaks are among the estimated 1 million people buried there. The NYC Department of Correction, which controls the cemetery, is handling many more burials of unclaimed bodies than usual amid the coronavirus outbreak.
Shelter in place
By Mikala Compton
The Herald-Zeitung
New Braunfels, Texas

March 20, 2020: While under self-quarantine, Cassandra Fay LeClair comforts her crying daughter, Alexandra Underberg, 17, at their home. LeClair is immunocompromised due to lupus and has been under self-quarantine with her children since early March. When her children were younger, the family went through similar measures to protect LeClair’s health.

“When I was at my most sick, they weren’t allowed to play with friends, and I couldn’t even eat food prepared by somebody else,” LeClair said. “So they completely understand and are very compliant. But it has been frustrating for them to see how many of their friends are going out and doing things with no regard for the larger issues in our world.”