In Memory of a Messenger:

Dr. Kipchoge Neftali Kirkland “Choge”

March 19, 2005

4:52 a.m.

By: Dr. Stephanie Carter (Friend & Colleague)

I stand still clinging to a breath in this moment of severe smothering. My face streaked with the memory of you. I keep, seeing that glare shining through your vibrant smile. I keep hearing the power of you—the essence of you—your words—“muhh” ‘speak’—“tell it” your ancestral intonations. I keep clinging and hearing, clinging and hearing, clinging and hearing, clinging, to the memory of you.

On this intellectually cold day my spirit stands yelling for you. YELLING for you--trying to see if I can--muster up the touch of Lazarus. GET UP! GET UP! It was in a parking lot that I learned of your celestial journey--your spiritual-transition. I stood frozen—not you--our hope—who spoke this language of unity and community. Not you--I mean--we just talked the other day about hip hop and power--and hip hop and freedom--and you/we do it because others did it for--and how you needed to change your screen saver cause Tali had grown--and I keep hearing and listening, and hearing and listening, in the silence of your memory--for your melodic words and critically cultural conscious rhythms.

I need a miracle—A MIRACLE,—but then I am consumed by the dissonance of emptiness of--this new revelation. A miracle? that unassuming Nubian brother that said so much and touched so many in so little time. —You have been our miracle, a messenger of hope connecting continents with compassion and commitment.

But still I keep clinging, and yelling, and clinging, and listening, and clinging, and hearing and CLINGING and praying, clinging to the memory --the memory of the hope of you,

our MIRACLE.