My dear colleagues and students,

I reach out to you today in solidarity and shared grief. We have lost a giant, one on whose shoulders of steel generations to come will stand, hoping to follow her footsteps and to carry a legacy of care, intelligence and action on behalf of justice for all.

The news came just as many of us were at the dinner table honoring Rosh Hashanah and praying for the dead. Our beloved Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg had lost her long, valiant fight. RBG is remembered above all for her tenacity in fighting for civil rights, for voting rights, for women’s reproductive rights, for the rights of our DACA brothers and sisters and for the LBGQT community. As an immigrant woman I felt an emotional and powerful sense of loss. My first response was to reach out immediately to my granddaughters, the ones now expected to step up in the future to ensure that her legacy endures.

Ruth Bader Ginsburg was born in Brooklyn on March 15, 1933, where she went to public schools, and excelled as a student — and as a baton twirler. By all accounts, it was her mother who was the driving force in her young life, but Celia Bader died of cancer the day before the future justice would graduate from high school.

Then 17, Ruth Bader went on to Cornell University on a full scholarship, where she met Martin (aka "Marty") Ginsburg. "What made Marty so overwhelmingly attractive to me was that he cared that I had a brain," she said. After her graduation, they were married and went off to Fort Sill, Okla., for his military service. There Mrs. Ginsburg, despite scoring high on the civil service exam, could only get a job as a typist, and when she became pregnant, she lost even that job. Two years later, the couple returned to the East Coast to attend Harvard Law School. She was one of only nine women in a class of more than 500 and found the dean asking her why she was taking up a place that "should go to a man." To read more about her life, please click here.

Our beloved notorious RBG lived by example. She believed that we do the work, wake up tomorrow and do the work, and the day after we know that we must do the work again. Que descanses en paz, luchadora por todos nosotros.

Mil gracias y bendiciones,

Daisy Cocco De Filippis, Ph.D.
Interim President
A POEM IN HONOR OF RUTH BADER GINSBURG

“Wisdom” by Makeda, Queen of Sheba (ca. 1000 B.C.)

Wisdom is
sweeter than honey,
brings more joy
than wine,
illuminates
more than the sun,
is more precious
than jewels.
She causes
the ears to hear
and the heart to comprehend.

I love her
like a mother,
and she embraces me
as her own child.
I will follow
her footprints
and she will not cast me away.