

Over 500,000 in Washington, D.C. ; 250,000 in Chicago.; well over 100,000 in Boston. Across the country and around the world, women—and many men—marched through cities and towns in solidarity. The events of the recent Presidential election campaign that resulted in the ascendancy of an unfit person to the highest office in the land brought concerned and dedicated people together in locations all over this planet. My friends Debbie, Sandy, Mary, and many more in Washington, and Joanne, Cindy, and Kashja in Tucson. represented me and many others like me who were back here at home during the marches.

But, I marched with them. I marched while I pitched hay to the cattle, I marched as I trod carefully over ice while leading horses to the stalls, and I marched as I considered every obstacle women in the United States have met in striving for equality.

But, the march did not begin this weekend. Martin Luther King and all the workers for civil rights who wore out shoes on the streets and roads in the 1960s still marched today, too. And those who protested the Viet Nam War were marching. The women struggling for the right to vote took to the streets. The labor movement marched. The list goes on and on. Rights for minorities and/or groups disadvantaged for reasons of gender, beliefs, or—as in the world of today, lack of wealth and power, are never obtained easily. Those “in the drivers’ seats” try in any way possible to stay there.

Here in our family, there were and are “marchers,” too. My father marched for equality when he told me I could do or be anything I wanted, probably not anticipating that what I wanted to be was a farmer here on the homestead his grandparents had settled. My mother marched when she dug potatoes by hand for a few cents a bushel to earn money to go to a year of teacher training school to prepare, at eighteen years of age, for facing a one-room schoolhouse filled with pupils.

Farther back, my great-grandmother marched when she hitched the cow with a single horse to help her husband break the ground of the homestead. And my other great-grandmother marched when she held down a homestead with a blanket for a door through a winter, then peeled potatoes thickly and planted the peelings around stumps to grow food for

her family.

And these days, the marching goes on. My great-niece marched when, the day after the Presidential election, she looked into the eyes of her son, not yet a year old, and said: "This man is NOT your role model!"

So, those January 21st marchers around the world, totaling in the millions, were joined by others of us who were at home that day, and by countless others who have marched before. I don't believe the people in power—illegitimately acquired and unfairly wielded—quite know what they are up against.