

An account of the Women's March in DC on 21-Jan-2017 by Miranda Hunter

The March was an incredible experience, exhausting and empowering. The crowds were amazing, both in size and in quality. We couldn't hear the speakers, because the crowd far exceeded the anticipated size, and we couldn't get anywhere near them, so we waited in a tightly packed area toward the side of the National Mall. We had amazing conversations with people from all over. We saw and spoke with marchers from Ithaca, Auburn, Syracuse, and other nearby locations and people from Atlanta, Ohio, and various other states. In spite of being packed in like sardines for hours, too tightly to even consider sitting down, people were consistently kind and helpful. Our cell phones didn't work, because the circuits were apparently overwhelmed by the sheer number of people, and we couldn't see or hear any organizers, so we had very little information about what was happening, other than the rumors that would spread through the crowd. After we'd been waiting for around five hours, at about 2:00, people started to say that the Washington Post was reporting that there would be no actual marching, because the size of the crowd was too large. People started to say their goodbyes and filter out, and we hung out until the crowds had dispersed a bit. Eventually, the crowds in front of us began to move, and we started to march through the city streets. It was an entirely peaceful march. I only saw police officers once the entire day, and yet people behaved generally well. All in all, we walked nearly 20,000 steps and stood on our feet for more than ten consecutive hours. The most exciting part is knowing that I was one of somewhere between 3.5 and 5 million people in our country and even more throughout the world standing up for what is right and good in the world.