

# Follow Me and You'll See



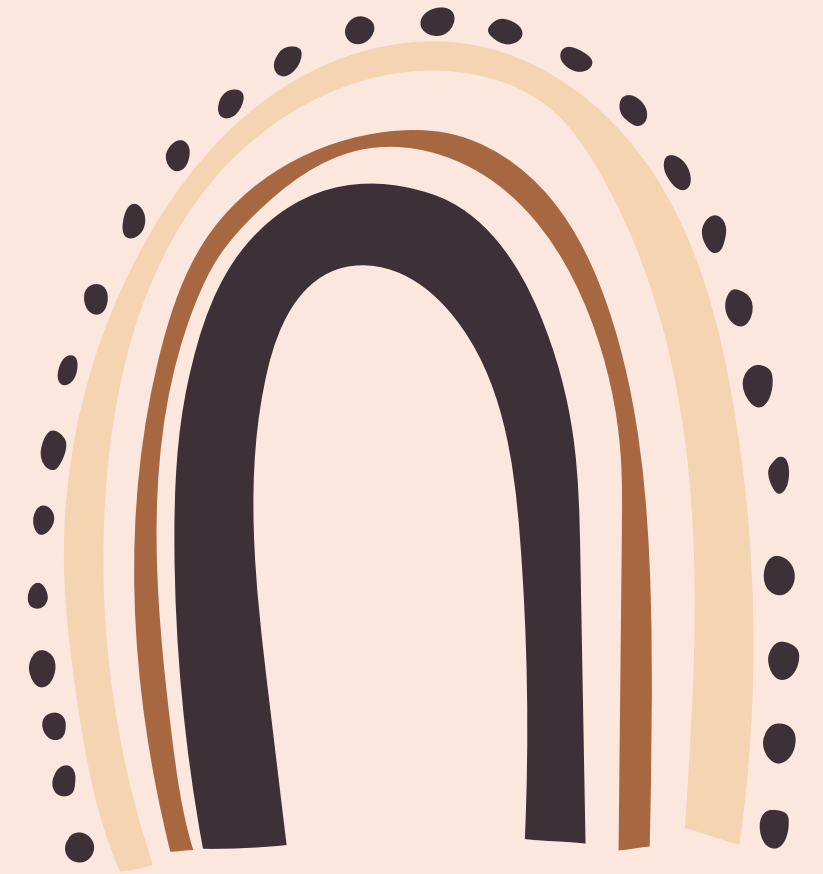
by Alisa Dreyer



When I was a little girl, my mom would tell me all kinds of stories about all kinds of people.

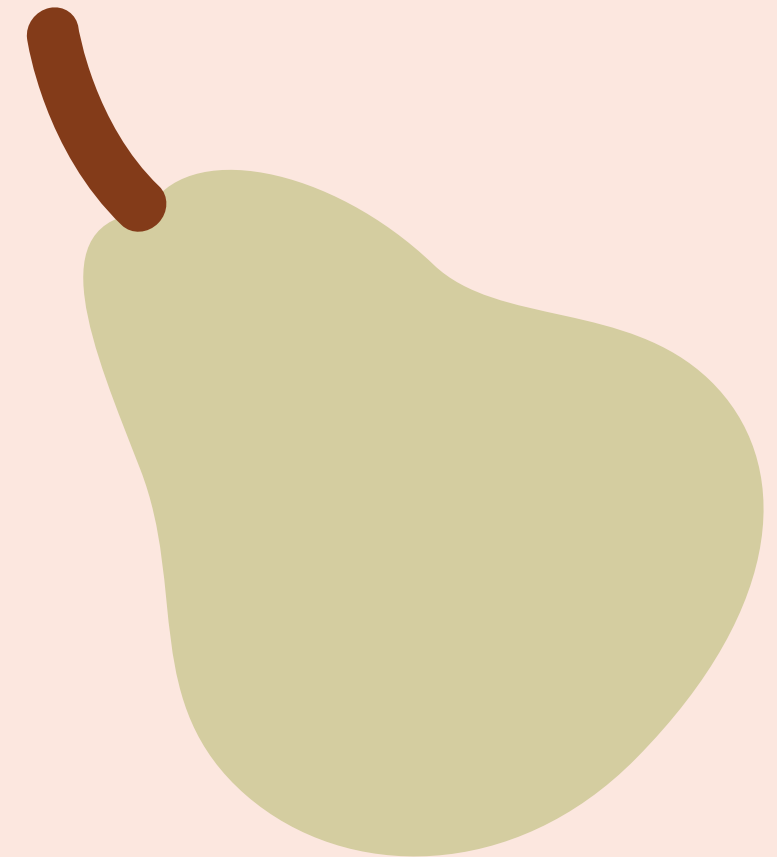
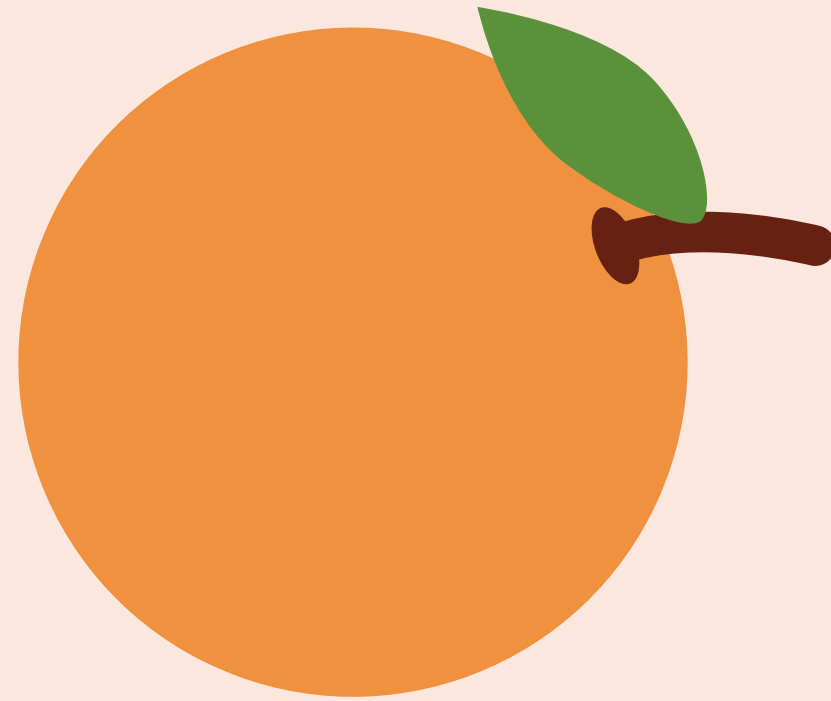
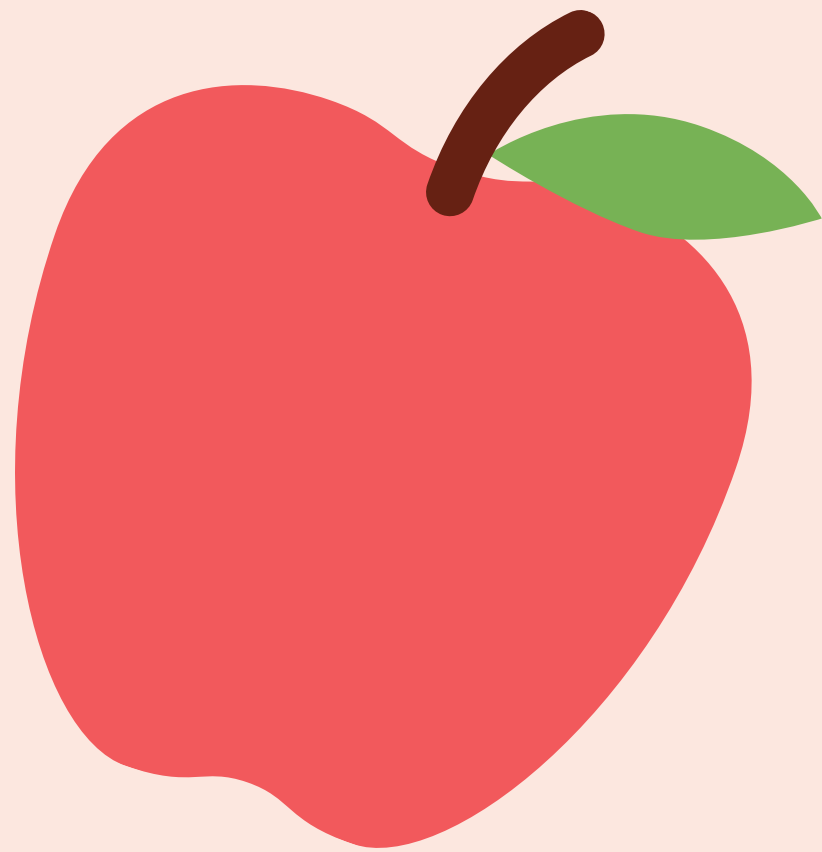


She told me that people come in all different colors,



And she used rainbows to teach me those colors.

She told me that people come in all different sizes,



and she used fruits to show me those sizes.

She told me that people don't always look like boys or girls,



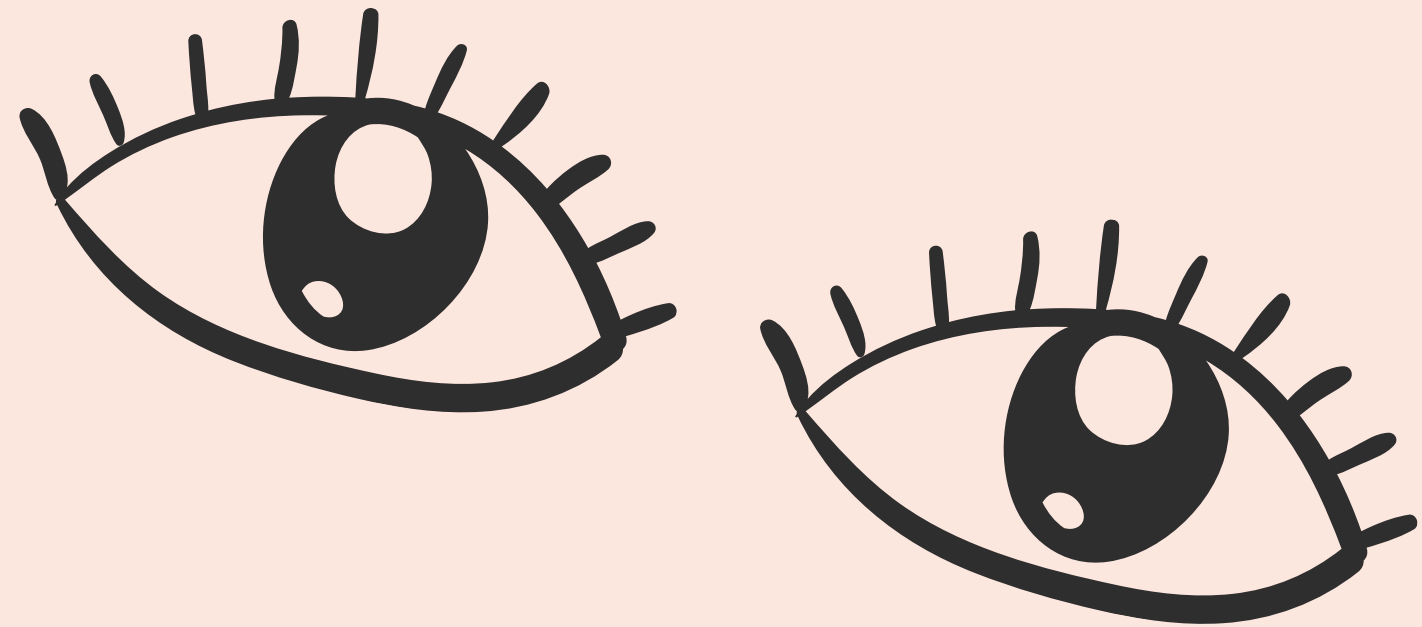
and she used the game of dress-up to show me different looks.

She told me that people don't choose  
who they fall in love with,



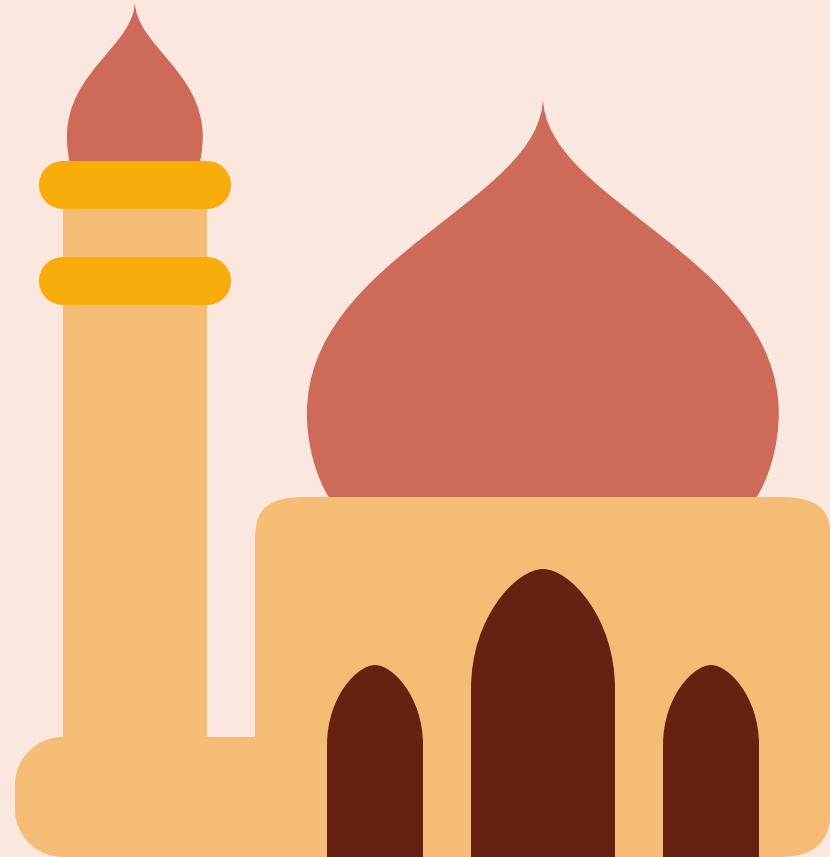
and she used my dolls to show me  
those couples.

She told me that there are people who need  
to use different senses to see,



and we played a game where we kept  
a blindfold on for a day.

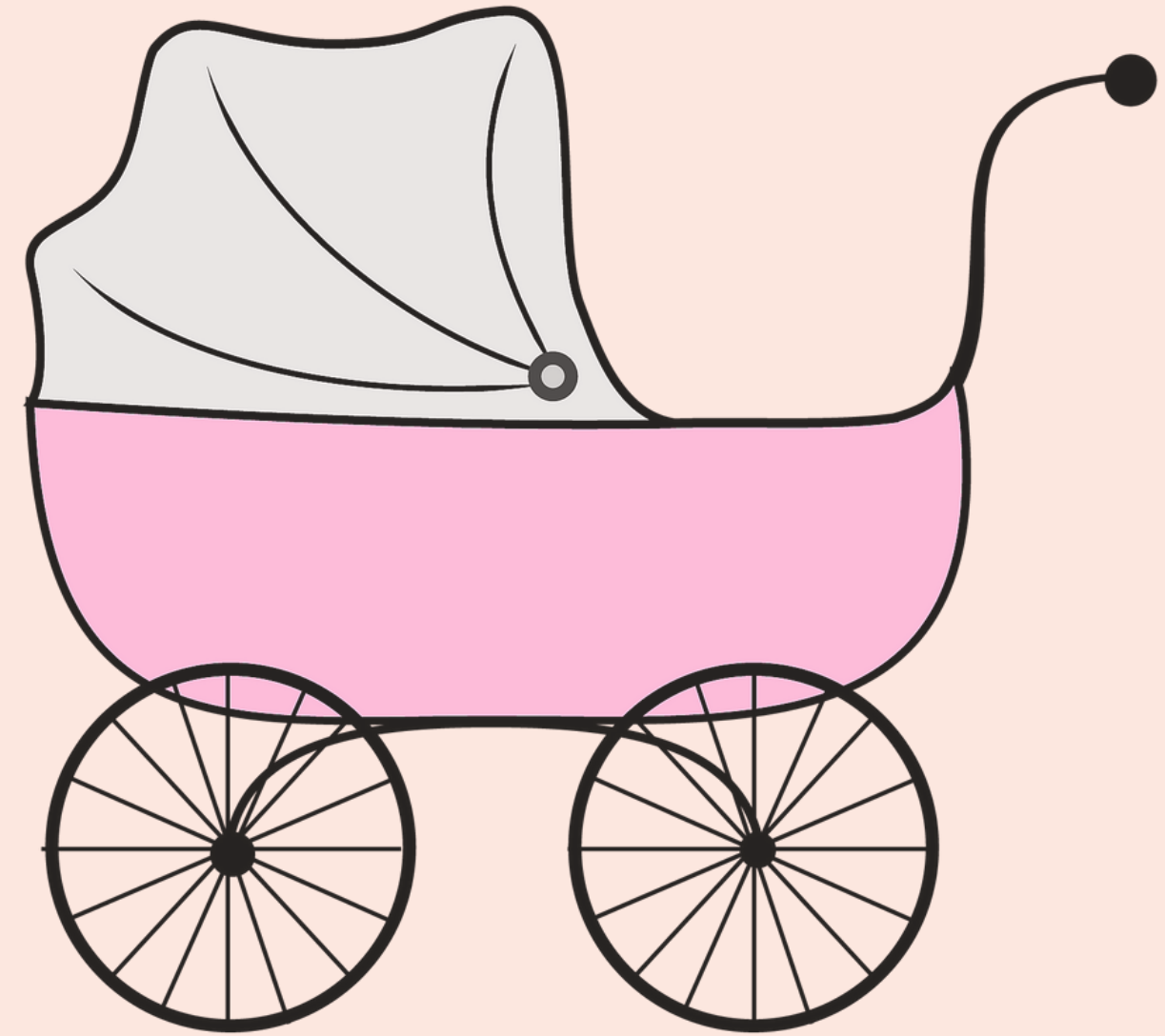
She told me that people believe in different Gods,



and she took me to a mosque to show me those beliefs.



She told me that there are people who use chairs with wheels to move,



and she took me for a ride in my old stroller.

One day, I told my mom that she was the best storyteller in the world, and I asked her how she came up with all these characters.

She looked at me with a soft, warm smile as she said,



"Follow me and you'll see."

We drove far, far away from our little town in the country.

Outside my car window, I gazed at tall buildings.



We got out of the car and all of a sudden we were surrounded by people. My mom held my hand so tight as she pulled me through the crowd, but it was starting to hurt and I let go.



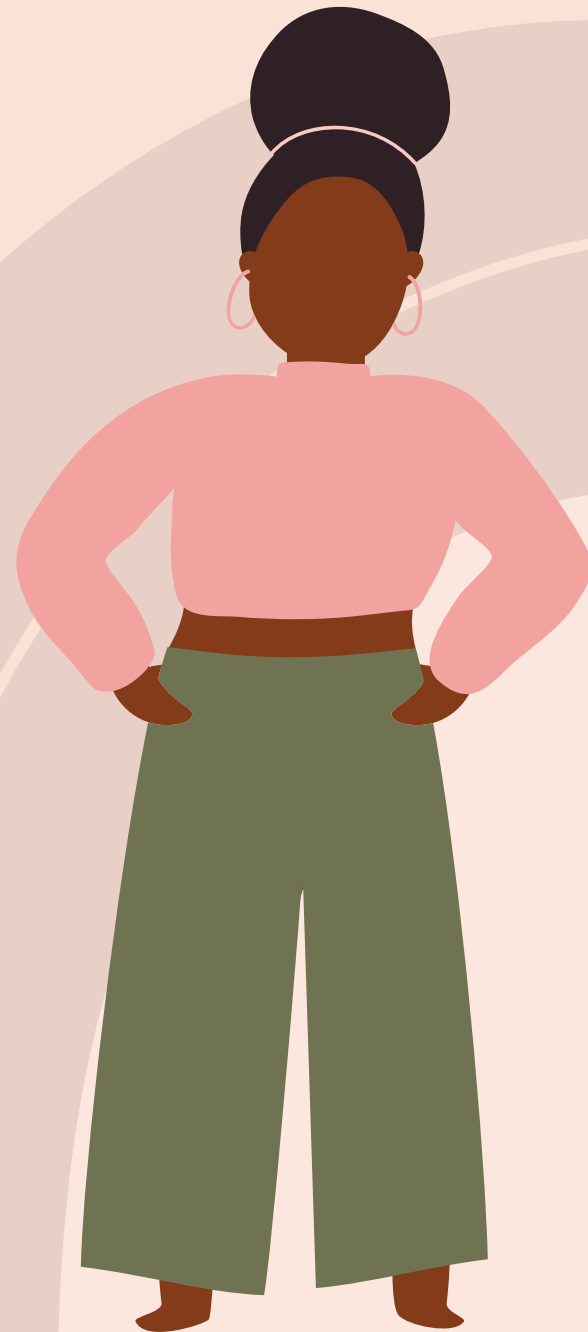


Where did she go?

I felt so small. All I could see were people towering over me.

Out of nowhere, a tall woman bent down and asked me why I was alone.

I was nervous, but when I looked up - she was one of the characters from my mom's stories, with skin like the color from a rainbow.



I felt like I was in a storybook.

I yelled out to her,

"I can't find my mom! Will you help me?"

She offered a hand and said, "Follow me."



We were pushing through all of the people, when she asked a lady to help us find my mom.



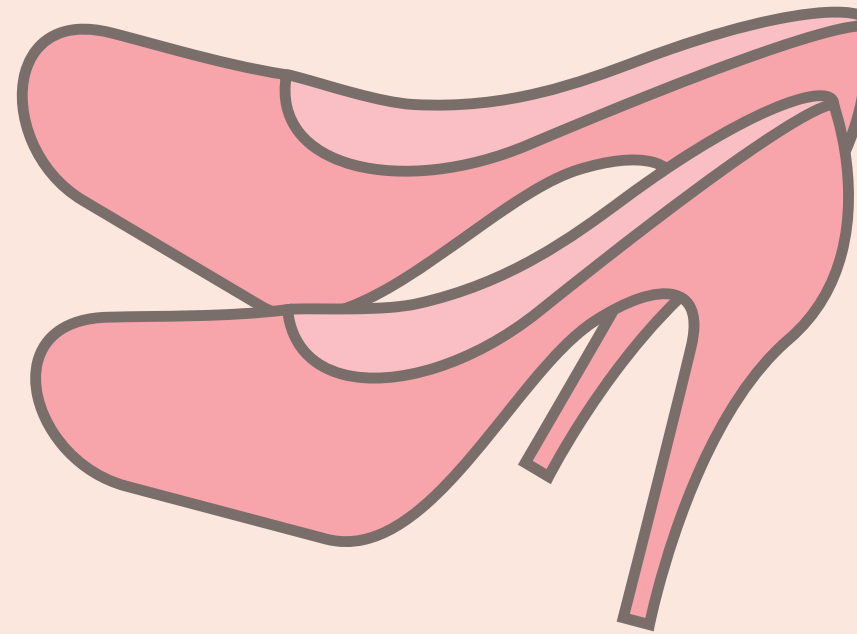
Her tummy filled the sky, and I knew my mom was right about people of different shapes and sizes.

She looked at me with kind eyes and said,  
"Follow me."



Then, another person joined our search party.

Their skirt and heels looked just like the ones my mom and I used to play dress up, but even prettier.



Out loud and with confidence, they reached for my hand.  
"I think you just passed her. Follow me."

We walked by so many different people and they all looked so happy together.



Some held signs, but I couldn't read them from the ground.

Some chanted songs, but I couldn't hear them over the voices.



We passed by two girls looking at each other the way  
my mom looks at my dad,



and that's when I knew that they were in love  
just like the dolls my mom and I played with.

As I was looking at the couple, I ran into a woman and I fell down with a big thump.

She was wearing glasses and feeling the sidewalk with a stick, so I knew she had to use different senses to see.



She told us she heard my mom yelling for me, so we held hands as she guided us to her.

Just when I started to think I was in a dream, four women in silky scarves asked us who we were looking for.

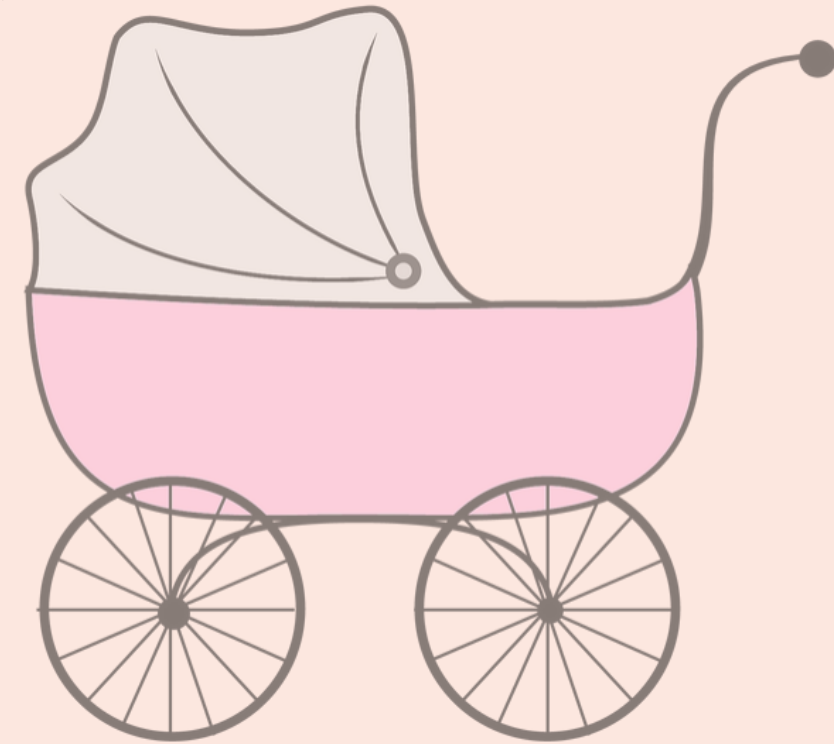
When they found out I was lost, I heard one reciting the prayer the I heard in the mosque that day.



Her eyes twinkled when she said,  
"I think we're close. Follow us."

Then, I finally saw someone my height, but she was sitting in a chair with wheels.

My mom told me all about people who move differently than me.



She beamed,  
"You're almost there! Follow me."

All of a sudden,  
I could hear my mom yelling my name!

When she saw me, she ran over and kissed my  
cheeks like the happiest person in the world.





I introduced her to all my friends who helped me  
and she whispered in my ear,

"Now do you see?"



I didn't know it yet, but that was the first of many times I would go to a Women's March in Los Angeles.

Each year, I go back and I march for the friends I met on that day.

