

# A G.I.R.L. Journey



## The Hill We Climb

Amanda Gorman stole the show on Inauguration Day. I tuned in, as I do every four years on January 20, to watch the ceremony. Witnessing a new president or reelected president take the oath of office is something memorable. This year, I tuned in to also bear witness to the history-making moment of the first woman, the first African American, and the first person of South Asian descent to be sworn in as the Vice President of the United States.

And then Amanda Gorman, the youngest inaugural poet ever, took the stage to deliver her poem, “The Hill We Climb”. Her powerful words, her eloquent grace, poise and enthusiasm, blew me away.

*“We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny Black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president, only to find herself reciting for one.”*

*“Scripture tells us to envision that everyone shall sit under their own vine and fig tree and no one shall make them afraid.*

*If we’re to live up to our own time, then victory won’t lie in the blade, but in all the bridges we’ve made.*

*That is the promise to glade, the hill we climb, if only we dare.”*

A girl cannot be what a girl cannot see. In Amanda Gorman and in Vice President Kamala Harris girls see promise and possibility. Indeed they see what they can be.

May we all keep climbing.

Sincerely,  
Pattie Hallberg, CEO  
Girl Scouts of Central and Western Massachusetts