

I have walked.

I have walked upon the earth of Wisconsin, 1200 miles, from the St Croix River to Lake Michigan.
I have walked through fields and streams, around lakes and hills, over bluffs and swales, under roads and majestic trees.

I have walked with the wind and sun, the rain and snow; in the extremes of cold and heat, in every season and every month.

I have walked hundreds of miles of roads; scenic, quiet, remote, hot, loud, and long.

I have walked with the sounds of the trumpeter swans, buck snorts, gun shots, and beaver tail slaps.

I have walked in the silence and beauty of nature and in the chaos and noise of humanity.

I have walked on paths many times tread and paths new to me.

I have walked alone and with friends; new and old.

I have walked through the fear of walking alone.

I have walked through two pairs of boots.

I have walked with help from many volunteers.

I have walked on trails I helped build.

I have walked with fibromyalgia and arthritis.

I have walked (7 miles) with a broken ankle.

I have walked with pain and with ease.

I have walked one step at a time.

I have walked the Ice Age Trail and I am glad.

In deepest gratitude for the thousands of conservationists, visionaries, and volunteers that have made this possible.

Meghan Hessler