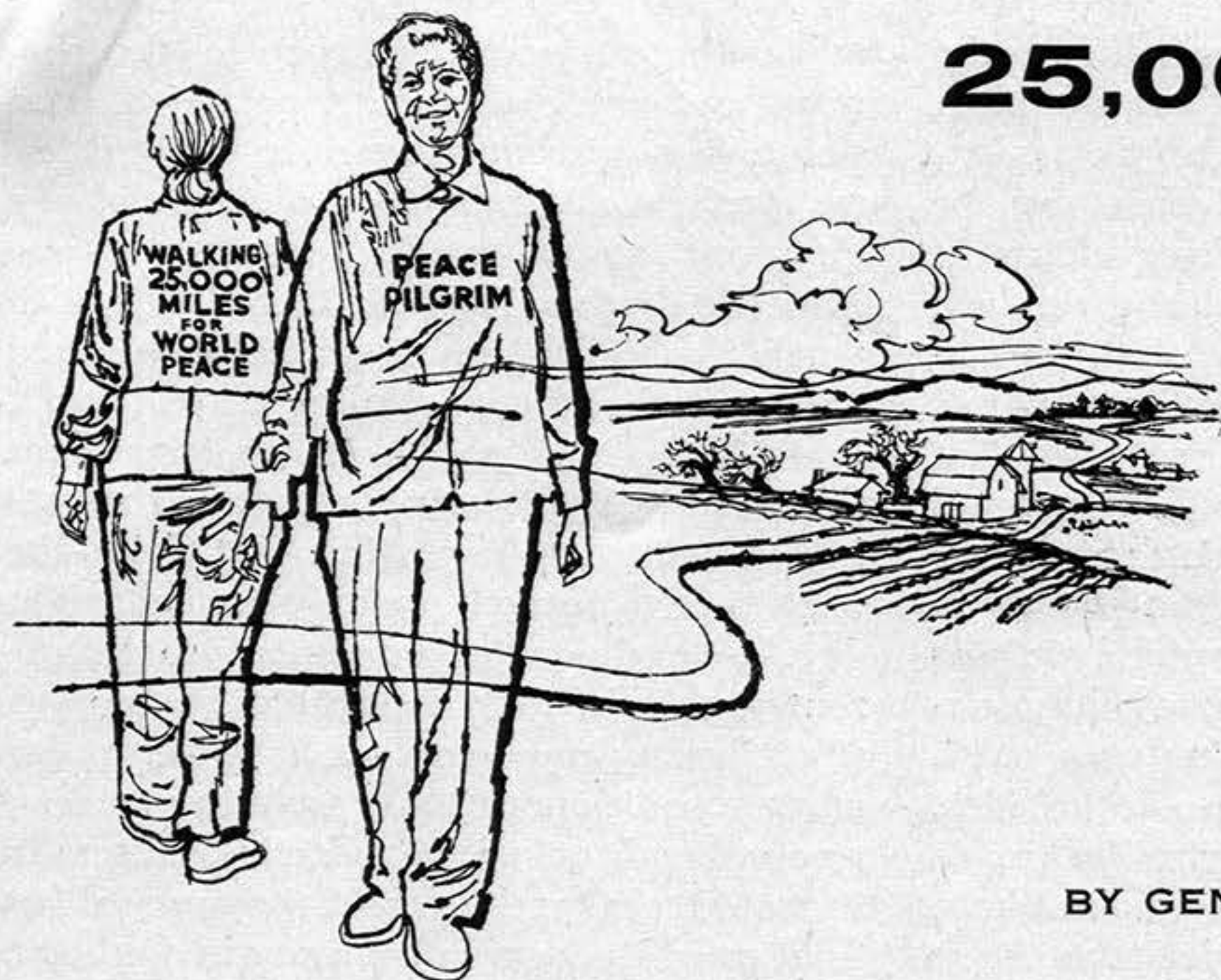


Nov. 1959

## 25,000 MILES

## FOR

## PEACE



BY GENEVIEVE WALTHER

**A** GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN in neat blue slacks is walking down the highways of America. On the front of her long-sleeved tunic are the words "Peace Pilgrim," and on the back, "I am walking 25,000 miles for peace." Curious passersby approach her and quickly learn that here is a highly intelligent and charming woman, radiating friendliness. They leave, thinking more deeply about what is involved in the attainment of peace, both within themselves and in the world.

It was six years ago that Peace Pilgrim set out on her unique mission. Since then she has counted over 14,000 miles of walking, through 48 states, 10 Canadian provinces and part of Mexico. She carries no money and does not ask for food or shelter but accepts the hospitality of those who offer her a meal or a place to sleep. Sometimes she has walked all night to keep warm, but she had never missed more than four consecutive meals.

How is it possible for someone of her slight build to endure walking an average of 25 miles a day? Peace Pilgrim says that, having attained a state of inner harmony after years of consecrated effort, she receives a bountiful supply of energy. "Learn how to live," she challenges, "and you can draw on it too."

In her youth, Peace Pilgrim had no religious training. She grew up completely outside the church—and yet religion has had a profound impact on her life. "In

my student days," she says, "I thought that the way to live was to make a lot of money—to get ahead of the other fellow. I found that making money was easy for me, and soon I had more of it than I needed. But I found that the things I could buy with it did not bring happiness. Though I did not then understand the Fatherhood of God, I felt a great deal about the Brotherhood of Man, and as I looked about the world, so much of it impoverished, I became increasingly uncomfortable about having so much while my brothers were starving.

"Finally I *had* to find another way. The turning point came when, in desperation, I walked all night, struggling to find a more meaningful life. At dawn I came to a clearing. I looked up into the heavens and cried out, 'Use me for higher purposes. Show me the way and I'll follow.' I never meant anything more in my life. And almost immediately, a great peace fell upon me.

"I found that once one has thus dedicated one's life, one has passed over the first spiritual hump—the point of no return. One has given oneself completely to a cause, and can never return to self-centered living. With many, this dedication is long and drawn-out, but fortunately for me it came at once. My first blessing, I soon learned, was perfect health. From that day, twenty years ago, I have never experienced even a cold or a headache.