Los Angeles, California, January 1, 1953

Out of the early morning mist there appeared a woman. The only remarkable thing about her was the sign she wore. The back read ""alking Coast to Coast for Peace", the front "Peace Filgrim".

"Just cell me Pesce Pilgrim," she seid. "In undertaking this pilgrimage I do not think of myself as an individual, but rather as an embodiment of the heart of the world, which is pleading for peace."

Her steps were light and swift, and she seemed to glide along affortlessly as she mingled with the New Year's Day festivities. "I'm starting my pilgrimage today," she announced. "I shall walk across this beautiful land of ours to New York City, and then to Washington, D. C."

"The world situation is grave," she continued. "Humanity, with fearful, faltering steps, walks a knife-edge between abysmal chaos and a new renaissance, while strong forces push toward chaos. Yet there is hope. I see hope in the tireless work for peace of a few devoted souls. I see hope in the real desire for peace in the heart of humanity, even though the human family gropes toward peace blindly, not knowing the way."

"The way to pence? Overcome evil with good, and falsehood with truth, and hatred with love. The Golden Rule would do as well. Please don't say lightly that these are just religious concepts and not practical. These are laws governing human conduct, which apply as rigidly as the law of gravity. When we disregard these laws in any welk of life chaos results. Through obedience to these laws this world of ours could enter into a period of peace and richness of life beyond our fondest dreams."

"Why do I undertake this pilgrimage? It is an opportunity to talk with my fellow human beings about the way to peace. It is a penance for whatever I may have contributed, by commission or omission, to the tragic situation in the world today. It is a prayer that this frightened, war-weary world of curs will somehow find the way to peace before the holocaust descends."