Ageless, nameless and peripatetic, she talks...

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She wears a faded blue salwar kameez with pockets in which she carries her papers, newspapers and other everyday goods. Her shoes are children's sneakers of which she has worn more pairs of others. She walks from town to town state to state speaking of grains, yogurt and seeds, and often spends the nights when she must sleep by the road or in a truck stop.

At the start of her pilgrimage, she still has a long road ahead. She has traveled well over the 25,000-mile goal she set for herself. "I reached San Marcos in 1984," she said. "Now I'm on my third or four trip." She has a goal of 1,500 miles to the "help," but she said, "I'm still a good pilgrim."

She is an excellent personal or anything else. She lives entirely on fresh fruits and vegetables.