Pushing world peace
By Beverly Creamer

She cuts an eccentrically dressed young woman, her body leaning against a wall, her arms crossed over her chest. She talks to the camera, her voice clear and steady. "I'm a peace pilgrim," she says, her eyes fixed on the lens. "I've been on this mission for years, spreading a message of peace around the world."

Her words are accompanied by images of her travels, from the bustling streets of Tokyo to the tranquil gardens of Kyoto. "Peace is a living thing," she says, "and I'm doing my part to keep it alive."

As she speaks, the camera pans to show various scenes from her journey, each one more inspiring than the last. The peace symbol is everywhere, from the walls of her home to the places she visits. "I'm not asking for much," she says, "just a little place to rest my head and a chance to share my message with others."

Despite the challenges, she remains dedicated to her cause, determined to spread peace wherever she goes. "I may not change the world," she says, "but I can change one person's mind, and that's a start."

End of article.

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They first tried to tell me to go to a travel agent," she says, smiling. "What a travesty."

"You're a WHAT?" said the agent.

"Pilgrim," she replied.

"I finally said, 'Think of me as a travelling speaker. They can relate to that.'"

Pilgrim leaves Monday, flying back to Los Angeles and then Bismark. North Dakota on gift tickets to pick up her pilgrimage course. She alternates between zigzags and loops back and forth across the country, trying to loop through Eugene, N.J. every other day to visit the friends who drive her all day. (her address is Peace Pilgrim, Eugene, N.J. 97402.)

She often gets letters from people who say things like: "Since talking with you I think I should do something for peace too." They write their congressmen or make peace with a friend. It all adds up, she says.

Pilgrim corresponds regularly with 10,000 people she's met, sending them irregular newsletters and letting them know when she'll be in town. Invariably, she's swamped with invitations to spend a night.

"I fear nothing and expect no good, good comes," she says, moving outside to pose for the photographer. She lies back on the grass, hands tucked under her head in her traditional under-the-stars-warm nights sleeping pose.

Then she curls forward, arms crossed, hands tucked in armpits, to show how she sleeps cold nights, explaining, "One foot sometimes gets cold if I don't have a map over it."

Finished, she bounces up off the grass and shakes hands. "Money," she says, "I don't accept. I deal with spiritual truth which should never be sold and need not be bought. When you are ready it will be given." Does she expect others to do what she's done? "Oh no," she says, "This has never inspired anyone else to walk a pilgrimage."