

these experiences, for they taught me that one can be imprisoned and yet remain free. And I know now that I can face prison.

"I am thankful, too," she went on, "for an experience which taught me that I can face death. That happened on a lonely spot of road, miles from anything. Darkness had come with incredible speed, and with it a snow storm that obliterated everything, even the road. I could not see a light in any direction. Cars had long since quit passing. There was nothing to do but go on, hoping that I could stay on the road."

She dragged herself forward on icy feet, not knowing where she was going. But despite the cold, her inner self was suffused with a feeling of warmth. "I know," she said, "that all was wonderfully well with me, no matter where my journey might end."

Suddenly her foot touched something—the railing of a bridge she could not see. Groping her way underneath, she discovered a large packing box full of heavy, dry paper. "Even in the snow storm there was shelter for me!" she exulted. She curled up in the box and pulled the paper over her, and soon her body became warm like her inner self. She slept until morning, waking to a world of fresh beauty.

Peace Pilgrim's most wonderful experience, as she told one group of listeners, occurred one night as she was crossing the desert. In the heart of an isolated stretch, she passed a parked car. The driver called to her to come in and get warm. "The minute I got in," she said, "I could tell that he was what most people would call a rough-looking man. But that didn't bother me, since I know there is that of good in everyone. Touch that and they cannot harm you, for the good in them will not let them harm you."

After talking a while, the man suggested that she get some sleep before moving on. Peace Pilgrim curled up and went to sleep in the car. "I don't know how long I slept," she said, "but finally I wakened and we talked again. It was then that he said that when he called me in, his intention had not been good. 'But you know,' he said, 'when you curled up so trustingly and went to sleep, I could not touch you.'

"Of course he couldn't," Peace Pilgrim said. "The good in him wouldn't let him."

As she started down the highway again, she looked back and saw the man, standing beside the car, looking up at the stars. "I wondered," she said, "if for the first time in his life he had found God."

### **"An Idea Whose Time Has Come"**

Thousands of people have written to Peace Pilgrim to say that they have felt inspired by her to get into action for the cause of peace. "Peace is 'an idea whose time has come,'" says Peace Pilgrim. "People everywhere are beginning to realize that God's laws work for good just as soon as we obey them. Peace within and without is for each of us as soon as we are willing to reach out and take it.

"In every crisis period," she tells her listeners, "someone is called to awaken people from their lethargy, to rouse them into action. So I was called to begin my pilgrimage. The contest is between the old ideology that we must overcome evil with force, and the less-old ideology that evil can only be overcome by good, falsehood by truth and hatred by love."

Her name? She has divested herself of her former identity to become the symbol that she is: a humble Peace Pilgrim. One day you may see her radiant face as she walks through your town, asking nothing but a hearing and giving all she has, to bring a tattered world to peace.

### **CANDLE**

*Should this poor little candle spend itself  
To help dispel the darkness from the path  
That man must travel in his search for peace?  
Or should it lie with others on the shelf  
Unused, until there dawns a day of wrath  
When BLAST shall melt them one and all to grease?*

—William B. Prothero