

# “Witness for Peace”

I was born in New York City. I turned 13 in 1967. In April of that year I went with my parents to my first anti-war demonstration. I remember standing in Central Park, in the middle of a huge crowd, the biggest crowd I'd ever seen, for what seemed like a long time and then starting to move as part of that giant mass. We walked slowly. The people around were old, young, male, female, black, white, well-dressed, scruffy; every kind. Everyone was not only courteous but friendly. In the middle of 5th Avenue, my dad boosted me up to his shoulders. It was wall-to-wall people as far as I could see up and down the avenue. I have never seen anything like it since, and I've seen my share of demonstrations.

I became an antiwar activist in my high school. With a like-minded bunch of students, I participated in a weekly vigil for peace across the street from the school's main entrance. I remember stomping my feet to stay warm in the winter cold. I remember being heckled. And I remember the glow inside that said, ""I'm standing up for what I believe is right."" It is a powerful feeling.

My political activism declined when I went off to college in New England. But my social consciousness has not disappeared. I joined the Quakers, a historic peace church, in 1990. And in April of 2017, I interviewed for the position of pastor at Adirondack Friends Meeting, in South Glens Falls. I mentioned that I had been in the 1967 march. One of the women on the search committee smiled and said, "I was there, too."

—Lucy, Pastor of Adirondack Friends Meeting, South Glens Falls