

## Even small voices can make a difference

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In a busy city, a river of people flowed through the streets, united by a shared vision of peace. It was a warm autumn afternoon, and the sky was a soft blue with fluffy clouds drifting lazily. The air was buzzing with energy as thousands marched together, holding signs and banners calling for an end to war and violence.

A young woman named Eliza was among the crowd. Her fiery red hair was tied back in a practical ponytail. She wore a simple t-shirt displaying a peace symbol, and well-worn jeans. On her shoulders sat her daughter, Mia, a bright-eyed seven-year-old filled with curiosity. Mia held a handmade sign that read “No More War,” the letters colourful, a testament to her youthful enthusiasm.

Eliza had always been passionate about peace and justice. These were values inherited from her activist parents. This march was not just a protest for her - it was a tradition, a legacy she was now passing on to her daughter. As they walked, Eliza felt pride and responsibility. She was teaching Mia that even small voices could make a difference.

The crowd, a mix of humanity, moved forward. There were people of all ages, races, and backgrounds, each with their own stories and reasons for being there. Some were seasoned activists, others were newcomers. All were united by the belief that peace was possible and worth fighting for.

Eliza glanced up at Mia, who was wide-eyed with wonder. Eliza smiled, remembering her first march at Mia’s age - the excitement, and the powerful feeling of being part of something larger than herself. Mia started to wiggle and dance on Eliza’s shoulders, her laughter ringing out like a bell. Eliza joined in, her heart swelling with joy. This was what she wanted for Mia - a world where peace and laughter thrived even during struggle.

The march continued, winding through city streets, reaching a large public square. The crowd gathered to listen to speeches and performances. Eliza gently lifted Mia off her shoulders, finding a spot to sit and watch. The speakers were passionate, their words stirring the crowd. Mia listened intently, absorbing the messages of peace and unity. Eliza watched her daughter, feeling a mix of hope and determination.

As the sun began to set, Eliza took Mia’s hand, and they started the walk home. They were tired but strengthened, filled with a renewed sense of purpose. Eliza looked down at Mia, who was still clutching her protest sign, now a little crumpled but no less vibrant.

“Did you have a good time today, sweetie?” Eliza asked.

Mia nodded enthusiastically.

“Yes, Mommy. I want to do this again. I want to help make peace.”

Eliza squeezed her daughter’s hand.

“We will, Mia. Together, we can make the world a better place.”

And so, mother and daughter walked on, their steps echoing the rhythm of countless others who had marched for peace before them. They were part of a movement, a legacy, and together, they would keep the flame of hope and peace alive.

[Woman and child in peace march, possibly in Melbourne, Victoria]

[picture] / Rennie Ellis

Ellis, Rennie, 1940-2003, photographer.

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