

May 1986



I have just come home from our state AA conference feeling happily tired and pleasantly comfortable.

At an alkathon table there, a pretty young lady and I recognized each other simultaneously. As our enlightened eyes met, memories flooded over me and I realized this girl had been the first person ever to show me a copy of the Big Book.

It's been nine years since that day when I, a befogged and defeated woman, sat hopelessly on a hospital bed where this very young lady, then dressed in white, came into my room with a book in her hand.

She came over to my bedside and put this book on my table. Then, curiously, she removed its royal blue dust jacket, upon which the words Alcoholics Anonymous were plainly printed. Then carefully refolding the dust jacket until it was inside-out, she recovered the book, with just its white side showing. As she worked, she told me a little about the story and

the purpose of the book and of the importance of anonymity. Fascinated by her sleight of hand and by the caring in her voice, I listened. Then firmly yet kindly, she placed the book in my lap. She said, "I would like you to look this over," and she left.

About twenty minutes later, just as I had begun to get interested in the strange book of anonymous white, she came back and retrieved it, saying others were reading it too; that she had only borrowed it from the Serenity Room, just down the hall, and that if I wished to read it further, I would find it there, on a table.

I did find the room, I found the table, and I did read further in the Big Book.

Although there is more I could write between these lines, of my resistance and of my gratitude and appreciation, it was with this tiny bit of willingness that the door was opened for me to a new life.

*M.V., Elk Rapids, Mich.*