

March 1983

I LOOKED UP into my makeshift
bookcase the other day, wonder-
ing: My Big Book — where is it?

I never think of the Big Book with-
out marveling at its creation. How
original it is, how it actually lifts one
with its energy. Sometimes, we talk
about this book as though it were
something more — a divine gift.
Sometimes, like a sponsor, it appears
to wait, is still, and knows. A dear
friend of mine refers to it as "the
book of directions." "When all else
fails, follow the directions."

I remember the first time I read it,
the urgency I felt as I rushed through
it, hardly taking time to breathe. The
writers had managed somehow to
come so near the very center of me. I
felt instantly refreshed and amazed at
the insight shown. The stories in the
back of the book brought a sense of
balance to the composition. The
authors wrote of personal things that
had happened to them, explored in
the deepest sense, with the detach-
ment that is possible only after the
shock of an experience has been
absorbed.

"I remember now," I said to
myself. "I gave that book to some-
one." I suddenly felt outrage because
it hadn't been returned — until I
remembered the way I had gotten it
and one of its messages: "Give what-
ever was given to you."

Guess I'll go over to the central
office and pick up another one, or
maybe two. One was never enough,
anyhow.

F.H., Wilmington, Del.

When
All Else
Fails...*

**Follow the directions
in the Big Book*