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EPILOGUE

BILL.

and so Dr Bob and I walked out of Billy D's room and one of us turned to the other and said, "Now we've got three members, that makes us a group." Billy D. left that hospital a free man, and we three went out looking for just one more, to pass it on-

BOB.

-to pass it on. Y'know, even now I still think I could probably knock off a couple 'a scotches, but then I say to myself, ' Better get back on the job, big boy, better go see some of the drunks on the ward. "*Giving of our Selves*" -our own effort, strength, and time-that's what Bill learned in New York City, and I learned from Bill. Takes *practice*, y'know, to learn that spirit of service

(pause)

For you newcomers, I've got a few suggestions: take the cotton outa your cars and put it in your mouth: just sit, and listen, Do what each of us does: don't drink, ask for help, and go to meetin's

(pause; on verge of tears)

Y'know every time I'm at a meetin'. I'm brought back to that first meetin', when Bill W. came into my life. Bill's a man I came to think of as brother, and, strange, but all evenin' long he's been very much on my mind, And I reckon that for each of you it's the same- every meetin's like the first, an act of faith, drawin' us together, through that invisible thread that connects us *(pause, as he looks around the audience)* -all

(pause)

Like to end our meetin' with a moment of silence.