

THE "A.A." WAY

I found myself in a bottomless pit,
Of sorrow, of woe and despair.
When a ray of light revealed to me,
The steps of a winding stair.

In vain, I tried to reach those steps,
of myself it could not be done.
When I cried for help, a voice replied,
"You are standing on step one."

Whose voice it was I could not tell,
and I asked, "Just who are you?"
"Please don't go away, you are helping me,"
He said, "You are standing on step two."

I found a friend, who could help me out.
I knew he could set me free.
I trusted in Him, whoever He was, and He
Led me to step number three.

I sat on this step and thought to myself,
As I never had thought before.
Of my wasted life, and the harm I had done.
He showed me to step number four.

Then I said to this friend, "Whoever you are,
I would be better dead than alive.
For I am a cheat, a liar and a thief." He said,
"You are standing on step number five."

"With you as a friend, a helper and guide,
I can rise from this terrible fix.
I'll do as you say, if you'll lead the way."
He said, "You are now on step number six."

"I know I am not worth the help that your giving,
To me it's like manna from heaven.
I'll do my best to mend my ways."
You are standing on step number seven.

"I harmed my wife, my children, my friends,
But will amend before it's too late."
then the voice by my side, so gently replied,

"You are standing on step number eight."

"I will make amends where I can,
When the power to do so is mine."
Again came the voice, more clear than before,
"You are on step number nine."

"I'll admit I've been wrong, but want to go right,
And stand as a man among men,"
And again came the voice of the man of my choice,
"You are now on step number ten."

This man by my side, such a wonderful friend,
He was surely sent from heaven,
I shall always be thankful for what he has done,
Then he led me to step number eleven.

When lo an behold, I had reached the top,
The day was bright an fair.
Then I thought of those I have left behind,
In that bottomless pit of despair.

The ray of light, which came to me,
And revealed the winding stair.
Came from a torch in the hand of a friend,
I must throw my light in there.

This torch is a guide to show the way,
I must see that it's always lit,
Without this light, I can easily fall,
to the depth of that bottomless pit.

I must never forget this wonderful friend,
in whose joy I now can delve.
He is with me each day and I hear him say,
"You are now on step number twelve."

To steer ourselves clear of this bottomless pit,
Where woe and sorrow are rife,
This is one sure way, "TAKE IT DAY BY DAY.
FOLLOW THE A.A. WAY OF LIFE."