

March 1967

Back to California ...

with the Big Book on his knee

ON my fourth AA birthday God was generous beyond belief and sent my poor old alcoholic father, whom I hadn't seen for many years, to my home. I was so very grateful for the opportunity to see him and to make my amends to him for all the bitterness and lack of understanding I had harbored toward him for so long. It was wonderful to tell him, "Dad, I *do* love you, and I know now that you have always loved us too, and I know that your drinking had nothing to do with that love — that you were a sick man. I know this, because I have been afflicted with the same sickness."

Well, it's a long story but, to cut it short, Dad was so shocked to hear his only daughter *admit* to being an alcoholic and a member of "that there AA" that he did the only logical thing — went out and got stoned. A few days later we discovered him in our local hospital's psychiatric ward and started a vigorous campaign to condition

dear old Dad to AA. It didn't work.

I think he went home (back to California) too soon, back to the old ideas and old associations. Also, being a cocky, stubborn little Irisher, he still felt that all it took was will-power.

Not long ago he turned up again in terrible shape. After three more years and eight months of beating himself to death with the bottle, the poor old dear was terribly sick. This time we kept him in the hospital for three weeks, then drove him back to his home and personally took him to some meetings down around the Bay Area — Oakland, San Francisco, Albany and Vallejo, California, and introduced him to some people who may be of help to him.

Hope he will stay with it this time. We got him his Big Book while he was still in the hospital here and he read a bit of it and said to me, "Boy, that book is really something, isn't it?"

I had to agree.

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