

THE GIFT OF SILENCE

When I consider all the times, I've tried to pick the day
That someone else got sober, and threw the jug away
I realize by my failures and its become completely clear
It seldom goes the way I planned, when others crave their beer

I didn't stop promoting, for I thought I had it right
Their plan for me was simple; they just stayed out of sight.

Then one day while visiting a loved one out of town
I showed up with laryngitis and, I couldn't speak a sound

I opened up her phone book, and underlined A.A.

And after three days silent, I continued on my way

Two months after being home, a brother on a call
said "You know Sis got sober, She doesn't drink at all"

I asked about the details, he said he couldn't say,
The only thing he knew for sure, "she goes to A.A.A". (how cute)

Forty-two years later and, she hasn't had a drink
The success of that twelve step call, has made me stop and think

If it's true that things I **Do**, speak louder than things I **Say**

I thank my God for giving me, laryngitis on that day.

Rick R.