

Faith without works is dead.

Bill W. has his vital spiritual experience and tell us:

... the effect was electric. There was a sense of victory, followed by such a peace and serenity as I had never known. There was utter confidence. I felt lifted up, as though the great clean wind of a mountain top blew through and through. God comes to most men gradually, but His impact on me, was sudden and profound.

Afterward Bill W. calls his friend. A doctor, wondering if he was crazy, but after listening his friend says...

"Something has happened to you I don't understand. But you had better hang on to it. Anything is better than the way you were."

The good doctor now sees many men who have such experiences. He knows that they are real. While I lay in the hospital the thought came that there were thousands of hopeless alcoholics who might be glad to have what had been so freely given me. Perhaps I could help some of them. They in turn might work with others. My friend had emphasized the absolute necessity of demonstrating these principles in all my affairs. Particularly was it imperative to work with others as he had worked with me. Faith without works was dead, he said. And how appallingly true for the alcoholic! For if an alcoholic failed to perfect and enlarge his spiritual life through work and self-sacrifice for others, he could not survive the certain trials and low spots ahead. If he did not work, he would surely die. The faith would be dead indeed. With us it is just like that.

Working with other alcoholics gives us a living faith and this powerful thing helps keep us sober. Bill W. explains...

An alcoholic in his cups is an unlovely creature. Our struggles with them are variously strenuous, comic, and tragic. One poor chap committed suicide in my home. He could not, or would not see our way of life.

There is, however, a vast amount of fun about it all. I suppose some would be shocked at our seeming worldliness and levity. But just underneath there is deadly earnestness. Faith has to work twenty-fours a day in and through us, or we perish.

Most of feel we need look no further for Utopia. We have it with us right here and now... in a widening circle of peace on earth and good will to men.

Faith without works is dead. This work is in helping others. It is in helping others that we help ourselves. If we do not help others we will surely drink again. If we drink again, we will surely die and our faith will be dead indeed.