

Reading by: Wesley Parish @ AA NETA65 Conference - 1978
Sobriety Date: 1947

- 1. Turn on your speakers.**
- 2. Click in the AA Triangle to hear this reading.**



Where can I find Him?

Wise men ask and I ask still
Where is this man of good will?

Is He far away in some distant place?
Ruling unseen from a throne of grace?
Is there no place on earth that I might see?
To give me proof of eternity?

And then I heard, there's a legend that's often been told
Of a boy who searched for the windows of gold.
The windows of gold he saw far away
As he looked in the valley at sunrise each day.

He longed to go down in the valley below
But he lived up on the mountain all covered with snow.

And this is a trip that he wanted to make
so he planned by day and dreamed by night,
of how he would reach this great shining light.

And one morning as the dawn broke through
and the valley sparkled with diamonds of dew.
He started to climb down the mountainside
with the windows of gold as his goal in his eye.

He traveled all day all wearied and worn
and bleeding feet and clothes that were torn.
And finally he entered in this little peaceful valley town,
just as the golden sun went down.

But Lo, he'd lost his shining light
Because the windows were dark that had once been bright!
And tired and hungry and lonely and cold!
He yelled "Oh please! Oh please! Won't you show me the windows of gold?"

And a kind hand touched him and said:
"Behold, high on the mountain is the windows of gold."
For the sun going down and the great golden ball
Had burnished the windows of his cabin so small.

Now the kingdom of God with its great shining light
Is like the windows that shine so bright.
It's no far distant place somewhere
It's just as close to you and I as a solid prayer.

Your search and my search for God will end and begin
When we look for God and find him within.

So you see it is true that I have never seen his face
But his lightness shines forth from every place.

The hand of God is everywhere
Along our life's busy thoroughfare.
The things we see and touch and feel
this is what makes God so very real.

Solid stars and timeless skies
The wonderment in those children's eyes.
The gossamer wings of a hummingbird
And the joy of a kindly word.
The Autumn haze, the breath of spring,
the chirping song the cricket sings.
A rose bud in a slender vase,
a smile upon a friendly face.

In everything both great and small
We see the hand of God in all.

For who can watch a new day birth
Or feel the warm life giving earth.
Or look at skies, through lacey trees,
Or feel the softness of the breeze.

And say they have never felt His grace.
Or looked upon His face.

I can, because I've been a member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

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