



A NEW LEAF

A PUBLICATION OF MARIJUANA ANONYMOUS

February 2002

Volume 12, Number 2

We are very excited about the MA convention in Seattle, February 15-17 2002 at The Best Western Executive Inn. It is still not too late to register! (see registration form in ANL or go to www.seattlema.org) or register On-Site. If you are planning on coming please remember to book your hotel room early, and contact Howard F. (dogbone60@hotmail.com) for a FREE ride from SeaTac Airport. *There are no free shuttles available to the hotel.* For more info: **Mary S-D (206) 367-0618** or sabetto@attbi.com (this email has recently changed). See You There!

Clouds

by Jeff M. The Story of Josie
by Joan H.

Clouds can turn a bad day good, or a good day bad by simply being or not being. As a child, I would look at the clouds and life in awe and wonder. When I first started smoking Marijuana, I again looked at the clouds in awe and wonder. Growing older, I continued to get high, even after it stopped being fun. When I was getting high solely because I HAD to I looked at the clouds and wondered what I ever saw in them. I wondered 'what made clouds so special?' At the end of my smoking, using days I looked at life the same way, what was so special about it, you are born, life sucks, and you die. Not real conducive to living. But, then I wasn't truly living, I was just existing. Existing to smoke dope.

Within the first week of my sobriety I started noticing clouds again. As with many addicts, within the first few weeks of sobriety, I was still pissed off at what ever kind of fool ran this place we called the world for letting me fail that drug test. Even though I knew it was coming and didn't stop smoking. It wasn't my fault, it was the Jokester of the Universe's fault. Yet, inspite of my anger, the clouds magically renewed their awe and wonder. That was the first glimpse of the wonders that were to unfold for me in sobriety. That was my first glimpse of sunshine for I had hidden long in the dark dismal shadow of addiction. Isolation. Now, over five years later, I am starting to stand in the

full light of The Spirit where all of the clouds are white puffy cumulus that enliven the sky. No longer do I feel the need to hide beneath the dark dense clouds of addiction. No longer do I feel the need to stuff and ignore the feelings and emotions of life, which are like the clouds in the sky.

Feelings and emotions can turn a good day bad, or a bad day good, just like the clouds. Just as I love to see them in the sky, I am glad I now have emotions in my life. By no means is my life a perfectly sunny day everyday. I wouldn't want it to be. Clouds let you see the depth, and breadth of the sky. They let you see how huge our world truly is. Feelings and emotions do the same. They let you see, learn and come to know our personal limits. If everything always went your way, if nothing ever upset your serenity, if no clouds ever got in your way, then how would you know if you were growing? Don't get me wrong, I don't advocate going out and testing yourself. I am talking about being grateful for the challenges that our Higher Power puts in our lives. My Loving Higher Power, whom I choose to call God, does just that.

Ever since Mom died back in 1995, I have been keeping an eye on my Dad. I use to resent this very much when I was using. He was 85 why do I need to check on him. I mean after all I lost

Josie was a little catfish that lived at the bottom of the sea. She was not a gold fish, nor a silver fish, not did she have diamonds on the soles of her shoes. She was just very ordinary brown and gray and non-descript. But she had a good heart and was caring. She was a bottom feeder and tried to find choice pieces of flotsam and jetsam to feed her kitten fish, which she loved dearly. Sometimes when her back was turned hungry predators would attack her babies, but only when she was too busy searching for flotsam and jetsam, or otherwise engaged in sweeping up the sandy area where they lived in a grove of seaweed. Sometimes the seaweed would entwine one or the other of her kittens and sometimes Josie herself, would get tied up and have to extricate the babies, as well as herself. One time she came across a piece of seaweed which tasted delicious to her and promised spiritual freedom in the brightest of colors and the happiest sounds of the ocean's roar and the merry splashing of the waves. The weed was so captivating that she thought she could spend eternity wrapped in its leaves. Eventually, she discovered that she was imprisoned and slowly and painstakingly untangled the tendrils to find herself FREE!! In the open sea!! Her whiskers withered and fell off, as it was no longer

continued on page two

concluded on last page



A NEW LEAF

The purpose of A New Leaf is to carry the message of recovery from marijuana addiction. It is through the written experiences of recovering addicts and their stories that we may find experience, strength and hope.

Articles submitted should reflect recovery, unity, and service. The articles contained in A New Leaf are the sole opinions of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of Marijuana Anonymous as a whole.

Managing Board

Editors

Debra C. and Tom W.
Office Manager
Judy S.

District Bureau Chiefs

District 1: Frank P.
District 2: Suki G.
District 3: Jerry P.
District 4: Stephanie W.
District 5: Meredith K.
District 6: Craig J.
District 7: Mike H.
District 8: Anthony R.
District 9: Bernie G.
District 10: Bill H.
District 11: Craig S.
District 12: Adam G.
Austin, TX: Valerie T.
Chester Co., PA: Lee R.

Executive Board

Chairperson: Loren N.
Treasurer: Carol McD.

Send all articles, inquiries and
correspondence to:
ANLP@marijuana-anonymous.org
or
A New Leaf
P.O. Box 4314
North Hollywood, CA 91617

Clouds *continued*

my Mom he only lost his wife of 57 years and was still in the house they had lived in for 44 years. Yea, why should I have to check on him? That was how I felt before getting sober. Within the first month of me being forced sober Dad decided that he could no longer live in the house alone. I found him a nice place to live in an assisted living apartment building. This relieved me of many of my daily worries, one of which was finding him dead at home. Thank you God. When I had 5 months' sobriety Dad had a heart attack, which he came out of just fine. Thank you God. As he got older, and I grew in my recovery, Dad and I became closer and closer. Around his 89th Birthday, I started hugging him and telling him I loved him, per my Sponsor's suggestion. I had a lot of resentments against my Dad. My Sponsor said this was a good way to learn to let them go, along with forgiving Dad. To my amazement it worked. I forgave Dad for not being the perfect Dad, and began to love him for himself.

When I first started hugging him, he hugged me back only reluctantly, and I understood. To a man of his generation hugging and saying I love you was very foreign. As Dad grew older the hugs and I love you's became more and more important. One of my greatest joys was a day when I was busy thinking about everything except what he was talking about as I sat impatiently through my weekly visit. As usual when the conversation became more lull than talking I got up to leave. As I was walking out the door he stood up, looked at me and asked if I had forgotten something. I smiled ear to ear and walked over to him and gave him a great big hug and told him I loved him, which he did back to me. That was just one of many miracles of this program to finally have a Dad when you are 47 and he is 89. >From that point on I never missed giving Dad a hug and telling him I loved him. True, there were times the hugs and I love you's were not as heart felt as others, but because of that, God gave me one of the greatest gifts I will ever receive. Toward the

end of Dad's life, he was in and out of the hospital almost weekly. The last time, not quite a month ago as I write this, was the worst. He couldn't breathe, he was very weak, I had to help him do things that most sons usually don't have to help their father do, but I did them. I did them praying to God the whole time to give me strength to do what I have to do. Toward the end of an extremely long day for both Dad and I, his breathing stabilized. He was given a room in the hospital, I talked with all the nurses and the doctor, assuring myself he was in good hands, I left. Before I left I gave him a hug and told him I loved him. He hugged me back the best he could and although muffled by the oxygen mask I still heard the 'I love you too.' That was the last time I saw Dad alive. And I thank God for that. I thank God that the last words we spoke to each other while he was alive were "I LOVE YOU!"

God granted me many more white happy clouds than dank sad rain clouds as I put the memorial service together. The white happy clouds were the happy memories I have of Dad, all of the friends I have inside and outside of the program of recovery that sent such encouraging words of support. Who, even though they never knew my Dad, showed up at the service to support me. The fact that I was sober and had the final opportunity to present My Dad to the world. The dark sad rain clouds are of my loss, my family's loss of a beloved Father, Grandfather and Great-Grandfather.

Regardless of the sadness there was an overall good feeling. My 91 year old Dad; my ornery, stubborn, perfectionist Father, died his way. He didn't die slow with tubes stuck in him, he died quick. He asked for a drink of water, the orderly left to get it, and when he came back he was gone. Yes they tried CPR, the paddles and such, but per his wishes, which he told me many times, they did not use extraordinary measures. Dad died just as he lived, his way. And yes it is sad, and the rain clouds are still close by. In fact, they have stopped by as I wrote this, but just

concluded on last page

8th Annual Marijuana Anonymous World Convention

President's Day Weekend

February 15, 16, 17, 2002

Seattle, WA

Come enjoy the fellowship of other MA members. The weekend will feature many workshops and meetings, entertainment, banquet, dance, and a raffle. Lots of fun and sharing!

Friday, February 15 *

4-9 Registration
6 Introduction, Meet & Greet
7 Taco Salad Bar
8:15 Announcements
8:30 Speakers Meeting
10-1 Entertainment

Saturday, February 16 *

Breakfast on your own
9-12 Workshops (Meetings)
12-1:30 Lunch on your own
1:30-4:45 Workshops
4:45-6:30 Free Time
6:30 Banquet Buffet, Raffle
8 Speakers Meeting
9:30-1 Musical Entertainment
& Dance

Sunday, February 17*

Breakfast on your own
9-10:30 Workshops
Check-out of Hotel
11:30-2 Soup & Salad Buffet
Closing Meeting
Raffle
Birthday Countdown

**All times are subject to change!*

The Hospitality Suite will be open all weekend, from 4 pm on Friday until Sunday morning. The suite will have free snacks and drinks, and is a great place to say hello. Vegan food items will be available at the suite and at all meals. Drum Circle, Chair Massage and other surprises TBA. We are working on getting ASL Interpreters for the Deaf, for more info, please contact Mary, sabetto@home.com. Check out the convention website, www.seattlema.org

HOTEL REGISTRATION

Hotel is **not included** in the price of the Convention; you must book your room separately.

Call the hotel and make a reservation (no reservations booked online!)

Best Western Executive Inn, 200 Taylor Ave. North, Seattle, WA 98109

(206) 448-9444 or 1-800-351-9444

Reservations must be made by January 1, 2002

*Our guarantee of a minimum of 25 room nights booked per night ensure our receiving use of meeting rooms and Hospitality Suite free of charge; **PLEASE RESERVE EARLY!!!***

Single or Double Room \$79.00, call for details

IMPORTANT!!! Shuttle Tickets for Airport Transportation are only for those who pre-register!!!

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

REGISTRATION	COST	QUANTITY	TOTAL
•Before January 1, 2002 \$40.00	_____	_____	_____
•After January 1, 2002 \$45.00	_____	_____	_____
•Banquet Buffet, Speaker Meeting, Dance (vegan options) \$40.00	_____	_____	_____
GRAND TOTAL:			_____

Any person attending the Banquet will be eligible for the Banquet Raffle, the Banquet is an additional cost

Please make check out for total amount payable to Marijuana Anonymous, and mail to MA Puget Sound Service Committee, PMB 4403, 10002 Aurora Ave. North #36, Seattle, WA 98133-9334

Your anonymity will be protected for all mailing purposes.

Name _____ Phone (_____) _____ - _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Games in Salt Lake City

Should anyone be attending the games in Salt Lake this month, and find themselves in need of a meeting, there is an M.A. meeting available. The information is:

Mon - SALT LAKE CITY - 7:30pm
2631 East Murray-Holliday Road
(enter west side of church)
O, NS, W/A
contact: **SLCMA100794@aol.com**

Clouds *concluded*

as in nature there is always a rainbow after the rain. There is sun in my heart for my Dad. As there is sunshine in my heart for this program, for my sobriety, because if I hadn't been sober I would never have been able to find my Dad.

Therefore if there was always an azure sky we would never have any idea how deep, how wide the sky is. We would have no way of knowing the joy of watching a sunset that turns the boring old white altocumulus clouds into nuggets of gold. Of a sunrise that turns mean dark streaks that blot out the stars of life into flaming pastel colored cirrus fingers reaching for the heart of a new day.

Josie *concluded*

necessary to scrape the bottom for substance. She could feast on plankton, swim in sunlit waters and look up through the waves to a sky more vast than she could have imagined, when trapped by the vegetation in the darkness of the bottom of the sea. Her scales turned from the dingy shades of brown and gray to silver rainbow hues kissed by the golden sun. Josie had come HOME!

And, BEST OF ALL — her kittens had grown up to be free, having survived predacious attacks and the lure of entanglement and together they formed a School of Fish roaming the seven seas and expressing concepts of freedom, heretofore never been seen.

We stand corrected...

Until now, we misspelled the Austin, Texas' Bureau Chief's name. It now stands corrected. We humbly apologize.

MA WORLDWIDE

For Land and Online Meeting Schedules Go To: <http://www.marijuana-anonymous.org>

email: office@marijuana-anonymous.org

MA World Service Office

PO Box 2912
Van Nuys, CA 91404
800-766-6779

San Francisco (Dist. 1)

PO Box 460024
San Francisco, CA
94146-0025
415.522.7373

East Bay (District 2)

PO Box 8354
Berkeley, CA 94707
510.287.8873

South Bay (District 3)

408.450.0796

Seattle (District 4)

POB # 17323
Seattle, WA 98107-1023
206.548.9034

Orange County (District 5)

(Includes San Diego)
PMB #215
358 S. Main
Orange, CA 92868-3834
714.999.9409
619.685.2808

LA County No. (District 6)

PO Box 2433
Van Nuys, CA 91404
818.759.9194

LA County So. (District 7)

PO Box 3012
Culver City, CA 90231
323.964.2370

New York (District 8)

PO Box 1244
Cooper Station
New York, N.Y. 10276
212.459.4423

Santa Cruz (District 9)

PO Box 3003
Santa Cruz, CA 95063
831.427.4088

LA County East (District 10)

PO Box 94400
Pasadena, CA 91109
626.583.9582

Portland (District 11)

PO Box 2012
Portland, OR 97208-2012
503.221.7007

North Bay, CA (District 12)

PO Box 1001
Petaluma, CA 94952
707.583-2326

Austin, TX

higherground_austin@yahoo.com

Chester Co., PA Chapter

PO Box 194
Sadsburyville, PA 19362
610.622.9243

Chicago

Ma_chicago@hotmail.com

Colorado

303.607.7516

Idaho

208.602.2997

Ithaca, NY

ma_ithaca@yahoo.com

Australia

MA Australia
PO Box 202
Hindmarsh, 5007
South Australia
0.500.502.654
maaustralia@yahoo.com.au

Rogue Valley, OR Chapter

541.941.2995

London, England Chapter

07940.503438

New Zealand

MA Service Centre
PO Box 74-386
Market Road, Auckland 3
New Zealand
649.846.6822

★
★ **Congratulations to Our Members** ★
★ **Celebrating their Sober Birthdays!** ★

District 2

Rich E.	1/15/97	5 Years
Doug O.	1/17/01	1 Year!
Chris F.	2/1/88	14 Years

District 4

Thor H.	12/6/00	2 Years
Connie P.	2/14/98	4 Years
Dave L.	2/27/99	3 Years

District 5

Hiking Mike	2/6/88	14 Years
Angel S.	2/1/89	13 Years
Rick B.	2/1/89	13 Years
Yuichi	2/23/89	13 Years
Hal N.	2/26/97	11 Years
Papa Joe	2/1/93	9 Years
Eric M.	2/1/93	9 Years
Billy B.	2/13/93	9 Years
Randy P.	2/27/93	9 Years
"Moonshot" Ben	2/4/94	8 Years
Mike B.	2/18/94	8 Years
Victoria C.	2/5/95	5 Years
Peter C.	2/17/99	3 Years
Wendy D.	2/22/99	3 Years

District 6

George B.	2/6/88	14 Years
Terry M.	2/24/88	14 Years
Margaret F.	2/24/91	11 Years

District 6 (cont'd)

Steve G.	2/8/92	10 Years
Dan Z.	2/14/93	9 Years
Janelle A.	2/5/95	7 Years
Laurie	2/5/97	5 Years
Robert S.	2/25/99	2 Years

District 7

Bill D.	2/9/90	12 Years
Jonathan	2/26/92	10 Years
Tino	2/22/97	5 Years
Tod	2/24/98	4 Years
Terry	2/24/98	4 Years
Garry	2/9/00	2 Years
Ben	2/17/00	2 Years
Gene W.	2/22/00	2 Years
Rachel	2/??/00	2 Years

District 8

Paul M.	1/2/01	1 Year!
David H.	2/14/94	8 Years
Rob D.	2/28/94	8 Years
Elldede	2/11/96	6 Years
Henry S.	2/12/96	6 Years
Steve B.	2/26/99	3 Years

District 10

Mike W.	1/4/00	2 Years
Conrad G.	1/7/00	2 Years

Idaho

Jason F.	2/8/99	3 Years
----------	--------	---------

Celebrating 310 Years of Sobriety in This Issue!