



# a new leaf

a publication of marijuana anonymous

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## So marijuana isn't physically addicting.....

For years we've heard that Marijuana isn't physically addictive yet so many of us found our way into the rooms due to marijuana addiction. The proclamations that pot isn't addictive like alcohol, opiates, and other harder narcotics has led many people to believe that it's simply a mental addiction which many outsiders consider a weakness rather than a disease. I'm here to tell you that Marijuana is as physically addictive as any other drug including alcohol, and that the withdrawals and physical pain it put me through are no different than any other drug.

I began smoking pot regularly the summer between high school and college at the age of 17. I was an athlete and growing up in the early 80's the jocks and the stoners didn't associate with each other. Not until I attended San Diego State University which at the time

was considered one of the most notorious party schools in America, did I experience the euphoria of marijuana smoking. The kids in my dorm smoked regularly, and in order to fit in I followed suit. Initially it was just at night and over the weekends, and eventually progressed to the proverbial "wake and bake" routine. I went to class high, studied high and did everything stoned.

Over time as I realized I had a problem I would attempt to curtail my using only to suffer from physical withdrawal. I'd wake up nauseous in the morning as my body was so accustomed to being fed THC every 90 minutes, so waiting the 6-8 hours while I slept caused my body to react with severe withdrawal symptoms. I'd have to smoke immediately upon waking up to make the nausea and vomiting stop. I couldn't eat as my stomach was queasy, couldn't ingest any food, and my body would get the shakes. Eventually as the sickness progressed I'd have to set an alarm at 2 AM and 4 AM so I could smoke in order to stop the nausea before it took hold. Just as we see in hard narcotic and alcohol addiction, marijuana did the same thing to me.

As time progressed and my consumption reached a quarter ounce a day, the vomiting would last for days and the only relief I could find was laying on the floor of the shower letting the water run on me for hours. Eventually the vomiting caused me to be hospitalized and dehydration began to

affect my internal organs. This process would take anywhere from a week to 10 days to subside and I'd lose 20-25 pounds over that period of time. This would happen every 4-6 months and went on for 20+ years. Amazing how dense we addicts can be even when the reality of addiction and self destructive behavior is slapping us in the face.

Today I wake up rested and peaceful. No longer do I feel sick, nauseous and afraid to eat. My children don't hear of me in the shower for days on end and I'm not losing weight every day. Amazing what happens when we stop abusing our bodies! So.... When people say 'Pot isn't addictive, remind them of the athlete who barfed on himself for 20 years, had uncontrollable shakes and lost 50 pounds in 2 months because he was physically addicted to marijuana. Marijuana is the crock pot of drug usage, takes a long time to cook but eventually boils you to the bone! *Written by a former uncontrollable shaker!* ▲

### ROVING REPORTER

#### Question for April

When and how did you have a "moment of clarity" about being powerless over marijuana?

#### Step Four

Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

#### Tradition Four

Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or MA as a whole.

Submit your answers to your Bureau Chief, or online, by March 17.

**YOUR  
STORY  
HERE!**

## 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 reflect the opinions of Marijuana Anonymous as a whole.

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or submit online:  
www.marijuana-anonymous.org  
and click on the [newsletter](#) tab.

## I used to be one of those “waltzing sobriety” guys... steps 1-2-3, 1-2-3, 1-2-3

What a total crock; I wasn't really working any steps; I was discussing steps. That changed one evening, after a meeting at the 7th Day Adventist hospital in Taipei (not an MA meeting).

I had come into the program being one of those geniuses who, saying that they're "powerless", still wants to dictate the terms of recovery. No fourth step that anybody could get their hands on! And, all this business of sponsorship; silliness. I could read the book for myself!

Good thing I hadn't tried to become a baker. I can see me now; changing the recipe: double the flour, a couple extra cups of milk... no eggs; I don't like eggs... hey, how come my cake is more like a pan of gravy?

Well, where my wisdom and deep personal insight had got me after a year of sobriety, was sitting in a bar, 7000 miles from where I'd got sober; not attending meetings, hanging out with my stoner buddy and his pot dealer friend. I realized that water had sought its

own level. I was right back where I started – almost.

There was one twelve step fellowship that met three times a week. I attended the next scheduled meeting.

Shortly after I started attending meetings again, a guy from Canada who occasionally came into town on business attended. Having listened to me talk, he took me aside after the meeting and told me something to the effect that, "if you don't work the steps - soon - you're going to die."

He went on to explain that, listening to my story, he wouldn't bet on my living really long if I relapsed. And that I sounded like a relapse waiting to happen.

That shook me to the core. I knew he was right and it really scared me. In the first nine months, when I was still in Seattle, there were a couple of guys who didn't make it. I figured that if I'd seen two guys buy the farm in less than a year, this guy (who'd been sober twelve years) had probably seen more funerals than I'd had hot meals.

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### **SPECIAL NOTICE!**

This is to inform everyone that the  
OFFICIAL ADDRESS of MARIJUANA ANONYMOUS  
has changed as of DECEMBER 7, 2010.

Every effort has been made to account for all the business names that can be used for our address; but please be careful in future to use the address below as the address for ALL official correspondence, including 7th Traditions:

**MARIJUANA ANONYMOUS WORLD SERVICES**  
**PO BOX 7807**  
**TORRANCE, CA 90504**

PLEASE SPREAD THE WORD! Tell your local meetings, tell your DSC meetings, and especially tell your Treasury and Literature chairs!

This notice will appear on the website, and will be carried in the New Leaf, for a period of a year. Thanks in advance for helping to make the transition a smooth one!

## “...waltzing sobriety”

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I was willing to set aside disbelief, and accept the idea that there was a Higher Power - a God, Supreme Being, Celestial Puppetmaster - whatever - who could help me out. And that I'd better get willing to let him (or her, or it, for all I know) lend a hand; I was in over my head.

By "get willing" to let God help, this meant doing the rest of the steps. And, if I wasn't working on 'em, then all my talk of willingness was just that: talk. It wasn't really willingness.

That night, I stayed up late, and wrote a fourth step. Since I didn't have a sponsor to guide me with some helpful tips (such as doing one whole column first, before moving to the next, for instance), it was pretty disorganized. But, it was from the heart; I didn't leave any cards tucked in my boot.

The next day, I got a hold of the Canadian; he was gracious enough to hear my fifth step before leaving town. I got a sponsor shortly after that, and worked the steps. I attended workshops. I spoke on panels, and on the radio. I took other guys through the work. I wrote a list of the people I'd screwed over, and got in touch with the ones that I could, and cleaned up a lot of wreckage.

A fair while has gone by since I met that Canadian guy; I've never seen him since. But, his gift to me; that jolt that made me really take the third step, has stayed with me.

-Bill N. ▲

### **SUBMIT**

Share your experience, strength and hope! Submit your article to your Bureau Chief or see page 2 for contact information.

## Letting God Work Her Fabulousness....

Since Monday, January 17, 1983 this grateful recovering reefer addict has not found it necessary to use marijuana in any form and for that I remain sincerely indebted to Higher Power. During active use I smoked hard! It was nothing for me to take a deep, deep toke, hold it in, and then feel all proud that very little smoke released on the exhale. I'm told, "*more will be revealed...*" and I now clearly see, the aforementioned "deep toke..." account totally suitable in depicting the reduced quality of my puny life and the God affronting manner I was living at that time. I'd shifted my life away from and against any semblance of God and had replaced all I knew and wanted to know about living life with weed. When I take a fearless and searching (*my work continues!*) look over the course of my using moments, I readily witness, God used my inner wounded-nest to bring me to the program, in turn the program led me directly to God! How **AWE-SOME** is that? The fact that I have not smoked in over twenty-eight (28) years a day at a time is my profound testament of being granted daily continuous surrender and allowing God to work her Fabulousness in and through my life. Now, I try to cultivate a mind of spirit that is open like the sky, and I delight in taking plenty of what ails me to God's Altar and turning it over. Sometimes my mind is not open at all and I allow my self to be in the all-of-it, at that time. There's forever the life, that I go through, and am cause in the matter of expanded recovery living totally sober a day at a time. In fact, I face my life now in such a way, that I can tell with ease, that I am one of God's favorite human beings. She's forever diligent comforting me, listening to

me and guiding me through areas of life that are important to me, areas that don't work or that don't work as well as I'd like them to. She has transformed my heart, my speaking, and my listening and has shifted the furniture around in my mind and my new birth is fascinating and its kaleidoscopic patterns hued "*beyond my wildest dreams.*" She give me chills on my neck and body all of the time! Imbued with everyday miracles life has become my sole source of natural high and my fellowship communities soars me high like no reefer ever did! Trusting God, cleaning house and serving others is the matchless context from which I endeavor to live life. I am always actively looking to see what's there, within to transform? When I was wished a "slow recovery" early on, I recall being in an upset over the term. I wanted recovery quick, myself fixed, instant gratification, right away...! I have since come to know that "slow recovery" is the most loving, benevolent and generous wish another in recovery could possibly bid upon me who "smoked hard..." in active use. The secret to time for myself is service, (being a trusted servant!) service transforms! As trusted servant, what there is to transform I get to put on loud speaker via sharing, then take to God so She can work her Fabulousness thus, I get to deepen my faith, and that's what's possible! Truth be told, had I not become a full-blown reefer addict I probably would've never made it to the part of my story where I was privy to the kind of life God simply adores using her Fabulousness to grant unearned favor, to an unlikely prospect like myself. i.e. Picture shy ole me, carrying the H&I message; ungrateful to my core brimming with powerful

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# marijuana anonymous worldwide

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For a complete listing of all meetings visit [www.marijuana-anonymous.org](http://www.marijuana-anonymous.org)

**Letting God Work Her Fabulousness....**

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gratitude; moving from un-prayer to prayerful; obsessed mind turned open-minded; incapable of knowing the difference between God's will and my will, getting that the anecdote for powerlessness is higher power; giving up looking good to avoid looking bad and being related to what is; releasing. I'll do it alone, to asking for help; being true to myself and letting go of people pleasing. Meditating where I was once incapable of stillness; calling a sponsor and being willing to hear a point of view other than my own; having fun playing and laughing even with the obstacles vs. living joyless; being self-expressed instead of self-repressed; trusting the process opposed to doubting every thing/body; using the tools I've been generously given in lieu of remaining tool-less; restoring relatedness with others until they get, that I take total responsibility, for the exact nature of the impact my reefer smoking had on their lives; trusting being encouraged over being discouraged, sad and depressed!!! Yes, yes, yes and above all letting God work her Fabulousness in and through my recovery existence to my core. Such is the case in how I have happily, joyous and freely linked my twenty-eight (28) years of total sobriety together, a day at a time. PRICELESS! Portia W. '83 District 8 H&I Chair ▲

## birthdays

Celebrating 272 years of sobriety in this issue!

Want your sobriety date published? Let your Bureau Chief know or see ANL contact information on page 2. Bureau Chiefs are encouraged to submit Birthdays that, a) HAVE occurred, b) HAVE NOT been published and, c) are not older than 45 days.

**District 1**

Louise 12/03/98 12 yrs.  
 Pam L. 2/04/03 8 yrs  
**Chris B. 11/23/09 1 Year!**  
 Lori B. 1/11/02 9 yrs  
 Brian S. 1/13/07 4 yrs  
 Lewis B. 1/20/07 4 yrs

**District 2**

Mo 2/02/05 6 yrs.  
 Ani 2/02/05 6 yrs.  
**Elizibeth D. 2/07/10 1 Year!**  
 Jeff K. 2/08/03 8 yrs.  
 Carrie A. 2/21/03 8 yrs.

**District 5**

Papa Joe 2/01/93 18 yrs  
 Hillary 1/01/09 2 yrs

**District 6**

All the good addicts get their Birthdays published!

**District 7**

**Beth P. 2/08/11 1 Year!**  
 Mark L. 2/01/90 21 yrs  
 Shanti J. 1/31/99 12 yrs  
 Staci B. 2/02/07 4 yrs

**District 8**

Barbara G. 1/01/2000 11 yrs  
 David H. 2/14/94 17 yrs  
 LD. 2/11/96 15 yrs  
 Portia W. 1/17/83 28 yrs

**District 11**

David C. 1/24/05 6 yrs

Su S. 1/26/05 6 yrs  
 Trisa A. 2/1/96 15 yrs  
 Harry H. 2/4/87 24 yrs  
 Rick V. 2/08/03 8 yrs  
 Walt G. 10 yrs

**District 15**

**Christopher J. 1/23/2010 1 Year!**  
 Marilyn J. 12/17/2004 6 yrs

