



A NEW LEAF

a literary publication of Marijuana Anonymous

Vol. 37, No. 3 - March 2025

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Letter from A New Leaf Publications

Dear Fellows,

As *A New Leaf* continues to feature content that shares the message of hope in recovery, we would like to suggest topics for upcoming months. For example, for May, ANLP suggests content related to motherhood, Asian American and Pacific Islander Heritage Month, Mental Health Awareness Month, or "Springtime Sobriety" i.e. what you're looking forward to in the Spring. In addition to these suggestions, [check out this list of general writing prompts for inspiration!](#) As always, feel free to submit any content that helps carry the message. Due to our production schedule, please submit two months in advance.

The MA World Service business Conference is May 24-25 and open for **anyone** in MA who is interested to attend and participate! Visit mawsconference.org for more info. [This year's agenda](#) includes new and revised pamphlets. This includes an exciting new pamphlet [Cannabinoid Hyperemesis Syndrome- Member Stories](#). Pamphlet revisions have been made for overall clarity, especially to help newcomers and to reflect changes in our fellowship. The Literature Committee has updated "[For the Newcomer](#)," "[About Sponsorship](#)" and "[Service Structure](#)." ANLP looks forward to making these pamphlets available after their approval at the Conference!

We hope you enjoy the issue and welcome your future submissions to ANLP12.org/content!

Yours in Service,
ANLP Department



Forgetting *Written by Remy C.*

I have a problem. I can't eat, sleep, or smile. I'm not smoking yet. I just have untreated depression and anxiety and can't afford therapy. When I find access to marijuana, I think my problem is solved. I can eat. I can sleep. I can smile.

I can at least until I smoke so much that I forget how.

I smoke chronically for a decade. Somehow in that process I find my partner. She doesn't approve of me smoking, so we agree I will only use twice a month. I continue to use every

day. Eventually she and I get married, and less than a year into our marriage, things fall apart. I end up in a psychiatrist's chair. I know I experience life with anxiety and depression. What I don't know is that I experience life with bipolar. I discover that my highs were often microepisodes of mania. I discover that if I don't stop, my mental health will continue to deteriorate.

I don't stop.

I forget the psychiatrist's advice, and for five years I take a fistful of meds every morning and still use marijuana every hour of every day. On a vacation I run out of weed and fiend for more. My wife demands that I admit I have a problem. For her I say yes, if she lets me borrow her car to go get more weed. She acquiesces so long as I agree to stop. When we get back home, I start going to meetings to save my marriage. I learn about recovery, I get a sponsor, I accrue a few months of clean time for her. I am sober for her.

I am not recovering.

I forget to stay sober one night and get drunk, take a bunch of pills I'm not supposed to take, and decide it's a good time to pick up. A \$50 vape costs me \$20,000 as I total my wife's car on the way to the dispensary. After the cops show up and the tow truck arrives, I summon an uber. I should call my wife and tell her what happened. I should go home and pray. I should recognize this moment as a confluence of my higher power and my privilege as I am not arrested for a DUI.

I forget all this and direct the driver to the nearest dispensary and pick up anyway. The next day I tell my wife. She is furious. She is going to leave me. I keep going to meetings to save my marriage, and I keep relapsing. I talk to my mom. She knows I have a problem with weed. She's dismayed at times but always supportive. I ask her why when I've failed so many times to keep the promises I make.

Because you're worth saving, she says.

I don't believe her.

But something changes.

I stop going to meetings to save my marriage. I stop going to meetings to persuade my wife to stay. I stop going to meetings to try to control something that I cannot change.

I start going to meetings to save my life.

I accumulate days again. This time I find the clarity of thought that sobriety can bring. I take care of my physical body through exercise and eating healthy. I take care of my mind through reading and writing. I take care of my spirit through prayer and meditation. I start becoming the person I want to be. My wife notices. She stays.

The invaluable spirit of love and support in the rooms reminds me daily that I am worthy of love and support. I need that reminder. I am prone to forgetting.

Today I remember that I can eat, I can sleep, I can smile. Today I remember that I am worth saving.

A New Leaf's Purpose

A *New Leaf* celebrates MA member creativity and seeks to publish the message of hope in recovery. With your many wonderful and creative submissions, **A New Leaf continues to unify us in our shared experience as marijuana addicts.**

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. MA is not affiliated with—and does not endorse or accept contributions from—any outside enterprise.

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Depression

Written by Danielle D.

A blanket of grey covers the sky
Vitamin D in low supply
The TV is on, my ass on the couch
I really need to fix my awful slouch
This time of year is always tough
If I were a man, I'd surely have scruff
From days stuck in thought
And a lack of self care
Who knows if I've even changed my underwear
Depression has been with me since 2002
Like someone who knows me and someone I knew
But who wasn't a friend
And showed up out of the blue
Ruining birthdays, Christmas and dinner dates
That one person I just hate
But mom always taught me "hate is such a strong word"
So I welcome the sadness and make it feel heard
I try not to let it stick around for too long
For I may be swept up by its intoxicating song
The song that says I don't belong or deserve to thrive
Depression is merely one more thing I've survived

A Third Step Prayer

Written by Anonymous

Source, I devote myself to all that is, and offer my life force essence in heartfelt desire to the betterment of myself and those around me in solidarity and oneness—for I am my siblings, and we are all one people. Allow my hardships, successes, and my life on your terms, to be a testament to others and myself; that the will of cosmic creation and destruction, the birthing and ending of all things, be a witness to constant co-arising awareness of all consciousness. So be it and so it is.

Monthly Writing Workshops

For more information visit: anewleafpublications.org/workshop/

A NEW LEAF PUBLICATIONS CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOPS

We gather monthly to
ignite our creativity,
write together,
discuss how creativity
and recovery intersect,
share our work and
support one another
as we use writing as
a part of our
recovery toolbox!



**1ST SATURDAY
EACH MONTH**

**10 - 11:30 AM PACIFIC
1 - 2:30 PM EASTERN
5 - 6:30 PM UTC**

ZOOM LINK: MA12.ORG/ANLP/WORKSHOP

SHARE

Your contributions to MA literature, and sharing of experience, strength, and hope through submissions to A New Leaf and all other MA publications, serve as an inspiration.

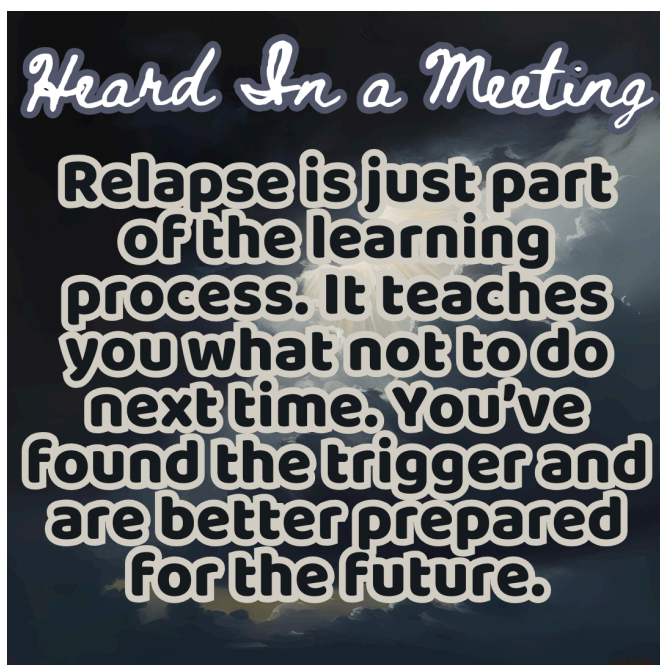
A New Leaf celebrates creativity and invites members to share recovery-focused stories, poems, song lyrics, prayers, meditations, break up letters to “Mary Jane,” inspirational quotes heard in a meeting, artwork, comics, illustrations, photos, and crosswords or puzzles. We seek to publish the message of hope in your journey.

Submit Your
Content

Writing
Prompts

Want to share *A New Leaf* with others?

Provide this link to sign-up: MA12.org/New-Leaf



INSPIRE

*Sharing program slogans,
quotes, and words of wisdom
heard in a meeting!*

We honor "what you see here, let it stay here," and anything included in this section of A New Leaf will always be shared anonymously.

Share your Favorite Sayings

This Month's Step, Tradition, Question, and Concept for Service

Third Step

Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God, as we understood God.

In working the Third Step, we were practicing the principle of Faith.

Third Tradition

The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using marijuana.

Third Question

Is it hard for you to imagine a life without marijuana?

Third Concept for Service

The Marijuana Anonymous groups have delegated to its Service Committees and Trusted Servants the full authority to conduct Marijuana Anonymous' business and service regarding District as well as World affairs.

Break Up Letter

Written by Jamie L.

Mary Jane,

It is without regret that I have decided to sever our dysfunctional relationship. We have been an item for 17,520 days, most of which I do not remember, all of which has been a waste of time. You have tried for years to break me, to destroy me, to drag me down into the depths of despair. That, my love, is over.

I have debased myself under your control. Doing and saying and reacting in ways I would never have if I were sober. You have stunted my growth, caused me to remain a child, kept me afraid and lonely and vengeful and full of rage. You have gifted me such shame and guilt and pushed me into such deep depressions that all I wanted to do was take that final sleep. You have erased my memory, taken invaluable parts of my history, just blacking them out. Irreplaceable things – mine and Tommy's childhoods, my marriage, my travels, my dreams. Dashed my hopes, destroyed my career, left me without the capacity to be a fully formed human being. Changed my life from something that could have been, great, to the dreadful thing it was. A life of shame and guilt and screams and cries and terror and abuse and every other horrifying thing one can imagine. It has not been a life well lived.

I am so much more without you. I am sober and on the path to being the person I should have been, the one I will one day be. Once again I will be brave. For the first time in my life, I will be free and truly happy. The road to sobriety may be long and full of obstacles, but I have nothing but time. You are done taking away my joy. My love of reading, of travel, family, friendships...are just some of many things that have been out of my reach due to your influence. No more will I bow down to you. There will be new adventures, more and better stories to tell, fonder memories to make. I will live a new and interesting life without you. My future— this new life without you— will have purpose, and it will be a sober one.

-Jamie L.

My Recovery!

Written by Ernest F.

I smoked cannabis (marijuana) for 20 years. I went into a partial hospitalization program, attended a few hours a day of a 12-step structured program with other support classes, and received education about addiction, and confessed my problem. I got a referral to Marijuana Anonymous. I had thought smoking several times a day was too much and that it was affecting me. I thought I could quit using "pot." I was sure it was affecting my life: work, family, hobbies, and my education.

I thought I would go to meetings, listen and learn. I would learn what to do, how to do recovery, and I would examine my life. Not using cannabis was okay. It was not a bad thing for me to quit. I went to meetings, I listened. I heard about others' thinking and behaviors around their use of marijuana. They know! They smoked as much as I did, like I did. I heard some thinking and behavioral dysfunction. I believed that some of these people were sick. I kept going to meetings, I realized some of my thinking and behaviors just may have been sick also. I earned a chair in these rooms. I was certain that I belonged. I traveled from North Orange County CA for 30 miles to the beach just to attend a favorite meeting. I thought I would write down on paper things to help myself, maybe family dysfunction, problems in my behaviors and choices that I made. I thought I could look at myself psychologically, in a small way. I could write these things down on paper and get just an idea.

I was part of a group, we saw problems and difficulties, people changing and overcoming some things in their lives. I heard there was a district service committee meeting and I attended, with a friend just to see. They were all part of this group, our district. I shared at meetings, I talked to people after the meetings. They seemed to understand, and that

helped me. In the program the promises I believed, I believed at the very beginning. I had hope, and the hope in my recovery was very important to me. I heard people doing things, relating to their sponsors, talking with them and the 12 Steps. The group would do events and camp-outs. They would all socialize. I saw members with different amounts of recovery time, get better in their personal lives, overcoming problems and changing. Their overcoming, their different experiences gave back to the group. The readings were from our A.A. "Father" group of people that went through the program. "We Admitted..." It is a "WE" program. Watching the home group, I experienced the dynamics of people recovering, being a part of the group, and socializing. I got a commitment at a meeting and that kept me coming back.

A sponsor is someone who assists a person in going through all the 12 Steps. I had a good view of myself and my past. A sponsor was someone who has another viewpoint, of all my behaviors, all the thinking and feelings and deeds that I did. "My best thinking got me into these rooms" I did not like hearing that, but it was true. Another opinion— another recovered addict's opinion— was better than my notes on my past, some problems, some thinking, some action, and some things that I had done.

My knowing told me I needed help, I needed to attend meetings, and to try to learn from them. It became a "We" program. By attending meetings, socializing with the group, watching people in the home group overcome things, "we" changed.

If you share, you are giving back. I volunteered and had a commitment to a group. A sponsor helped me, not my thoughts, or opinion of myself. A sponsor can be someone in a "Group" meeting. Others have gone before, others will follow, "We" recover!! I am part of a group meeting: I took commitments to a group, I shared within the group, My sponsor was in my home meeting, he helped my recovery. I sponsored someone who wanted the program. We all socialized. We all shared, learned, and changed within a group of people. I had to stop and think, "It was my Sobriety/Recovery?" I am grateful to everyone. Thank You! - *"E Boogie"*

Dakaholic in New Zealand

Written by Bern G.

My name is Bern, I am a marijuana addict.

I was born in a small town in the central North Island of New Zealand(NZ). Looking back it was an area that was beautiful to grow up in, especially when I consider where others must grow up. My parents were role models of healthy emotions, moderate drinking and gambling, and fairness in dealing with others. They went without things to put me and my three brothers through education, and supported us in sports and cultural interests.

When I first had access to alcohol I loved it, and tried to get drunk thereafter. At age 17 I finally had an opportunity to smoke marijuana ("dak" in New Zealand), and although it seemed to have no effect the first time, I kept trying until I learned how to get high. I left university and teachers' training college before finishing, and hitchhiked around the country reading Lord of the Rings from my backpack visiting "friends" and using their booze and drugs until asked to move on. I grew the hair, wore the clothes, and played the hippy role from then on.

I faced willful damage charges in court. "You are aimless ... drifting...." said the Judge. Relationships with women bred lines like "you druggie", "you drink too much", "can't you have fun without marijuana?". So I finally got to a detox ward and on to a residential treatment centre where I was very careful not to mention my marijuana consumption. I was stoned the first day out, and within a month I realized there was not enough weed around so.....back to the booze.

For the next ten years my friends were decided by who had dope. I looked up to those who could supply me with better and stronger weed. The types I hung out with to score from were not people I felt comfortable with. Scoring weed was the only reason to be around them.

I married, fathered five children, and remained booze-free for most of ten years, but was using dope daily, especially in the workplace. Then came a fatality in the workplace and paranoia on my part. I was stoned that day, not unusual. But I believed that weed didn't impede my actions or decisions when I had gotten used to machinery sounds while under the influence. I was the supervisor of several workers but happy enough just being stoned. I believe today that if I hadn't been using dope regularly I would have had the guts to point out that a safety guard was not safe at all. However in the days following the tragedy that came from that, I came to understand what "paranoia" really means. I needed help after a week of headpoison, and could not contemplate giving up using. In fact my cannabis consumption increased but with less effect.

So I talked with a counselor, who I think was quite shocked at my revelations. I saw him once, and didn't go back. This was the turning point. I no longer pretended that I could control marijuana. I continued to use marijuana more rather than less to treat the shock. I needed it totally. I used whether I was happy or sad. I used because I couldn't see myself NOT using. I became moody to live with, happy when I had a stash hidden somewhere, morose and self-pitying when running low or out of weed. I was unreliable, telling lies about my using, the amounts, and the people I had been with. When my wife was having our fifth child I travelled 100 miles to score and left the kids in the car with the dog guarding them at 3am while I dealt with the dealer and tasted the buy for over 3 hours.

I went through separation and divorce— drugged and drunk, unemployable, untrustworthy and uninterested in improving myself. Even the broken-asses I hung out with now got sick of me, and I couldn't afford any more geographical shifts. I'd lost it all, encountering the hospital, suicidal thoughts and selfdisgust. Smoking larger amounts all day and night had built up my tolerance so that it had little or no effect and I had to score more to use more. It wasn't working and I found myself back in court.

Then came another detox, and another residential treatment at Rehab for ten weeks. I was determined to NEVER drink booze again, but was smoking weed within weeks, only to drink not long after that. Those around me looked at me with disdain, with distrust.

My new girlfriend flew away to another country. God help me. I was totally alone and remorseful. I'd hit rock bottom. Loved ones had left me over the years because of my marijuana and alcohol abuse. I hated myself for lack of control and for fear of giving it up. I knew where to seek help this time, and had to do so because the pain of stopping was

finally beginning to appear less than the pain of using. I last used any mind-altering substance on 4th June, 1991.

I was accepted into a support house system after yet another detox and had months of slow improvement and caring peer support coupled with professional counselling. The first six weeks were a blur of night and day sweats. My sleep was full of vivid dreams and some nightmares. I had "Electric fleas," aka itchy skin. It was an emotional rollercoaster of very high ups and extremely low downs. I got the shits at the drop of a hat, and missed dope like it was my lover. But I didn't use; not marijuana or booze or pills or gambling or sex. I stayed clean. With the help of those around me who were doing it, had done it, and wanted to do it. Several times I packed bags and headed for the wild side, but my peers stayed with me and I reminded myself that I am a slave to the drug. I attended many AA and some NA meetings.

I discovered Marijuana Anonymous. God, I didn't want that. I knew I had a drinking problem, but surely good old soft marijuana can't be THAT bad...not. At my first MA meeting I knew I had to close the door on my denial of dope. I felt sad and devastated that my good friend "dak" had to be let go, angry that I had attended MA, yet grateful that I had finally done so. I have regularly attended Marijuana Anonymous meetings for the last 33+years. By believing in the long timers' view that the 12 Step Program works, slowly incorporating those steps into my life, living "one day at a time" especially when the big things happen around me, learning how to respect others AND MYSELF, and being willing to accept that recovery can be greatly strengthened, I have not had to use dope even once over that time. Me, the cannabis kid.

Marijuana is all over New Zealand. It has been in every workplace I've been in for years. Dak has such a special place in NZ, so MA should have a special place too. I read the foreword of Life with Hope, that NZ was the first nation outside USA to have MA.

I don't care at all whether dak is ever proven addictive by the medical world – I know it is addictive for ME, as are gambling, booze, and many other behaviours. MA membership has provided me with new friends, most of whom respect me, care for me, tell me truths, and laugh honestly. They have shared their joys and tragedies, life milestones of birth and death, and dumb jokes. My new friends showed me that returning the favour is also part of recovery, and pushed me into service, opening meetings, putting chairs out, preparing literature, boiling water for tea and coffee. The next step seemed natural, after my first year of sobriety, I was elected to the District Committee of a Service Centre, learning how to attend to other groups and feeling that I failed miserably, but picking up the pieces and carrying on because that's what you do in recovery, without using. Learning how to step back and let others make the same mistakes, and all the time trying to share, especially at meetings what it was like, what happened, and what it is like now.

Today I am married. I drive my own car, with a license in my name. I am sponsored and I sponsor. I smile when I see policemen. I speak as truthfully as I can, even if I know the listener may dislike what I have to say. I am not perfect, God knows I am not. I strive however, to live the way I want to be when I'm an old man: sober, caring, not a burden, humorous, attentive, empathic, alert, spiritual, helpful, and not a fool. I go to social occasions and enjoy the hell out of playing in game nights with stoners; I just love it. I don't care anymore who knows I am in recovery, but I never volunteer the information unless pressed. I respond to genuine calls for help day or night, and my wife understands that I need to do this. I never talk to those under the influence of booze or drugs, and if they are

stoned or drunk, I ask the caller or visitor to get back to me tomorrow. My parents trust me again, my wife trusts me again. I trust me again.

I was given two lives on this planet. I am enjoying the second one as much as I should have loved the first one. I am grateful, so grateful. Thank God, whatever THAT is.

Celebrating 157 Years of Sobriety!

District 2 - San Francisco and East Bay, CA

Cass B. 2/16/2021 4 years

District 4 - Washington State

Krista D. 3/1/2004 21 years

District 5 - Orange County, CA

Cory B. 2/19/1999 26 years

Jeremy 2/9/2014 11 years

Justin 2/18/2022 3 years

Lisa L. 2/22/2004 21 years

Sean T. 2/20/2018 7 years

District 6 - N. Los Angeles County, CA

Jamie L. 3/9/2022 3 years

Jonathan C. 2/26/1992 33 years

Suzy P. 2/14/2005 20 years

District 7 - S. Los Angeles County, CA

Dabrielle S. 3/12/2024 1 year!

District 11 - Oregon and SW Washington

Teresa R. 3/13/2024 1 year!

District 22 - New England States

Janice O. 1/06/2023 2 years

Joshua H. 1/11/2023 2 years

Michelle C. 2/25/2024 1 year!

District 27 - Independent Meetings

Anya K. 2/28/2024 1 year!

Share your Sobriety Anniversary in *A New Leaf*

We want to celebrate your year(s) of recovery! **If your sobriety birthday has occurred within the last two months, please submit it by the 1st of the month** you would like it published, with your Name, District or Location, Sobriety Date, Number of Years, and District or City to anewleafpublications.org/birthday.

Self-Supporting through our own Contributions...

The primary purpose of MA is to carry the message of recovery to the marijuana addict who still suffers. Therefore, this literary publication is free and available to distribute widely. When contributing, please consider the value MA adds to your life.

Click to make a
contribution

Marijuana Anonymous Resources

Meeting Finder

Marijuana Anonymous has 300+ weekly meetings that can be attended *for free* all

Speaker Tapes Podcast

Experience, strength, and hope on the go! Anywhere...

MA's App

The Marijuana Anonymous App features our basic text *Life with Hope (2nd Ed.)*, 12-Step

over the world virtually and by phone, with in-person meetings available in some areas as well.

Need support? [Contact us.](#)

Anytime... Available wherever you listen to podcasts...

Any opinions expressed within these recordings are only those of the individuals sharing.

Workbook, pamphlets, and sobriety counter.

Please note the in-app meeting finder is unreliable, [refer to our website.](#)

[Join a Meeting](#) →

[Listen](#) →

[Download the App](#) →

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