



a new leaf

a publication of marijuana anonymous

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Journey to Day 1

Candles burn at my desk in the morning. It is a fresh day. A new day. Day 1, I will call it. And I will assign a little leaf or a little rock or a little stick, or some sage, a penny, a cicada-shell, a shoe-lace, a goldfish, one spec of glitter—and I will name this talisman, Day 1, marking my first day of sobriety.

And it will be precious and it will be sacred and it will be sweet

and I will smoke pot at noon.

My circus-friend had presented a mountain of green sparkle before I drove, with all my earthly belongings, to California—my first time living outside of the midwest. I felt like a warrior being presented with a jade sword.

The sparkle got me packed and cleaned. It got me waving and hugging and suddenly sailing through The Plains. Every time the enormity of the transition lowered itself on me, I would shake shake shake the green Tinker Bell and fly.

She was old, tired, depleted. All she could produce was a haze to make me think I was flying. But it worked.

Until it didn't

North Platte River, Wyoming. I unzipped myself from my tent and inhaled a clean morning. I scanned the great space with clean eyes and a clean brain. I waded out into the crystal water and a white feather bobbed up on



HELP NEEDED Designer, with *InDesign chops!*

***Excited by Panel Icons?
Let's chat!***

ANLP is in need of a Publishing Editor. The role requires InDesign CC, a comfort with such things as Text Frame Options, Character and Paragraph Styles, *how they're used in customized layout*, and willingness to serve on a small team, understanding content decisions are sometimes a group process. It's a 1-year commitment, with an optional second.



Experience suggests that the best way to elicit support is asking directly, and we hope our readers will do just that. Specifically, we encourage you to not **only** announce this in meetings, but to learn who in your area might have skill with Adobe InDesign and discuss this service opportunity with them directly. Thank You! ~ANLP Board
Contact: board@anewleafpublications.org



HELP NEEDED Our fellowship needs a 2020 World Conference host!

The annual MA World Services Conference is held in May each year, typically over Memorial Day weekend. On the calendar for *next* year that would be these four days: **May 22–25, 2020**. Please discuss the potential of hosting at your local districts. The Board of Trustees is hopeful that a district will come forward by this 2019 Conference, expressing a willingness to engage in this vital service. Please direct questions to our Conferences and Conventions Trustee: cc@marijuana-anonymous.org.

clear blue ripples. I picked it up, and as it dried, I whispered, with great angelic gravitas, "Day 1."

I would put them on my dashboard and drive off into the clean morning, toward a clean life in California. And pick up the joint an hour later.

And the road would unfurl behind me in a meaningless ribbon. And I would drive and drive and drive and lock my keys in the car at the gas station after flirting with everyone.

I awake in Utah. I unzip my tent to find unfathomable majesty.

Day 1.

A shell, a pinecone, a sparkly stone.

Day 1, after Day 1, after Day 1.

I arrived in California and went to a meeting. They handed me an ugly ass plastic poker chip with "24 hours" in gold paint.

This was the "Day 1" that became "Day 2."

That was three years ago.

A year ago, I blindly grabbed some chocolate from a friend's fridge and was flung hard and fast, back to Neverland.

I am lighting a candle. Begging the Tarot. Begging the Gods. Begging myself. To leave the lost boys. To crawl out of Neverland.

To quit.

ANL's Purpose

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

District Bureau Chiefs

We are reaching out to districts to update the District Bureau Chief and birthday lists. Additionally, district representatives, including but not limited to those serving as Bureau Chief, are encouraged to stay in touch by emailing:
chiefs@anewleafpublications.org

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Contact ANLP

Send articles/stories:
stories@anewleafpublications.org

But “quit” ruins your chances of quitting, doesn’t it. It’s like telling a child “no” for no good reason. Your “no” is empty. There is nothing on the other side of it. It’s a hard stop. A dull nothing. At least Neverland is a sparkly abyss. There are so many rocks below rock bottom—the rocks are stars in the unfathomable and chaotic cosmos.

My candle flickers. The light comes through in a sweet haze. It is Sunday morning and the self-proclaimed addicts are gathering at Tilden Park beneath a towering Eucalyptus to maintain sobriety from one substance as they sip another.

What is beneath it all.

Beneath the Eucalyptus, the addict does not rock into the earth, inviting it to rise with ancient calm. She sits and stares off, terrified of the demons beneath her dormant dependency, unaware of the cloud-kingdom sailing above, blind to the California poppy blazing orange next to her dog-blanket.

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I used to not see the flower and now I do, she’ll say. And I will not believe her.

If I were to go up there, I’d say to the caring circle of elders and addicts, “Hi my name is Meg. I am what they call an addict, some empty-ass term to stave

off self-destruction which does nothing for a deeper satisfaction and joy in my life.

So I will save myself the trip to Tilden.

The flame has sunk deeper into the candle where I cannot see it dance in the threat of extinction. I only see the white wax lit with a yellow glow and pulse. I breathe in slowly.

Yesterday when the dullness overtook me in the studio, I went outside and knelt at this funky little silly Berkeley mosaic at the edge of the sidewalk. I didn’t kneel, that’s a lie. I wanted to kneel, desperately. I wanted to lay the joint on the mosaic and bow to the co-mingling tobacco and marijuana spirits till the check-mark appeared with the word “benevolent” above that joint—the green light to light up. But I was

desperately afraid to kneel beside the sidewalk lest someone catch me in my vulnerable reverence. So I did a half-assed blessing, stood up, and smoked that fucking spliff. And then I went back into the studio.

And they did. They helped me out. MaryJane and the

Tobacco spirits. As I set up my tools and turned on the space heaters, I decided the best way to stay in my Now is Pranayama. A dilettante’s Pranayama: just breathing with consciousness is enough to stave off the fear of failure and whatnot. And if normal breathing was too boring, I breathed in with massive depth till my lungs pushed my bones out and stretched my muscles and I held my breath, stopping the flow to acknowledge its potential and acknowledge my will—My esophagus, my vitality, held strong—then exhaling. easy. ecstasy.

I can totally find this state without pot, I thought. And put on my shoes and went outside near that half-ass altar, and took another hit.

A smoke-ghost rises from the wick of my candle. The colored pencils are spilled at my side, ready for



use. ready for mindmaps for health. Mindmaps for quitting. Quit coffee, quit pot, start health. Start a women’s circle, start a cafe, start an art hike, start a dance-church. Drink more water. Make a song.

And write about it.

I hear my housemate doing his laundry. Cycling through life, supporting a purpose. I think, I should do my laundry. But I don’t want to be operating the ride I want to be on the ride—in the tumble in the spin, laughing and toppling with socks and great ideas and the lost boys.

The addicts gather at Tilden. I think of great ideas, alone, in a room.

What would soothe this loneliness and this pain of a lost purpose? I gaze at the long bench by the glowing window where the incense and the amethyst and the joint lay. I think of taking a toke and feeling very... European. And I think of amping that feeling by donning my yellow vintage robe and sitting side-saddle on my large zebra-cushion, pinching my J, elbow resting on the sill, peering out poetically at the world. And when the smoke hits my brain, I’ll feel my cells and lungs and I’ll feel a golden glow, then a blue-hot impulse to sing. And I’ll sing. And then I’ll realize that I can breathe. And I’ll Pranayama. Flow-blocking and unblocking, by my will. And I’ll realize that it’s safe to be in my body and then I’ll rush to the computer to write it all down—the inrush of epiphanies. And then I’ll send emails and make phone calls about how all of us should make art for the revolution and also how I want to make a clown skit and call it The Fool and photo-shop my face onto The Tarot-Fool’s face. Or maybe I need to clean clean clean And. But.

yes laundry. no no i have to focus focus focus. on what. my album. on a coach to help me. and —

The train whistles in a jazz chord far off. The morning breathes me. I glow and grow I push my lungs to the edges of me—cold nostrils. Then release. warm nostrils. Then in. Again. until I don’t want to sit by the window with a joint.

And I hold hold hold my breath till I still don’t want to sit by the window with a joint. And I release my breath in ecstasy so glad that I’m not at the window with a joint.

And then I think of the joint.

I think of that green and that tobacco rolled up in a little roach that could calm me into my dream so I don’t have to wake up and work for it. And I forget, as I head to my robe and slip myself into it. I forget that gorgeous clarity. That clean dream, fueled by inner vitality, fueled by oxygen, H2O and honesty. I forget as I open the window, as I lounge on that zebra cushion, alone, and think this scene deserves to be painted. And I forget the madness, the burned synaptic bridges. And I reach for the purple lighter and Mary, and I prop my elbow elegantly on the sill and I ponder and tumble and sail and fall

into an abyss.

I am receiving a hug under the Eucalyptus tree. In my palm is an ugly, purple chip. I am sliding it onto my keychain. I am crying, the addicts are clapping. They have thrown me a rope. And I am climbing.

One Day at a Time. ▲

~by Meg A.

*To work with ANLP, please send a note to board@anewleafpublications.org

Marijuana Anonymous Worldwide

For a complete listing of all meetings visit
WWW.MARIJUANA-ANONYMOUS.ORG

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DIST. 13 MA Online www.ma-online.org		PHONE MA Phone Meetings: 4 Distinct Groups www.ma-phone.org	

Celebrating 246 Years of Sobriety!

District 5

Aime	3/17/2016	3 yrs
Alejandro H.	3/12/2018	1 yr
Christian	3/17/2014	5 yrs
Ernest F.	3/9/1995	24 yrs
Hal N.	2/26/1991	28 yrs
Joe M.	3/7/2011	8 yrs
Kelly	3/17/2007	12 yrs
Kristen	2/21/2017	2 yrs
Lisa L.	2/22/2004	15 yrs
Randy	2/21/2014	5 yrs
Russel	2/28/2014	5 yrs

District 19

Lucas W.	2/19/2012	7 yrs
Jesse B.	3/17/2018	1 yr
Jessica N.	3/3/2018	1 yr
Julian DC	4/7/2018	1 yr

District 21

Nick D.	3/3/2005	14 yrs
Paul H.	3/5/2017	2 yrs

Vancouver BC Canada

Jason R.	4/1/2018	1 yr
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District 11

Dave C.	2/22/2002	17 yrs
Donovan H.	3/6/2000	19 yrs
Maria S.	3/15/1997	21 yrs
Paul G.	2/26/2000	19 yrs
Steve M.	3/1/1999	20 yrs



GOT A YEAR? ALLOW US TO PUBLISH YOUR ANNIVERSARY TO CELEBRATE!!!

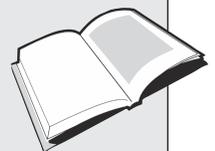
Provide your sobriety date to your local GSR to be forwarded to your Bureau Chief,
or e-mail your details to chiefs@anewleafpublications.org
or submit them online at tiny.cc/mabday.

Members / GSRs / Bureau Chiefs are encouraged to submit Birthdays that...
1) HAVE OCCURRED,
2) HAVE NOT been published recently,
3) and ARE NOT OLDER THAN 45 days.

From Life with Hope

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.

MA Online – District 13

Has smoking pot stopped being fun? Is it hard for you to imagine a life without marijuana? Do you smoke marijuana to avoid dealing with your problems?



Who we are: Fun Fellowship of Recovering Pot Addicts

What we do: 24/7 Chatroom and Twelve Step Meetings

When we do it: Now—join us!

www.ma-online.org
Please let your members know we're here