



A NEW LEAF

a creative publication of Marijuana Anonymous

May 2026

For ideal printing, view in your browser

Letter from A New Leaf Publications

Dear Fellows,

Celebrating Motherhood and Recovery as Summer Approaches

We are already halfway through May—and summer is rapidly approaching. This month's issue is dedicated to motherhood, in all of its forms: from being a pet or plant mom, to being a grandmother, aunt, "unofficial" mom, bonus mom, step-mom, and of course, being a mom — all while being *sober!* In celebration of all mothers in recovery, check out the *Life with Hope* story *Mommy Was Doing Drugs*. This comes from a new section of the MA Resource Library, where you can listen along as you read the stories from *Life with Hope*.

Announcement from the ANLP Store

The special compilation "*A Look at a New Leaf Through the Years*" will soon be available to purchase from the ANLP Store. This compilation was originally curated for the 2024 Convention, where it sold out. It includes select issues from every year that *A New Leaf* has been in publication, going back to the very first issue in 1991! This is great for meetings to use to read from older issues. We hope you enjoy looking back through ANL's history.

A trend began last year to have fellow members add their phone number and sign their name on the date of their sobriety in the daily reader. Similar to a school yearbook, it's a fun way to remember each others' sobriety dates and stay in contact. If you're planning to attend upcoming MA events, like the Montreal Retreat (June 4-7), UK Convention (July 25-26), and MA World Services' Convention (Oct 9-11), purchase and bring a copy of *Living Every Day with Hope* with you! Let's keep this tradition going!

Seeking Summer Submissions

As we move from Spring into Summer, we continue to celebrate renewal and recovery. **In June**, we honor "**Grads and Dads**" by highlighting content about Graduation and Fatherhood (*in all of its forms*) as well as Juneteenth, PTSD Awareness, Men's Health, and LGBTQ+ Pride Month! **For July**, we encourage submissions about **how you are enjoying summer now that you're sober**, as well as Bereaved Parents, Minority Mental Health, and Disability Pride Month.

We also want to celebrate the many large upcoming MA fellowship gatherings. We invite you to submit content related to the significance of these Conventions and Conferences, in addition to submissions related to the Step, Tradition, Concept, or Question (from MA's *12 Questions*) that corresponds with that month.

Beyond written submissions, we encourage artwork, photographs, recorded music or meditations, games or puzzles, and more. Please **submit at least 2 months before you'd like to be published**. For more monthly topic ideas, visit: ANLP12.org/monthly-prompts, and for a variety of general recovery writing prompts, go to: MA12.org/prompts.

May 2026 Conference Registration is Open!

Do **you** have ideas to help make MA even better?

Want to help "**create the fellowship you crave?**"

The MA World Service Business Conference is open for **anyone** in MA who is interested to attend! Participating Observers engage in all Conference discussions, join committees, and anyone with 2+ years sobriety can be elected to the Board of Trustees! Registration is required and closes May 18th.

You are invited to attend the Committees Open House on Sunday, May 24th to learn more about the MA World Services' Committees (*registration not required*). There are no minimum sobriety requirements for participating in the Conference, or joining MA World Services' Committees. To share your ideas and be added to any of the Committees' Google Groups, email Office@MA12.org.

Take advantage of these opportunities and use your voice at the Conference, with ANLP, and/or in Committees! Session I features the approval of **new and revised pamphlets**. Session II in June includes revisions to the Service Manual. View this year's Agenda Packet at: MA12.org/Conf2026/Agenda.

For more info, visit MA12.org/conference to view the Conference schedule and register – **for free!**

Open Call for Service to ANLP!

Having fresh ideas and new volunteers are essential for our continued growth and success.

Joining the Department offers unique opportunities to help shape the future of ANLP and the online store, develop new ways of carrying the message, and ensure MA literature gets into the hands of marijuana addicts worldwide. *Please* continue to spread the word in meetings so ANLP continues to thrive along with our growing fellowship! We appreciate those of you who continue to support ANLP by being a Liaison and sharing Pitch Points. Read more about the open service positions at ANLP12.org/about.

If you're interested in being of service with ANLP, have questions, want to learn more or attend a meeting, please email Chair@ANLP12.org. We look forward to welcoming new faces to the Department in the coming months.

Your support helps more than you know! Thank you for reading, sharing, and contributing to *A New Leaf!*

Yours in Service,
ANLP Department

P.S. Sometimes these emails get cut off because they are filled with so much amazing information! If at the bottom you see [Message clipped] please click "View entire message."

A NEW LEAF PUBLICATIONS

Publishing Department – Marijuana Anonymous World Services

OPEN CALL FOR SERVICE MEMBERS



TERMS ARE ENDING SOON FOR MANY OF THE ANLP OFFICERS & EDITORS!

By joining the Department, you have a unique opportunity to help shape the future of ANLP and ensure MA literature gets into the hands of marijuana addicts!

With the support of our Special Workers - anyone who is interested and willing can be of service to ANLP no special knowledge, experience, or skills are needed!

Training and service sponsorship is provided.

✳ JOIN ANLP! ✳

Interested in helping to curate A New Leaf creative publication?

Willing to help make decisions about the publication of MA literature?

Looking for new ways to be of service to our fellowship?

WELCOMING VOLUNTEERS WITH FRESH IDEAS AND PERSPECTIVES

Contact Heather:
Chair@ANLP12.org

READ MORE AT ANLP12.ORG/ABOUT

Visit the Pages from the Past – our revitalized A New Leaf Archives

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

ANLP Department

Chairperson: Heather C.

Secretary: Brian L.

Treasurer: Layne J.F.

Content Editor: Tiffany A.

Correspondence Editor: Open

Design Editor: Open

Liaison Coordinator: Lee H.

*opinions of Marijuana Anonymous as a whole.
MA is not affiliated with—and does not endorse
or accept contributions from—any outside
enterprise.*

Creative Designer: Jules M.
eCommerce Manager: Maral T.*
Publishing Consultant: Steven B.*
Special Workers



CALLING IT AS IT IS

Written by, Leslie J.

I can't believe it happened to me. After brushing off all the gateway drug talks, the silent, disapproving *I told you so's* echo in my head. If I had only known the gate was to addiction, period—not just cross-addiction. The first time I heard about weed was in one of those anti-drug campaign classes in elementary school. Out of everything they warned us about, marijuana somehow felt like the most hip of all the options. The least dangerous—almost funny. A groovy drug that even came with promotional T-shirts and a fashion style of its own.

I quickly caught on that my older brother was a stoner. The movies he watched were stoner flicks, and the potheads actually cracked me up. Being my older brother, there was an automatic coolness to him that made everything he did feel replicable. Like it was only a matter of time before I tried it too. By the time I graduated high school, I was ready to initiate myself on my own terms.

I basically blackmailed one of my close guy friends into getting cannabis from his older brother. He didn't even smoke, nor did he have any plans to, but I did. I convinced my two girlfriends—the only ones bold enough (or dumb enough) to follow me—to try it together. None of us knew how to roll or smoke, so we decided to bake brownies. We loved brownie sundaes, and it felt simple enough. We didn't know about grinding, nor had we ever seen a grinder. We were completely blind to the fact that a bud had different components, strands, and varieties.

We threw everything into the mix—leaves, sticks, seeds, all of it—and baked it like any other recipe. Cheap weed, zero knowledge, just hype and curiosity. Then came our next discovery: cannabis stinks. It fills the room, seeps into fabric, and settles into the walls. No amount of air freshener could mitigate the stench coming from that oven. Our innocent home-alone weekend quickly turned into a full-blown hotbox. The brownies came out exactly how you'd expect—sticks poking out, seeds baked into the surface. My friends were already hesitant. Their doubt grew with every bit of excitement I showed. "Just pour the ice cream on top," I insisted. "Let's do it." I devoured mine with a grin. One of them threw up halfway through. The other barely ate hers. We threw the rest away and lay down, waiting. What happened next separated us.

One of them had a bad trip. The other kept getting sick. And I... I went somewhere else entirely. It felt psychedelic. Colors, sensations, thoughts moving faster than I could understand. I remember time traveling to a childhood dream of becoming a circus performer, like I had unlocked something buried inside me. My first epiphany. I came out of it feeling like I had touched something real—like I was about to transform my life.

Nothing changed, except everything. My friendships with those girls didn't last much longer. And quietly, without naming it, something in me had shifted. The next step was smoking. As soon as the "right" crowd showed up, I was ready. This was a different kind of high—more controlled, still deep, still sensory. I loved it, hooked on the spot.

In college, I started making friends based on who could get weed, who could smoke between classes, who could keep the cycle going. Architecture school only felt interesting with a head full of smoke, ideas amplified, creativity "unlocked." At least, that's what I told myself. Really, I was escaping.

I had always felt misunderstood at home. Unheard. And this gave me a way to soften that feeling. I would go home every day, stand by my window, smoke, and practice hiding it—working on improving my skills. The patterns of the smoke that wrapped around me felt like a kind of protection. My own shell.

Over time, it became routine. Then constant. All day. Every day. Anywhere, everywhere. Fifteen years went by like that. I would take breaks here and there—maybe a couple of months—but I always came back. Even the ayahuasca trips that stripped me down to nothing weren't enough to keep me clean. I always returned.

Pregnancy came. Then breastfeeding. I told myself I would stop, but I could never sustain it for long. It wasn't just a habit anymore. It was my constant. My comfort. My escape. Eventually, everything caught up to me. My baby daddy kicked me out for lying about stopping during pregnancy and while breastfeeding. That's when things really unraveled. I was alone, with a baby, no savings, smoking more than ever. Never high enough to forget the pain, just numb enough to get through the day.

I hated myself for what I had done to my life. A girl from a well-off family, good schools, opportunity—now a college dropout, a stoned-out surfer with a one-year-old baby, alone in a beach town, far from her family. No plan. No direction. Just survival. A quiet pity party, with only a couple of smoking friends to keep me company. And then something shifted.

One day, a neighbor asked me how I was doing. I told her the truth—that I felt at a crossroads. That part of me wanted to fully surrender to weed, to just be one with it, but another part of me knew I was a slave to it. Trapped in my apartment, smoking while my baby breathed it in too. She didn't judge me. She just said: "If you ever want to talk, I'm here. If you need help, ask." So I asked.

She told me about NA meetings. She had been clean from weed for four years already. Her story was different, but something about her felt real. Possible. Her name was Kenji. My angel. She took me to my first meeting, where I admitted to myself: "My name is Leslie, and I am a Marijuana addict".

At that moment, the decision was simple: throw away the weed, and don't call the dealer. I stared at it for a long time. That beautiful, sacred emerald green. Then I flushed it. It hurt. But I held on. I knew the first four days would be the hardest.

Day five hit me unexpectedly hard. Day six, I felt the shift—the happy hormones were starting to come back. A week later, I moved back in with my baby's father. Slowly, I started seeing money in my bank account again. Small pocket change to go along with a massive life change. Today, it's

been 39 days with smoke-free lungs. I'm looking toward day 90, when I can finally take a test and see my body clean—something I haven't experienced in a decade and a half.

I'm still scared of "just one joint." I wish I could be that person—the one who can take it or leave it. I'm jealous of them. Sometimes I see people smoking and I miss it. I miss the feeling. The identity. The version of me who thought she was a rockstar, lighting up like we owned the streets. But I know the truth now. For me, growing up meant admitting I wasn't in control. It meant calling it what it was: Addiction.

I didn't hit rock bottom; I just told myself the truth—and now, I'm learning how to live with it. My inner teenager is still there. She wanted to feel free forever. Untouchable, high on life (or something like that), but it's time for something else: a different kind of rockstar. A sober, present woman—a boss mother.

Work it cause YOUR WORTH IT.

Written by, Day L.

Before recovery, I was incredibly hard on myself. I did not believe I was lovable not by anyone else, and honestly not even by myself. Because of that, I gave too much of myself away and looked for validation anywhere I could find it. A big part of that was marijuana. I convinced myself that the version of me that was high was my best self— smarter, funnier, more attractive, more worthy. I really believed that was the version people would love. So loving myself felt impossible unless I was using. I remember mornings when I woke up sober and felt... empty, like I wasn't enough on my own. Looking back now, I see I was not really loving myself at all I was trying to escape myself.

Recovery started teaching me something completely different. It showed me that showing up for myself sober is an act of love. Not the flashy kind of love (like a heart shaped chocolate box with nugs in it) but the quiet, everyday kind that says, "You matter enough to be here for." I have had to learn to accept the parts of me I once thought were not good enough and to sit with feelings I used to run and hide from. Avoiding them only created more pain, but facing them has helped me understand myself with compassion instead of judgment. Recovery has also taught me to let people see the real me, not a filtered version, not a version propped up by substances—just ME. And that is where real connection and love started to grow.

There is a saying in recovery: "*work it because we're worth it.*" For so long, I did not think I was worth the effort, that I did not deserve goodness in my life. Today, choosing sobriety is my way of showing myself that I AM worth it. Waking up sober is one of the greatest gifts I can give myself. It is me saying, "I deserve care. I deserve honesty. I deserve to live fully." Slowly, I am learning to receive love from others and my higher power as well little by little, day by day. I am not perfect, but I am showing up and trying, and that counts.

I am excited to keep learning and loving the person I am becoming. Recovery is not about perfection, it is however, about showing up, being honest, and practicing love toward myself in ways I never knew how to before. And the more I do that, the more I am able to give and receive love in a healthy way. Growing through recovery has taught me that loving myself is not selfish, it is NECESSARY. And it is something I am grateful to keep choosing every day.

Thank you for reading this message of hope, about coming to love myself slowly, and through recovery anything is possible. If you take anything from reading this, just remember to work it

because you're worth it. I am Day and I am a Marijuana addict.

Dear Mary Jane

Written by, Becky O.

Dear Mary Jane,

Thanks for protecting me from a lot of hard feelings I wasn't ready to deal with yet. I don't need you to do that for me anymore. I'm 49 and I'm ready to grow up and feel my feelings. I'm learning that they inform me about what's going on in my life. I'm ready to learn how to lean into discomfort when a boundary has been crossed. I'm ready to express my needs, even when I'm scared. I'm ready to express my wants, even if it feels selfish. I can't do these things when you're in my head.

Thank you for all the physical pain you've helped me soothe. I know you only wanted to help. And for a while you did, but now you're just increasing inflammation and masking problems. I need to be able to make more productive self-care choices: like hot baths, massages and OMG... Rest! When you're in my head, I feel good but I can't hear what my body is saying.

My children are growing up and I spent too much time hanging out with you, when I should have been hanging out with them. I choose to spend my time with them now.

You and I made some big f*cking messes together! Now you're gone and I have to clean up all this sh*t alone. Which is fine, I'm actually having fun:

It hurts,
and it's hard,
but it's real,
so it's worth it.

I thought I didn't have a purpose anymore.

I thought I couldn't feel God anymore.

I thought I was depressed, lazy, and unmotivated — that wasn't me! That was you!

Today marks 30 days since the last time I turned to you for help and you SO let me down. But my body was there, speaking my truth, loud and clear. I follow her lead now.

The best part about the last 30 days without you, is I've thrown off the cloak of shame I didn't even know I was wearing. You promised to make me feel good while you were secretly making me feel so bad.

The last 30 days without you have been a blessing. I praise God that my desire to be with you is gone. I've got some new friends now that are way better than you ever were! So I'm gonna stay in a meeting, I'm gonna be of service, and I'm gonna take another 24.

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.

Submit Your

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.

Want to share *A New Leaf* with others?

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

For a list of suggested prompts visit: MA12.org/Prompts

ART

CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

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](https://MA12.org/ANLP/WORKSHOP)

INSPIRE

Heard in a Meeting

*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

Only way through is through.

POETRY

Where The Butterflies Live *Written by, Michael J.*

Where the Butterflies Live

The butterflies landed on wildflowers.
They carried a message,
"Your serenity has been taken."

The butterflies landed on wildflowers.
I knew how to numb,
to distract,
to be busy,
unconscious.

The butterflies landed on wildflowers.
I'd traded serenity.
I received boredom.
Not peace,
loneliness.

The butterflies landed on wildflowers.
They said,
"This right here,
The silence of wind,
The warmth on skin,
The dance of colors,

The wafts of fragrance,
The hint of sweetness
Stand in this
For this moment,
In this movement."

The butterflies landed on wildflowers.
I reclaim serenity now.

The butterflies landed on wildflowers...

Hazy Fog by NH *Written by, Natalie H.*

V1:

After all the puffs in a cloud of smoke when you're down and out and at the end of your rope.
Just know there's hope somewhere for you there's a light that shines got to see it through.

Chorus:

Each day will get a little better you'll find a way to beat the stormy weather. You'll find that we
can do this together. You're not alone.

V2:

When the hazy fog and the cloud of smoke lift far from you, you pull back the rope and you start
to breathe this time clean air your lungs feel free and you wouldn't dare to go back to it. You
started a new life happy joyous and free you can sleep through the night.

Chorus:

Each day will get a little better you'll find a way to beat the stormy weather you'll find that we
can do this together. You're not alone.

I wrote all the lyrics and melody and used the paid version (paid version gives me full rights to
song and to monetize if I wanted to) of the Suno app who put it all together with AI vocals and
accompaniment.

Song link below:

<https://suno.com/s/lr9v4wN43GhjO4zs>

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endorse, or accept contributions from any outside enterprise**

NEW WAYS *Written by, Kaya G.*

Better boundaries, growing self-care and love,
Break the habit, rise and move above.

Find new ways to operate and exist,

A clearer life that once was missed.

Change perspective without the victim mentality,
Step outside that old reality.

Stand upright, reclaim the ground,
Hear a truer inner sound.

Create a new way of understanding my higher power without the intoxication,
A quiet, steady conversation.

Breaking through the fog and haze,
Leaving behind those clouded days.

Seeing clearly and being honest with myself,
Taking the truth down from the shelf.

No more hiding, no disguise,
Looking steady through my own eyes.

Don't give up before the miracle happens, stay the course and stay aware,
Finding abundance and success growing everywhere.

Clear communication and goals come into view,
Building a life that is honest and true.

Better boundaries, steady and strong,
Learning where I do belong.

Self-care growing day by day,
Love lighting up a different way.

Break the habit, choose the light,
Walking awake instead of stumbling in the dark.

Letting clarity leave its mark,
Finding truth within my heart.

No longer smoke to euphoria, chasing something that fades away,
Finding real ways to feel good and greet each day.

Strength in honesty, calm in the soul,
Living awake, steady, and whole.

Finding community here in Zoom rooms,
Where everyone is healing and learning new ways to exist.

Filling my soul without the smoke,
new ways, Breathing in big hits of hope

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

Fifth Step

Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

In working the 5th Step, we were practicing the principle of INTEGRITY.

Fifth Tradition

Each group has but one primary purpose, to carry its message to the marijuana addict who still suffers.

Fifth Question

Do you use marijuana to avoid dealing with your problems or to cope with your feelings?

Fifth Concept for Service

Group conscience is the spiritual means by which service decisions are made.

CONGRATS
CELEBRATING 118 YEARS OF SOBRIETY

DISTRICT 5 - ORANGE COUNTY, CA		
AMITTAI S.	04/10/2017	9 YEARS
CHAD R.	04/04/2021	5 YEARS
DARIUSH	04/17/2022	4 YEARS
GARY W.	04/09/2012	14 YEARS
HOLLY E.	04/20/2020	6 YEARS
LAURA	04/20/2004	22 YEARS
MARC S.	04/10/2011	15 YEARS
OMAR Q.	04/05/2025	1 YEAR!
PALOMA	04/08/2012	14 YEARS
RACHAEL S.	04/14/2023	3 YEARS
VICTOR T.	3/30/2025	1 YEAR!

DISTRICT 03 - SAN FRANCISCO S. BAY, CA		
FLIP F.	04/01/2016	10 YEARS

DISTRICT 20 - SAN DIEGO, CA		
ADRIANA V.	04/16/2021	5 YEARS
JULES M.	04/20/2018	8 YEARS

DISTRICT 11 - OREGON		
RICHARD G	4/20/2025	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, and Number of Years, to

anewleafpublications.org/birthday

Self-Supporting through our own Contributions...

A New Leaf Publications provides these emails as a free and complimentary service. However, we do incur a monthly cost of \$115 for the email distribution service

Click to make a

MailChimp (\$1,380/year) plus the additional time paid to our Special Workers.

contribution

If you enjoy these emails and our others, including [Carry the Message](#) and the [Daily Dose](#) please consider setting up a recurring contribution on our website today to support our efforts.

Marijuana Anonymous Resources

Meeting Finder

Marijuana Anonymous has 300+ weekly meetings that can be attended all over the world virtually and by phone, with in-person meetings available in some areas as well.

Need support? [Contact us.](#)

[Find a Meeting](#) →

Speaker Tapes Podcast

Experience, strength, and hope on the go! Anywhere... Anytime... Available wherever you listen to podcasts...

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

[Listen](#) →

MA's App 2.0

Find meetings easily with the Meeting Finder, track your sobriety with virtual tokens, read MA literature in e-book format, enjoy daily meditations, explore pamphlets and more.

[Download the App](#) →

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Publishing Department – Marijuana Anonymous World Services

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