



Peanut Butter

I LOVE peanut butter. I feel strongly about what should be in peanut butter. As a kid I LOVED crunchy peanut butter. Now as an adult I HATE crunchy peanut butter. Nowadays my smooth peanut butter must only contain one ingredient—peanuts. And yet, as passionate as I feel about PB I have NEVER mentioned it at meetings. I never worry about clean time in relation to peanut butter. I never bring up how much peanut butter I consume, buy, or think about it on an hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly basis. I certainly do not try to convince others (including myself) that I do not have a problem with peanut butter. And you know why?

Because I don't. That preposterous notion has never ONCE entered this addict-mind. For if it had, for if the thought of, "nah, I got this. I'm ok with the Jiffy. The Skippy ain't getting in the way of my happiness etc..." For if that wild thought had ever entered this addict's mind, eventually, through rigorously and honestly working all the steps with a sponsor I probably would have realized that, OMG, I do have a peanut butter problem! But again, I'll thank God (as I understand) that particular brand of craziness has never entered my mind.

However this craziness has... I certainly don't have a problem with any drug other than marijuana. I mean, I never bought coke and mostly only used it on top of the bowl of weed I was smoking. I never stole coke, I never travelled with any. I didn't snort Ritalin ever, or wait, maybe I did? But whatever, because a friend gave it to me and it was just one time. Oh, and I only did

Crack once too but that was with a friend who I only smoked weed with and drank, so no problem there. And speaking of drinking? HA! The only reason I went to that bar I went to just about every day for a decade or so was to use their back patio so I could smoke weed around fun people. I mean sure I drank, it was a bar, it was expected, and the hundred different beers to get onto that "Century Club" list? Well, that was just so I could get discounts on food, oh and also on draft beer, but again, whatever, it was the food discounts that really motivated me there. And yeah, I frequently mixed drinks at home and brown bagged around town, but that was only when I was out of weed, or was it? No it definitely was, yeah, I am certain of that. Yeah, this addict is only addicted to weed...

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butter.*

I have found from honestly looking at myself with no reservations, that anytime I try to convince others (really myself) that I do not have a problem with such and such I most certainly do! I mean, why else would the thought enter my head? Normal humans do not just "happen" to wonder about these things. These thoughts only manifest themselves in the addict-mind as the addict-mind attempting to convince the

addict-mind of no problem! Don't believe me? I didn't believe it either. Go on and chat about what brought YOU to the program with a normy—watch their reaction! No, it is only us who try to convince ourselves that we aren't addicted to things. And that is why THIS addict doesn't do ANY mind and mood altering drugs. Just as I went to any length to get high before entering recovery, now I go to any length to stay clean in recovery. Am I "addicted" to other drugs? I don't know. I do know I am addicted to weed and how much havoc this single addiction has cost me. I do know how grateful I am now as an addict in recovery who doesn't use— or even crave weed anymore. Might doing other drugs jeopardize this? Again, I'm not sure. Others have claimed that giving up all mind and mood altering drugs have helped them, and because of this, if there is even the smallest CHANCE that using non-marijuana substances might bring me back to the insanity that brought me to my bottom and eventually to MA, that small insignificant teeny little improbable whisper of a chance is not worth the gamble of this addict's recovery.

No, it is only we who try to convince ourselves that we aren't addicted to things that we actually are.

That is why if I mention any other mind of mood alternating substance and try to claim "clean-time" or "sober-time" which disregards the last consumption of that other substance, I am just lying to myself. For why would I even mention it, if it was not a problem.

~ by Anonymous

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.

We are reaching out to districts to update the ANLP Liaisons and birthday lists. Additionally, district/group service representatives, including but not limited to those serving as ANLP Liaisons, are encouraged to stay in touch: chiefs@anewleafpublications.org

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My Marijuana Breakup Letter

Dear Mary Jane,

This letter is long overdue as our relationship turned toxic long before I was willing to accept it. I began my relationship with you at far too young an age. It saddens me so that I will never know what my life might have been had we never met. You may have significantly diminished my true potential or you may have insulated me, making the trauma I endured more bearable. Perhaps both are true, perhaps neither is true.

While you were a constant presence in my life for so many years, my distinct memories of our times together are few--it's all just a foggy blur. Early on, you were just always there, sort of just a given that you would be with me every day. In order to have success in college, I knew I needed to distance myself from you, so we saw each other only some evenings and weekends. I managed to achieve quite a lot without you around. Still thoughts of you were always there and, in spite of the negatives, I would always return to you.

In later years, we had much more of an on again, off again relationship. When we were on, you were my main focus. I lost interest in all else. You were all-consuming.

Even though I knew things were no longer working, I couldn't bear to give you up. Things really haven't been good between us for quite a long time, but I was so accustomed to your presence. I couldn't imagine my life without you. How could I say goodbye forever? I would ask myself, "is it really that bad?" I would make deals with myself, trying to moderate or limit the amount of time I would allow myself to spend with you. I would always succumb to your allure and before long, we were again seeing each other all day every day. We saw each other in secret most of the time. The hiding and the secrecy of our relationship lead me to have feelings of fraudulence and deep shame.

The time has come for me to, once and for all, say goodbye to you for good. I am no longer willing to live in this manner. I'm tired of you bringing me down and making me feel badly about myself. It's time I start really living life, making true connections with healthy people and learning how to live authentically without you by my side. It isn't easy to let you go, but I have to choose myself over you. "Get busy living or get busy dying." And so I say goodbye.

~ by Anonymous ▲

Daily Meditations Wanted!

Our MA fellowship is almost done creating a daily reader to add to our body of literature. PLEASE submit daily reflections through an easy, online form. Find it below and thank you for your service.

<http://tiny.cc/MA-daily>

The Reflections
Daily Meditation Book



The Wild Card

She's a survivor, a wild card. She thrives when the world is against her. Fight against the odds is what she does. Always fight, never run. "You won't make it," they said, "Sit and watch me," she replied with a cocky smile on her face. Nobody expected it, not even herself, but swimming against the current she made it to the other end. Then she found herself lost again, without a compass, a map, a boat, a paddle or a horse and carriage. She's an oddball, a rebel, she lives on the fringes of expectations and society. She doesn't belong to any place or any person, yet she gives herself to all. A solitary nomad with a vulnerable heart under all her hard, glossy armor. She walked, she climbed, and she found even more mountains, more oceans, more deserts and forests, more storms to survive, more lands to be conquered without a shield or a

sword. Who is she really? People asked and in turn she asked herself and found she didn't know.

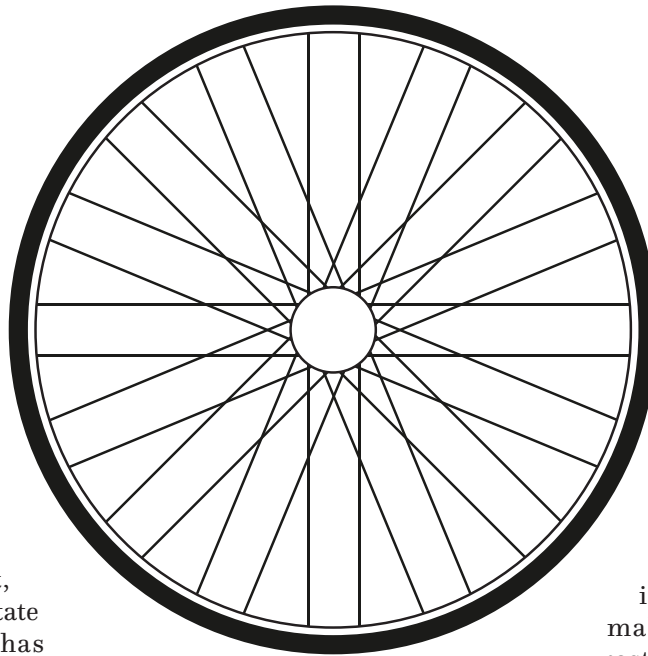
A contradiction, an enigma, a riddle only God can solve. She tries to be good, but she has bad blood, boiling, thumping in her veins. Hot temper that turns to blows. Fight. Always fight, never run. Pain is her daily bread and she constantly destroys herself then builds herself back up. She's ashamed of herself, of the things she has done, of the self-destructive tendencies that consume her until they turn into a self-destructive force. She's her own worst enemy. They love her, but she doesn't love herself. Not like they do, so fully, and she wonders if she's worthy of anything at all. Nobody else can take her down as profoundly as she does, descending to the pits of hell, then climbing back up. She hates herself

sometimes, she loathes herself. She can't help but do the opposite of what she knows is right. She fills her lungs with smoke when she wants to be clean. She stuffs her nose with dust when she wants to be serene. She can be honest and loyal, but then she steals and she lies. She is sensitive Rue Bennett, and she is angry Sarah Manning. The rebel, the radical, the misfit, the addict, the friend, the lover, the mother, the daughter. She's everyone and feels like she's no one at all, but in reality she's a piece of every one of us. As anxiety consumes her, her mind descends to chaos, devastation and beauty that come and go like the moonlit tide, where torture and epiphany go hand in hand. And maybe, for now, the only thing she can say is, "Hey, I'm the Wild Card that came out of nowhere to win against the odds, the one that wasn't supposed to make it so far, for so long." ▲

~by Marie P.

The Wheel

Think of integrity in the context of structural integrity. Imagine the wheel of a bicycle. Having all the spokes in provides integrity to the wheel. If a spoke comes out, the wheel will still work. But its state of being, whole and complete has been compromised. Tolerating the one spoke missing becomes the new normal. When another spoke comes out and then another, the wheel still works. Having set the precedent, we continue to use the wheel with missing spokes. At some point, the



wheel no longer works and we are surprised. All that's happened is that integrity has been compromised. The wheel has no morality. It just doesn't work anymore. Where in your

life has integrity been compromised? Where are you tolerating a state of being that is less than whole and complete? Begin to restore integrity. Put the spokes back in the wheel. Look to where you make yourself wrong. That's not restoring integrity. Put the spokes back in the wheel. This is an ongoing practice. If you are living life, there will always be integrity to restore. The wheel has no morality. Put the spokes back in the wheel. ▲

~by Anonymous

Marijuana Anonymous Worldwide

For a complete listing of all meetings visit
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Step Six

Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.

Tradition Six

MA groups ought never endorse, finance, or lend the MA name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property, and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.

Celebrating 163 Years of Sobriety!

District 5

Alan W.	4/16/2020	1
Allie R.	5/21/2018	3
Billy	5/21/2019	2
Cory D.	4/24/2014	7
Dean I.	5/15/2001	20
Gary L.	5/8/2007	14
Gustav	5/23/2011	10
Londyn	5/23/11	10
Lyman	4/27/2010	11
Marty S.	5/14/2017	4
Mary C.	5/10/2010	11
Mel G.	5/18/19	2
Tom G.	5/17/10	11
Trevor	4/24/13	8

District 19

Marcin Z.	5/17/2020	1
Independant Groups		
Briana L.	5/16/2016	5
Indigo N.	5/3/2013	8
Amy F.	5/23/2012	9
Suki G.	5/26/1995	26



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