



# A NEW LEAF

a literary publication of Marijuana Anonymous

June 2025

*For ideal printing, view in your browser*

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## Letter from A New Leaf Publications

Dear Fellows,

*June A New Leaf Letter from the Department:*

*We hope you are all enjoying the newly redesigned ANLP website and bookstore. We plan to continue adding more to the store, and website, so please keep checking back for updates!*

*Our first exciting update is that we have a newly rerecorded and remastered audiobook of our primary text, *Life with Hope* (2nd Ed), available to purchase from a variety of audiobook providers, which you can access at [ANLP12.org/books](https://ANLP12.org/books). Keep checking back as more providers, including Audible, will be added soon. You can also listen to the audiobook for free on the MA website at [MA12.org/lwh-audio](https://MA12.org/lwh-audio).*

*The A New Leaf blog now contains each month's issue and a selection of archived issues. Content is viewable by category, such as all break-up letters, artwork, personal stories, or creative writing.*

*We would love your feedback on the new website, so we have created a poll where you can share ideas about what you want to see from the ANLP website and store, or volunteer to participate in a focus group to discuss the website further. The poll is available at [ANLP12.org/poll](https://ANLP12.org/poll). Please respond by **July 30, 2025**.*

*If you're interested in making ANLP related announcements in your meetings as an ANLP Liaison (such as announcing the poll, or encouraging members to submit content) please email [Liaisons@ANLP12.org](mailto:Liaisons@ANLP12.org) to be added to the Liaison Google Group. Be the first to know exciting ANLP news as we continue to develop new website components and add products to the store!*

Yours in Service,  
ANLP Department

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## 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.**

### ANLP Department

Chairperson: Heather C.

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Treasurer: Layne J.F.

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*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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## **Break Up Letter**

***Written by, Melissa H.***

Dear Cannabis Sativa,

We were introduced by a cool, blond-haired rebel girl from Colorado. I was a 15-year old flatlander from Pennsylvania who had never even heard of you. I took to you because you elevated fun to a new level. I hadn't known that fun was smokable. You made rolling over on the imperceptible incline underneath my tent feel like rolling down a steep hill. You made me feel cool, special, and unique. You blew my mind. You opened it up to dimensions previously unknown.

Through you, I met your friend LSD and we all partied at Grateful Dead shows. You made good music better. You made me float. You introduced me to other dimensions. You even helped me avoid alcohol. Alcohol was for frat boys and their ilk. Alcohol made people behave moronically. I tried it. Didn't like it. Once I passed out and hit my head. Where was the fun in that? Where was the transcendence? You helped me discern my people: thinking people, from seeking people. You connected me with my boyfriend in California. The three of us would all hang out on a sofa or in the woods. It didn't matter where. You understood us and brought us even closer. You were the perfect accompaniment to our candlelight and our chocolate and our creative endeavors.

Somewhere along the line I bought a handblown glass pipe - the kind they replicate in head-shops everywhere nowadays. My pipe would ensure that I had my own independent link to you. I didn't need a middleman. I was a young feminist.

I don't recall you being around in my first couple years of graduate school, though I also don't recall a time without you. Film school had been so demanding, but maybe you were there; I've lost so much recall that I don't trust myself with accuracy. You couldn't have been too far away; it was downtown New York City in the '90s. In fact, now that I think of it, GF, whom I met on a film set, smoked all day long while working as a grip! He impressed me as capable and coordinated. The way he could function, publicly, with you in his system made me want to date him. You were always a part of the picture. I later moved on to JS, another clever stoner. This one worked in an advertising office and had a dog and social anxiety. Together we lived in our privately defined world.

On my first date with MB, I introduced him to you after dinner. He'd never been high before and never got high again, but I sure did. When I preferred your company to MB's, I ordered you right to my door and walked the city with you. Who needed MB when I had you? You made me feel expansive and adventurous, and helped me detach from the troublesome relationships in

my life. You and I were self-sufficient. We didn't need anyone else. I married MB anyway, even though it was you who brought me closer to myself.

After two pregnancies and two extended rounds of breastfeeding, my body was mine again. I was unhappy in my marriage but my children were young. I didn't want to break up the family. I just wanted to ignore MB again and pretend he didn't exist. You helped me do that. You really understood me, and I you.

When I moved out of the house and out of the marriage, I had no one to butt up against. My time and space were mine, like I'd always wanted. I was free. After I'd run through my list of adventurous, urban activities, I still had time to fill and you were there to keep me company, Cannabis. We explored and took walks together, like in the old days. When you weren't right by my side, Loneliness and/or Boredom would come calling, often holding hands. I had no desire to spend time with them. I summoned you to intercede and you were always immediately available. I bedecked the apartment with incense, air purifiers, and scented candles to overpower evidence that you'd moved in. I made it seem like I was in love with aromas, but I was more in love with you than anything else.

I had always known that my dependence upon you was unhealthy, in part because I had to keep you a secret. You were the access to mischievous energy I couldn't access on my own. Sneakily, you and I could float around in private or in public together. You helped me feel cool; feel beautiful. You took me deep when I sought depth. You brought me to the surface when I sought levity. You assured me that wherever I was, I was fine. I was not fine. And if I was fine, there had to be more in this life than *fine*.

You never did anything wrong, Cannabis Sativa. You are not to blame. I was the one with the problem. You were just being you, plant of God. I was simply misusing you. We were not the match we once were. You started bringing me fog and haze. I brought all sorts of interesting thoughts, and then forgot them. I was trapped in the familiar loop we co-created in which nothing amounted to anything at the end of the day, and if it did, it was forgotten, only to be rediscovered some other time.

Turns out I didn't and don't have the capacity to enjoy your company intermittently. I'd hoped we could cultivate a healthy relationship, but we could not, and can not. I spent all my time with you to the exclusion of everything and everyone else. My priorities got scrambled and I became disoriented. Because of your constant presence, it became daunting and overwhelming for me to land the job I spoke about finding. It was inconvenient and unimportant to show up anywhere on time. It became too effortful to fully engage in much of anything but you.

Finally, I acknowledge my concern about my dependence on you without any sense of irony. I am ashamed of my inertia. I am embarrassed by how little I've achieved with the gifts of health, time, talent, and privilege I've been given. It is time to start living. So, dear Cannabis Sativa, it has become clear to me we must part ways entirely. Because I do not want to leave you, I know that I must. It's not that I hate you, it's that I must change partners. I am an addict and addicts must cut bait. I choose God who will help me choose life.

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## Clarity

*Written by, Anonymous*

Anger was my god, and when I look back to my time in active addiction, believe me when I tell you, all I saw was red. Not the rose-coloured glasses that tell you the world is a utopia, or the glasses you see others through right before the hurt. I saw rage, I saw a world that owed me

something. The type of pain that withstands the downfall of a kingdom. The type of anger that wages war on innocents. When I look back, I see so much unnecessary hurt, so much unwarranted pain and destruction.

Planting my toes in the grass of today I see change, I see hope, the world is viewed for what it is. To think that 100+ days of sobriety would give me the gift of life is unfathomable, but I've learned it's not my job to understand. It is my job to live, and live I do. Taking life one day at a time, I smile in the face of adversity, and thrive in the madness of the day-to-day. No longer do I live with my frustrations, or become my emotions. For today, I feel my pain, I don't run from it like a child in a rainstorm. I craft an umbrella from the resources at hand and I stand. Aware that things will probably not go my way, but rather that I will see through the wreckage and arrive exactly where I'm supposed to be.

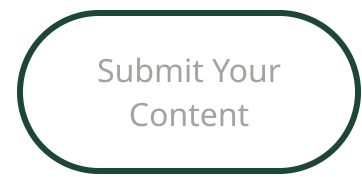
My god is one of tricks, and while he is caring he is not always kind. I've made peace with the wreckage of my past and am able now to handle things life throws at me. If you told the version of me that was high on anything but life about the gifts I'd receive from doing the work and committing to the program, I'd have scoffed. Called you a liar, smoked my trees, and went back to my red haze.

Now I see, the only hand that was holding me back was me. I lost my grip and allowed a god of my understanding to aid in my living and for once in my life I'm free. Not of culpability, not of accountability, but free from the past that haunted the caverns of my mind since I was young. I don't expect life to be perfect, I don't expect anyone to lend me a hand, I take life as it is and for what it is. A gift, for no one knows the days and rest assured they are numbered. But for once in my life I feel happy to exist in the silence, and joy in being alone with myself. I am at peace in ways I never imagined. Without the help of my sponsor, sponsees, the fellowship, my higher power, and me I'd still be waging war on the frontlines, slaying innocents, and ravaging villages. I am happy to say these last 100+ days have granted me the understanding of how to rule over my own kingdom, hand in hand with a higher power who knows what I'm supposed to be. I live in ways that are so new to me, happy, joyous, and free. Don't get me wrong, not all days are good, but I understand the balance of yin and yang, needing the bad to cherish the good is something I never truly understood. Sobriety is a gift I will hold onto.

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# 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.

**Want to share *A New Leaf* with others?**

Provide this link to sign-up:  
[MA12.org/New-Leaf](https://MA12.org/New-Leaf)

**For a list of suggested prompts visit: [MA12.org/Prompts](https://MA12.org/Prompts)**



## "This Tune Shall Pass..."

*Written by, Jesse P.*

It started out as one teenaged wish  
the click of a lighter  
and turned into a life  
It was exciting  
and floating from the ground  
came the laughter and the closeness I needed to have somehow  
you turned into a danger from someone I held so close, I don't know  
but it was time for you to go

Oh glory how to cut you out  
can I get out for good  
All I want is to hold you close  
but that's what I fear most  
So I'll leave - I'll leave before it swallows me alive

In my eyes everything seemed fine  
cozied up to you, not leaving for work on time  
what I refused to see, a growing anxiety  
you fooled me, gentle and blissful and kind  
I lost sight of my feelings, my needs were put on hold  
don't reach for me, you've got to change for me to grow

Oh glory how to cut you out  
can I get out for good  
All I want is to hold you close

but that's what I fear most  
So I'll leave - I'll leave before it swallows me alive

Every time I try without you by my side  
a crippling craving darkness in my eyes  
I can't let go your pictures, your hands around my neck  
But the minute I admit it, 'bless it, I'm a mess'  
Is the moment it begins to turn to cease to spin  
a moment I can dream to have control, oh I know

I'll cut you out  
and I'll get out for good  
All I want is to hold you close  
but that's what I fear most  
So I'll leave - I'll leave before it swallows me alive

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

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.

[Click to make a contribution](#)

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ART

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# 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](https://ma12.org/anlp/workshop)**

## *Heard in a Meeting*

**I'm having positive  
transitions. This is  
the promise of  
recovery.**

## **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

# **P** **ETRY**

# Recovering

*Written by, Lisa N.*

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Recovery - it takes some time.  
Minutes turn to days, days to weeks.  
While the weeks, they mark the climb.

Work through the months, get to the end.  
Recovery is continuous, a journey and path.  
No final destination you see, my friend!

Addiction is our illness, connection is our cure.  
We wrestle our demons, deal with Life.  
Adulting with competence, our goal, to be sure.

Present and feeling, every cry or laugh.  
No numbing, no leaving, no escaping.  
Living it all fully, not existing only by half.

Course of action is simple, the execution is not.  
Struggle with emotions; intense and variable.  
Learning how to behave; we change our thoughts.

Better ways of communicating with friends.  
We understand ourselves, our family, more.  
Life becomes clear, we heal and make amends.

Recovery continues as long as we're alive.  
We continue to grow through our experiences.  
We adapt, we keep evolving. We thrive.

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## Stepping Into...

*Written by, Tanya Mc.*

I am absolutely powerless over weed in my life.  
I can honestly say I can't stop using, once I start.  
It's always, just one more time, but then;  
It seems to be a marathon, on which I embark.

But, I feel like it is just me who is doing this.  
I feel like there is no god in this world.  
I want to know my higher power is helping me,  
And have hope that my sanity can and will, be restored.

Maybe one day, I'll stop trying so hard;  
To do everything all alone by myself.  
I'll have to have faith to come to this ultimate decision;



If I want to let it fully into my life, in order to help.

To find the courage to look inward,  
And to be as fearless and searching as i can;  
To look at my faults and my attributes,  
Laying it out is the best thing for me, in the end.

To have the integrity to share these thoughts,  
With a god I do not even believe exists.  
Asking me to trust another person,  
And be so transparent and open with this list.

I want to be in that place where I'm ready,  
To address my characteristics and the flaws.  
To have the integrity to move forward,  
and not think that my true self is totally lost.

To stand before my god at this moment,  
And communicate so humbly and brave.  
To ask it to help me remove these shortcomings,  
No matter what they are on this day.

To have compassion for my own self,  
And list everyone that I've harmed.  
But also be willing to make it right,  
Leaves my ego alerted, and very much alarmed.

I feel like making amends could be freedom,  
And give someone else a sense of justice and peace.  
Maybe shedding the guilt and the dark secrets;  
Maybe at some point, is what I will need.

To stay clean everyday and persevere,  
And have a continual personal inventory, that I have.  
And clean my messes up very promptly,  
So I'm not carrying around guilt, that in turn, just, makes me more sad.

And then the idea of prayer and meditation.  
Not asking for anything but my higher power's will.  
Praying also for the power to carry that out.  
One day, to have the perseverance to continue with this still.

And then praying to an entity in this step  
That I can't fathom yet, or even get behind.  
To seek out that spirituality I need here  
When I'm not the one who has to keep everything in my mind.

My own goal in life is to help many people.  
To be of service in any way that I can.  
And maybe this is also how I'm supposed to share my light,

And help other addicts to recover, and understand.

So with these steps I'll move forward.

Even though, going through them is so hard to see.

I know they've worked for so many others.

I'll borrow their principles practiced here, until I can believe it for me.

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# Daddy

*Written by, Rich C.*

As a child, I called you Daddy.

As I grew up, it became Dad.

You didn't often (or hardly ever) say, "I love you son."

Rather, you showed love.

Often, we regret the things not said.

Or, regret the hurtful things sometimes said.

Before you died, you made amends.

You said the things that needed to be said.

You said, "I love you son!"

"Dedicated to my father, Dominic 10/27/1941-11/11/2021"

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

### **Sixth Step**

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

In working the Sixth Step, we were practicing the principle of Willingness.

### **Sixth Tradition**

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.

### **Sixth Question**

Has your marijuana use led to financial difficulties and/or legal consequences?

### **Sixth Concept for Service**

A "Right of Appeal" exists to protect minority opinions, and to ensure that all viewpoints have been considered in the decision-making process.

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# CONGRATS

## CELEBRATING 223 YEARS OF SOBRIETY

### DISTRICT 4 - WASHINGTON STATE

JUSTIN P. 4/30/2024 1 YEAR!

### DISTRICT 5 - ORANGE COUNTY, CA

ALI R. 5/21/2018 7 YEARS  
BILLY F. 5/21/2019 6 YEARS  
DEAN I. 5/15/2001 24 YEARS  
HEATHER C. 5/17/2019 6 YEARS  
MARTY S. 5/14/2017 8 YEARS  
MARY C. 5/10/2010 15 YEARS

### DISTRICT 6 - N. LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CA

STACEY Y. 5/22/2018 7 YEARS  
WILSON H. 5/19/2023 2 YEARS

### DISTRICT 11 - OREGON

CRAIG S. 5/26/1988 37 YEARS

### DISTRICT 20 - SAN DIEGO, CA

JOHN G. 5/28/2024 1 YEAR!  
MICHAEL L. 4/15/2024 1 YEAR!  
SUSAN C. 5/27/2007 18 YEARS

### DISTRICT 22 - NEW ENGLAND STATES

LIONEL G. 6/10/1985 40 YEARS

### DISTRICT 27 - INDEPENDENT MEETINGS

BERN G. 6/4/1991 34 YEARS  
LIN S. 4/26/2024 1 YEAR!

### WEED, CALIFORNIA

DAVIS B. 5/24/2010 15 YEARS

## 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, with your Name, District or Location, Sobriety Date, and Number of Years, to [anewleafpublications.org/birthday](https://anewleafpublications.org/birthday).

## 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

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

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

[Download the App](#) →

# A NEW LEAF PUBLICATIONS

Publishing Department – Marijuana Anonymous World Services

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