



A NEW LEAF

a creative publication of Marijuana Anonymous

June 2026

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Letter from A New Leaf Publications

Celebrating 37 Years since the 1st MA Unity Conference

This month we honor MA's Unity Conference in Morro Bay, CA - June 16-18, 1989 and within this month's issue have included A Brief History of MA, from Life with Hope. Without our founders, MA might not exist today! They bravely spoke up about marijuana addiction in other 12-Step programs, finding others like them who "smoked their brains out." We thank them for their tireless work to create a program just for cannabis addiction — incorporating fellowship, service, and our own literature "for the addict who has not yet been born."

ANLP Service Announcements

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

We are excited and thrilled to welcome two new Editors to our team: Rahul M. of the Texas Region as Content Editor and Danie M. of District 23 as Design Editor! We extend our gratitude to Steven B. for his contributions to ANLP as our former Publishing Consultant. We appreciate those of you who continue to support ANLP by being a Liaison and sharing Pitch Points.

ANLP is still looking to round out the Department with a new Chair, Treasurer, and Secretary. Joining the Department offers unique opportunities to shape the future of ANLP, the online store, develop new ways of carrying the message, and ensure MA literature gets into the hands of marijuana addicts worldwide. Regardless of your experience, support and training are available to all new ANLP Department members. Those who have experience as a District Chair, Treasurer or Secretary, are well qualified for these positions. Read about the open service positions at: ANLP12.org/About

ANLP continues to thrive, and you can be part of this growth! We can find a place for you to be of service to the Department if you're interested in supporting in another capacity. We look forward to welcoming more new faces to the Department in the coming months. Your service does more than help ANLP grow, it strengthens your sobriety and expands your recovery community. 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'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.

ANLP Department

Chairperson: Heather C.

Secretary: Brian L.

Treasurer: Layne J.F.

Content Editor: Tiffany A. / Rahul M.

Design Editor: Danie M.

Liaison Coordinator: Lee H.

General Manager: Jules M.*

eCommerce Manager: Maral T.*

**Special Workers*



A Brief History About Marijuana Anonymous

Excerpted from Life With Hope (3rd Ed.) pages xiii-xv

This excerpt explains that at this first gathering, Delegates from the newly formed Marijuana Smokers Anonymous (MSA) of Orange County, Marijuana Addicts Anonymous (MAA) of the San Francisco Bay Area, and Marijuana Anonymous (MA) from Los Angeles County, met in Morro Bay, CA to establish a unified recovery program for marijuana addicts. Around that same time, smaller groups from Seattle and New York formed as well.

Some would call the simultaneous formation of separate groups for marijuana addicts a “coincidence” or a “synchronicity.” For more spiritually minded people, it is more than just that — it was a sign from a Higher Power that we are “on the right path.” The story of MA’s first Conference 37 years ago reminds us of the presence of a wise, Higher Power who undoubtedly brought together these groups, and guided them to turn over their worries and form Marijuana Anonymous.

“In June of 1989, delegates from Marijuana Smokers Anonymous (Orange County, California), Marijuana Addicts Anonymous (the San Francisco Bay area), and Marijuana Anonymous (Los Angeles County) met to establish a unified Twelve Step recovery program for marijuana addicts.

A smaller Marijuana Anonymous group in Seattle had been unable to send delegates because of the cost, and another small Marijuana Addicts Anonymous group, in New York, was heard from later. That first conference was held in a crowded motel room halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, in Morro Bay.

Until unification at the first conference, Marijuana Anonymous, Marijuana Smokers Anonymous, and Marijuana Addicts Anonymous were three distinct organizations. They had only recently begun hearing about the existence of each other, although the oldest fellowship was three years old. Each group was apprehensive, worried that the others would not see things as they did. Were they all Twelve Step programs? Did they all work the same kind of program? Did they follow the Twelve Traditions? Even the body language of the delegates at that first small conference revealed these conflicts and concerns.

It was a highly emotional, exhausting, and gratifying weekend. The eleven representatives had each arrived with their own fellowship's particular agenda, yet they somehow managed to come away with satisfactory working compromises. As a result of this hard work, one group—Marijuana Anonymous—was born. The stage was set for the next conference, to be held in October.

The second Marijuana Anonymous Unity Conference was held that fall with delegates from Seattle joining the others. Two years later, the New York chapter was finally able to send a delegate. Shortly after the unification of the US programs, MA was contacted by another Marijuana Anonymous organization in New Zealand. All of a sudden, MA was happening... and it was happening worldwide.

All of these small groups had started one at a time, almost simultaneously, not even knowing of any other group's existence.

But they had all started for one reason: their members did not feel comfortable in any other Twelve Step groups or self-help programs. In the areas where these meetings started, recovering marijuana addicts either felt unwelcome or disrespected in other programs.

And, occasionally, some members of other groups were still using marijuana. That was no help at all. For years, marijuana was thought to be non-addicting. If people got addicted it was either all in their imagination or because there was something really wrong with them. Perception of the drug had swung from the hysterical Reefer Madness mentality of the 1930s to the belief that it was totally innocuous. For many of us the truth lies somewhere in between. As is the case with addiction to many other substances, marijuana addiction can be a slow process. Some users never cross from using to abusing to addiction. For those that did become addicts, there was very little help, let alone understanding. And so, because it was needed and its time had come, Marijuana Anonymous began springing up here and there, almost like the plant itself.

In Orange County, one marijuana addict sat alone for weeks, waiting for another pothead to join him at a facility where other Twelve Step meetings were taking place. Eventually one did, then two, and then a roomful. And soon, the room was too small. In Oakland, one pothead stood up in another Twelve Step meeting and asked if there was anyone else in the room that had been smoking his brains out. There was. Meetings started in the addicts' living rooms. And soon, their living rooms were too small. In Los Angeles, a marijuana addict went to a psychologist who sent her to Twelve Step meetings, where she couldn't relate. So,

with his help, she and a couple of other patients with marijuana problems started a meeting in his office. And soon, the office was too small.

At the first Unity Conferences, each group had its own ideas about what was best for all. Some favored a singleness of purpose concept, some questioned religious and gender distinctions within the Steps and other literature. In the end, MA chose to adopt and adapt the Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous, because they have worked for so long and for so many. Like the other Twelve Step programs, Marijuana Anonymous is a program of recovery—recovery from bondage to a substance.

The compromises reached at those first conferences included a singleness of purpose (*see chapter 15, Tradition Three*) within the Steps and Traditions, but a requirement of full sobriety for World Service commitments. The group also adapted the Steps and Traditions, changing the name of the substance, and attempting to remove gender references when referring to God.

Because this is a spiritual, not a religious, program, members tried to avoid defining what the word God could possibly mean. Thus, each member, regardless of his or her religion or philosophy, may develop his or her own understanding of a Higher Power. MA has come a long way from those first few hundred members that made up the new unified Marijuana Anonymous. There are more than eleven thousand copies of the First Edition of Life with Hope in circulation. The stories in this Second Edition share the experiences of some of our members. They were written for the newcomer, for the addict who's still using, for anyone interested in marijuana addiction's effect on a person's life. They were written to let the readers know that a “life with hope” is truly possible.”

*The Literature Committee
of Marijuana Anonymous
World Services Conference*

Ways To Honor Our Founding Members

- **Attend the Conference Discussion Forum: [MA12.org/Conf/Forum](https://ma12.org/Conf/Forum)**

Take advantage of this opportunity to use your voice, help create the fellowship you crave and share your ideas for improving MA for future addicts! The Discussion Forum is open for anyone in MA to attend!

- **Donate to MA World Services: [MA12.org/7th](https://ma12.org/7th)**

Consider setting up recurring monthly 7th Tradition donations — you can set any amount that is right for your circumstances. In honor of the Unity Conference 37 years ago, you could donate \$37/month. All donations help us continue to produce A New Leaf, Daily Dose and other literature, and provide life-saving services to all members worldwide! If you cannot afford donating, that's OK - we want YOU more than your money.

- **Be of Service: [MA12.org/Service](https://ma12.org/Service)**

Continue the great work of our founders! Keep MA available to all in need by being of service as a sponsor, or at the meeting, district, or World Services levels. Join any of the [MA World Services committees](https://ma12.org/Service) - open to any MA member with no sobriety requirements!

In honor of the Unity Conference, consider joining the newly renamed Unity Subcommittee! This committee focuses on ensuring that Marijuana Anonymous stays welcoming, safe, and accessible to all addicts in need, wherever they are located and whatever their circumstances might be. It seeks to further unify us all in our shared experience as cannabis/marijuana addicts. A current project is the "Remote Communities Project" which is aimed towards providing information about MA to remote communities who not only might not have heard about MA, but may not even have regular phone or internet access to attend virtual meetings. There are many other ways the Unity Subcommittee is committed to further unifying our fellowship so check out one of their upcoming meetings, and email the Unity Chair at: Unity-Chair@MA12.org with any questions!

Any service helps to carry on the legacy of our founding members, and helps us create the fellowship we crave! Email GM@MA12.org to be added to any of the committee mailing lists for meeting reminders, and more!

Celebrating 30 Days

Written by, Manuel G.

Yesterday I reached 30 days without using, and today I want to celebrate that milestone.

But this time, I understand something very different: this is not the result of my willpower, my discipline, or my ability to rationalize my way out of addiction. This time I understand that I am here because I finally accepted that I cannot do this alone. I can no longer act from pride or arrogance, taking personal credit for something that requires surrender. Meditation—something I have practiced for years—gave me an essential gift: the ability to observe myself honestly. I was able to see my defects, my emotional immaturity, and my weakness.

I saw how marijuana was slowly breaking me down—creating more anxiety, more rumination, and deeper depression. I watched myself withdrawing from my motivation and from the people I love. I saw how my arrogance and my inability to listen only worsened the core problems and pulled me into a downward spiral. At my lowest point, I remembered a quiet calling I've always had: to move closer to God, and to the best version of myself. I realized how far I had drifted from that person.

I began to pray. At first, my prayers were requests—asking God to fix my worldly problems. But I remembered hearing a spiritual teacher say that God is not a problem-solver. I came to understand that turning to God gives us tools for spiritual victories, not instant solutions to the external problems we create by avoiding pain.

What we are given instead is strength, clarity, and the sense that we belong to something greater than our small, fragmented selves. I've learned that miracles don't erase the consequences of our actions. What changes is us.

Some of my greatest teachers were physical injuries. Losing my ability to do things I loved taught me that healing begins with acceptance, with facing pain directly, and with gratitude for what still remains. Care, patience, and humility made the suffering bearable.

Even so, it took me months of denial and depression to accept that I had to stop using marijuana.

One day, while sick and exhausted, I simply didn't use. One day became two. Two became three. The withdrawal was hard, but I leaned more deeply into meditation and prayer—asking only for patience and strength for one more day. Those days became a week. Then I stumbled across a comment online mentioning Marijuana Anonymous. I joined my first meetings with skepticism and resistance. But something shifted. I realized this is not about willpower. It's about connection.

That group of people—some with years of sobriety, some with zero days—was stronger than me alone. I found myself looking forward to meetings, to hearing others who wanted the same thing I did: freedom. I've learned that if I want lifelong sobriety, I only need to focus on the next 24 hours.

I've accepted that I am an addict. That I have an addictive personality. That I am spiritually sick. I neglected my spirit for years by believing only the physical and measurable mattered. But what truly heals is spiritual—intangible, unprovable, and beyond human logic.

There is deep relief in surrendering the need to understand everything. In accepting my limitations. In admitting that I cannot do this alone. Today, I see God working through the hearts and words of other addicts—through encouragement, shared stories, and simple acts of presence.

Thank you, friends. Thank you, brothers and sisters. I dedicate this 30-day celebration to all of you—to those who seek a Higher Power in their own way, and to those who find strength in walking this path together. By focusing on today, we reach a month. By staying humble, we reach a year. And maybe—one day at a time—we reach a lifetime of sobriety. In serenity. In peace.

An MA Miracle

Written by, Stefania M.

****Trigger Warning: Sexual Abuse, Child Abuse and Threats Against Life****

Hi everyone, my name is Stefania, and I am a marijuana addict. Generation X here and grew up as a hard core Italian. A generation of new breakthroughs, independence and resilience. The generation of "Lachie" kids. Also a beautiful culture, one of food, wine, scenery, history, and deep religious roots.

But speaking for myself, being a child of a traditional Italian immigrant family back then was not easy and it came with a lot of deep silence and traditional control. I learned very early to split myself in two: the girl who smiled for the family, and the girl who was dying behind that smile.

My parents separated when I was six months old. They were then shunned upon due to their divorce. They gave all legal rights to my mother's parents. So I ended up being raised by my grandparents on a vineyard in the mountains of BC.

To the world, it looked like a postcard; inside, it was a nightmare of child abuse that lasted ten years. I was sexually molested by my grandfather. I kept this a secret, my whole life from my grandmother. Learning to lie to protect my life and hers was a coping mechanism at an early age from fear of the threats of unliving us if I said anything.

By twelve, I was sent to Toronto to live with a mother who was a stranger to me. The move was due to my grandfather's passing. So I traded one nightmare for another, now witnessing extreme domestic violence and living under a shadow of constant terror.

By fourteen, we were in a shelter, and I was working full-time under the table just to help my single mother survive. That was when I found marijuana.

Marijuana became a way to push through my days with some excitement and laughter. Now I'm not gonna get into the nitty-gritty of my use of Mary Jane because we've all walked that path...different stories but same insanity of the drug. But I will tell you it became part of my identity for 35 years. It didn't just become a habit, it was my only escape from a world that felt like it was constantly trying to break me.

By seventeen, that need to escape spiralled into heavier substances and the sex industry, all just to survive the weight of what I was carrying. I remember feeling an urge to just run from everything. In fact, I ended up doing just that. I eventually fled to the Dominican Republic. Why there, do you ask? Because I remembered family vacations there in my teens...it felt like freedom in paradise. Like how I would imagine heaven to be. I was desperate to find peace. But history repeated itself; I fell in love with a local like you see in the movie Havana Nights that turned into a monster from alcoholism later on.

I realized in that experience I couldn't run away from the brokenness inside me. I eventually found the courage to leave and escape back to Canada. Through all that darkness, I realized I was a warrior. If I take a few steps back and look at it all..sober...present and clear minded...in life...I was always blessed...with resilience, positivity, love, and compassion for others, with two amazing boys and once an amazing career.

As a single mother, I handled everything—the bills, the parenting, the professional world—no matter what state I was in. I was a high-functioning marijuana addict. I wore the mask of the successful woman for most of my adulthood, using the drug to numb the bipolar, the PTSD, and the physical pain of Fibromyalgia and Graves' disease. I was convinced that my prescribed medication wasn't doing the job. This is when I began to smoke heavily. I was 'dead alive'—a zombie who was performing perfectly for the world while starving for peace inside.

Behind that mask, I was also carrying a massive, frozen weight of grief. In my journey, I have had to go through a deep and painful grieving process of losing my grandfather, my grandmother, my mother, and my father. Because I was numbing myself for three decades, I never truly processed those losses—the complicated grief of losing the people who both raised me and the people who failed me. I stayed in a state of 'functional mourning,' where I could do the work of living but couldn't do the work of feeling.

With all that trauma, I have 27 years with my psychiatrist. Ten years of codependency meetings. I even worked their Steps. I have spent decades seeking help, yet I continued to self-medicate with marijuana throughout all those years. I told myself it was okay because I

felt that it didn't control me like other drugs did. I thought because I was still functioning, I was safe. But the joke was on me. It ended up destroying me in the end, keeping me in a fog where the therapy couldn't truly take root. I had all the tools to heal, but I was too high to actually pick them up and use them. In fact, during the 35 years of being high, I never once said I had a problem. I never even thought of quitting, ever.

In the beginning, marijuana was my escape; it felt like a warm blanket that made me feel calm, creative, and relaxed. Over time, that "magic" faded into a habit, and I started using it just to feel normal and get through the day. By the end, the relief was gone—it felt like a cage that left me feeling isolated and disconnected from my real life.

Everything changed on January 25th of this year. I was doing a guided meditation to sleep that triggered a massive panic attack by taking me back to my inner child. I freaked out!!!!!! I realized I couldn't be a 'high-functioning' ghost anymore. I couldn't numb the truth for one more second. I asked Google for help, and it led me straight to Marijuana Anonymous.

I felt strange at first, but within days, I knew I was home. I found my tribe in groups like this. I threw myself into recovery, attending 130 meetings in my first month. I began to chase my sobriety like I chased my drug. It felt like the medicine I truly needed to face my life without a crutch. Things started to happen from there, I called them things, but now I called them MA miracles. I'm not going to lie. It wasn't easy, but it was simple. I found my sponsor the second week in and we clicked immediately!

During the process of my sobriety journey, I slipped twice and now I'm happy to say I'm 24 days sober today. That's a big step for someone who was not thinking to quit. I went hard attending five to six meetings a day. I started to find out I was a writer, and I loved to journal and write poetry. I opened up and started to share. I do service any chance I get, put my number out there for fellowship, and have done lead shares. I'm also a member of the world MA literature group and found a passion for meditation. Most importantly, I've learned to incorporate prayer and meditation in my life as a daily practice.

I purchased the Life with Hope book and the Life with Hope Workbook downloaded the app and started logging in my sobriety time. I'm now working the steps with my sponsor. I'm currently on Step Four. And wow, I'm learning to let go of all those resentments I mentioned. I found out I have a lot of fear, no matter how strong I thought I was. I also discovered I have a lot of good assets.

During my step journey I've also learned to accept that I'm an addict and I have an addiction to marijuana. I have rediscovered a Higher Power that is pure love, not the punishing God of my upbringing and it's letting me see the patterns of my past—from the vineyard to current—so I can break them for good.

Recently I took a walk outside and the world was in high definition. I heard the birds chirping and the geese migrating home. The sounds were so vivid and clear. For the first time in 35 years, the fog was gone, and I felt truly alive. I've noticed in sobriety I am more present for my family and friends and my dogs. I'm aware of my faults and move forward with more awareness. I have time to practice self love. I learned to have patience with the process. I'm into art and pottery again. Most importantly I'm eating healthy and taking care of my body.

The journey hasn't been all glorious. I still deal with withdrawals—the sweats, the shakes, and facing my physical pain head-on. But my Higher Power gave me a gift: the ability to always find the positive in the negative. That survival skill that kept me alive as a kid is now the skill that keeps me sober.

The greatest gift that MA has given me is the love I feel when I enter these meetings. I receive so much strength from every single person in these rooms—from the newcomers who remind me of my first terrifying day, to the 'oldies' who show me that long-term peace is possible. I have grown to love every individual in these groups. I admire your struggles, I admire your raw honesty, and I am humbled by the way we show up for each other. You all have taught me that I don't have to be a 'high-functioning' solo warrior anymore. I can just be Stefania.

I am so incredibly grateful for this organization and for the beautiful souls I have met in these meetings. You have changed my life in ways I never thought possible. I am no longer fighting this alone. My dream one day in the future is to give back by starting a Step 11 meditation group, becoming a sponsor one day myself, and perhaps even becoming a life coach. Until then it's one day at a time.

Today, I surrender the fight. I stop trying to be the hero of my own story and I let higher power take the lead. There is a peace in that surrender that no substance could ever give me. I am no longer “dead alive.” At 24 days sober, I am blessed, I am awake, and I am grateful for MA and the God of my understanding.

I want to leave you with a quote by Maya Angelou that resonates with my soul: “You may encounter many defeats, but you must not be defeated. In fact, it may be necessary to encounter the defeats, so you can know who you are, what you can rise from, how you can actually come out of it.”

I Am Not Alone *Written by, Anneliese B.*

If someone had told me five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago that I'd be a part of a worldwide, loving fellowship of marijuana addicts, I don't know that I'd have believed them. I had resigned myself to a lifetime of marijuana smoking, and therefore to a lifetime of isolation, fantasized functionality, grandiose thinking, and self-hate. I had every excuse in the world to continue my daily smoking habit and there was no human who could relieve my addiction.

Fast forward to today: there is still no one human who can relieve my addiction, but there is a marvelous fellowship of many humans who, together, guided by our Higher Powers, have relieved me of my addiction and continue to lift my obsession to self-sabotage, one day at a time.

With over a year of marijuana sobriety, I have experienced countless miracles and spiritual awakenings as I continue to work the 12 Steps, come to meetings, participate in outreach, and do service. I am the co-secretary for my online home group and I am the secretary for my in-person home group. I am actively working the Steps and continually, humbly asking the God of my understanding to remove my character defaults at a time that is best for all

concerned. I am practicing patience and developing a discipline for prayer and meditation. I am useful and reliable. I am a fully participating partner, friend, family member, fellow, and colleague. My cognitive efficiency has improved, I've hit exercise goals I never thought possible, and I have a growing awareness of the ways in which my choices affect my energy, health, and endurance.

Do I always act in alignment with the will of my Higher Power? No. Do I always make choices that are best for my health and spiritual growth? No, but I have made tremendous progress. I will never be perfect and I will always be human. I am growing in my acceptance of my human fallibility, knowing that this recovery thing is a process, not an event, and I will never be perfect.

Marijuana Anonymous has given me the gift of sobriety and clarity and, with this, I am now able to see all the behaviors and choices that block me from oneness with my Higher Power. I've since entered into another 12-Step program to help me with another addiction that I wasn't even aware of before marijuana sobriety, and I continue to work the Steps in the first 12-Step program I came into before MA where I learn to practice emotional sobriety. I know I am not alone in any of my addictions today. The sense of unity and belonging I've gained in the rooms of recovery helps me to know that I can recover. Others have come before, others will follow. We recover.

It's Time To Fly *Written by, Toni H.*

Dear Marijuana,

I guess I never thought I'd write this letter but it's time for us to break up. You've been there for me more consistently than most things throughout my life and I will give you credit for that. When I was young, you helped me find community amongst other young people who didn't understand that they, too, were struggling. I'm grateful for that experience during a time in my life where I was so unaware of what was going on with my family, my mental health, with my trauma, with myself...when my understanding of my own struggles was so limited, you were the escape that I needed.

As I got older, and my pain deepened, you were still there when I needed you to escape, and again you helped me find a community of others, and I thought that I was part of something. But I don't think I had put together my true love for you was always the escapism. You helped me hide from things that I was too afraid to feel. Towards the end of my addiction, once my calling in this world was more obvious than it had ever been, I truly thought I couldn't survive without you. I was in such profound pain and struggle I didn't know how to put one foot in front of the other without you. It felt like you were there for me when, really, you were holding me back.

My time now without you has been profound. I've realized I'm so much more capable than I ever gave myself credit for and that I'm so much braver and stronger than I ever knew or believed. The ball and chain that you held around me is releasing and I'm finding that instead of searching for you, looking for that familiar weight, I find that I can fly. It's been scary to fly, but it's freeing and it's beautiful and it's something that I want for myself & for my life & for my children.

It took my life imploding for me to realize that I was better off without you and even for that I am grateful. Sometimes our greatest pains lead to our greatest victories, our most beautiful chapters. Thank you for the years that you helped me get through when I didn't have the tools to get through it on my own, but I have those tools now and it's time to let you free. It's time to fly. Goodbye.

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.

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

Submit Your
Content

Want to share *A New Leaf* with others?

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

ART

18 Months Mile-Stone
Created by, Chris P.



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)

HEARD IN AN MA MEETING



By respecting myself,
my world changes
for the better.

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



What Changed, What Didn't

Written by, Aurelie E.

There are moments
that split time in two—
before this
and everything after.

Loss that knocks the wind out of a life.
Grief that teaches the body
new postures of survival.
Love that arrives like a hand on your back
when you didn't know you were bending.
Joy so clean, it feels borrowed.
Kindness that saves you quietly
and never asks to be remembered.

Anguish came too—
uninvited, undeniable.
It rearranged my days,
altered the map,
forced detours I would never have chosen.
It taught me caution,
and depth,
and how to sit with things
that do not resolve.

But it did not take my core.

I am still the one
who leans toward tenderness.
Still the one
who notices beauty in small, stubborn places.
Still the one
who chooses honesty over numbness,
presence over escape,
love even when it costs.

The course of my life changed—
yes.
The shape of my days,
the weight of my knowing,
the language of my heart.

But not the center.

That part remained—
quiet, intact,

waiting patiently
beneath every storm.

I am altered.

I am not erased.

I am shaped by what I've survived,
and still unmistakably
myself.

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.

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

CONGRATS

CELEBRATING 123 YEARS OF SOBRIETY

DISTRICT 5 - ORANGE COUNTY, CA

ALI R.	5/21/2018	8 YEARS
BILLY F.	5/21/2019	7 YEARS
CAMERON P.	5/4/2025	1 YEAR!
DEAN I.	5/15/2001	25 YEARS
HEATHER C.	5/17/2009	7 YEARS
MARY C.	5/10/2010	16 YEARS

DISTRICT 12 - SAN FRANCISCO N. BAY, CA

STEVE S.	4/25/1996	30 YEARS
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DISTRICT 22 - NEW ENGLAND STATES

JUSTIN W.	5/13/2025	1 YEAR!
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DISTRICT 6 - N. LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CA

MIKEY D.	6/6/2003	23 YEARS
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DISTRICT 30 - DC, MARYLAND, VIRGINIA

MARYANNE M.	6/10/2021	5 YEARS
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