



A NEW LEAF

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Vacation Diary (First One In Recovery)

My last drink was Oct 28th 00, and last toke Jan 4 01.

Fri May 18 11:30 am I'm on my way to Palm Springs. I think this is the first time I've been away with my hubby and 4 kids, on my way to total dysfunction to visit the in-laws. I take everything for fighting my battle, most of all my freedom list. I'm the only one with a program, and a mission to stay sober this weekend. I just finished reading Living Sober, it's got great info. I read all my Daily Reflections, and doing one thing at a time. My son is going to have homework to do, that is the first unexpected thing. I'm glad I'm not counting on anything except God, and the Serenity Prayer.

I'm looking forward to hiking. (I hope.) I have lots of reading material, headphones, and tennis shoes for buggenout! I pray for patience, humility, Gods will and direction. Wish me luck.

May 18 8:55 p.m. Ok I made it through the in-laws house!! There was a paragraph of how a well-meaning friend over does the "I know you don't drink so, how about this or that?" And I thought, "When would I be in that situation?" Well later that afternoon, when Mrs. In-law

gets in and asks, very well meaningfully, "We have several non-alcoholic beers, have you ever tried one?"

Would you like one?"

"No thank you ." I reply

"These are the biggest hit out here, everybody LOVES them!"

"No thank you. I used to drink those when I was pregnant." I think to myself, If I had one of those now, I have NO idea where that sensation of a beer would take me! She offers me nothing else, and gets herself a beer, sits to chat, and asks how my program is going. Finishes the beer, and gets herself a glass of wine. But I'm used to seeing how long before she gets totally looped. By the 2nd glass of wine she is now hiding her servings from her hubby, and drinking it in a mug with a straw. My father in-law isn't drinking today. He's got the grand kids in front of him. We all go to get pizza. My hubby and Mrs. in-law (by 2nd marriage) are the only drinkers. He's being "normal" and her next glass is the looper. Right before my eyes the whole transformation, My hubby gets her another, and I can't keep up with the repeats, and stoned face, bab-

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Alicia F.

Faith

Carol McD.

Hi All. My name is Carol and I am a marijuana addict.

Faith - Among other things my dictionary lists: complete trust or confidence, also: loyalty (good: sincerity, honesty - bad: insincerity, dishonesty)

Faithful - loyal, conscientious, accurate; reliable

And, what the heck, while we're at it:

Spiritual - of the spirit or the soul and: of or consisting of spirit; not corporeal.

Let's face it folks, my "God" is different from your "God" and that is exactly what this "spiritual" program is all about! It is not about any religion, nor does it try and define what my Higher Power might be. God is just a word in our Steps. The early members could have gotten quite carried away with themselves and called it "A power greater than ourselves of our own individual understanding" which would make it a little more clear - but be quite a mouthful when reading the Steps. Instead they took the "gender" out of God hoping that we'd understand

concluded on last page

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A NEW LEAF

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 necessarily reflect the opinions of Marijuana Anonymous as a whole.

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P.O. Box 4313
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Vacation Diary

bler. After the pizza is finished my father in-law can't leave fast enough. I'm so happy to be at the condo, freshly showered, and ready for tomorrow.

May 19, 9 a.m. I have my cereal and am getting ready for hiking. My girls want to swim first. My mind starts racing, my body quivering, and I can't sit still. I'm by the pool it's 9:30, beautiful, hot sunny, and wanting a drink to settle my brain. The girls tell me they don't want to go. I'm thinking, "ok slow down, you'll be able to get out in a few hours. It's ok, stay calm and pray."

So I pray all kinds of stuff, the first is the Serenity Prayer, I think where that drink will take me, and that I'll be bound by that pool all day, not being able to face serving lunch, because I won't want to get off my ass. I pray some more. I immediately get to the phone and call for meetings around the area, I'm glad someone is there to answer the phone! By this time it's 10:30 and the girls are done, and want to hike. I can't get out of there fast enough. When we leave my hubby asks me to bring back some Gatorade, and Beer. S*&%! I think.

We drive about 1 HR, and hit the trail at 12 noon, it's about 100, one reason I wanted to get an early start, oh well, I'm here now, thanks to God!!

My girls are troopers, we have snacks and water. There are palm trees along the way, so we kick it and enjoy the whole place. We hike for about 1 hr total. Just what I needed. So now I'm back

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to "normal."

We drive back and stop at the store. We get lots of water, and for the first time I buy a 6 pack. How scary. I drop the girls and the beer off, where my hubby and 2 kids are at the in-laws. Go back to our condo to chill. Then I'm thinking this would be when I hit my stash and toke it up, to head back to dysfunction. So I pray and thank God for my gifts, and blessings, pick up the phone and call my friend. She listens, gives me encouragement, and the confidence I need of what I'm trying to accomplish. Staying sober for one more second, of one minute, of one hour, of one day. That's all.

And I figure, if I still feel like this next weekend, I'll go out. So I pull up the boot straps and head back.

May 19 5:30 p.m. The in-laws watch the kids for us. We venture out to dinner. We haven't been out in a while because my hubby doesn't know what to do with a non drinker. My hubby who has had a few, but I'm cool with it, he's being "normal,"

I can't change that he drinks.

So here we are one on one, it's been a long time. The first place it's 1 HR wait, so we leave, the second place we get no service, and he's about to have a cow, so I say lets just go. So we leave, and decided to just hit the local pizza joint. It's cool, were just hanging, or-

Vacation Diary *concluded*

dering pizza, I get a Root Beer, and he asks for a pitcher of beer. I'm cool with it, can't change that. And do a quick thankful prayer of the beautiful day I had. Well they bring my drink and his pitcher, the biggest damn thing I've seen in my face in a while!! He's trippin', because where he goes they're not that big. I'm wondering who put the magnifying glass in front of my face! So our conversation is on how many ounces of beer is that, we guess about 64 oz and he's the only one drinking it. He says I'm a pretty handy person to have around, so I can drive back. Then the thought hits me, "What will I be walking out with?" I let it pass and get to the here and now.

We had a good time talking about the mother in-law and how she drinks her stuff with a straw in front of his dad. We assume she tries to hide that it's alcohol?? We talk about the night before and how looped she gets, and how funny her face gets too.

Well by this time I'm looking at the pitcher, feeling a little too comfortable, my soda is gone, I don't want any more, and the pitcher is 3/4 of the way gone, and if I "help" him finish it, he's to drunk to drive, I'll be the one getting busted, and blow my whole program. So I do another quick thankful prayer, and leave it alone. We get back to the condo, and I have a good night sleep.

May 20th The next day I'm truly grateful, thankful and I pray! I pray to see the humor in anything that bothers me that day. I know there will be stress in leaving, packing up with the kids and him driving home for 2 1/2 hr. We're almost home, I have a major headache, and I just want to get back home. We get off the freeway, and we're almost home. We get the light, and we're first in line, then the train rails come down, the bells are ringing, and my hubby hits the dash board in a fit of rage.

I ask God what the hell is so funny about this?? Please let me see the humor, we'll be here for and extra 20 min at the least. A couple of profane blurbs sail threw my brain, then a split second after that, thinking how lucky we are to make it off the freeway safely, with no accidents, well, hell, I think I'll sit here for 1 hr. if that's what it takes, thank you very much.

As soon as I come to terms with that, the train stops before the crossing, the bells stop, and the rails go up and we are free to pass in a matter of seconds. I immediately start laughing, and thank God for seeing me through that weekend, that I don't care to do in the near future. It was a major mental workout for someone so new to the programs I'm in. Thank God for prayer, all the friends in MA, and other 12 step Programs, any program you need and the friends to see you through. What wonderful gifts I have been Blessed with.

A Sincere Thank You

A New Leaf Publications has made some major changes in the last month. We are losing three volunteers and bringing one back as our Office Manager.

Our Life With Hope distribution coordinator Coleman G. has been one of the hardest working volunteers that we have ever had. His work has been absolutely unflinching for nearly three years. He updated the Service Manual in 1999 & 2000, made copies and mailed them out to fill orders, answered all our email for a couple of years and most of all - went to the post office and the UPS office every single week to ship out our Life With Hope books. He picked them up, stored them, packaged them, and kept up with all the paperwork involved with that. Thank you, Coleman. You have really done a great job. And, you've made a big difference in many lives.

Our A New Leaf distribution coordinator Richard H. stepped in when we really needed help. He's been getting paper to the printer and picking up the finished product, counting out the bulk shipments and addressing single subscription envelopes plus getting them to the post office for well over a year now. Thank you Richard. You've been a great help to a lot of people.

Judy S. has been a tremendous help as Secretary. She's been at the post office to pick up the mail and distributing it every week (no small job!), answering all the email, and generally running along behind us helping where any one of us needed help. In fact, she's been cleaning up after all of us so well that we hired her as A New Leaf's Office Manager. Thanks for all you have done Judy, and for all you will do.

Faith *concluded*

that it's not only someone else's concept of a Higher Power, but could mean: G-d, God, Goddess, Cosmic Parent, Allah, Great Spirit, Shiva, Mother Earth, Higher Self, and - the all encompassing - Great Googie Moogie.

Faith doesn't have to have anything at all to do with a religion. I have faith that the sun will rise tomorrow. Well, that's not entirely true - I have faith that the earth will continue to rotate in a counterclockwise motion and the western hemisphere (the part of the globe upon which I reside) will face the sun tomorrow and it will therefore be seen above me in the eastern and slightly southerly sky. Complicated ain't it?

MY RELIGION? It has two basic precepts: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you (King James version of western Bible, but it's the same thought worldwide), And.... Try to leave the Earth a little better than you found it. Fairly simple. And don't even ask me what I think "God" is! It changes every single day. But, it's not me. I may be a part of it, but it's not Me.

I have faith that the 12 Step Program is a good way of life for me. And that's what it is for me, a Way Of Life. It can work along side religions and philosophies and cultures and nationalities. I used to think I was going to get in here, "work" the Steps, graduate, and then get on with my life. Well, this IS my life and I try to practice the Steps in ALL my affairs. Why not?

It's as good a path as any other. Most of my friends are in this program. Hmmm. My friends are STILL defined by my using? But, that's OK. They're all trying to be better humans.

And that's really what this program is all about. After the fog clears, the lungs stop spewing, the eyeballs are white again, the detox is over, and we've actually got the drug out of our system, then what? Then we start Recovery. We have Faith that this way of life will be good for us, and we start on a universal Spiritual Path that has everything to do with our spirit and nothing to do with our very own particular concept of God or brand of religion.

Thanks for letting me ramble.

MA WORLDWIDE

For Land and Online Meetings go to: <http://www.marijuana-anonymous.org>

email: office@marijuana-anonymous.org

MA World Service Office

PO Box 2912
Van Nuys, CA 91404
800-766-6779

San Francisco (Dist. 1)

PO Box 460024
San Francisco, CA
94146-0025
415.522.7373

East Bay (District 2)

PO Box 8354
Berkeley, CA 94707
510.287.8873

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Seattle, WA 98109-4599
206.548.9034

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323.964.2370

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PO Box 1244
Cooper Station
New York, N.Y. 10276
212.459.4423

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PO Box 3003
Santa Cruz, CA 95063
831.427.4088

LA County East (District 10)

PO Box 94400
Pasadena, CA 91109
626.583.9582

Portland (District 11)

PO Box 2012
Portland, OR 97208-2012
503.221.7007

North Bay, CA (District 12)

PO Box 1001
Petaluma, CA 94952
707.793.2149

Austin, TX

higherground_austin@yahoo.com

Chester Co., PA Chapter

PO Box 194
Sadsburyville, PA 19362
610.622.9243

Chicago

(312) 835-9834
Ma_chicago@hotmail.com

Colorado

313.607.7516

Idaho

208.602.2997

Ithaca, NY

ma_ithaca@yahoo.com

Rogue Valley, OR Chapter

541.941.2995

Australia

MA Australia
PO Box 202
Hindmarsh, 5007
South Australia
0.500.502.654
maaustralia@yahoo.com.au

London, England Chapter

07940.503438

New Zealand

MA Service Centre
PO Box 74-386
Market Road, Auckland 3
New Zealand
649.846.6822



District 2

Chris K.	8/12/96	5 Years
Ginny	8/21/88	13 Years

District 3

Julie	8/18/96	5 Years
Pam M.	8/12/96	5 Years
Ellis L.	8/9/96	5 Years
Ron R.	8/2/00	1 Year!

District 5

Chris G.	8/21/90	11 Years
Lisa T.	8/21/90	11 Years
Coleman G.	8/12/92	9 Years
Steve P.	8/21/93	8 Years
David G.	8/15/99	2 Years
James J.	8/27/99	2 Years

District 6

Craig H.	7/28/89	12 Years*
Brad M.	7/27/91	10 Years*
Andrea P.	7/23/93	8 Years*

**Corrections from last month*

District 7

Dave S.	6/20/94	7 Years
Deb	6/29/94	7 Years
Jenna	6/21/98	3 Years
Jeff K.	6/30/00	1 Year!

District 7 cont'd

Ari	7/3/96	5 Years
Kathlynn	7/1/00	1 Year!
Ron H.	8/28/80	21 Years
Milo	8/25/96	5 Years
Roger	1987	14 Years
Gary	1992	9 Years
Dave	1994	7 Years
Doug	1995	6 Years
Jim	1997	4 Years
Alex	1998	3 Years
Dan	1999	2 Years
Joseph	2000	1 Year!
Oscar	2000	1 Year!

District 8

Libby G.	6/6/90	11 Years
Dave A.	6/10/97	4 Years

District 9

Neil R.	8/13/97	4 Years
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Idaho

Kat C.	8/9/99	2 Years
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Mississippi

Ricky L.	8/1/99	2 Years
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