



A NEW LEAF

a creative publication of Marijuana Anonymous

August 2025

For ideal printing, view in your browser

Letter from A New Leaf Publications

Dear Fellows,

The ANLP Department looks forward to seeing you at the 2025 MA World Services Convention in Los Angeles! Please stop by our merchandise table where we will have copies of *Living Every Day with Hope*, *Life with Hope*, and the *Life with Hope Workbook* — all available at reduced prices. You will also find pamphlets and service materials available for purchase, including spiral bound copies of Service Manual 8.2 and the New Meeting Starter Kit, all of which were updated as of June 2025. [See the ANLP Convention Merchandise price sheet.](#)

We'd like to give a warm welcome to Lee H, from District 4, as our new Liaison Coordinator! He will be helping communicate with ANLP Liaisons and prepare monthly pitch points (anlp12.org/pitchpoints) for anyone to share in their meetings. As our Department grows, we're continuing to expand our available service opportunities with our two newest volunteer positions, Liaison Coordinator and [Correspondence Editor](#), (which is currently vacant; reach out to Chair@ANLP12.org if you're interested in being of service with ANLP in this new role!

Remember to check out *A New Leaf - Online* where each month we include all the current content sent in these emails and feature our Pages from the Past. This month you can find pieces going back to June and July of 1991! ANLP12.org/Blog

Please help us improve!

ANLP12.org/Poll



Please take a few moments to complete, by September 2nd.

If you haven't already, please take a moment to provide us feedback: ANLP12.org/Poll

Yours in Service,
ANLP Department

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 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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Finding the Courage

Written by, Katharine T.

I want to start by talking about where I came from, because I think so much of my struggle with open-mindedness and honesty started in my childhood. Growing up, I was taught to believe exactly what my family believed. There wasn't room for questioning, for doubt, or for my own voice. I was taught that the truth—especially if it was painful or didn't fit the image my family or church wanted to present—should be hidden. We didn't talk about our problems. We didn't admit when we were hurting. We certainly didn't question our faith or our family's choices.

That kind of upbringing left me feeling empty inside. I felt like I had no voice, no autonomy, no way to express who I really was or how I really felt. And so, like a lot of people, I started looking for ways to numb that emptiness. For me, that was weed. At first, it felt like the answer. It dulled the pain and made me forget, for a while, how much I was struggling. But eventually, I realized that whenever I wasn't high, I was deeply depressed—and even when I was using, that depression was still there, just under the surface.

That depression led me back to old habits—especially suicidal thoughts. I felt trapped, with nowhere to turn. I was taught to pray away the pain, to never let anyone know how bad things really were, to shove everything down so deep that I could pretend it wasn't there. When I tried to get clean in the past, I would just put on a smile and act like everything was fine. I thought if I could just pretend hard enough, maybe I could make it true. But pretending didn't work. Smiling through the pain didn't make it go away. All it did was isolate me further. I wasn't honest with myself or anyone else about how much I was suffering. I was terrified to admit the truth, even to myself—that I was an addict, that I was hurting, that I needed help.

Despite all that, I finally made it to my first meeting. I was desperate, and I honestly didn't know what to expect. What I found was a room full of people who were willing to be open-minded and honest in ways I had never seen before. People shared their stories, their pain, their struggles, and their hope. They listened to each other without judgment. They were honest about how hard recovery was, about the setbacks and the relapses and the work it took to stay clean. That was a revelation for me. I had never seen people be so vulnerable, so real, and so supportive of one another. For the first time, I realized that maybe I didn't have to hide anymore. Maybe I could be honest, too—not just with others, but with myself.

Looking back, I can see how my lack of open-mindedness kept me stuck. I would say, "I'm an addict," but I didn't really believe it. I didn't want to listen when others told me recovery would be hard, or that I needed a sponsor, or that just smiling through the pain wasn't enough. I thought I could do it my way, that I didn't need help, that I could just will myself into being okay. But that night when I couldn't sleep and the suicidal thoughts came roaring back, I realized I was wrong. That forced smile melted away, and I was left with nothing but the truth: I was suffering, and I couldn't do this alone. If I had been honest with myself and with others—if I had been willing to listen and open my mind to the possibility that I didn't have all the answers—I might have stayed clean. I might have avoided a lot of pain.

During my using, I became incredibly self-centered. I was so focused on my own pain that I couldn't see how I was hurting the people around me. I expected others to fix my problems, to carry my burdens, to take responsibility for my pain so I wouldn't have to. I became a leech, draining the people I loved because I refused to take responsibility for my own healing. When I look back at the last three years, I feel a lot of regret. I see how selfish I was, how unwilling I was to be honest or open-minded. But I also see that hitting that spiritual rock bottom was necessary. I finally realized that changing—no matter how hard it would be—was far less painful than staying the same and dragging everyone else down with me.

This time, I came into recovery with a different mindset. I decided to let go of what I thought I knew and to really listen. I became willing to take in feedback, to try new things, to accept that I didn't have all the answers. Open-mindedness, for me, means being willing to learn from others, to accept that my way isn't always the right way, and to trust the process even when it's uncomfortable. Open-mindedness also means being willing to try things that scare me—like reaching out for help, working the Steps, or sharing honestly in meetings. It means being humble enough to admit when I'm wrong, and brave enough to try again.

Honesty is the foundation of everything I do in recovery. It means admitting when I'm struggling, when I'm scared, when I'm tempted to use. It means being real about my feelings, even when they're ugly or painful. It means accepting responsibility for my actions, both good and bad. But honesty isn't just about admitting my faults. It's also about recognizing my strengths, my progress, and my potential for growth. It's about being honest enough to accept love and support from others, and to believe that I deserve to heal.

One of the greatest gifts of recovery has been finding a community of people who value open-mindedness and honesty. I found a sponsor who challenges me to be real, who listens without judgment, and who helps me see things from a new perspective. I found friends who support me, who hold me accountable, and who remind me that I'm not alone. Being part of this community has shown me that I never have to go back to that place of isolation and despair. I never have to be a leech on my loved ones again. I can choose to stay clean, to take responsibility for my healing, and to help others along the way.

If you're new to recovery, my advice is simple: be open-minded and honest with yourself. You don't have to take every piece of advice you hear, but be willing to listen, to try new things, and to accept help. Nothing anyone in MA suggests can ever be as painful as the misery of using. Recovery isn't easy, and there will be days when it feels impossible. But I promise you, it's worth it. The pain of growth is so much less than the pain of staying stuck. And every time you choose honesty and open-mindedness, you take another step toward healing.

I still have a lot of work to do. There are still things I need to be honest with myself about, and there are always new suggestions to try. But I find hope in knowing that I'm willing to do the work, that I'm not alone, and that every day I choose recovery, I get a little bit stronger. I know that one day, with continued honesty and open-mindedness, I'll be able to accept and love myself enough that those old suicidal thoughts will finally fade away. I'll be able to look in the mirror and see someone who is whole, who is healing, and who is worthy of love.

Thank you all for letting me share on my topic. Thank you for listening, for supporting me, and for reminding me every day that recovery is possible. I hope that by sharing my journey, I can help someone else find the courage to be open-minded and honest too.

It Doobie Like That

Written by, Roe G.

Hi guys, my name is Roe and I'm in recovery. Here is the story of my CHS experience.

"I was diagnosed with CHS two days ago"

"When did you last smoke?"

"Um, yesterday... it was for the anxiety and the nausea"

"Are you confused as to what the problem is?"

I felt so belittled. So worthless. So lost and hopeless. I was treated this poorly, by a healthcare professional no less, for being an addict—who at the time didn't know they were one and didn't identify as one.

I got CHS in a matter of three years. Those were probably the three longest years of my life. For about six or nine months (two and a half years into smoking) I threw up, not every morning, but about every other morning. I remember one single week in that time span where I didn't throw up, just one single week. And I knew deep down this was CHS. I didn't want to believe it. I saw the symptoms in my father. But how could I get that far? How could it happen to me?

Then came the first week of my second semester junior year of undergrad, I started throwing up every 15 minutes. This lasted for a week, but in my mind that first day, that first hour, I had no idea how long it would last. That feeling of "when will it end?" will haunt me to this day. And honestly, that is the main reason I am sober. My CHS looked like waking up in between the hours of 1 and 5 AM and spending the entire day, until around 5 or 6 PM, next to a bucket or the toilet.

I went to the ER on day 2 and they got me into a room pretty quickly, as it wasn't very busy. Before they took me back, in this sort of purgatory room, they placed an IV and gave me some meds to help with the nausea. I was in the same room as somebody clearly undergoing very serious treatment. He appeared to be in a significantly harder medical situation than I was. But I essentially put myself there. My smoking habit, my addiction made me develop CHS. He very likely was not responsible for the medical situation he was in. I felt immense guilt to be in the room having put myself in that situation. He got nauseous because of the medication he was on, and I got nauseous because of his retching. We went our separate ways, I went to my room and he was likely stuck in that room getting god only knows what difficult treatment he was being put through.

From what I remember, I was diagnosed with CHS, told to take hot baths for nausea, told to not smoke and sent on my "merry" way. It's important to note that they did not test my urine at this first ER visit. This will become important later.

I went home and I smoked. I waited maybe an hour or two, probably until my partner at the time left me alone—but I smoked that very night. I was absolutely no stranger to hiding when I smoked or how much I smoked. I felt so low, knowing that smoking was exactly what got me there, and yet I went back to what was my safety net for years. I think I knew I was an addict, but I wouldn't admit it until weeks after this episode. I knew I had a problem. I knew I hated how smoking made me feel most of the time. But, the very little time I felt good smoking was the reason I validated and allowed myself to continue smoking.

The hot baths helped the nausea and I couldn't tell you how many baths I took in that time frame but it was beyond many. I remember being up at the wee hours of the morning, sitting in the bath with a bucket next to it praying that this sickness would end. Mind you, I had no relationship with praying, God, or anything of the sort. I was seriously praying for an end to what I consider my personal hell.

I saw my doctor the next day after going to the hospital. I was told to drink Gatorade and hope that this passes. I couldn't keep anything down, let alone a sugary sports drink. I felt hopeless. I felt very alone. I was missing some of the most crucial time in a semester, and all for something I did to myself. Yes, I have a family history of addiction, but I knew that. I saw my mom struggle in the hospital with a cigarette smoking related health complication. I saw my dad switch from smoking cigarettes to smoking weed. I hate to say that I am solely responsible for the fact that I got CHS because if I looked anybody in the eyes who had CHS and told them it was their fault, I would feel awful and I know they would feel awful too. Maybe it's our addictions' fault. Maybe it's our fault. Maybe a mix of several components.

I went to the ER again probably a day after I went to my doctor. The triage nurse asked me several questions, as it is her job. But one particular question she asked really set the tone for my day. She asked when was the last time I smoked and when I said that it had been after I was diagnosed with CHS she asked, "are you confused as to what the problem is?"

I have never felt as small as I did at that moment. She made me feel as if I wasn't worth anything. I did a damn good job of making myself feel that way, nobody needed to take that over let alone a healthcare professional. I spent eight hours in that waiting room and every 15 minutes I got up to throw up in the bathroom. One of those times I couldn't lean over the toilet again so I threw up in the sink. When I told a nurse about it, she found somebody to deal with it, came back to me and told me to aim for the toilet next time because it's really inconvenient to find a cleanup crew. I felt worthless yet again. I felt helpless yet again. As an addict who can't admit they're an addict, my self worth was in the toilet, no pun intended. And to be treated in such a way is plainly unacceptable. I wasn't offered help. I wasn't offered any programs or pointed in any helpful direction. I was left to fend for myself, at the absolute lowest point in my life.

When I was finally attended to, and treated about 6 hours into that day, they tested my urine. They found out that I had a UTI that was exacerbating my symptoms immensely. I went home with antibiotics and within the next two days after starting them, my symptoms were alleviated significantly.

I knew that wasn't the end yet though. I knew changes desperately needed to be made. I found out about MA and went to my first meeting a week later. It took me about two more weeks to lock down a sober date, which is February 9th 2024. I perform service for my group. I am on step eight. I have a sponsor who has a sponsor. I am more than I ever have been. I was a shell when I walked through the doors of my recovery center. This week I walk through those doors the best version of myself I have ever been. I frequently think about how long I would have let my addiction go unaddressed had I not gotten sick and I truly don't want to know the answer. While that was absolutely one of the worst times of my life I can confidently say I wouldn't change it if it meant I didn't get sober. I wouldn't wish CHS on my worst enemy but I also wouldn't take that experience out of my past considering what that week was a catalyst to.

If you have or had CHS, I see you and I am so proud of you for looking into resources of any kind. You deserve nothing more than peace and comfort again. With that I'll simply thank you for letting me share my story and spending this time with me.

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

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

**We recover by
the steps we take,
not the meetings
we make.**

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**

Broken Mirrors Poem

Written By, Lewis L.

While you were in your state of vegetative,
Did you feel your green roots were truly native?
Did it really make you more creative?
Spiritual connection in the Himalayas?
Was your life orthodox like men with payos?
Was it your proxy that was glitching statements?
All the spending, were you missing payments?
In social settings, were you at your bravest?
Did you heighten like you're on the A-list?
Hot-boxing in the car during your day shift?
Like Adele, were you chasing pavements?
Was it all fun and games while you were aimless?
Enjoyed killing all the cells till brainless?

Broken mirrors, shattered glass.
Hit the bong while on your ass.
Vaped so much, lungs ruined by gas.
Pushing buttons till your knuckle's brass.

In those days, did you feel off with cadence?
How'd you tolerate your lack of patience?
Was it hard to maintain homeostasis?
Could you not connect with Homo Sapiens?
Did you lose yourself in homo spaces?
In those spaces, why'd you count your paces?
Had you forgotten to tie your shoe laces?
You FOMOed when your friends went places.

Broken mirrors, shattered glass.
Hit the bong while on your ass.
Vaped so much, lungs ruined by gas.
Pushing buttons till your knuckle's brass.
You showed up so high to class.
Gastric stretching, might need bypass.
Same predicament as Mama Cass.
Self-deprecated, so much sass.

But now I realize "you" is me.
Tattletaling to a T.
I mistook the blue for green.
In the mirror, I just felt unseen.
What I did to myself was so mean.
Nowadays, my brain is much more clean.
I fixed the broken mirror, brand new screen.
The past has passed, I won't enter the Time Machine.

Broken mirrors, shattered glass.
Hit the bong while on my ass.
Vaped so much, lungs ruined by gas.

Pushing buttons till my knuckle's brass.
I showed up so high to class.
Gastric stretching, might need bypass.
Same predicament as Mama Cass.
Self-deprecated, so much sass.

Hunger in Chains

Written By, John C.

I wake up to the gnaw, the claw, the whisper—
a voice that slithers in my veins,
coiling around my ribs like a python with patience.
It doesn't scream; it seduces,
doesn't demand; it devours.

I tell myself, not today.
Today I will walk past the fire
without dipping my hands into the flames.
Today I will not dance with the demons
who trace my scars like they wrote the script of my ruin.
Today I will breathe.
Deep.
Slow.
Unshackled.

But hunger—hunger is a ghost
and it does not need a body to haunt me.
It lingers in the hollow of my gut,
in the tremor of my hands,
in the tightrope stretched between my mind and my madness.
I see it in reflections—
dark eyes rimmed with need,
lips chapped with regret,
the echo of every promise I have shattered
ringing against my teeth.

It tells me,
You are not sick. You are not lost.
You are just thirsty, just hungry, just waiting.
And the hunger lies.
And I believe it.

So I reach.
Not because I want it,
but because wanting has become the language of my body,
the only alphabet my fingers still remember.
One hit. One sip. One pill. One flame.
One step closer to the abyss
that still calls me by name like a lover who never learned to let go.

I sink.
And the weight is familiar,

like an old coat in winter,
like an old friend with a knife behind his back.
And I ask myself,
"Is this living?"

Somewhere, a future version of me is screaming.
Somewhere, the child I used to be is weeping.
Somewhere, a version of myself without chains
is running through fields I have never seen,
breathing air I have never tasted,
laughing like I have never known hunger.

I close my eyes.
I choose to listen.
Not today.
Not tonight.
Not ever again.

And the hunger howls—
but I let it starve.



Speed of Light

Written By, Andrew G. (ACE)

The file attached contains the lyrics to Speed of Light, a new track off my recovery album. Speed of Light is a catchy, pop rock track that takes you out of the day into the night - traveling through galaxies. Speed of Light refers to Andrew Ace's battles through PAWS (Post Acute Withdrawal Syndrome) and addiction withdrawals, while some days you may be stuck in slow motion, others you may travel at the Speed of Light!

Music and lyrics by Andrew Greenspan (Ace)
May 2024 - Feb 2025
Album: Livin' Rough, Hangin' Tough

Official Lyric Video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-OzLzSN02Z0>

BPM: 100 intro/ 104 onward
Chords: F#, D, A, E

Verse:

My systems been broke
Burning up in smoke
I'm begging for hope, for hope
I'm waiting to be found
Casting shadows on the ground

To the lasers and the sounds

Pre Chorus:

I lost my trajectory
But I found my gravity
I'm taking off to the galaxy
Feel my velocity

Chorus:

At the speed of light
I'm taking flight
Out of the day
Into the night
Feel the rumble in my core
Hear my engine ro-o-o-o-o-oar
At the speed of light

Melody:

The speed of light
i-i-ight i-i-i-i-ight

Verse:

I'm stuck in slow motion
I feel my own explosion
Time is frozen
Inside this vessel
I smell the burning metal
The spinning starts to settle

Pre Chorus:

I found my trajectory
I can feel the gravity
I'm taking off to the galaxy
Feel my velocity

Chorus:

At the speed of light
I've taken flight
Out of the day
Into the night
Feel the rumble in my core
Hear my engine ro-o-o-o-o-oar
At the speed of light!

Melody:

The speed of light
i-i-ight i-i-i-i-ight

Bridge:

Welcome to the galaxy
I found my gravity
Feel my velocity
At the speed of light

Chorus: (Key Change G)

The speed of light
i-i-ight i-i-i-i-ight
I'm taking flight
Into the night
Like a meteorite
At the speed of!

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

Eighth Step

Made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all.

In working the Eighth Step, we were practicing the principle of Love.

Eighth Tradition

Marijuana Anonymous should remain forever nonprofessional, but our service centers may employ Special Workers.

Eighth Question

Have you ever failed to keep promises you made about cutting down or controlling your use of marijuana?

Eighth Concept for Service

Effective leadership qualities are essential for Trustees, who are entrusted with the responsibility of making final decisions regarding general World Service business and finances.



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

Click to make a 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

Speaker Tapes Podcast

Experience, strength, and hope on the go! Anywhere...

MA's App

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

world virtually and by phone,
with in-person meetings
available in some areas as
well.

Need support? [Contact us.](#)

Anytime... Available wherever
you listen to podcasts...

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

Workbook, pamphlets, and
sobriety counter.

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

[Find a Meeting](#) →

[Listen](#) →

[Download the App](#) →

A NEW LEAF PUBLICATIONS

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