



September 2020

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A Goodbye Letter to Marijuana

Okay, so I don't really understand why saying goodbye to you has been so hard because I've never really liked you. Maybe I did early, early on when I first smoked you at age 13, but after that person said I was talking too much when I was high on you I just became paranoid. So, you were never my favorite. You just made me tired. Where's the fun in that?

And, sure, I used you to come down sometimes when I was way high on meth and you helped, but still you weren't my drug of choice.

After quitting meth, I chose you because you were the lesser of all evils and I could do you and still function...or so I thought.

And when I was clean and sober for twelve years, I surely couldn't understand why you showed up in my using dreams - you who had never meant much to me anyway.

And yet, after I drank again and first had the opportunity to smoke you, this little voice in my head thought of that line in the Big Book - "I vaguely sensed I was not being any too smart." I was pretty scared, and now I know, rightly so.

You are so deceptive. So sneaky. You come off as the lesser of all evils, but you're evil in your own way, aren't you? From the time I picked you up again, you've negatively affected my life. The negative effects began immediately. So why have I struggled

to give you up ever since, I just can't understand. What is it about you?

You are a weed and, just like a weed, you choke out what's good. You block out the sun, prevent healthy growth, steal nutrients, and kill hope.

This time you won't win. This time I'm getting help. I'm getting out the Round-Up. This time I'm reaching out to others who have broken your seemingly innocent spell.

Honestly, I hate you. You know I do. So, do me a favor and F*** off! ▲

~ by *Anonymous*

A Letter to Mary Jane

Dear Mary Jane

You've used me for far too long. You've chewed me up, spit me out, and took hold of me countless amounts of times. You've been abusive and controlling, not letting me socialize with friends, rushing me off from loved ones, and valuable family get togethers. You've made me lie, cheat, lose my inhibitions, and forced me to live in a vacuum-sealed box. You've controlled me for far too long.

I've never been more obsessed with something my entire life. What I could've done had I put that energy towards other things? You took so many things away from me - you took time from me that I'll never get back. You've destroyed some of my most valuable relationships.

You made me love you and no one, or nothing else. My whole life has revolved around you, so much so that so many other more important things got pushed to the side.

I was loyal to you. I loved you even more than I loved myself. When I didn't want to love you anymore, you dragged me back into a dark hole and wouldn't let me out. It was just you and me. I'll always have feelings for you, and I will always be addicted to you, but I will no longer be in this abusive, unhealthy relationship. No longer will you come first. No longer will it be food, water, shelter, and you, Mary Jane.

I want my life back. I want you gone. You've just created chaos in my life. You've made me feel powerless, like I had no control in my

life. No longer are the days where I call you a friend. No longer are the days where I close the door to the outside world only allowing you in.

You're not welcome in my world anymore. I've seen your true colors. I'll show you I don't need you. No longer will you have a grasp on everything dear to me. You won't tell me what to do any longer. I'll always be vigilant, knowing you'll try coming back into my life when I'm weak.

I know your ways, and I know you'll never be good for me. I hope others you've abused and pushed down can see how toxic you can be. You're nothing without a host. You'll be a parasite in my life no longer. Your reign over me is over. ▲

~ by *A Marijuana Addict*

ANL's Purpose

The purpose of *A New Leaf* is to carry the message of recovery from marijuana addiction. It is through the written experiences of recovering addicts and their stories that we may find experience, strength and hope.

Articles submitted should reflect recovery, unity, and service.

The articles contained in *A New Leaf* are the sole opinions of the authors and do not reflect the opinions of Marijuana Anonymous as a whole. MA is not affiliated with—and does not endorse or accept contributions from—any outside enterprise.

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

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Dear Mary Jane

I've been avoiding this letter - this life-changing conversation between you and I - for far too long. But the bottom line, old friend, is that I can never have you being one with me again. After this letter, I'm letting you go - from my thoughts, my dreams, my day-dreams...my nightmares. After this, the chapter where you consumed my life (using, longing to use, regretting ever using) ends.

So let's talk. My mom used to tell me that people come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime. Until 29 days ago, I thought you were the latter. The day I realized that having you around made me feel normal was one of empowerment. "Finally", I thought, "a way to silence the demons inside of me enough to live the life I'd dreamed of as a little girl trapped in an abusive home." For a while there, Love, we were great, weren't we? Running down hills until my favorite flip flops snapped, giggling with you in my arms. Sneaking down campus alleys, noting the distinct varieties of your breath- Lemon Haze, Gorilla Glue, Space Queen, Girl Scout Cookie. Every single time I pulled you to my lips, you brought me into a private world where I was calm, funny, sexy, a great dancer, and an even better singer. I did not have to be afraid. I did not have to be in charge. I could just exist in my own head without the pain. But I was wrong. You and I could never be forever. Like overstuffing my belly, forcing blades into my skin, or fucking everything to feel anything; You were a vice. A temporary distraction from the reality that I need to let myself heal from the chaos I have forced deep inside of me for almost two decades. You were a buffer between the dreams of my childhood and the reality of the hell my life had become when I tried to run away from my pain.

You do not serve me anymore. I will always love you. I will always wish you the best and speak highly

of our time together and advocate for your place in people's worlds who need you...But I am no longer one of those people.

You see, I don't want to run anymore. I've learned that it's harder to sit in your shit than run from it, but the longer you sit, the more you realize how capable you are of cleaning it. Pretty soon, it doesn't really smell, either. I'm going to spend the next foreseeable years sorting through all the shit I've let pile up, but with every step away from you I'm creating a reality I don't want to numb or run away from.

I can be calm, funny, sexy, a dorky dancer, and sing well enough to make a lullaby for that little girl inside of me, still stuck in her abusive home. I do not have to be afraid. I can let go. I don't have to stay in my privately defined world because I now see that the real world, without you, is beautiful. You were in my life for a reason. You taught me that sometimes, the one you love most can actually stunt your evolution. Sometimes, you gotta fall apart completely to start to put your pieces back together into the intricate piece of art you were always destined to be- if only you're brave enough to acknowledge the cracks.

So, this is goodbye. Forever. I am thankful for all that you have taught me, shown me, and the love you managed to bring into my life- only after I put you down and found others like me who you had loved and who had loved you just as deeply as I had, if only just for a reason.

Goodbye, Mary Jane. Thank you for showing me that my pain, my demons- all that I could possibly want to run from- are just a chapter in my story that one day will lead to even better days. Like today. The day I finally let you go. ▲

~ Love, Me

Is This Recovery?

Journal Entry. Day 20. 4:40pm.

Last night I felt anger wholeheartedly for the second time since getting clean. The first time was probably around Day 10 and resulted in my fist going through a wall. The second time resulted in a knock down drag out disagreement with my boss.

The details aren't really important, what mattered is, I was hurt and I needed that to be known at all costs. After the argument, I felt all the feelings. Guilt, Shame, Regret, Self Pity, Self Loathing, Confusion, Uncertainty, and Frustration.

2 fellowships, 2 meetings, A 90 min call with my sponsor, another meeting, and a call with another friend in recovery later... it was 2am I was still feeling everything. But each meeting and phone call gave me a different insight that I didn't quite expect. One thing that I keep thinking is that after 20 days in this program, I'm more supported than I ever have been in my whole life. And oddly enough, unlike in my past, I don't feel so annoying reaching out for support. That alone is such a welcomed change. Fast forward to this morning, I called another friend from the program. This friend supported me in seeing the beauty in my vulnerability and my heart. She literally had me close my eyes, put my hand on my chest, and coached me through evaluating myself and my true feelings on this situation. My takeaway from all the support I received is the following:

- My vulnerability and rigorous honesty is what makes me, me.
- There's no shame in being a millennial.
- Not everyone likes directness, and that's okay.
- I can only own my piece of what went wrong.

- Email's are garbage for serious conversations and should be avoided at all costs, it doesn't matter how articulate I think I am (the "sleep on it" rule doesn't hurt either).

- Just because I'm in recovery it doesn't mean I won't make mistakes.

- Just because I made a mistake it doesn't mean I have to let it destroy me.

- I can only show up.

- My higher power is in control here, not me.

The argument resulted in me having to physically go into the office and address this issue with my boss and HR (I've been working from home for 5 months). Every single person I spoke to last night and this morning; their voices were in my head.

"Breathe."; "Stay present."; "How can you move forward here?"; "How can you be of service here?"; "Breathe."; "You won't die."

I apologized, and was apologized to. I owned my side of the street first, and my boss followed suit. I was told everything would be okay. But oddly enough, I already felt like I was okay before the resolution, because I had all of my friends in my corner.

Leaving the meeting I was near my parents house. I've been avoiding my Dad for months. He is an addict and alcoholic who is in denial, and I have had no idea how to deal with this amidst my recovery. But I felt compelled to show up, as though I hadn't had enough tough conversations for the day. It just felt really important for me at that moment to tell him why I was staying away from him, and explain that it had nothing to do with how much I love him. Because I love him so much.

The conversation between him and I could have gone better, but it also

could have gone much worse. What mattered was that I went there and did what I set out to do. Everyday it's become increasingly important for me to show the people in my life how much I love them. This has been showing up for me in many forms. For example, in my love life, I am expressing my love by providing space for my partner to heal.

The last thing I'll say is this...

I've used pity as a tool to control many situations in my life. The need to use this familiar "tool" today conflicted with my anonymity and my recovery. There was the loudest voice in my head urging me to tell management that the reason why my performance has been shit was because I was stoned for the past 3 years but I'm in recovery now. "That would make them see my strength," I thought. And that voice was even louder when I sat down with my Dad and so badly wanted to share where I am in my life, despite knowing he's not ready to hear it. "Maybe this information will make him feel so bad that he gets sober," I thought. But I didn't give in. I've managed to only share my sobriety with people who I feel safe around, and I have never honored myself this way before. I figured out how to say my piece and own my side of the street with both my boss and my father, without mentioning my recovery. Mentioning it would have given me some temporary satisfaction and instead I choose truth. This feels like the biggest win for me above all else today.

These programs have literally changed my life. These people have literally changed my life.

This has been the longest 20 days of my life. But like my sponsor said, I didn't die. ▲

~ by Anonymous

Marijuana Anonymous Worldwide

For a complete listing of all meetings visit
WWW.MARIJUANA-ANONYMOUS.ORG

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Step Nine

Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.

Tradition Nine

MA, as such, ought never be organized, but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.

Dive In & Let Go

A District 6 Workshop on Steps 1, 2 & 3

Sun 9/20, 1-4 PM PDT

- Inspiring Speakers
- Breakout Groups
- In Depth Discussions

Proceeds fund the 2021 District 8 Convention in NYC

madistrict6.org/workshop

Celebrating 160 Years of Sobriety!

District 2

Chris K.	8/12/1996	24
Mike I.	8/14/2016	4

District 5

Allan	8/6/2014	6
Bill S.	8/20/2019	1
Brad M.	8/21/1997	23
Coleman	8/13/1992	28
Colin	8/1/2017	3
David D.	8/22/2009	11
Lisa T.	8/21/1990	30
Manny	7/24/2014	6

District 6

Steve H.	7/29/2019	1
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District 11

Dudi G.	8/12/2011	9
Steve D.	8/19/2019	1

MA Phone

Miriah S.	7/19/2011	9
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Individuals

Bob H.	7/14/1988	32
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See your sobriety date here!

Allow us to publish your anniversary to celebrate! If your sobriety date has occurred, has not been published, and is not older than 45 days, please submit it in the format you see on the left. You may tell your local GSR, ANLP Liaison, or e-mail to: chiefs@anewleafpublications.org