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Sober at 70

I loved anything my older brother did with me, and when he offered me my first hit of pot at the age of 18, I gladly accepted it. The elevated sense of euphoria, the giggles, and the bonding with him were luscious. I couldn't share my experience with any of my friends in my northern Wisconsin town for fear of being called something nasty, so I hid it.

But nine months later in college, I found a tribe that loved smoking pot as much as I did. I smoked my way through all three years in Wisconsin colleges. I explored other drugs, alcohol, LSD, uppers, and downers. I joke that I majored in rock and roll as I went to rock concerts every weekend. Studying was not for me; I was only there for a good time and my grade point average was proof. I left the University in Madison with a 2.4 GPA to hitchhike out west with a friend in 1974.

We met a lot of progressive characters, and we loved it. We were loaned a BMW by a man who had picked us up, and we left it in Denver for his company to collect. We camped on then-President Nixon's beach in San Clemente, California and had sex and drugs in front of his house. We got picked up by two hippies who we eventually married! (My friend is still married to her husband after almost 40 years, but I am not.) We joined a commune in Oregon and lived there for a few years, growing our own weed and living off the land.

When I got pregnant with my son, I gave up weed. I didn't smoke it for another 14 years. I went back to college and graduated with a 3.89 GPA! Then my husband told me he'd met

another woman, so I kicked him out, it was over. His abuse had become more frequent. I didn't know it, but his leaving was the best thing to happen in a long time.

I started smoking and drinking again and became an alcoholic. My 13-year-old son had to witness my downward spiral. I dated addicts and hung out with lowly characters. I hated who I had become but saw no way out. I certainly wasn't one of THOSE people. After all, I binge drank only on weekends and smoked weed less often and it wasn't very strong.

When my son graduated high school and went off to college, I started drinking and smoking pot every day, more and more. I became a hermit, isolating myself from friends and my active community groups. I was depressed and was close to attempting suicide. When I went to the lake to drown myself, I sat there and started laughing, thinking it was a stupid way for me to die; I was an excellent swimmer!

It was then I realized no man was worth taking my life over and that my son needed me, so I came home. That was November 24, 2007; it was 28 degrees outside. I was so sick of who I was and what I had become.

I ran into a friend who had 16 years sobriety and looked her in the eyes and couldn't believe what I said: "I think I'm an addict." She grabbed me and hugged me and said "There's a 9 a.m. meeting tomorrow, be there." I went home and had my last sip of alcohol, champagne. I smoked some pot I stole from my son and drew a bath. I took off all my clothes,

went outside in 28 degrees, and lay in the frozen ground looking up at the full moon in Gemini. I yelled at Creator, "Get me the hell sober or let me die!" I rolled over.

It was so cold, all I could think was this is what it feels like to be dead. I got up and ran into the house, grabbed the phone and got into my hot bath. I called a friend who was 24 years sober. She said, "Go to the 9 a.m. meeting, get the Big Book and get a sponsor," and she hung up. I loved it! And I did.

That night I quit alcohol, weed, and tobacco. I have not touched alcohol since, I smoked tobacco a few times but quit 8 years ago, and stayed off marijuana for another 12 years. Then COVID hit.

I lost the best paying job I ever had, and all my creative groups like the Peace Choir, samba band, teaching drumming in schools, and any social friends' get togethers. I saw almost no one, had no hugs, and was miserable.

I caved and started smoking weed again. It was legal and the dispensary was only three blocks away. The kids who worked there loved me – and me them. I got masked hugs and love. It was great. I met a much younger guy I had a huge crush on who taught me all about the new ways to get high: vape pens, edibles, water pipes, and the like. I smoked every day, all day. Some days I never went to bed so I could smoke all night long. I listened to music, and found new music I loved. I came up with lots of art project ideas,

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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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writing ideas, and craft ideas but never did anything with them.

I was too high to create, to manage my money, and to be accountable. My life was a wreck, and I was getting old. In fall 2022, I was at a low point, depressed, and lonely. I'd been charged with assault when I defended myself. I was sexually terrorized and assaulted two more times—all in the dog park near where I live. I had a close family member being verbally abusive and gaslighting me. I was lying to my close friends. I again hated who I'd become, even though I was in therapy with two brilliant therapists. I was lying to them, covering up my addiction. I had become desperate.

I went to my first MA meeting on Dec. 1, 2022, and that is my sober date. I cried for the first month in meetings and was an emotional mess. I was met with kindness, love, understanding, and acceptance. The yummy feeling I felt in every meeting was sacred, a true Divine gift, and it gave me the courage to keep coming and to stay sober. I got the sponsor of my dreams, one I deserved, and I adore her. I became tech host for a meeting at three months, and at nine months hosted a meeting. I give out my number often, and I reach out to those who are emotional in meetings. I go to meetings six times a week; I speak openly to my friends and family about my recovery. My best friend gives me gifts for my milestones!

I'm working at a place I enjoy. I am recovering financially, and went on two weeks of vacation this year, including the MA Convention in Seattle. I still see two therapists a week! I'm more stable emotionally and love life and feel grateful all day long, even when it's difficult. I have no desire to smoke pot or drink alcohol. They have no appeal to me because I know I'm too old for another relapse and recovery. I love being sober and seventy!

~Patty A.

Marijuana Detox: Ride it Out; It's Worth the Price of Admission

I can tell you a bit about detox from marijuana. I've detoxed a few times now with varying intensity.

For me, the mildest of the detoxes usually involved night sweats, general anxiety, loss of appetite, and trouble sleeping. Symptoms peaked at around 3–5 days of sobriety and lingered for 2 weeks to a month. These detoxes occurred after fairly heavy marijuana use (2–6g daily), smoking flower capping out at 30% THC.

My worst detoxes have all involved concentrates (shatter, wax, live resin, etc.). I found the detox from concentrates to be more severe than I would have ever imagined. At my peak usage, I was consuming around 2g daily of concentrates averaging 80–90% THC. The two experiences that were the worst, I had quit cold turkey after using to this extent. I found that after about 48 hours of sobriety, I could not eat anything high in fat without becoming violently ill. For example, on day three of detox I tried to eat a few slices of bread and butter in the morning and was hit with intense nausea and an upset stomach that left me sprawled out on my bathroom floor. Along with the nausea and what I would call flu-like symptoms (vomiting, diarrhea, body temperature irregularity), there was intense anxiety and a huge desire to smoke to alleviate the symptoms.

There is good news, though. The symptoms do subside if you can ride them out. It is not pleasant to be sure, but at around day 5, in my experience, symptoms settle down significantly. The worst of the sickness, for me, peaked at around 72 hours sobriety. I found avoiding fats was also very helpful as far as minimizing nausea. When eating very light, low/zero fat food, my

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body did not react as violently, and the nausea was mostly mitigated.

I won't lie to you, these detoxes sucked pretty bad, and if you can avoid detoxing cold turkey from concentrates, I would certainly recommend it. But if you're in the same boat I was in, I can say from experience, it will pass, and the rewards waiting for you on the other side are worth the price of admission.

~Max C.

Amends (to Summer)

I have started writing these words
1000 times in my mind,
and twice on paper.

False starts

Building up

A tentative tidal wave;

Compelled to crash

By the gravity of addiction

And the friction of repetition.

I have forgotten what being high feels like.

I don't miss it.

I remember the lethargy, sadness,

And smoldering self-loathing.

I remember the feeling of anger and

resentment,

Eclipsing love and affection.

I remember the headaches,

The craving,

The stealing,

The shame that saturated,

The sprint to the next fix.

I remember hating you

For calling me out,

For letting me continue.

It was easy

To let anger boil over

To act out of rage in suffering

I strengthened these parts, these patterns;

While my compassion, my ability to

express and eventually even feel the

love inside of me

Atrophied.

While I am glad (amazed)

To find the fire inside,

I have forgotten how to warm others

with it.

While driving today

I played a dark game in my mind.

A game of emotional shock therapy,

To remind my addled brain (my analytical cage)

That it is attached

To a body

To a heart

A human:

I imagined you dead,

And was flooded with dread;

How a stupid brain shocked back into

reality

Feels love.

I suck at loving you.

I have been selfish for so long I don't know how.

I have to learn it all over again.

I pledge to be the best husband, friend, lover I can be for you

The time of selfish pursuit of addiction is over.

I now replace it with devotion.

I will not let the obsession with using rule my life,

Overshadow my relationships,

My expression of love

and my commitments.

I am now on the path of recovery.

I will be on this path for the rest of my life.

I am honored to have you walking this path at my side.

I am committed to my sobriety and recovery

I am committed to you.

~Elias F.

Our Stories!

The MA Literature Committee seeks story submissions.

Help us to share the experience, strength, and hope of marijuana addiction diversity.

Shedding light on stories of recovery that may not always be told, the following are some examples:

- Detoxing, CHS
- Identity (gender, racial, religious, sexual)
- Mental health, psychosis
- Seeking sobriety during different stages of life
- Cross addiction and support from other 12 step fellowships

Submit your stories to stories@ma12.org

The Stories sub-committee seeks your support to review these stories for their implementation in various projects.

Beginning November 15, we will meet on the 3rd Wednesday each month at 4pm PT / 7pm ET.

Email L@MA12.org to join

Fill a Critical Role at ANLP:

The Design Editor volunteer position on the ANLP Board is now open!

If you have experience with graphic design, you can be of service in a big way.

Email the ANLP Chair for more information:
chair@ANLP12.org

<p>WORKSHOPS STEPS 1, 2, AND 3</p>	<p>Each month Sponsors share personal experiences with Steps 1 - 3 Participate in small breakout group discussions facilitated by experienced volunteer members</p>
<p><i>Build a foundation for working the 12 Steps</i></p>	<p>STEP ONE - "SELF HONESTY" - JANUARY 13 STEP TWO - "HOPE" - FEBRUARY 10 STEP THREE - "FAITH" - MARCH 9</p>
<p>ONE STEP EACH SESSION</p>	<p>JANUARY, FEBRUARY, & MARCH 2ND SATURDAYS 9:00 - 10:30 am PACIFIC 12:00 - 1:30 pm EASTERN 4:00 - 5:30 pm UTC</p>
<p>Recurring Zoom Link: MA12.org/Workshop123</p>	<p>Hosted by MA WORLD SERVICES NEWCOMER SUPPORT COMMITTEE</p>

Marijuana Anonymous Worldwide

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

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		DIST. 28 MA Phone Meetings www.ma-phone.org	

Step and Tradition of the Month

Step Ten

Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it.

Tradition Ten

Marijuana Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the MA name ought never be drawn into public controversy.

Celebrating 207 Years of Sobriety!

District 2		
Mariska P.	9/30/1987	36 yrs
District 5		
Anthony	9/12/2017	6 yrs
Az	9/30/1986	37 yrs
Barbara N.	9/8/2020	3 yrs
Jacob	9/3/2022	1 yr
Marie	9/14/2022	1 yr
Mike G.	9/28/2015	8 yrs
Mike T.	9/20/2021	2 yrs
Rick D.	9/12/2008	15 yrs

Terry H.	9/7/1996	27 yrs
Trés	9/20/2002	21 yrs
District 11		
Steven W.	9/5/2016	7 yrs
District 14		
Johnny D.	9/20/2020	3 yrs
District 22		
Michelle H.	9/19/2022	1 yr
District 27		
Joseph M.	9/10/1986	37 yrs

Independent & Virtual Meetings		
Kat R.	9/21/2021	2 yrs

See your sobriety date here!

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 by the 16th of the month. You may tell your local GSR, ANLP Liaison, or e-mail to: birthdays@ANLP12.org