



A NEW LEAF

a creative publication of Marijuana Anonymous

October 2025

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Letter from A New Leaf Publications

Dear Fellows,

The holiday season is nearly upon us and ANLP has the literature to be your gift of recovery to fellows and sponsees. We continue to offer bulk discounts for purchasing copies of *Life with Hope* and the 12-Step Workbook, an excellent gift to any newcomer! This month we also offer you the gift of carrying the message and practicing the pillars of our program, "Service, Unity, and Recovery."

Service keeps us sober, please consider a new volunteer service role at ANLP—the Correspondence Editor. The primary responsibility of the Correspondence Editor is to support the *A New Leaf* Content and Design Editors, and communicate with members who submit content for publication in *A New Leaf* by serving as the primary contact person for the submissions. With this role comes an incredible opportunity to be of service on the World Service level as a voting member of the ANLP Department. Find more information here: ANLP12.org/Service

In the spirit of **unity**, you may have noticed last month a request for submissions based on more specific topics, and one special story this month brings light to the Jewish high holidays. Stories like these are published with the aim of bringing recovery to all the celebrated communities within MA and continuously touch the hearts and spirits of members, reminding everyone that they have a place here. Through October 29, we are accepting submissions about Thanksgiving, Christmas, Hannukah, Kwanzaa, and Veteran's Day to be published next month.

Everyone has a **recovery** story to tell, and when you're ready to contribute yours, we now have a combined submissions form at ANLP12.org/Submissions. Within this single form, you can submit content for multiple projects—including *A New Leaf* creative publication, pamphlets, and the *Book of Stories* project. We are eager to read about your experiences with recovery from cannabis addiction (See the *Book of Stories* flyer at the end of this email).

Full PDFs of *Life with Hope* (3rd Ed.) and the *Life with Hope 12-Step Workbook* are also now available to download using the links: MA12.org/lwh and MA12.org/wb.

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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Yom Kippur and Sukkot *Written by, Ellen B.*

As a Marijuana addict in recovery, my Jewish High Holyday season has a natural connection to working the Twelve Steps and practicing the spiritual principles daily. A *New Leaf* requested submissions for Yom Kippur and Sukkot, therefore this piece of writing will only focus on these parts of the holiday season.

It is currently the Jewish New Year, year 5786 on the Hebrew calendar. This year our season began September 13th at sundown and will end October 16th. Yom Kippur represents the culmination of a ten day reflection on the course of our year. We have completed the RETURNING, to who we are and to who we want to be. It resembles MA's Fourth and Ninth Step, sprinkled with pieces from each Step. A spiritual intensity is offered, with both content and community. It is intentional, finding unity by a shared center. We take time to reflect on our deepest connections. On Yom Kippur, appropriate greetings are more reflective than celebratory.

Two books are part of my MA Literature reading. "Renewed Each Day Daily Twelve Step Recovery Meditations" and "100 Blessings Every Day- Daily Twelve Step Recovery Affirmations, Exercises for Personal Growth and Renewal Reflecting Seasons of the Jewish Year." Rabbi Kerry M. Olitzky authors both (and others), under Jewish Lights Publishing. "True change, what we call 'teshuvah', comes when, faced with the same temptation to..., we do not fall prey to it again."

During Yom Kippur, we stand as a community to confess our shortcomings. The confessional prayer is said as 'we'. As we have found in recovery, there is a spiritual strength in numbers. People healing together is itself a powerful form of atonement: "To build our lives, we begin with ourselves. But we can't go it alone. There are others who will help us find our way, if we let

them." Day of Atonement is another name for Yom Kippur, the holiest day of the Jewish calendar. It is a solemn guided and personal self-reflection, a time when individuals may commit to personal growth for the year ahead.

Sukkot, one of the most joyful festivals in Judaism, follows Yom Kippur. It is meant to bring families, friends and community together. Predating biblical thanksgiving, it is a week-long harvest holiday. Jewish people traditionally build and dwell (or eat) in a temporary hut, called a Sukkah. It is a meaningful opportunity for spiritual reflection, personal growth and communal bonding. Four specific species from nature are held together and shaken, each representing various individual human traits. "In fact, our differences probably help contribute to the vitality of the message of recovery."

On a personal note, I am elated to not feel invisible in MA. Throughout my life it has been a struggle for me to feel seen and known. Staying within my privately defined world, I had convinced myself that I was better off that way. Having our holyday/holiday season rarely acknowledged by the non-Jewish world, became one of many examples to convince myself that I was a victim, and only pot was my friend. Thanks to meetings, sponsors, sponsees, literature and Step work - I have insight and tools to identify character traits which excused the harm I caused myself and others and the self-centeredness which kept me using marijuana long after entering the rooms. Living my life now is a gift I am aware of. Thank you for allowing me to share.

Break Up Letter

Written by, Andrea F.

(Note: This was written 4 1/2 months into my sobriety)

Dear Marijuana,

This is my letter to you from when I first gave you up 4 1/2 months into my sobriety. As I'm coming up on my 4 year anniversary on August 23rd, 2025, I'm looking back at all the reasons why I left you.

You were a piece of me for so many years and defined a corner of my identity. I kept you in the corner, so as to not garner attention. I kept you my little secret from most people. I believe that as time went by, you also wanted it to be a secret as you tempted me with your amazing smell and great feeling. You did it just for me, I was the center of your universe and you were mine. You were great until you were not.

You then made me paranoid, unable to take care of my child, my lungs and throat inflamed. You proved to be an all around bad influence for everything in my life, my job, my relationship, and my sanity. Now MJ, I am changing my identity and you're not a part of my new identity. It's more than just that, you're not going to be a part of my life anymore. I'm ready now to really let you go. For the past 4 ½ months I have kept you out of my life, holding the door closed, but now I want to get you out of my mind. The healthiest way to do this is to write this letter, so I don't need to hold the door closed anymore and I can be free of you.

To give you credit, we did have some really good times together. Through thick and thin, you were there for me. In my car driving back and forth from college, later on the way to work with

you as a vape right before I got on the ferry and before I went home. My best friend and I loved you, you made our friendship grow in ways that can't be explained until the lights came on the next morning and we couldn't face the day.

I took a break from you and felt great while I was pregnant but I didn't see it as a break and that was part of my discovery about you. I felt better without you. My sister commented that I was more present. Then after my daughter was born, you became legal in NY State and regardless of the positive aspects of not using, you came barreling back into my life like a freight train. But you're just a natural herb, found in the garden, I think not!

It seemed safe and the doctors at the dispensary said it would help with my anxiety. What could be wrong with that, MJ? It wasn't till your insidious claws grabbed hold of my brain, made me want to sleep all day and be unproductive and cough up phlegm from vaping too much. How about finding out that vaping is very dangerous but the doctors at the dispensary were still claiming you were safe in vape pen form? So I continued convincing myself that everything was ok, even though I would skip lunch at work to rush over to 28th street to pick up more and more of you. Together we were an unstoppable duo.

But MJ, even after feeling headachy from coming down from you, I would just take an Advil and start the whole process again. Each time feeling less and less high, and just chasing you all around during the day hoping you would be better. You're not better, you never were. I needed to rewire my brain in these past four plus months to see that. At the end I was smoking joint after joint of you, through coughing fits and it went from two puffs to half a joint to almost the whole joint and these were spliffs, no less.

You really didn't get better though, worse and worse every time! How could I have not seen what was going on? It was my decision to smoke and ingest you, but how could such an addictive drug like you be stuck in a normal, functional woman's life with a baby and a husband? I know better, yet you kept showing up at my door.

Now I realize I am an addict and I have turned my care over to a higher power who has helped me understand this more. Also my sponsor understands me and understands you MJ. She's not messing around so don't think walking back into my life by smelling you on the street or at a friend's house is going to make me change my mind about you.

Now, why didn't I see that you were disgusting? You created ash, and bong water made this thick smelly bong water and black tar that I then ingested on each bong hit. I guess your smell gave me nostalgic feelings and made me keep coming back. You hit all the places where I was vulnerable and needed to look back. I could go high into my parents house and stare at all the nostalgia items from my childhood for ten minutes at a time, Then think about my age and life, and being a total failure. Actually why would I want to do that when I can be in my life, living life on life's terms, and making new memories with my family and my 3 year old toddler? This is life now, it's beautiful, exciting, and full of wonder. It's fine to look back at the past, but I don't need you to do that. In fact, I don't need you to write music either, I can do it all without you!

It's officially over MJ! I can't have you in my life in any shape, form, quantity, or even peripherally be around you. It's that time that I have been excited for, for the past 4 months. The time when I can officially get you OUT OF MY LIFE. Please don't come back, and if you do, it's my responsibility to either leave or know I'm fine saying no. I take full responsibility for that. A wild 24 years with you, and not even one last good feeling from you because you took everything

from me in the end... my sense of self and identity, my health, my mental faculties and my sanity.

It's over and I swiftly will say goodbye MJ; your time is up!

October 1st

Written by, Joel G.

October first, and as I seem to at this time of year, I'm thinking about my sobriety date—which is a few days away—and I'm thinking about how it's been. I hear the neighbor coughing in his back shed and I can smell that skunky smell. He's always out there around this time, choking down his hits, hiding from his kids. Of course, they know what's going on, they always do; I always did.

My wife is reading and listening to music. We've been together since 2005, we were friends for ten years before that, and she's never had to see me high (I got clean October 6th, 1989). It will be thirty-six years if I can just make it till Monday, but I suspect I probably will.

Thirty-six passes around the sun, one spin at a time feels like a long time, and makes me feel old. I have to try pretty hard now to remember those last desperate days, weeks, and months prior to putting weed down for good. I'm thinking lately about myself, critiquing myself, judging myself, all the while knowing how ultimately pointless that is except as it relates to making changes from this moment on. I'm one of those "marijuana and all other mind-altering substances" kind of addicts in recovery. I don't lean on any of it. I face what comes clear-minded and faithful. I have seen and been around a lot of alcoholics and other kinds of drug addicts in my time, but marijuana was always my drug of choice, and Marijuana Anonymous has always been my home.

Most of those I've known that have died haven't died because of weed, mostly it was booze, a few it was heroin and things like that. But marijuana was killing me when I was using it. Killing all the good future I could have had, that I do have. There is no way that I could have gone to graduate school, married my wonderful wife, or had the interesting and rewarding career I've had if I had been getting stoned.

So, what are my regrets about my sober years? Mostly they are about the extra steps I could have taken to reach out to others. Especially a couple that I cared about who died. Marijuana Anonymous, is however a program of attraction not promotion. I know I did help one guy, maybe two, and who knows, maybe a few others of whom I am not directly aware. I will however always think of Nancy, whose dad came to my house one afternoon begging me to help her, and I did not, or more likely could not. She died a couple months later. It wasn't weed that did it, it was booze, but still I wish I'd gone to find her and made an offer to help. I wish she had the opportunity to still be alive. She was my friend's kid sister and younger than me.

What I truly believe, when it comes right down to it, is that we do what we can, and sometimes what we must. I can't kid myself either, that another person's life or death is ultimately in my hands. I'm talking about whether someone gets clean and survives. I know that I don't have that kind of power, but I also remind myself to try and to do what I can when the path is clear before me. I continue to work with addicts, with the one guy I sponsor, and with the many I see each week in my professional practice. I also try to be a good husband, son, and brother. And every day for the past 13,149 I haven't gotten high. It's another day soon to be over too. The coughing

neighbor has gone inside. The smell of his skunk-weed blows off and the air is fresh again. My dog is looking right at me and I could swear that he's smiling.

There Was a Reason

Written by, David L.

I started using at 16. As soon as I got my own stash, my addiction began. It started as my nightly routine, helping me to escape my anxieties and calm my mind. Deep, relaxing sleeps turned into obsessive use... smoking joints on the way to school, avoiding my parents to hide my bloodshot eyes and skunky stench. I didn't think much of my poor grades, lack of ambition and overall turtle-like behavior until college.

Four more years of heavy use left me emotionally and mentally paralyzed, and severely alone. After college, two more years of sustained use and I was spiritually drained. I started losing weight. At first, just a few pounds, then a few more. Over the course of a few months, I was unable to eat a full meal. I needed a few hits just to feel halfway decent. After weeks of slow decline, I began vomiting after I smoked and after I ate anything. Even gatorade didn't sit well. I woke up on August 21, 2022 with a massive pit in my stomach. An undeniable feeling that I needed to get help. It felt like the end, like I was giving up on my life. Little did I know, this would be the beginning of my recovery journey.

I spent that morning in a hospital bed, with an IV in my arm. The nurse who took care of me that morning was familiar with the detox symptoms I was experiencing. Fatigue, nausea, confusion, anxiety and more. The IV made me feel human again. I explained to the nurse the nature of my smoking. Every day, all day, for almost 10 years. With confidence in her voice, she told me that I would end up right back here if I kept it up. She explained my condition as CHS (Cannabis Hyperemesis Syndrome). On one hand, it was a relief to know there was a reason for my decline in health. On the other hand, I knew it was going to take all of my willpower to stay away from cannabis.

With support from my parents, I found a virtual IOP (intensive outpatient program) that focused on substance abuse. I learned about my addiction and started sharing openly about it. In those meetings, I heard about MA. I immediately started going to virtual meetings, found a homegroup, and then started being of service. About 60 days into recovery, I found my current sponsor and began working the Steps.

Around the same time, I got some unsurprising news. I had Crohn's Disease. I learned at this point to surrender things out of my control and find the courage to change the things within my control. They put me on various medications, with side effects lists as long as a novel. I persevered through 2 years of changing medication, endoscopies, colonoscopies, endless stomach pain, exhaustion, nausea and more.

I stayed sober through it all with help of the program, my Higher Power and the community around me. I'm finally on medication that has greatly improved my quality of life. I feel young again. These 2+ years clean have given me the freedom to be the person I'd always wanted to be. There's certainly a lot of progress to be made, but progress over perfection, right? I've changed a lot recently and have had plenty of bumps in the road in my sobriety, but the formula that keeps me clean has stayed the same.

1. Go to meetings
2. Find a sponsor
3. Work the steps
4. Connect with my Higher Power
5. Work with others

Whenever I feel my sanity or peace leaving me, I check to see if I've been doing these five things. Keep the faith, it works if you work it. So, work it cause you're worth it!



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,

Submit Your
Content

Want to share *A New Leaf* with others?

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

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

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

INSPIRE

*Sharing program slogans,
quotes, and words of wisdom
heard in a meeting!*



**Do you want to
be right or do you
want to be
happy?**

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

POETRY

Are you?

Written By, Callie B.

Are you awake?
Are you here?
We only have moments to spare..
Are you aware of being aware?
Wherever you are, are you there?
Are you paying close attention?
Is your attention intentional?

Are you always running?
Is your patience,
thin, dull, dwelling?
Is it drained, gone, numbing?
Are you chasing it or is it chasing you?

Are you afraid, and what's the worst case?
If you stop, if you breathe, if you be?
Will you become someone who sees?
Observes, learns, feeds?

So where does your restlessness begin?
Thoughts, the past, the future, the where and the when?
Running has been running your life.
Aren't you tired of running?

It's time to catch your breath. Are you awake?
Are you here?
We only have moments to spare..
Are you aware of being aware?
Wherever you are, are you there?
Are you paying close attention?
Is your attention intentional?

Are you always running?
Is your patience,
thin, dull, dwelling?
Is it drained, gone, numbing?
Are you chasing it or is it chasing you?

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Running has been running your life.
Aren't you tired of running?

It's time to catch your breath.



Freed from Weed

Written By, Ari K.

Freed from Weed --
(Sobriety freed my mind from substance slavery.)

Addicted to WEED?
I was indeed. Now I'm FREE!

Now I go my way more consciously
Parts of my spirit are more grounded, see?
The scope of the world widened when I let go.
I can't manage now,
I can however grow.

Things I didn't expect have arrived,

gifts given from the universe, divine.
The mid point almost broke me, looking at my end.
I went so long
with nothing to lose.

Now I have so much, too much
but I can see it morphing, evolving.

Addicted to WEED?
I was indeed. Now I'm FREE!

To listen to the song*, visit: <https://suno.com/song/86d5aadd-b3e4-4a45-b9b1-0222084ad339>
*Marijuana Anonymous World Services and A New Leaf Publications does not affiliate, endorse, or accept contributions from any outside enterprise.

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

Tenth Step

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

In working the Tenth Step, we were practicing the principle of Perseverance.

Tenth Tradition

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

Tenth Question

When your stash is nearly empty, do you feel anxious or worried about how to get more?

Tenth Concept for Service

The integrity of our Service Structure depends on continued unity of Marijuana Anonymous Groups, Districts, and World Services through effective communication.

CONGRATS

CELEBRATING 240 YEARS OF SOBRIETY

DISTRICT 5 - ORANGE COUNTY, CA

ANTHONY	9/12/2017	8 YEARS
AZ	9/30/1986	39 YEARS
BARBARA N.	9/8/2020	5 YEARS
JACOB	9/3/2022	3 YEARS
MIKE G.	9/28/2015	10 YEARS
MIKE T.	9/20/2021	4 YEARS
RICK D.	9/12/2008	17 YEARS
TERRY H.	9/7/1996	29 YEARS
TRÉS	9/20/2002	23 YEARS

DISTRICT 11 - OREGON

BILL C.	9/15/2012	13 YEARS
DANI P.	10/6/2023	2 YEARS
RALPH D.	10/1/2019	6 YEARS
BECKY C.	9/22/2014	11 YEARS
EMMA P.	9/5/2023	2 YEARS
STEPHEN W.	9/5/2016	9 YEARS
BILL C.	9/15/2012	13 YEARS
KYLE M.	9/12/2012	13 YEARS
MARSHALL T.	9/9/2009	16 YEARS

DISTRICT 7 - SAN LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CA

MIVEN B.	8/29/2016	9 YEARS
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DISTRICT 12 - SAN FRANCISCO NORTH BAY, CA

MICHAEL C.	8/31/2017	8 YEARS
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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

Stories Submissions

BOOK OF STORIES SUBMISSIONS

Support the newcomer by contributing to our shared diverse stories of recovery from cannabis addiction



THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME EXAMPLES:

- CHALLENGES WITH THE CONCEPT OF HIGHER POWER
- CROSS ADDICTION, SUPPORT FROM OTHER FELLOWSHIPS
- DETOX EXPERIENCES, CANNABINOID HYPEREMESIS SYNDROME (CHS)
- IDENTITY (GENDER, RACIAL, RELIGIOUS, SEXUAL, ETC.)
- LONG-TERM SOBRIETY AND THE BENEFITS OF BEING OF SERVICE
- MENTAL HEALTH, CANNABIS INDUCED PSYCHOSIS (CIP)
- SEEKING SOBRIETY DURING DIFFERENT STAGES OF LIFE

MA12.ORG/STORIES

When writing your recovery story, we suggest telling us what it was like, what happened, and what it is like now.

SUGGESTED STORY LENGTH: 1500 - 4000 WORDS

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

Speaker Tapes Podcast

MA's App

Marijuana Anonymous has 300+ weekly meetings that can be attended all over the world virtually and by phone, with in-person meetings available in some areas as well.

Need support? [Contact us](#).

[Find a Meeting](#) →

Experience, strength, and hope on the go! Anywhere... Anytime... Available wherever you listen to podcasts...

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

[Listen](#) →

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

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

[Download the App](#) →

A NEW LEAF PUBLICATIONS

Publishing Department – Marijuana Anonymous World Services

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