

Within ten months of my first joint, I'd quit my job, sold all my furniture, and was living out of my car. I lived on unemployment benefits for a while until they ran out and then I took a waitress job. I was unable to cope with any job that required concentration. I moved in with my sister and her children. Quite often there wasn't enough money to pay the rent, but I always had pot. I began feeling despair and depression daily. I needed to get loaded to face each day.

A little over two years ago, some friends took me to another Twelve Step Program to deal with my weight problem. During this long depression, I'd gained almost a hundred pounds. I began attending these meetings regularly, always loaded. I hated meetings, but had nowhere else to go. Quite often I'd fall asleep there and wake up as the meeting ended and people were leaving.

I went to a marathon of this other Twelve Step Program last summer, and spent most of the time alone in the woods, getting loaded. However, I did ask a sponsor to read my Fourth Step inventory so I could complete Step Five. After reading my pages and pages of rambling inventory, (I'd always been loaded when I wrote), she very gently suggested that I might want to take a look at my pot smoking sometime.

The marijuana didn't seem to be getting me high anymore, so about a month later I tried to quit. I couldn't! I would try to go just one day without using, but would find myself pacing the floor unable to focus my concentration on anything else but pot. I thought I was going to go insane. I couldn't get high, but it hurt too much to stop smoking dope. I began looking for another connection who could supply me with something that would work for me.

One night at a meeting of this other Twelve Step Program, I'd listened to several people sharing their experience, strength, and hope. I stood up when it was my turn and began to cry. I couldn't look those people in the eye. I felt like a hypocrite. The rigorous honesty of the program had me. I told them that I was loaded and had been at every meeting and function that I'd attended. I felt like a thief. Several people put their arms around me and said keep coming back! I found a piece of paper in my hand with the phone number of Narcotics Anonymous and the names of several people who had been clean for a long time.

I went to my first N.A. meeting the next night, terrified. I knew I wasn't a junkie, but I was hurting so badly I thought I might hear something that could help me to stop smoking any more dope.