Venus Index

Food Fears Obliterated

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Donuts don’t make a people fat, people make themselves fat. The power is not in the object, but the person. Making this connection with my work-outs and eating habits helped me realize that *I* was the only person going to give my self the body I desired, not a protein bar or meal timing. It took a lot of messing up before I realized this liberating principle.

I have a dieting resume that is longer than I’d like to admit. If there were a dieter’s equivalent to A.A., I would now be divulging my horrible history with dieting experimentation. I will substitute my Moby Dick length stories with the dieting trend names I followed: Raw, Paleo, Obsessive Compulsive Eating/meal timing, HIIT only work outs, ‘anti cardio’ work outs, Micro/Macro nutrient management, and protein/veg only meals, NO carbohydrates (fruits and berries included) allowed. Torture.

I failed to achieve my body goals during each one of these phases. I couldn’t tell you why back then, but now the answer is more obvious then a mole on Cindy Crawford.

I thought the magic was in the *food* and the *work out trend*. As long as I ate nothing but meat and broccoli/ organic peanut butter protein smoothies, and did a 15 min workout, fat would *surely* disappear.

Now, if I could counsel my old self, I’d say, ‘you poor confused child, 700 calories of PB is just as dense as 700 calories of pizza. Energy is energy- its either too much, or too little.’ I had been of the persuasion that ‘fit people don’t have to count calories, they just have to eat healthy and do HIIT work outs!’ That was thought that sent me though four years of dieter’s hell.

I was not a fun date. I wouldn’t allow my self anything that didn’t come from the ground or have a mother. I had a ‘forbidden food list’; no sugars, grains, carbs, and confections- I was annoying to eat with. Imagine grocery shopping with me. 90% of the grocery store was off limits. Ugh.

My extreme food management cost me. I evaded social eating events, I lost my period for a year and a half (thanks No-Carb), I cried whenever I ate a starch, and I had pizza/ cookie envy.

Eating ‘clean’ would be the way to unzip this fat suit, right? NO. I was STILL eating enough to maintain my level of fat. I hadn’t gotten that far with my un-successfulness yet to realize this one error was canceling out everything I did.

This was un-livable. I was punishing my self into shape, and I was doing it all wrong. Not only was I torturing my self, I was getting nowhere. My dieting habits weren’t even about looking good any more. My quest for fat-loss mutated into a stressful obsession with ‘why wont this work??” I couldn’t believe that with all the ‘healthy food’ and work out routines, I had reached a plateau. I’m pretty sure the definition of health does not include menstrual cycle loss, emotional instability around cup-cakes, and social avoidance.

 Not knowing the culprit to my amenorrhea yet, I visited the Dr. to get my blood tested as frequently as some people get manicures. It isn’t normal to be buddies with the phlebotomist. It is also not normal to eat only meat, vegetables, quinoa, and cacao/almond butter as your only diet staples, and that is what caused me to be a regular at the blood work center.

In my desperation, I researched period-loss and found information on over working out and low carbohydrate intake; a perfect set of circumstances to make your periods vanish.

Well, now I was stuck. The food choices I was making caused me to me loose my period, and I STILL had my last 5LBS. I couldn’t find any more food tricks, so I did the opposite of eating for weight loss. I found: fasting. I was hopeful that everything would change if I tricked my body and just stopped eating at random intervals. I still wasn’t getting it. I still was blaming my plateau on food fads and not calories. Fasting was the beginning of that realization though.

Lo and behold! Suddenly, I shrank! For the **first** time in my ongoing weight loss preoccupation, I had some visible fat loss. ‘Yes- it must be fasting!’ thought I!

The madness of O.C.E. started to dissolve. I experienced random eating with out fear of spontaneous food choices ruining me forever. Gradually, crackers came back in my lunch box. Rice, apples and other ‘unholy’ carby-foods returned to the grocery list. I remember feeling successful when I finally ate a cookie and didn’t panic or repent. My hormonal cycle was again healthy and normal. No more dr. visits. :D

Best of all, I was truly shrinking! I felt sane again! What I did WORKED for once! I wasn’t imagining it, It was happening! It was as if some one stopped sneaking crazy pills into my kombucha! Fudge, Kombucha- I could have soda! As long as I fasted! Nothing was off limits!

My weight descended gracefully. But the consequence of less body fat is less capability to sustain a fasting period. Not another weight-loss hault! We must keep this winners streak!

I was led from fasting to V.I. and A.G.D. I had such admiration for those women who re-mastered their bodies. I wanted to be there too, but I was intimidated by the workouts and eating. I was faced with either another plateau, or putting my body to the test with V.I. I was not going to suffer any more. It was time to go into the deep end.

I finally found my culprit. **It was me.** I was making mathematical this whole time. My calories were in balance with my physical exertion this WHOLE time. As SOON as I measured my calories TO A TEE, and worked out with consistency, fat burned away like fog in a hot sunrise.

My day of greatest food fear triumph was when I allowed my self a doughnut from work. For the first time, I was eating happily and loosing weight.

I wanted to be a success story, not just to loose weight, but for the benefit of other people who feel like victims of misinformation. I wanted to come out of this metamorphosis a happy girl with a healthy relationship with food and body; a living example of ‘YES you can have your doughnuts and abs’.

It took me 4 years to finally correct my mistake, and 3 onths to change my body to my desired shape. I am finally safe with my body. I am now a person who is comfortable with food, happy with her body; living proof that you can have your cake and eat it, while wearing tight pants.

**The biggest changes were these:**

-I now count calories accurately (a ROUNDED TBSP of peanut butter is MUCH different from a LEVELD TBSP of peanut butter, and it ADDS UP! That goes for vegetables and coffee cream!)

- I eat what my body is asking me to eat. If it wants a salad, I say yes. If it wants hot cocoa with marshmallows, I say yes. Keeping foods I want away is worse than allowing my self a small bit of what I’m craving.

-I was consistent with my workouts. I complete full workouts when I can. If I have time to do an hour work out, I do that. If I only have half an hour, I make it worth it. If I cant, I find a way to make my day activities work for me. Landry and shopping can be VERY helpful in your weight loss quest.

-I walk (no I do not schedule ‘cardio’ in). I get 3000-7500 steps in each day, this is way more fun and meditative for me. I get to go to museums, I go out in nature, I go shopping or walk with friends. Its meditative and stress relieving. I do what works for me. What works best for you? DO it!

-I work out and listen to hour long talks about the human mind and its capability to change, and this assists me in completing a work out mindfully instead of flinging weights around nervously, eager to get it over.

-YES I eat doughnuts at work- no one should know my secret tricks for making doughnuts disappear! NEVER reveal your magic tricks!

Doughnut-o disappear-o!

-My FAVORIE mental tricks: keeping in mind that calorie counting Is about your weekly average VR your daily average, you can eat a little over one night if your exhausted or out at a party. The next day, carry over some calories. Tell your self that you are starting with a breakfast of 300-400, then at the end of the night, you can remove those calories from your daily calorie number, and voila! You just made a deficit and you couldn’t even tell!

Last thoughts-

In my circle of friends- there is one topic that is always brought up- ad-nauseum. Weight. Eating. I am tired of hearing negative food thoughts. I am tired of hearing that it’s a struggle. I want to be the first in my circle of people to change that. I want to start small with my circle of people in hopes that my efforts will ripple out and help others so they can get in touch with a healthier body positive perspective. I want to help others replace their pattern of anxious body fears with a body-positive approach.

Each work out I dedicate to that hope. I want to make sure that I was re-wiring my mental patterns for the better. I worked with my body. I learned that if I cooperate with my energy requirements the impossible could be done.

Working out shouldn’t be scary. It should be like a happy hobby, perhaps like baking. When your baking a cake, you must have the right temperature, time, ingredients, and behold! A cake is made. Couldn’t having a beautiful body be just as fun and rewarding? Why are we so scared of our selves/fitness?

I wanted to do this for all people afflicted with the same body anxieties. I have made a TUMBLR showing my journey. I invite lookers to see where I started, where I am and where I am going. I want to provide a visual to proof that you can have your fit body and your doughnuts. Let’s all be happy with our selves. :D

<http://watchithappenlou.tumblr.com/> Password : hello

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