

## Sleeping with the Enemy

*This is a contribution from one of my clients who asked to remain anonymous. I think it is a topic many of us can relate to in our quest to normalize our eating habits and arrive at a weight that satisfies us. -- Linda Fiveson*

I just woke up from a carb coma induced sleep. It's midnight and I'm doing something I haven't done before. I'm writing about something that totally embarrasses me; a binge, a diet mentality. I knew I was starting with my nutritionist in the morning and decided to say one last hurrah to carbs sort of like when I smoked a pack of cigarettes in one evening before I quit. Let's start with my eating day. It started off normally with only an egg and a cup of coffee for breakfast. In the afternoon, I attended a business meeting where I snacked on veggies and dip, 2 small pieces of cheese and seltzer. As I was leaving the meeting, I impulsively grabbed and ate one small cookie. I then went to the auto body shop to find out that I needed a new bumper on my new Lexus due to Stan's little accident with a SS a couple of weeks ago. I was on my way home and decided impulsively to stop off at Waldbaums shopping center to buy dinner for my husband and myself.

It was at that moment, without previous thought or planning, that I decided to have one final meal with carbs before starting my "Diet," a term I've often been told not to use since a "diet" is finite and doesn't work, I called my husband and he agreed to a meal from Cheeburger Cheeburger. I ordered us each a 1/3 lb. cheeseburger and got a side combo of fries and onion rings for us to share. I finished the whole burger and got close to half of the combo. Immediately after the meal, I thought about what I could eat next. Since I didn't have any sugar stuff in the house, I made myself a bowl of cereal and milk. After my husband went into the bedroom to watch TV, I decided I needed more so I made myself a bowl of pasta which I finished. Within 10 minutes, I was fast asleep on the couch. I'm now up feeling totally lousy. I'm all drugged up from the carbs; my body feels all swollen and I hate myself.

I didn't stop myself from taking that itty bitty bite. Instead, I fell right into "the last supper mentality" before starting a diet. It doesn't work. It never worked and I know that it can no longer be part of my behavior patterns. When I wake up in the morning, I'll feel totally horrible, but the good thing is I can take different options in the future. It's not like the hell my friends are feeling when they wake up realizing that their only son just took his own life. That's a forever hell. I'm fortunate that I can change my fate, not alone, but with the help of my HP, my sponsors, my nutritionist, accepting that I have no option.

I feel horrible, but I'm not in despair. Next time I'll write before I take that itty bitty bite when the disease starts to talk to me again.

Here we go, carb withdrawal. Nobody's fault but my own...

I thought my client's writing the letter to me from the middle of a night binge was something we all can relate to.... Relate to the insanity of knowing we are always going to be confronted by that "other" person who lives inside of us "forever"! It's not a psychosis, it's a multiple personality. We have so many voices that we have to listen to all of the time. They are the voices of decision and indecision. We are aware of every voice and all of the things that we do to stimulate the situation.

If we start to think about eating wrong, it's not just a thought it's a lengthy conversation. If we feel fat, we not only change what we're wearing, but who we are seeing and we certainly prohibit ourselves from anything new....clothes, people, parties, and activities.

The reality is that this makes us feel even worse.

Did you ever think about how you wake up and go to sleep with the same conversations? It's like "sleeping with the enemy." Why can't we get rid of this? Because it IS who we are...it's just another aspect of our psyche... Another personality we live with... So, what's the answer? Since there is no cure, we have to accept that there is only one way....to avoid the food that we have no control over. Simply put, we can't flirt with the food if we don't want to indulge. Flirtation is just keeping the appetite open....at some point we have to shut it down. It's easier to have no decision about what we're eating than the constant indecision. Doubt means Don't!

**Linda Fiveson is a Nutritionist in Syosset, N.Y. In addition to counseling she manufactures and sells her own line of foods which are all free of flour, sugar, gluten and refined carbohydrates. For more information call (516) 496-2300 or visit her website at [www.lindafiveson.com](http://www.lindafiveson.com)**