

Cherry Pie and Whooping Cough

Bet you thought I gave up already—that I fell off the diet and crawled away to hide. Nope. Here's what I have to report: the weight loss isn't going so well, but other things are great.

The best news I have to report is that I am not smoking. Not at all. Not one bit. Nada. (I am taking a pause here to listen to imaginary applause. Yes, I really am doing that. It helps.) Other good news is that I'm not thinking about smoking, either...except when I see someone smoking on TV, or I feel stressed out by a work deadline, or I am writing about how I am not thinking about smoking!

Not smoking is already helping my circulation. Aside from my optic nerve, I have another marker to measure my progress. My right thumbnail thickened, pulled away from the nail bed on one side, and curved inward (think of an ingrown toenail). Now the root of the nail is adhering to the nail bed again—a sure sign of increased blood flow.

Now the not so good news.

A little more than a week ago, I had a run in with a cherry pie. Did you have one favorite food as a child? Something that you rarely ate? A food so magnificent it topped every other food by a mile? For me, that food was cherry pie.

When I grew up, I still didn't eat it very often. But it remained my favorite food.

When I stopped eating gluten 7 years ago, I stopped eating cherry pie—except for the two times I bought a tiny, one person size, gluten free pie from Whole Foods for the outrageous price of ten dollars apiece. So imagine my surprise when my son Joel brought home a nearly normal size, gluten free cherry pie on his birthday.

I was all ready to politely decline cake, cookies, hard apple cider, or any other treats he and his wife brought home to celebrate the day. But when Joel asked me if I wanted cherry pie, I said, "I just started a diet! Yes, please!" There wasn't even a decent pause between the two sentences. And the, "Yes, please!" was much louder and emphatic than the sentence that came before.

The next day I told Michael about how I had emotionally beaten myself up for having absolutely no control when it comes to cherry pie. I loved his response. He wants me to end the guilt, to find every way I can to stop beating myself up about food. I am going to break the cycle. And I am going to start by preempting guilt; I will earn treats ahead of time.

Michael used the analogy of purchasing something I want with cash vs. credit. The next time I really want cherry pie, I will exercise especially hard BEFORE I eat it. No punishing myself after, no negative talk, no punitive exercise. I will earn it. I love that idea. I love it so much I have not had to use it. There is a real security in knowing you can eat whatever you want. Then, you don't necessarily want it.

The day after the cherry pie, Joel brought home something else—a horrible virus, one related to whooping cough. I know this because we have had whooping cough. Like that monster virus, this one produced tons of mucous and coughing fits that persisted until he vomited. Luckily, I skipped the vomiting. Instead I perfected the art of coughing uncontrollably and sneezing at the same time. That was a new one on me. And it was very entertaining except for the explosive dynamic of it all causing me to wet my pants on more than one occasion. TMI?

So I, the woman who prides herself on never getting sick, have been really sick for the last week. I still am. I have not been following my eating plan of all raw food. And I have not lost any more weight. However...

- I have eaten one large very healthy salad every day plus raw fruit.
- I have continued with my organic raw lemonade with cayenne and stevia.
- Other than the cherry pie, I have not eaten any sweets or junk food.
- I have not eaten out except for eating at the salad bar at the farmers market.
- I have not eaten any white rice or noodles.

I am not really on a "diet." I am changing my diet. I am changing my lifestyle. So this is true success; success I can build on.

Tomorrow, I start over on my cleansing diet. Not because I have to. Not because I failed. Because I want to.