

# Do Overs

My grandson, Joaquin, has been going through a phase where he says no sometimes when he means yes and yes when he means no. For him, it is not the wonder of life's possibilities. It seems he does it just to have something to fuss about. If we know he is setting himself up for disappointment, we do attempt to reason with him. But when he decides to hold firm to his decision, so do we. No do-overs.

I was thinking about this last night, and I realized that as adults every day brings us the potential for a do-over or a new direction, be it subtle or dramatic. Every day is a new possibility. Every moment, really.

So why is it so hard for us to change? We see something logically. We accept it. We choose it. We want it. And too often we sabotage ourselves. Too often, self-sabotage is followed by completely giving up.

Well this time I haven't given up. Though I am doing very well on the smoking ban, I can't say the same for my cleansing diet. I haven't been eating badly. I just haven't been eating what I said I would eat. I let life get in the way. Each day I said I would get back on track tomorrow. But I didn't.

I also had a nagging fear. A fear that made me want to stay in denial and pretend everything was fine, even though I knew deep down in my bones that it wasn't, and that I needed a serious long-term cleanse. I was afraid my blood sugar was high.

I know diabetes causes decreased blood flow and could be a part of the issue with my eye, but I didn't want to face it. I didn't want more food restrictions. I didn't want any part of it. I didn't want to know. But I had to face it and deal with it. So I finally tested my blood sugar and sure enough it was high—really high.

So I had a talk with Michael last night and got back on track to start my do-over today. Then once again, life happened.

I live with my youngest son and his family. We both work at the university, 27 miles from home. I had planned to juice my lemons this morning and make salad dressing before going to work. My salad stuff was already made. But my son, Joel, called and said he left his wallet at home and needed it desperately, as soon as possible. For one second I thought, "My diet can wait until tomorrow." But I didn't wait. I grabbed my salad, mixed up cranberry lemonade with stevia and cayenne from bottled lemon juice, and I ran out the door.

I could always buy what I needed for dressing at the store, right? Not today! My next challenge was Mother Nature. Right about the time I was ready to go to the store, sirens went off. Two tornadoes were passing by with torrential rain. I wasn't going anywhere.

But I did prevail. I ate my salad plain.

So today has been a good day.