My Eating Disorder

My first memory of food is a hamburger. It might have been McDonald's. They were just taking off when I was a kid. Anyway, I was four and was devastated to find my burger covered in mustard and onions! I was hungry. Really, really hungry. But I couldn't eat that nasty thing. Mom was sympathetic.

My second memory was my mom giving me the starving kids in China speech. I was only five, but I knew that finishing my dinner didn't have a damn thing to do with hungry kids on the other side of the world.

It is my third early memory of food that set the foundation for a lifelong, dysfunctional relationship with food. At age six I was a large framed, muscular child. My stepmother decided I was fat. Her solution was to withhold food. My brother and sister were allowed snacks after school. Not me. It didn't matter that I was hungry. No snack. I remember the hunger as physical and emotional pain.

I had lost my mother who loved me and cared for me. And now this woman, my stepmother, did not care if I was in pain. The battle lines were drawn, and I quickly learned to equate food with love.

I have ridden the roller coaster ride of a love-hate relationship with food ever since. I have used food to soothe myself, to cope with anxiety, stress, and pain. I have withheld food to punish myself. Mostly, I have used my lack of discipline and control with food as a means to undermine my self esteem and self worth all my life.

I don't believe the answer lies in hating food or in developing an indifference to it. My goal is to understand it. To befriend it. Who knows—maybe we will go beyond friendship all the way to love. That's what I want to do; I want to

really love food. I want to love it so much that I choose the best food, the most nutritious food, for my body. I want to celebrate food!

Step one is a three day fast on lemon/ cranberry juice with stevia and cayenne. Today is day three.

Postscript

I know I said that today I would explain why I don’t want to see an eye specialist, but I’m putting it off. I’m just not in the mood to rant about conventional medicine and all its stupidity right now. But I promise I will explain soon for anyone who hasn’t already guessed.