

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

Written by Diana

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From my WW blog:

I'm pretty sure it's an addiction. Instead of alcohol, which would probably be more acceptable in my circle, I had to choose food, at a very early age. I snuck handfuls of granulated sugar, Kool Aid packets of flavored sugar, tiny glass bowls of brown sugar and hid them in my nightstand drawer.

All the food I ate never seemed odd or bad in any way, until I hit *** lbs my senior year of high school. The following summer, someone mentioned anorexia to me...in conversation. A month later I said good bye to my unhealthy foods, became a vegetarian, and nine months later had dropped 40 pounds and landed myself in the hospital. I wasn't yet in an "eating disordered" frame of mind, so the day I returned home, I started eating again...and eating and eating, until I had gained 30 pounds and lost my sense of self. That Christmas I sold my horse, which for my whole life, since I was 3, was my life, and the only healthy activity I enjoyed...and possibly the last.

In the months that followed I tried various diets, but all I lost was the ability to eat without anxiety. I found myself back in the hospital, desperate to be thin, no matter what the consequence. I lost weight, but in the most unhealthy ways. Over a year I gained all the weight back, got my first job, and in no time got back in the cycle of unhealthy weight loss. Life was too much.

Two & a half years later, I switched jobs, which seemed like the only option left, but I kept losing weight, kept avoiding food, kept missing out on life. Finally at my lowest weight ever, the holidays and all the food snapped me back into eating. Now, four years later, never having found the strength to stop eating, my simplified definition of bingeing, I'm at my highest weight ever.

I'm 28 now and I still live with my parents. Some days I'm grateful that I can save up to buy my first home, that I'll never have to rent, and some days I would do anything to avoid going home. But then I remember, I'm pretty sure it's an addiction, and I start to wonder if I'll eat myself out of house & home without someone always there, watching...and judging. Though all in my head, the only thing that keeps me from eating everything I have is the almost paralyzing fear that my parents are watching, in disgust, as I go back for more. When they're sleeping or on vacation, I find myself eating more, even twice as much, as when they're home and fully aware. If I don't keep snack foods in my room I start to panic and even get angry when I can't go out to the kitchen and get food in private.

I am here with the hope that someday, not too far in the future, food will no longer be my enemy, and this so-called "eating disorder" will feel less like a cancer, and more like a cold that I caught in the winter time of my life.