

Carrie's Story – The Last Thing I Need Is More Information

Family tables! Who would want that experience again. The dinner table was where my brother and I got interrogated about school. And as soon as they stopped grilling us, they started fighting with each other, drunk, of course.

I'm not sure how my early experience set me up for an eating disorder. But one thing I do know is a lot of my problems relate to food. There was a time I was scared to eat anything that didn't come from a package with a label telling me exactly how many calories it contained so I could exercise them off.

It is a real challenge learning to eat like a regular person. Going to a psychiatric hospital helped with stabilizing me on medication for depression, but it didn't do a thing to help me re-learn how to prepare and eat mood stabilizing foods.

I do not need one more piece of advice about eating more protein or avoiding sugar. Lack of information is NOT my problem. I need to use what I already knew but never applied.

That's the difference that Suppers for Sobriety made, less talking, more doing. I've learned to cook several meals that stop panic attacks or binges before they start. A bowl of chicken soup in the morning separates me from stuffing myself with bread later in the day. I now eat a cup of chili preemptively; if I have it early in the day I feel way less vulnerable all morning.

It's also nice to sit at a table with people who really want to experience good feelings and nice meals together at the dinner table.

Of course, I sometimes wish my bowl of homemade chili came with a calorie count like my protein bars. Oh well, I just have to remind myself of all the calories I won't be eating a few hours later because this is so satisfying. My newfound sense of satisfaction is giving those old habits a real run for their money.