

Luisa's Story -- Why Am I Here?

I'm tiny. I always thought it was really weird that doses of medication are by age, not size. My husband is at least two of me. More. I just don't understand why this big guy is supposed to take the same dose as little me. We're both age "12 and over", and that's where the similarity ends.

If there's a possible side effect, I'll be the one in a thousand who gets it. I'm so sensitive to chemicals that I'm scared to take them. There's also something psychological going on. My husband has to read the labels for me so he knows what side effects to look out for. If I read the labels I'd probably get so anxious I'd give myself the problems. All it takes with me is a suggestion.

What made me come to Suppers was a desire to do everything I could to stay healthy so I wouldn't need to take medication. There's some bad stuff in my family. I'm still OK, knock on wood, and want to keep it that way. That made me wonder if I even qualify to attend meetings. "Desiring to lead a healthier life doesn't mean you have to be sick already," one member shared. "Many of us are here just as much for our families as we are for ourselves." That was really good to hear because between my husband and me, we have all the bases covered in our families, diabetes, problems with alcohol and mental health issues.

My husband is way overweight and my teenage daughter doesn't eat what I tell her to eat. I told the group I'm scared for both of them and I just don't know how to make them change their diets. That same woman said, "It takes a while to turn around. We start with actively practicing non-judgment and honoring each person's biological individuality." I got the part about biological individuality; I've been wondering about that for a long time. But I didn't know anything about actively practicing non-judgment, that would have required calming down first. She gave me a pamphlet on parents and children's roles when it comes to eating.

I took one look and knew I was in the right place. It said the parents' job is to make sure only good food comes into the house. I was buying mostly healthy food but still bringing in treats and then yelling at anybody who ate them. I had very specific ideas about when it's OK to have sweets or junk food, but once it was in the house it was impossible to monitor it without setting up a cot in the pantry and guarding it like a tyrant 24/7. What was I thinking?

Today I'm glad they put a big cushion of welcome around me when I first arrived at Suppers. I'm also glad they held me to the standards of actively practicing non-judgment and playing by sane rules in my household. A big part of my healing has been learning what I have or can get control over and letting go of the rest. My family members make their choices. Now, the only place I have to be the tyrant is at the grocery store, and I'm really enjoying it.