

Ruby's Story – Why Am I Crying?

There's a phrase we use at Suppers that describes my situation to a "t": "sane person, crazy body". Not that I advocate splitting mind and body, but my rational mind was able to observe me going crazy, so how crazy could I have been? My flirtations with insanity always happened as follows:

It's 5:00 p.m. and I am on my way home from work and looking forward to getting home for dinner and to relax. I'm about half way home and I start thinking about friends and situations. Before I know it, my thoughts get darker and darker. I know that everyone is fine and there is nothing to worry about. And yet my thoughts keep getting darker and more out of control. Oh my, my friend is ill and is going to die, there is going to be a devastating accident and lots of people will die. I get so upset I start to cry.

Why am I crying?

There was NOTHING going on that would explain getting so upset and yet there I was. The only sane conclusion was that I was going crazy!

This happened once, OK. Twice, three times, troubling. About the tenth time it happened I thought to myself I need to get professional help!

Then one night at a Suppers book review meeting we were talking about blood sugar and mood chemistry. We discussed false emotions and how these occur when blood sugar drops. I realized in that instant that this is what I experience on my drive home from work. Of course! After a stressful day at work I get hungry. I already knew I have some problems with blood sugar, but I never connected the dots. My rides home were filled with false emotions, irrational thoughts and uncomfortable feelings that go away as soon as I eat.

What a relief. First, I'm NOT going crazy! I'm a sane person in a crazy body. I just needed help coming to the realization that I can get control over these emotions by making sure I eat what my body needs to level out my blood sugar. All it takes is a healthy snack at around 3:00 in the afternoon. Who would have thought that a cup of yoghurt or a well-timed cup of chicken soup would rid my ride home of all these demons. My friends at Suppers encouraged me to run my own experiments to see which foods carry me the longest. It doesn't take much, half an apple with a little cheese will see me through until dinner.

How I feel is data. The change felt miraculous. but it wasn't. I just experienced the "logical miracle" that Suppers says can happen when you start giving your body what it needs. Knowing how to interpret the signals my body is giving me has been hugely empowering. Thank goodness for these meetings and the sanity they have brought back into my life.