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Cookies don't want to hurt you, girl.

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#LOSEHATENOTWEIGHT

REMINDER

Group Call #1 - This Saturday - 10am-11am Pacific

Call: 1-857-232-0156

Enter your conference code: 207706



THIS WEEK OF BABECAMP IS ABOUT
DIET CULTURE AND WHY IT'S EFFING RUINING YOUR LIFE

Today's Tiramisu:

Guess what? Of all the glorious, wonderful, innovative things you bring to this world, your sweet, sweet calorie counting skills is not one of them! Counting

A lot of people think food is actually evil and possessed of one intention: *to ruin your life.*

For years eating inspired incredible amounts of guilt. The guilt led to never-ending anxiety. I worried I wouldn't be able to control myself, stop myself, that I would become possessed by an angry food-addicted demon who would body-snatch me and I would return from my trance having found that my refrigerator was empty and I'd eaten all my friends.

I was anxious while I was eating because each bite represented a loss of will power and a renewed commitment to more of my time spent in the sad little humid gym on the ground floor of my apartment complex.

Because of the anxiety I was nauseous often. I could barely get through a half dozen bites before I was sure I was going to barf. Years later when I hired a chiropractor for some back pain, she explained to me in the intake that the nausea was likely psychological and associated with my fear of weight gain and of food itself. I don't know why a chiropractor told me that, but a confused girl gets advice wherever she can!

At the end of the day, nausea sucks, especially the totally avoidable kind that is inspired by foodphobia. A fabulous fat babe must have access to all the passion fruit panna cotta she needs, and once I stopped being afraid of what my body might do (gain weight!!!) I found that the nausea magically disappeared.

I remember and still mourn some of the meals that I lost to the dieting. **There's**

One of the best parts of breaking up with diet culture has been my new relationship to food. Food went from a forbidden and anxiety-inducing chore to an experience of delight.

The truth is food is fucking amazing. It can't ruin your life & it's supposed to give you pleasure.

It does not have the magical power of turning you into a good person or a bad person. It does not *inherently* possess the ability to ruin your day or make it amazing - **we give it the ability to do that.**

I know it's hard to believe this, but at its core **food is just stuff that you put in your mouth so your brain and your body can work.** *Sometimes* we put stuff in our mouth because we're hungry. *Sometimes* we put stuff in our mouth because we know it's going to make us feel good. *Sometimes* we put stuff in our mouth because we're bored. *Everyone* does that stuff and it's really, really not the end of the world. Yes, girl, everyone's doing it. No, you are not the only person who has ever eaten cake for the sheer fucking pleasure of cake eating. Ok? Ok.

And now here's your homework: Enjoy Food

Before TONIGHT @ MIDNIGHT: Buy or make something you LOVE TO EAT. Eat it however and wherever you want. You can savor it or gobble it. Eat it in bed or in the bathtub. And you're allowed to feel zero guilt. I forbid you from feeling guilt!



Go Deeper Option (This is an optional added action item if you want to spend a little more time on your homework): Take 5 - 10 minutes to write about what you chose to make/buy and what it felt like to allow yourself zero guilt while noshing on it.

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