

Triumph! Week 8

It's been tough for me lately. I was getting on well, feeling successful. I'd followed the two-week strict sugar-cleanse as I began the Triumph! Program. After the sugar-cleanse I was eating healthy and feeling good about it. Then a few weeks ago, I started stumbling a day or two here and there. And then I began tumbling head over tail down the hill. I didn't give up, but went searching for a solution. I wondered what happened, what was stopping me from eating healthy all of a sudden? I thought if I could answer that question I might get back on Healthy Hill.

Triumph! seminar facilitator, Stacey Grieve, gave me extra reading assignments and encouragement. I implemented all the tools we had been learning in multiples. I was journaling extensively every day, repeating mass affirmations and conjuring up visualizations of love and beauty. I resorted to other things I thought might curb the fall, but nothing was helping. I was getting more and more out of control each passing week.

Until Saturday -- when it dawned on my conscious mind that Saturday, April 18th was the exact date of my son's death 12 years before. When I think of Joey I don't think of his death day, so I consciously don't give the date too much thought, but my subconscious mind is programmed to react negatively every year during the month leading up to the date.

The first four or five years I sobbed my way through it. There was no stopping the tears and the self-pity. (After all, my bff told me I had a whole truckload of reason to feel sorry for myself.) Then I reclused and cried until the last couple years where my reaction was to eat more so the serotonin and dopamine would hit me with that "feel-good" pop for a moment or two. It wasn't the answer, but I wasn't conscious. The feel-goods were never satisfying and as the anniversary drew nearer, I needed more and more pops to forget, thus I'd end up wallowing in my comfort foods, not knowing why and feeling horrible about myself until the 18th when it would dawn on me what day it was.

I can get back on track. I feel better now that the date is past, but the memories are clear still. In route to tell his father I flopped onto sandbags that were in the bed of my friend's pick-up truck. I felt the settling raindrops, the motion of the road and oblivion.