

11/18/05

Dear Diary,

I could spit fire right now! I just got the biggest reality check right now. I went to the clinic, and you know they weigh you before you see the doctor. 246 pounds!!! I wanna cry. I took off my coat, my shoes, and if I woulda had time, I would' a took out my braids. I thought surely all this added hair added a pound or two. Not to mention my jewelry. But what really pissed me off excuse me saints) is that when I weighed in 11 days ag, I had on the same jewelry with the same hairstyle. So none of that had anything to do with what was going on this scale. I told the nurse her scale was broken. She insisted that it wasn't, but I told her it has to be because there is absolutely no way I've gained 6 pounds in 11 days. I don't eat enough for that!

I'm not saying I starve myself, but I know my routine. I fast on Tuesday and Friday until 3pm. Though I must confess that I didn't even make it to 12pm. As a matter of fact, I was in the kitchen at 11am. I kept opening and closing the refrigerator. Going back and forth, examining its contents. I told myself that I was just going to see what I was gonna cook for dinner. Finally, it seemed like an hour went by. I grabbed a bowl from the cabinet and made a bowl of cereal. I mean a BIG bowl of cereal. Immediately following the cereal, I was back in the kitchen again. This time I pulled out of the leftover steak and mashed potatoes; popped them in the microwave, and the rest is history. I thought to myself, at least you made it till noon with the fast. But when I looked at the clock, it was 11:13. A whole 13 minutes had passed, and in that time, I had managed to consume a full day's worth of food. The entire day was a disaster. I didn't make it to school that day, I didn't do any housework, I didn't take anything out to cook, which was the whole lie I told myself for going to the fridge in the first place. And to top it all off, I had the nerve to eat a giant sugar cookie that day. I lost complete control. I don't know why I eat this way. Because afterward, I am completely ashamed.

The crazy thing is that I know people who eat like this, and it disgusts me. But behind closed doors, I'm no different than they are. Oh well. I have come to the conclusion that I don't care who else is on this roller coaster with me. Whether I'm on solo or whether the ride is full. Stop the ride and let me off! I ate half of a pack of cookies in one sitting. That may be normal for some and ridiculous to others. I don't want to begin comparing who's killing themselves faster. I just want off the ride.

This reminds me of a trip to Knott's Berry Farm I took with my girls. It was getting late, and they decided they wanted to ride a ride called Ghost Rider before it was time to leave. The park was dark, and I couldn't tell how the ride was built. They yanked me in the line and pleaded with me to go on with them. They know I hate roller coasters, but they swore to me that this ride was an easy one. I explained to them that if this was a trick that the day would end following the ride. The ride was horrible! I thought my neck was going to snap, and I was going to die! I was so angry with my girls. I didn't know

what to do other than keep my promise. Yes, I kept my word! That's what I do. And we left the park immediately.

Here's the powerful revelation I got from that ride. When the ride was over, I still couldn't get off until the restraints had been lifted. I had to wait for the conductor to come by and release the restraints. Row by row, the conductor comes by and releases the bar holding you down. Listen, for many of us, the ride is over, we're just waiting for the restraints to be lifted.

I'm making a deposit into your spiritual bank account right now. The conductor (Jesus) is passing by, and He told me to tell you, He is releasing you. Yes, I am prophesying that your ride is over!