

Telling Tales: On dieting...

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I've been on a mission since the birth of my first child almost 11 years ago. As hard as I've tried to complete this mission, I fall short every time. Actually, I usually fall head first into a big bowl of Ben and Jerry's Chunky Monkey. 'What is this mission' you might ask. [Begin Theme Music from Mission Impossible] I'm on a mission... TO LOSE WEIGHT! And while Ethan Hunt was a mastermind at defusing bombs and retrieving deadly genetically engineered viruses, dieting while stuffing fistfuls of candy into plastic eggs, serving up slice after slice of ooey gooey pizza or forgoing a late night dance with a 3 Musketeer, would leave even him waving a white flag of surrender.

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This time though, it's going to be different. I realized a couple of weeks ago I'd been doing this all wrong. Of course it's going to be hard to diet if my whole family is still eating all that over processed, high fat, yet incredibly delicious junk. Since swimsuit season is only 2 months away and desperate times' call for desperate measures, I put my whole family on my new 'eat right' plan. I began by throwing out all the bad food in our house with the exception of an emergency stash of Oreos reserved for extreme PMS situations.

My oldest, who has always been my biggest cheerleader when I try to diet, said he couldn't wait to get started. My youngest, as usual, was a little harder to convince. Before bed one night, I leaned in to give him a goodnight kiss and said, "Mommy's going on a diet tomorrow. I'm gonna need your help." Without any hesitation he responded, "When will you be back?" I thought about this little question for a minute and tried to come up with an understandable response. So I said, "Probably around noon. Night Night honey."

My husband was the least thrilled. He was afraid this new eating plan would mean no meat and all veggies. He loves vegetables but insists that something has to die for him to feel like he's gotten adequate nutrition from a meal. Eventually he caved. Probably aware that my little trips to dieting hell only last until about noon on the day it starts.

So here I am, 2 whole weeks after starting my diet. With the exception of a tiny slice of cheesecake last week, I've done well. I think I can stick to this one. Even if I fall short again who am I kidding? I've never been comfortable in a bathing suit no matter how thin I am. That's what a sarong is for.

There are some things I will never be. I will never be the tall girl sitting in front of you during a movie, concert or the like blocking your view. I will never be the person who can fit into a sample size runway dress. And I can guarantee no one will ever say to me, "You are too thin." But if you ever want to try a new diet, I will be the woman who will try it with you.

You can reach Becky Andrews at