

Eating Disorders for Women

As women, food addiction is unique. Our behaviors ranged from daily binges to excessive exercise, starvation and vomiting. We engaged in a high intake of sweets and unusual rituals while eating. For some of us it was compulsive over-eating, bulimia, and anorexia. We used our bodies to create an illusion that gave us a false sense of self-worth. We jeopardized our relationships, health, jobs, morals and values; we even neglected our children. All the while, we rationalized our addictive behaviors. "Why can't I have a little something like everyone else?" "It's just food" or "What they don't know won't hurt them." As we lived a double life, we became disconnected from reality making true intimacy with God or another impossible. We took God off his throne and replaced him with our behavior.

Why? We were running. Running from love, running from pain, the pain of shame, self-hate, and multiple forms of abuse. We lacked self worth, realistic body image and feared intimacy. We tried to connect; we tried to escape. We felt abandoned. We had a need to be in control and have power over others and/or situations. Spiritually we were bankrupt.

We have learned to numb our feelings and to cope with our inadequacies by reaching out for a cure that would ultimately destroy us. This in effect defined our belief system in a way that was not in line with God's plan for our life with food.

Food addiction is progressive. What starts as a little curiosity or negative self-talk, the line we choose to cross, sets us into motion for the next line we choose to cross. Ask the recovering compulsive overeater, bulimic or anorexic "when, how they started and how it ended." We tell ourselves that tomorrow our food behavior will be better, but it never is. Eventually our behaviors result in kidney damage, destruction of teeth, malnutrition, cardiac arrest or diabetes. For many, the risk of death is now a reality. Hopefully, before that happens, we hit bottom.

We've asked ourselves "How did we get here?" Sometimes, we don't even remember why we started in the first place.