

Awkward vs. Regret

One of the most fundamental challenges of this journey is eating what our bodies need, day in and day out, leading with a simple, clean diet and then what I call “abiding” all the social and emotional challenges (most of them tiny, a few of them big) that will occur when we do that, especially the first few years. This is the part of the journey where, assuming we stay the course, we will slowly learn to be comfortable enough with the intermittent, NORMAL, moments of awkwardness in life. I think this is a core challenge for people who so very often found ways (addictions) to overreact to any awkwardness and NOT deal with it. (And oh am I ever still learning that we ALL had our reasons.)

I once read some sage advice in a newspaper column that I thought very much applied to this journey. A young gentleman wrote that he felt he had fallen in love with a woman who had been his best friend for many years, but he was very afraid to risk telling her, afraid he'd lose the whole relationship if he risked telling her. The advice columnist (Carolyn Hax) wrote something to the effect that either way he faced a risk. If he did risk telling her, he definitely faced (and thus chose) to live through some momentary awkwardness. But if he didn't take THAT risk, by default he would be facing regret. Awkwardness is fleeting, but regret can very often last a lifetime.

I think that applies so much to this journey too. I have encountered (and abided) plenty of social/emotional awkwardness since I decided to eat this way 24/7/365, back in November 1998. Some weeks/days/months were easier than others. They still are. But I haven't YET had a moment of that long-familiar "I screwed up again" regret since November 1998, when I decided I could—I HAD to—do this with abstinence. That was a simple, but profound change from the first 48 years of my life.

A few moments of awkwardness vs. neverending regret?

Choose awkward.