

Wanting the Want to Go Away... ...Emotional Maturity and Baking for Others

After falling off a cliff in into a binge on leftover cookies she'd agreed to bake for a church function, a lowcarber lamented, "*How do you stop the arguments in your head?*"

You don't, you *can't*. You just stop listening to them.

Have you ever seen cash laying out somewhere that wasn't yours? Haven't you momentarily thought "I could steal that cash and no one would ever know"? Did you take the cash? I'm guessing no. You didn't listen to the argument. You made a decision, probably a long time ago, that stealing money that isn't yours is wrong and you just don't do that.

Honest to gosh it's almost the same thing with food, once you DECIDE it. It's just that stealing money is a more morally/legally fettered issue. And of course we are not often asked to endure daily social gatherings where other people are gathered together, stealing money with each other while we're trying not to.

This is mostly about growing up and making the right decisions, it's about EMOTIONAL maturity.

Emotional maturity is the ability control impulses, think beyond the moment and consider how our words and actions will affect ourselves and others.

I think that's the best and most concise definition I've ever seen of (from Dear Abby, June 2005).

You may or may not live with other sugar-eating people, perhaps it's impossible for you to keep tempting foods out of your home. But part of the development of my own maturity and strength with this journey has been setting firm boundaries on what I will and will not do with/around my own personal drug-of-choice.

I don't bake anything for anybody. Period. Not work, not neighbors, not even church. If I were somehow required to provide something like that, RIGHT before the event, I would go to a bakery, buy EXACTLY what is required, have it wrapped/sealed and take it to the event. Yes, even if it COSTS more, because setting myself up for the possibility of eating cookies "costs" plenty too.

However, as the years have gone by, I have found that I don't even get myself into THAT predicament. I simply say with a chuckle, "Well I don't bake, so that won't work for me. What else can I do?" I've been on clean-up committees, I've typed, printed, stuffed envelopes, kept track of RSVP lists, I've called people, picked up and transported shut-ins, I'll help with *anything* else that needs doing. But the firm line in the

sand for ME is that I Don't Bake, no way I'm having that smell swirling around me in MY own house. And nobody has fallen down and died when I've said that, they don't even ask WHY. Nobody shuns me. In fact, it seems that my other better skills/help are almost always more welcome than providing a batch of crap for people to eat.

DECIDE: You make the decision. Once. Period.

PROVIDE: Then you find various and NEW ways (some big, some little) to make that one decision stick (advance plans and refusal to do things that re-ignite the pattern, like BAKING).

The rest is simple, not easy. But it's the long, hard part, the life-long challenge...some days, some moments easier than others.

You simply **ABIDE**, as in deal with, all the challenges that come—from the occasional well-meaning friend or family member who wonders, or even challenges us. And we also abide our own inner dragons, demons or even our inner addicted 13-year-old brat. It matters not what we call our various inner pulls to behave in a way that doesn't serve us. It only matters that we tell them no.

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