

Okay I'm not going to lie to you...

As I type this my fingers are leaving little sticky marks on the keyboard because I just ate a delicious cinnamon bun that was loaded with thick, ridiculously sweet icing. Now what would I, a professed low-carber, be doing with a large, sticky cinnamon bun in my house?

I would like to tell you it was planted here by my neighbor who has always had it out for me and takes every opportunity to sabotage my weight loss efforts. She waited until I got home, duct-taped me to a kitchen chair and forced me to eat the delicious, sticky and unbelievably moist cinnamon bun, threatening to break all of my mother's fine china if I didn't.

She then forced me to wash it down with a very large Frappuccino, piled high with whipped cream which was dusted so perfectly with cocoa powder; you'd think angel's wings kissed the cocoa on there.

The truth is, on my way home this evening, I was in a rather funky mood and had a moment of weakness where the only thing that would keep me from screaming and crying was sugar, plain and simple.

You've been there, you know what I mean.

Now, after I downed the 2000 grams of carbohydrates I had a choice: I could hate myself for this moment of weakness, or, I could counteract my weak moment with a strong one.

I chose to counteract my weak moment with a strong one; a yang for my devious yin. So, even though I reeeeeaaaalllly did not feel like going for a walk I did anyway. And a long one at that. It was brisk, hills were involved, and when I returned home, sweat glistened on my upper lip. It was either sweat or leftover icing but the point is I made a choice.

If you make a choice on your weight loss journey that is wrong for you, don't hate yourself; just make a choice that is right. And don't put it off until tomorrow or the next day, you'll only stew in your self-loathing juices. Instead, find something in that moment you can do to nurture yourself.