

Backsliders

Here something you might like to pass along to your chapters. It's mostly pertains to backsliders [which is most of us] Here goes

Well, here I am, 250 pounds of pure happiness. Listen I have so much fun at TOPS, honey---the meetings are great, etc. Of course, I could have a lot more fun if I hadn't had to watch my weight, fill out food charts, listen to lectures. They're all right, I guess, but I've heard it all so many times before. Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. But I'm sure you all know me. I've been in TOPS 4 or 5 years. They really should give me an award. I've lost enough weight to have a twin sister here beside me. I may weigh 10 pounds more than when I joined but I've certainly enjoyed myself. You know how it is -- sometimes I think the food just jumps on me. As the old saying goes: There's more of me to love. And those silly calorie charts we're supposed to keep --- I'm just too busy for that. Most of the time I fake it and fill them out at the end of the week. My husband can't understand why I don't lose -- He tells everyone I eat like a bird. Boy, can I give you some tips! You see, I eat very small meals, and then I sneak into the kitchen later and have a few snacks. The trick is to eat only quite foods like marshmallows, bread and peanut butter. I keep some goodies under the bed too. Remember, though potato chips or crackers won't work -- too noisy. My way, nobody will ever know but me. We do have ball in TOPS though. don't we? Oh, I know, I don't get to all the meetings, but you understand how busy life is. And I do have to leave right after weigh-in a lot of the times to get to a banquet or party, but that's because of my husband's business. And then there are the holidays. Well the reason I don't come to meetings after those is because I know I gained weight. Hey remember that time I said I gained because I had company and one of you said, "What did you do, eat them?" That was so funny, I cried myself to sleep that night -- but I don't want to think about that. But seriously, folks, I'd be a better member if I weren't so busy. I'm really very lucky. I have a beautiful home, a terrifically understanding husband and four wonderful children. My husband is so good to me. We go out to eat fairly often. Of course, it's usually for business dinners and boy is there lots of good food at those business dinners. I'd like to do some sort of meaningful work outside my home, like at school for the kids. But the children say the school has more volunteers than it needs. I used to drive them to school and pick them up but now they tell me they'd rather walk because it's healthier. My son doesn't even want me to bother going to his ball games. He says I need that time to rest. He's so considerate. Sometimes, when I'm alone, I wonder if the children are just pushing me away because they are ashamed of my weight. But then I just sit down with some cake and coffee and tell myself that's ridiculous. You want to hear the sad truth? Deep down inside sometimes I just want to die. I'm so ashamed of my weakness that I not only kid myself, but I shut out the people who could help me..... TOPS members. I know you're all fed up with me and I don't blame you. I know what you thinking about me. How I should quit and make room for someone who will really try. How I stay home when I've gained and only come to meetings when I lose. Everything you're ever said about me, I've said to myself a million times. Finally it comes down to one thing --FEAR. I am so afraid to really commit myself to losing weight, because once I do, it will be up to me to get the job done. And I'm afraid I'm not enough of a person to handle it. I'm afraid to fail. PLEASE don't give up on me. I

need you more than you'll every know. If I don't volunteer for jobs, appoint me. If I don't call during the week, call me. Please don't let me use all those silly excuses. Make me face the truth, don't humor me. Maybe knowing you have faith in me will give me the strength I need. Force me to be the kind of person I can be. Don't let me quit TOPS. Please help me make it -- one day at a time --- one meal at a time ---- a pound at a time. Just think how great it would be if I could go the next meeting and show a loss. More than anything on earth I want to stand onstage, in white, to receive my diploma as a KOPS. Are you this person? Are you this forgotten member? Do you need help? REMEMBER - Knowing what you want to be makes deciding what to do a lot easier. It's all up to you!.