



My Best Life

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I once looked in the mirror and caught a glimpse of a changed person. I was sober, had started running and was celebrating a 100-pound weight loss win. I began sharing my health transformation on Facebook and Instagram where I posted 2-3 times a day, making sure that everyone saw me flourishing and living my best life.

“ I was caught between two worlds, victim and accomplice. ”

I was flattered when the new friend requests came pouring in and proud of myself when people reached out to ask me about my running accomplishments. Social media is not always what it seems and while I worked tirelessly to project an image of health and happiness to my online family, on the inside I was dying and mentally exhausted.

Social media is not real life, it was my way of managing others' perceptions of me as I tried to control everything around me even when I knew that I actually didn't have control over many aspects of my own life.

I had become dangerously obsessed with dieting, exercise, and weight loss. It started off with healthy lifestyle improvements such as going to the gym and cutting out some junk food, but it evolved quickly into compulsive calorie counting and I kept restricting my calories to a point where I just couldn't sustain it.

1800 calories...

1600 calories...

1400 calories...

On stressful days, I'd run over to Dollarama to buy some of my favorite candies and then binge until I found myself hunched over the toilet at work, manually making myself vomit so that I could purge the unwanted calories. I was caught between two worlds, victim and accomplice. I desperately didn't want to be fat and was growing increasingly confused about the role I was playing in the rapid deterioration of my health. I needed help.

