

Sarah's Story – Pearly Pink Toe Nails

When I went to a wedding this past weekend with a good old friend, I brought everything with me that I learned at Suppers.

My friend was the mother of the groom, and it was, to state the short version, a high stress union for her. This young couple wasn't even married yet and she was worried about there being bi-racial grandchildren. I have an informed opinion on this matter as my grandchildren are bi-racial and everybody is happy and beautiful.

So a bunch of us went in support of our worried friend. As soon as the decision was made, I decided to have a good time no matter what. This is a new experience for me because I have a tendency to escape into dissatisfaction, which is familiar and comfortable for me. But something has changed inside me and I absolutely knew that I was going to have a good time.

I went shopping in my closet and found the perfect dress at the perfect price. I just needed sandals and freshly painted toe nails. I picked a pearly pink. I looked smashing.

When we got there, one of my friends got pissy. This is a woman who identifies herself as some one who develops her spiritual side. She was not working on it that day at the wedding. Try as she might, she couldn't get me to lower my mood to match hers. Her arguments had no effect on me as I was there to have a fabulous time. Her efforts to draw me into her foul mood were fruitless; I had prepared myself with pearly pink toe nails. No one could bring me down from my self-determined thrill that day. I realized as I marveled at my own feelings that coming to Suppers regularly has put me at peace with my diabetes. Instead of embracing opportunities to get dragged down, I am reaching for chances at happiness.

I chose to be kind to myself that day. I chose to eat all the healthy things and had no sense of deprivation. Since I'm 67 and I've been in therapy and on diets since I was 12, this was significant. I felt loving toward my friend. I couldn't fix things for her but I could refrain from making her wrong. This is progress.

The next day, my pissy friend called to apologize to me for her mood. It wasn't necessary, from my point of view. From my point of view, the entire day came off exactly as I hoped. Two people who love each other were married and nobody could derail me from my choice to support their union. It was a feeling that came from my core.

It's hard to argue with someone who experiences profound satisfaction.