

My Kingdom for Some Bread

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Okay, I am thirty-eight years old and I am on my first "real" diet.

I'm not dieting because I need to lose weight, though it wouldn't hurt. I am dieting because I need to get healthier and I want my body to like me again. The truth is I am starting to see symptoms in my health that concern me and I am willing for the first time to do something about it. I am five days in ... check back in a week!!

I am not on the South Beach, Atkins, Jenny Craig, Weight Watchers, Dr. Phil, Jack Lalanne or any one of a multitude of diets. I am involved in a particular kind of torture that only my bride of many (previously) loving years could devise: I am not allowed to eat anything I like.

Strictly speaking, my last statement isn't true. I can eat lots of things that I like ... just not those things which I crave the most: bread, pasta, sugar, processed foods, etc. It is remarkable to me how much sugar and starches I consumed on a daily basis in one form or another. I have been having some withdrawals, but on the whole I am already feeling better.

The Bible says that "Man cannot live by bread alone," but I sure gave it my best try!! I love bread. I love to bake bread and eat it warm. I like sandwiches, which incidentally, require an average of two slices of bread. It is true that I have a sweet tooth, but bread has certainly proven to be my favorite food ... soughdough, please. I think I need to join a support group: "Hello, my name is David and I am a breadaholic!"

Is toast technically bread? I am looking for any loophole I can find. Have I mentioned how much I love pizza? Pizza is built on bread. Okay, pizza is really my favorite food and the fact that it involves lots of bread makes it the perfect food.

Oh, I hope all of this dieting is worth it. I want my cake and ... well, you know.

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