



Sock it to eating disorders

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mouvement!

April 5,
2023

Testimonial

Excerpt from my journal – April 2014

"I'm so tired of being scared, tired of counting calories. I can't take it anymore, I just really want to heal. I feel ridiculous and ashamed that I've been stuck here for so long." Excerpt from my journal – August 2014 "In the past year, I've realized that by getting sick, I had not made the right choice. I thought I was right, but I was wrong. I wouldn't do it again, at least I don't think so. I want to live. In these 52 weeks, I've understood that to live, I have to heal. As my body gains weight, I'm able to feel pleasure again. I'll get back to physical activity, but for now, one small step at a time. I don't want to die from this, but I don't know what the future holds."

Excerpt from my journal – January 2015

"I want to recover, but this solitude is killing me. I'm afraid I'll never get my balance back. It seems like just being me is not okay."

Today – January 2022

"I've been writing since I was 14 years old. Since my first hospitalization for eating disorder in 2012. I still remember the writing workshops on Monday afternoons. After that, I wrote for years.

I wrote letters to myself as part of my recovery. I think the disease cut me off from the real world. It plunged me into a limbo where I couldn't connect with kids my age and adults didn't understand me.

At the age when we develop our identity, mine was taken over by mental illness. In 2014, I still believed I had made the choice to become anorexic. Almost ten years later, I look back on my teenage years with adult eyes and an empathy I didn't have at the time. I think the illness makes us judge ourselves for our inability to eat and to heal. At some point we understand, rationally, the impacts our behaviours can have on ourselves and others. Emotionally, it's another story. I was 14 years old when I made the decision to recover. It took me four more years to get there.



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I was uncompromising in my attitude toward recovery: I figured it was all or nothing. "To eat or not to eat." In reality, sometimes I gained weight, but sometimes I stayed the same or even lost weight again. Looking back, I realize my healing was a non-linear process. I found myself alone with my demons far too often. I can't count the number of times I cried myself to sleep because I couldn't accept that I'd eaten, because my body looked deformed, because the scale had shown a number I didn't want to see. Today, I can put into words what I experienced, how I experienced it. Before, I didn't have the words. I think the pain was too much.

I'm 23 years old now. I'm getting better. I know how to speak, how to put my emotions into words. I often reread the words of my 14-year-old self who truly wanted to heal and just couldn't. And that's okay. For some, it takes a few months, for others, a few years. Every story is different, every story has some inexplicable pain that accompanies it. But the sadness is temporary. One day, it gets better. Today, pleasure has really returned with the changes in my body. Today, I ride my bike, I enjoy nature through wonderful hikes, and I nourish this body to allow it to live. I live, I exist in a body that has the appearance it wants. And that's okay. It's okay to make peace with yourself, with your demons. They talk to me sometimes but I don't listen to them, because life is more beautiful when I'm not writing myself letters to try and heal."

-Sabrina