

NOW WHAT?

My fitness and body aspirations at thirty are different from my aspirations at twenty. At twenty, I just assumed I'd work out until I was so tiny, people became concerned for my health and I'd roll my eyes at them from my Victoria's Secret bras and Abercrombie jeans. Now I just want to maintain my current weight so I don't need to buy new clothes. When you look at weight loss, it's often clothing driven. Weddings, vacations, and high school reunions, all things you are supposed to be thin for. But what if you have a gorgeous wedding dress in your current size, loads of flattering bathing suits, and a killer pair of jeans? Starving myself has suddenly become a moot point. I have options; I'm no longer a fashion pariah. So where does that leave my weight? Well, unless I'm sitting atop you, what I weigh is really none of your business.

I like to put good food in my mouth, and while I am aware of the calories I ingest, instead of cutting them I make them count. I have a full-on love affair with food, appreciating the different cultures and processes within it. In fact, I take entire vacations around eating. It's how I remember where I've been; I've either eaten, thrown up, or started my period without the proper supplies there.

Beignets with my best friend in New Orleans. Too much rum on the beaches of Playa del Carmen on our second honeymoon. Orlando, Florida, the city of emergency men's tube sock maxi-pads.

You see, these flabby parts aren't problem areas; they're parts of a scrapbook.