Life Without Ed
How One Woman Declared Independence from Her Eating Disorder and How You Can Too

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Ed wasn’t too happy that I wrote this book exposing the truth about his lies and manipulative tactics. In fact, it seemed as though my ex was so mad that he came back for retaliation after I turned the manuscript in to my publisher. Although this final fling with Ed was short-lived, it was also one of the most powerful—catapulting me into a newfound freedom that I never believed possible. At the time, unaware that this transformation was taking place, I was just very frustrated.

Saying that I felt like the biggest loser in the world is a major understatement. In the months while my publisher was working hard to turn my manuscript about recovery into an actual book that would be available in stores, I was dancing with Ed. I found it depressing and quite annoying when friends and family, who had read an early copy of the manuscript, suggested that I reread my own book. They said, “Jenni, you wrote a lot about falling down in Life Without Ed. You know what to do.”

I did know what to do, but I wasn’t doing it. There were all kinds of reasons why. It’s hard. It hurts. I’m scared and tired (no, exhausted). And let’s not forget one of the most powerful: Maybe I can figure out a way to keep just a tiny itsy bitsy piece of Ed and still be happy. Wrong. Believing this was setting me up for a mediocre sort of recovery. One big problem with mediocre is that it doesn’t have staying power but eventually leads back to the eating disorder each and every time. Not to mention, who wants to settle for mediocre when a complete recovery is possible? Yes, it is! I didn’t know that when I originally wrote this book, but I am living it now.

For long-lasting independence from my eating disorder, Ed could no longer be an option for how I dealt with life. Of course,
the truth is that during those early years of recovery, Ed was, in fact, an option—a big one. Imagine a metaphorical restaurant menu that lists, rather than food, ways to cope with life. The “Self-Compassion Special,” “Meditation Medley,” and “Signature Support” entrees are all delicious selections for self-soothing, but the “Ed Deluxe” (one of those dishes that never quite comes out the way you order it) is also a choice. To get fully better, I came to terms with the fact that Ed is a forbidden menu item that I refuse to order. Sure, I could order it, but I won’t. This is an appropriate use of restricting. I began to apply the same determination to recovery that, in the past, I had applied to limiting my food intake, trying to stay a certain size, and other eating disordered behaviors. It is amazing what can happen when you use your determination and intelligence for positive endeavors. (Just now, Ed might have chimed in, “Well, you’re not intelligent,” but some research actually suggests that individuals with eating disorders are more intelligent than the average person.) Rather than restricting food, you can learn to wisely apply your talents to restricting the eating disorder out of existence.

Commit to giving recovery your all. That’s what I had to do—no holding back. Based on this book so far, you may be thinking that I had already given recovery everything I had. That is absolutely true for that point in my life. But, as I became stronger over time, my ability to make strides in recovery became even greater. You might look at it this way: at the end of kindergarten, you surely were not in a place to begin second grade. But, at the end of first grade, you were probably more than ready. After I finished writing Life Without Ed, I had essentially graduated from first grade. It was time for me to move on to second. I was ready then, but not before.

Even still, I have to admit that I couldn’t help but feel as though I had somehow slid backward as I reread my manuscript those many years ago (yes, I took the suggestion of my friends and family). The last part of this book talks about how amazing life is without Ed, and there I was with Ed. How could I not have lost ground?
Life
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and audio!