Humor Me

By Ronald P. Culberson May 2005 (Originally appeared in the *Herndon Observer*)

"Throwing a Physical Fit"

I've never had a weight problem, I don't smoke and I quit drinking four years ago ("Uh shtory for anubber column"). Yet I don't feel like the robust 44-year-old stud that I am. I feel more like a candidate for assisted living – and I don't even have my AARP card yet.

My knees ache. I have a torn hamstring. The discs in my neck are worn down. And my head continues to push through my hair. A few weeks ago, I realized I had to do something about this physical deterioration if I planned to stay on the planet long enough to enjoy my final days eating pureed spinach with a Geritol chaser while watching Bob Barker who will certainly *still* be hosting The Price is Right.

Not knowing where to start on my self improvement journey, I consulted a friend who is a Certified Holistic Health Counselor.

The concept of holism has been around since Plato but enjoyed much more prominence with the popularity of tofu, bean sprouts and free range chicken (which is not free I should point out). The term holistic suggests that we are whole beings, both mind and body, and should be treated accordingly rather than as a set of individual parts that have no relationship to one another.

In other words, if you have a sore ankle, you should evaluate the bones and muscles of the ankle as well as any deep-seated issues from your childhood that may be manifesting themselves through your sore ankle. If it was a back spasm, holistic practitioners might call it a Freudian Slip'd disc. Sorry.

My counselor's first assignment was to log my food intake for two weeks. Then we sat in her office to analyze the results.

"I think you're taking in too much dairy, sugar and caffeine," she said. "They cause inflammation and may be causing your joint problems."

At the time, I was sipping a Starbucks giganté latte with six sugars. I almost hurled.

No sugar? No dairy? No caffeine?

That meant I would have to eliminate the Cap'n Crunch cereal, the cheese enchiladas, the Oreos dipped in milk, my usual two bowls of mint chocolate chip ice cream at night

and my beloved Starbucks' whole milk lattes. I finally saw how this mind/body thing worked. I would certainly lose my mind if I tried this new diet.

As I squirmed in my seat and was promptly reminded of my joint pain, I knew it was the only way to go.

So, I went to Whole Foods and loaded up on vegetables, fruits, beans and nuts. I drank unsweetened green tea and lots of water. I even took fish oil pills to counter the inflammation. I began to feel good. I had more energy. And my mood was better. Plus the water and vegetables put me in the bathroom so much; I decided to re-paper the walls. See, the benefits of a healthy diet are far reaching!

The one thing I craved, however, was a great big fat whole milk latte. My counselor suggested I try soy instead. Not being a fan of bean drinks, I was hesitant. But, the craving got the best of me and I tried it. Surprisingly, I liked it! With an extra shot of coffee (decaf of course), it was pretty darn good. So for three days, I had two soy lattes a day and was in *healthy* heaven.

The next day, I made an important clinical discovery. My feet, legs and hands were covered with a red pimply rash that looked like a cross between measles and chicken pox. In a panic, I called my holistic counselor and asked if the rash was a manifestation of some unresolved issue with my parents. She suggested that it was reaction to my new diet. After our conversation and a few hours on the internet, I discovered that not only am I allergic to soy, I'm really allergic to soy when I drink it hot by the gallon.

How ironic is that? I tried to do the right thing and my body rejected it. I was so depressed. I knew there was only one way to treat the rash: A giganté bowl of mint chocolate chip ice cream with Cap'n Crunch and Oreos sprinkled on top. I could feel the rash disappear with every bite.

Until next time, just humor me.

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