

# The Trauma Of My Obesity

By Jacob Brody

Obesity is not your fault. Unhealthy weight gain is caused by a number of biological, behavioral, and environmental factors. It wasn't my fault either, I lost 71 pounds after I had my disease treated. But that didn't stop the world from constantly blaming me for my disease even after I had it in remission.

I hated when people told me they were concerned about my weight. Did they think I wasn't concerned? There was this assumption that I was lazy and undisciplined.

I panicked when people made fat jokes. They expected me to laugh. When I said anything I got some version of, "chill out I was only joking."

I shuddered every time a family member or investor rubbed my belly. They thought nothing of touching me without my permission. I can vividly remember the smile on their faces as they reveled in my discomfort.

I was in agony the day after roughhousing with my son. The day after being intimate with my wife. Family time became a source of pain and guilt as my health affected me as a father and husband.

I was despondent every time I was in the shower and struggled to reach areas of my body. Every time I tried to tie my shoes and couldn't. Getting ready to leave the house was a constant reminder of my failures.

I feared every doctor's appointment. I forged my blood sugar log book so my doctor wouldn't scold me. I remember being told to try harder and feeling helpless.

I felt alone because I couldn't share this with anyone in my life. I was at fault so I couldn't burden those around me. I slowly withdrew to avoid being confronted by my obesity at every turn.

Family and friends still speak about obesity with disgust despite my explaining the science. I catch myself blaming myself even though I know better. I've lost 71 pounds but I'm still terrified I'll gain it back.

But I'm not going to gain it back. I get the care I need to keep the weight off. It won't be a straight line but I will not let my disease own me.

I woke up my son Bowie this morning and threw him in the air multiple times as he giggled and smiled. No pain, just hugs, and laughter. I get to enjoy my amazing life with obesity in remission.