

# The fiction of fat

Food is not the enemy. Change the way you use it.

BY LARRY NORTH



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your turn!**  
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**M**y mother has struggled with her weight most of her life. Photos of my great-great relatives, grandmother, uncle and younger twin brothers document their weight issues. Most people are surprised to learn that I also have struggled with my weight – from age 5 – and that I'm an overeater.

It's no surprise that I come from a long line of overweight relatives, people who thought about what to eat for breakfast at dinner and vice versa. Most babies' first words are "Mama" and "Dada." My first word was, "More!" and my very first sentence was, "Is there anything else to eat?"

The day I was born, my mother was told, "That is one hungry baby." Unfortunately, not much has changed in the way of my appetite.

I often hear people attribute their personal weight-control issues to poor genetics. That genetics play a role in your health and personal appearance is a scientific fact. Everyone is born with a predetermined number of fat cells and a predetermined placement of those cells at birth. Another scientific fact is that there are several different body types, which I will detail in a future article.

Basically, we each have characteristics of all the body types; some just have more of one than others. For example, a very muscular, athletic teenager can show up bald and fat to his 20th high school reunion. I also have dozens of testimonials that

describe people who have been overweight their whole lives, yet currently are muscular and athletic. Why? Because habits are superior to genetics.

I'm Jewish and that may say a lot about my personal relationships with food. If you're Jewish, you know exactly what I'm talking about. If you happen to be Italian, Greek or English or live in the South or on the East Coast, you know what I'm talking about, too.

Take a good look around. We all have fat relatives. Yes, I said it: "Fat!" It's like in the movie *The Sixth Sense*: "I see fat people," and it's scaring the heck out of me. During one of my recent radio shows, a woman called in and said if she *looks* at food she gains weight. If she *smells* food she gains weight. This is scientifically impossible. Food is not your enemy – it's your friend. You just have to change the way you use it.

At some point in your life, you must become accountable. Stop the excuses that are pounding in your ear and realize that you and only you are responsible for your appearance and health, not your long-dead ancestors from the 17th century. This isn't that complicated. A bit of easy cardio, some weightlifting, a group class here and there and an eating program that allows you to use real food and lots of eating will turn your body into a fat-burning machine. Today, Mom is great, my brothers look terrific and at age 46, I'm the best I've ever been – but not nearly as good as I'm going to be. Do I struggle with my love of food and an insatiable appetite? You bet! The difference is I've figured it out, as have many of my loyal followers.

Now it's your turn!

Stop giving negative excuses that accomplish nothing and start creating habits that will change your life. **■**