

## The Religion of Perfection

I have been taking an honest look at why I want to lose weight. I was made to feel like I was not good enough as a fat woman; I fell below the mark. My ex-husband referred to me as a "big fat cow sitting on the couch eating chocolate" to his co-workers and wouldn't touch me sexually or affectionately for months at a time (it's a miracle I have two beautiful children). My parents took me to a "fat" doctor when I was nine because they were concerned about my weight even then.

"Fat" in this world is just plain wrong. Therefore, as a fat person, I am less than perfect. And so I want to lose weight to become perfect.

Yes, I am guilty of buying into the religion of perfection. Because no matter what I accomplish, how smart I am, what a great sense of humour I have, or how nice I am, it makes no difference because I am fat.

I want it to be true that you don't have to be a size zero to be perfect, which is partly why I have been filling my head with books which feature plus-size heroines finding peace and getting their man despite the world's perceptions of them and their weight. Yet deep down, I know being thin doesn't guarantee acceptance. But it sure seems that way from this side of the scale.

Perfection comes at a high price, most noticeably the fear of not being perfect. Maybe if we quit trying to be perfect, quit trying to please others, quit avoiding rejection, and just be ourselves, that we'll become stronger and find peace.

Sounds like the perfect plan.