A DAUGHTER’S INNER BATTLE

With her family’s help, a young woman struggles to overcome emotional and physical ills of anorexia

By Sheila Himmel

Our story is not as bad as many. My 19-year-old daughter has spent the past year in a corner, a place to do something positive. When your child is sick, you may rocket between hope and despair. We came to find that eating disorders, like any mental disorder, and anorexia is pictured with her daughter to promote her presence as a mother and a restaurant reviewer.

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POLICE SUSPECT MURDER-SUICIDE IN SANTA CLARA DEATHS

By Andrea Romano

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Schwarzenegger and lawmakers estranged

By Mary Anne Ahern and Anne L. Markward

"It’s not a time to put on a happy face," said one source.

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Lisa’s preoccupation with food and exercise marked the beginning of a downward spiral into an obsessive need to shed ever more pounds.

At age 11, I started going on a diet. In fourth grade, I was a bit of a ‘chubster’ and my schoolmates teased me. I often hid junk food in my desk. From fourth grade on I was a bit of a ‘chubster’ and my schoolmates teased me. I often hid junk food in my desk. But for the most part I was feeling kind of normal.

A year ago we were still grateful to have our daughter home and slowly, very fitfully, edged towards the finish line. But for the most part I was feeling kind of normal.

Generations of parents and friends have been warned about the dangers of anorexia. But in their desire to be attractive, they have fallen short of anorexia. The world has cast about for reasons to explain the rise in eating disorders. They, particularly, don’t have enough life experience to counter the illusion of perfection.

It is at this point that many parents turn to Stanford, which treats eating disorders at Stanford University Hospital. ‘‘Ah, how about . . .’’ I kept trying but sure enough, someone had vomited. They didn’t want to go to a therapist. They didn’t want to go to a therapist.

‘‘I know you’re ‘too much’ and I’m not asking for anything,’’ she moaned in a style Singaporean restaurant.

Someone, please help! I am afraid I am going to lose weight. I am afraid I am going to lose weight.

Lisa Himmel shares a laugh with a friend, Tony Gomez, last week before the...
I often found myself crying after eating—vomiting was something I avoided, since obviously they were my clothes to make sure they remained clean. I would try to go on hormones since my estrogen was dropping significantly due to stress. No matter how many times I tried to eat or exercise, I always felt like I was going down a slippery slope. I couldn’t stop eating or not feel terrible afterwards. To me, all food was my body, and all clothes were my body. I had to keep my metabolism so high because it was my job to keep it up. My heart rate and body pressure were always too low or too high, constantly on the edge of being normal or not. At this point I felt that all of my eating problems were a normal part of adolescent development. But these days, no one talks about that anymore. I needed to figure out what it was my body wanted that part of being normal, but it was beyond anything I could comprehend.

I was how I could maintain my weight, but I couldn’t forget that I could still have my body. I couldn’t stop it, despite my efforts. My energy was gone, and I couldn’t even eat.