



ACTUALIDAD | | Actualitzat el 13/01/2017 a les 15:00

Este es el antes y el después de chicas que han tenido anorexia [El antes y el después]

La anorexia y la bulimia son trastornos alimentarios muy graves, quién lo sufre no puede controlar sus pensamientos y el estar cada vez más delgado o delgada se acaba convirtiendo en una obsesión enfermiza. Y recuperarse de ello es bastante complicado, aunque la mayoría lo consigue gracias al seguimiento médico.

Estas chicas han sufrido anorexia y publican las fotos del antes y el después, cuando ya se han recuperado:

3 years ago I was being fed through a tube in an inpatient hospital as I was too scared to eat anything. I had strangers online telling me I was selfish for doing this to everyone and that I was a horrible person (thank god I deleted all places to receive anonymous messages!). No one should be made to feel like their mental health diagnosis makes them selfish. It is not something that we ask to have and it's not an easy road to recovery. ?I am proud to say that I am recovered from anorexia, but I still struggle with other mental health issues. But do you know what? That's ok. It doesn't make me any less of a human being. To anyone suffering, whether it's with an eating disorder, depression, anxiety etc. Please know that there is always help and someone to listen, whether that's a professional or friends and family. But don't be silent. ?Don't feel trapped. Reach out and embrace the beauty of enjoying life again, because it's waiting for you. ??? From: @betsieburgess #HoneyLoves

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 10 de Ene de 2017 a la(s) 7:40 PST

From darkness to light ? Recently, I have been doubting myself, to the point where it has turned back into old habits that have knocked me a little bit more than I like to admit. But I reminded myself just how much there is to love and appreciate about who I am. At the spa, I was able to wear my bikini without any hesitation. For years I hid under baggy clothes, full of self- hatred and fearful of what others thought about my appearance. So you can imagine just how empowering



this felt ?? I am a kind and caring person, who has so much potential when I allow myself to fly free away from the negative thoughts. My body is more than its appearance. It gives me the abilities to do all the things I dream of doing and it looks after me no matter what I may think of it. Learning to accept yourself for just as you are is hard. Really hard. Though it doesn't mean it is impossible. The word itself says it IM-POSSIBLE ? From: @thegrowingbutterfly #HoneyLoves

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 9 de Ene de 2017 a la(s) 12:07 PST

Happiness: before and after #eatingdisorderrecovery. As I approach the 6-month mark since my discharge from intensive treatment for Anorexia Nervosa, I am astonished by how profoundly my life has been changed by choosing the path of recovery from my eating disorder. One year and twenty pounds of joy, compassion, and self-acceptance separate these two pictures. From: @jac_siegel #HoneyLoves ?I admit that when I was first admitted to The Renfrew Center, I imagined that I would restore my weight to appease my family, but I planned to lose it all (and more) after being discharged. Half a year later, I am happy to admit that this was not the case. During my ten weeks of treatment, I began to fall in love with my potential. I started to see the faintest hint of what recovery could offer me... so much more than thinness, control, and rigid perfectionism, I could have laughter without chest pain, dancing without dizziness, and love without limits. In these last six months, I have proven to myself that my life is precious and that I must take care of it. In my recovered life, I have produced academic work that has earned me spots (a poster and a symposium) at two research conferences. I have pushed my boundaries in friendships and relationships, experiencing the bliss of novelty and adventure. I ran a freaking half marathon!!! This journey has not been easy. Some days are incredibly difficult and it takes everything in me not to restrict, overexercise, or purge, and I still struggle tremendously with my body image. But every day, I am choosing health, happiness, and radical self-love over my own internalized patriarchal expectations of my body. I am so proud of the strong woman I am becoming.

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 8 de Ene de 2017 a la(s) 8:01 PST

After years of hating myself, hating food, hating everything, I finally began to find myself when I was admitted to hospital for the second time where I was in a wheelchair for quite some time & fed occasionally through a tube. I went from 34kg to 54kg. ?I gained back psychical and mental strength, I gained knowledge, I gained a sense of freedom. I'm not weak anymore, I can walk



without feeling faint, I can look at food and not panic. In fact, I can sit down and finish a NORMAL sized portion. ?And finally, I can look at myself in the mirror and say : "Okay, I may not like the way I look now but one day I will" Anorexia is not my name, my name is Sacha, I am 18 years old and I'm a vegan, I'm literature loving and I'm passionate. And guess what? You can be you again. Nothing is impossible. From: @thetremblingofaleaf #HoneyLoves

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 5 de Ene de 2017 a la(s) 7:33 PST

1 year, 20 pounds, and worlds of growth, tears, and wisdom later?? After mustering up some courage, I weighed myself for the first time today in about 10 months. I wouldn't have probably done it unless it were required as part of intake forms for a dietician I'm beginning to work with, but I decided that I was ready, and that I could be strong enough to know that number and not let it define me. And, thank GOD, I was right?? So, here I am, a healthy, happy, stable, FLOURISHING, ?? To my own incredibly happy disbelief, I no longer focus most of my energy on thoughts about my appearance or the scale. I focus on bringing positive energy everywhere I go, on creating genuine smiles in rooms where there are none, on my mental, physical, and spiritual health, and on building upon the gifts and talents God has given me?? These 20 pounds make me feel empowered. My stronger arms allow me to lift up not only myself, but other people; my fuller cheeks allow my smile to make more of an impact; my body fat keeps me warm when I don't leave work until late at night, and my healthy hormones will allow me, in the future, to raise a daughter that will place more value on her intelligence, kind spirit, and ability to change the world than on the way that she looks? My path had not been straight forward, and I am still a work in progress, but I am BEYOND proud of the woman that I've become, and am destined to be? #fuckingSLAY From: @sprinkledwithhealth #HoneyLoves

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 30 de Dic de 2016 a la(s) 10:11 PST

FOR ANYONE STRUGGLING - this is what recovery does. A much healthier mind, body, and soul. No bruises on my stomach, no wounds on my arms, and no numbness in my limbs. I am truly happy and hopeful after a long period of self destruction that I never thought I'd make it out of. YOU CAN FIND THIS PEACE! But it will never come from hating your body. You must decide to live and care for yourself because you deserve it ? please don't give up. From: @slaying_recovery #HoneyLoves



Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 10 de Dic de 2016 a la(s) 8:24 PST

I've been thinking about posting this or not for like a month , but I always found transformation pictures the most helpful, so I hope everyone can see the positive side of this and no trigger...anyway - Anorexia is living hell. I've been a ghost. An empty shell. I barely can remember anything of the times at my worst...Life is so much more now. Its waking up with a smile because you know breakfast is waiting for you. Even if not every day will be great, I promise you, your worst day in recovery will be better than your best days in relapse. Its true. And it's so good. Getting out of your comfort zone might be scary, maybe the most scariest thing ever. But life is waiting for you. And it'll be a good one. From: @alexsabrin #HoneyLoves

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 7 de Dic de 2016 a la(s) 8:22 PST

"The best way to see how far you have come is to look at where you came from." From: @hannahclairefit #HoneyLoves ??? The left picture is in December 2013. I turned to my eating disorder for comfort after a rough time in my life in 2010. At my worst point in 2013, I was running 6 miles a day, throwing up everything I ate, and consuming less than 800 calories a day. I wasn't horribly underweight at 90 lbs, but the mental war was killing me. My whole day revolved around what I was going to eat and how I was going to burn it off. My metabolism was nonexistent. In June 2014, I became so tired of being scared of food and hating myself that I decided to get help. I sought the help of a therapist and a dietitian, and with their help I started the long road to recovery. It has been the HARDEST thing I've ever had to do with MANY ups and downs, but it is by far the best thing I've ever done. Recovery is a choice. You have to reprogram yourself to choose freedom, to choose to get up and fight every day; sadly it doesn't happen overnight. 2.5 years later, I now weigh roughly 125-130 lbs, eat all the food, and workout to make my body stronger and better than ever before. Working out should be about loving yourself and respecting your body enough to care for it. Working out should never be seen as a punishment or as a way to burn off the 'bad' foods you ate. Love yourself enough to choose to fight to better yourself daily and you will thank yourself 1000 times over.

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 29 de Nov de 2016 a la(s) 7:45 PST



?? My greatest piece of advice to anyone too suffering with an eating disorder is to believe. Believe that there is a greater life out there past your ED and that you are worth so very much more. Everyone of us has that one piece of hope between the confusion & mist every now and then that knows this-also known as the real you, not the ED. The moment that you see that tiny glimmer of hope then grab it with both hands and NEVER let it go. It wasn't easy to choose to recover but that's exactly what it was, my choice. The real me, not Ana, but me; Hayley. I will never look back at this day 1 year ago & regret that decision, EVER. The only regret I will ever have is why I didn't do it sooner. From: @bitingback #HoneyLoves ***** Today marks my 1 year anniversary of the day I chose to claim my life back, go into hospital as inpatient (picture 1) & RECOVER from my Eating Disorder-The most frightening but equally empowering moment of my life & one I wish never to forget. ? This year following & from the moment I left hospital was the moment I got a second shot at life, something I'll forever be grateful for. I have faced challenges in many ways throughout this year. But for every down there has been a million more ups. I have unlocked a new love of life whilst allowing myself time to heal both psychically & mentally. Gaining weight was the beginning but starting to gain myself back is the most powerfully beautiful part. Recovery has given me back my life. I have laughed, cried, loved, lost, travelled & met the most inspirational friends. Seeing life through new eyes & all because I took that ONE STEP to save myself.

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 20 de Nov de 2016 a la(s) 6:16 PST

I am sorry I deprived you of sleep, nutrition, laughter, and made you spend way too many hours staring at, and obsessing over, a number on a scale. From: @prosperoushealthylife #HoneyLoves ***** Dear Self, I owe you an apology. I have known you for 22 years and you have been very faithful to me, but you have consistently been taken for granted and not treated with the respect you deserve. I need to tell you that for the first time in 22 years, I realize that you are not only capable, you are beautiful. Did you hear me? I said you are BEAUTIFUL. I am sorry it has taken me this long to understand how wonderful you actually are and I promise to compliment you more often- not because I am vain but because you are a gift. I am sorry I have filled you with sub-par things and expected you to work to your fullest potential. I am sorry I deprived you of sleep, nutrition, laughter, and made you spend way too many hours staring at, and obsessing over, a number on a scale. I judged you by that number and I realize now how wrong that was. You should have instead been judged by the strength you possess, the lines around my mouth that point to how many smiles we have given to others, and the freckles that dance around my skin for they remind me of all the wonderful days we have spent in the rays of the pleasant sun. I am sorry for all the excuses that were made to not fuel you with exercise. We



are so much happier and full of energy when we are active! I am also sorry for all the times I filled you with improper food because I thought I deserved it, or the times I deprived you of calories all together because I thought I didn't deserve them. I deserve to be fueled. I deserve to give my body nutrition to live and thrive. This is just another thing it has taken me so long to realize. (?? continued below)

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 18 de Nov de 2016 a la(s) 10:08 PST

Unhappy · Unhappy · Happy ? I want to talk about that middle picture bc for me, that was exactly 2 years ago today. It has got to be one of THE most difficult points I found in my recovery. I'd just gained a substantial amount of weight but was still not quite 'there' yet. It is such a crucial point. You're health-y/ier physically but chances are, the majority of that fuel you've been taking in to make those gains has NOT gone toward healing the mental struggles. I felt so uncomfortable in my body bc 1. digestion sucked (& does for most people when refeeding) = feeling bloated, full & puffy ALL THE TIME! 2. the weight hadn't 'balanced out' yet, my proportions just felt all wrong & I was just not used to being a normal size. & 3. mentally & emotionally, I was still very much that girl on the left. I felt so desperate to lose weight again! Instead? I continued eating, VERY gradually introduced exercise back into my life, slowly gained the rest of the weight I needed to & continued with (open & honest) therapy. Lo & behold... cognitions improved. I began to feel more comfortable in my body, being softer didn't feel so bad anymore, urges to engage in behaviours decreased. Doesn't that just sound so easy & nice?! False. That was the hardest year of my life! However so many times before, I had reached that point & put the breaks on recovery. Whether that be through refusing to gain all the weight I needed & maintaining lower or losing it all as soon as I gained it & never giving my body & mind the chance to adjust. I wasn't going to do that this time around. I encourage everyone, no matter what stage in recovery you are... do NOT give up. Whether you feel like you want it or not, put 150% effort in your recovery. Personally, I struggled to commit to recovery in the past bc I didn't believe I could actually achieve it & I'm sure some of you can relate to that. It is hard but it IS possible. & it is also the most rewarding thing you could ever do. From: @hannahgraceyb #HoneyLoves

Una foto publicada por HoneyLoves (@honeylovesorg) el 16 de Oct de 2016 a la(s) 9:52 PDT

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