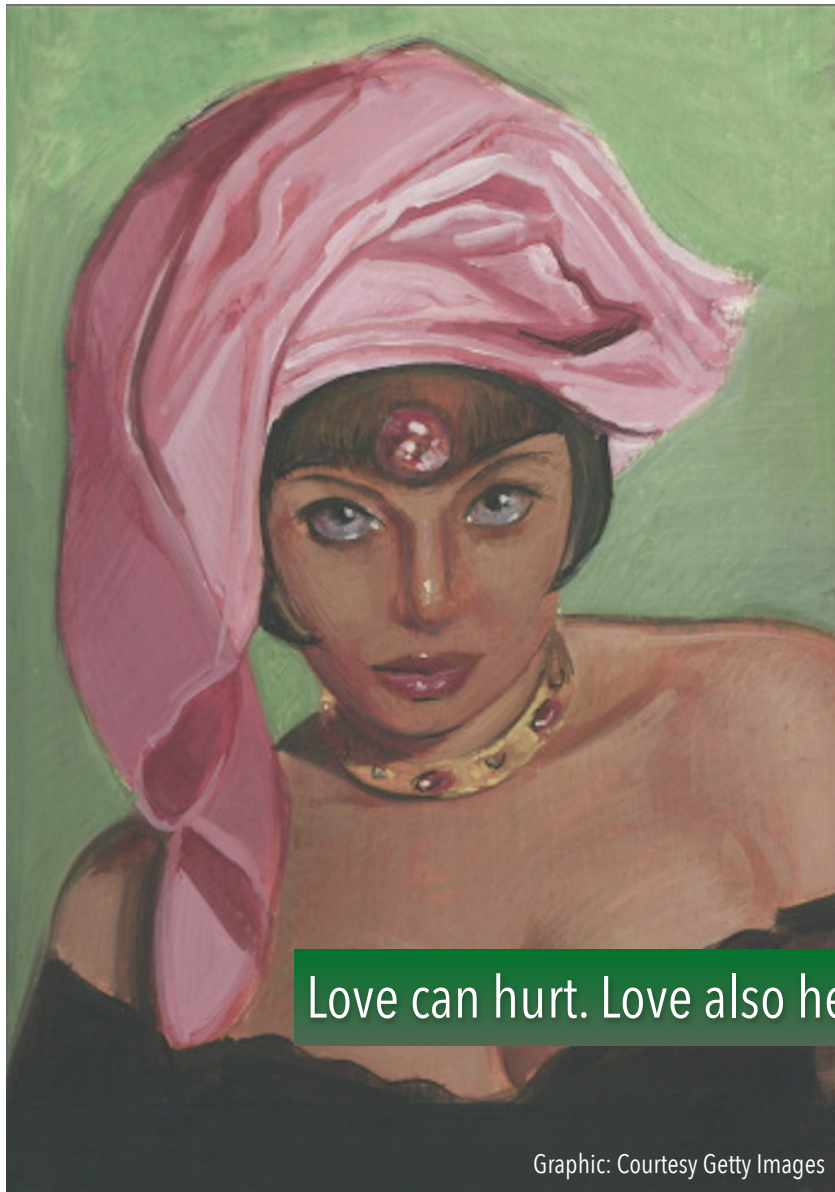




Making Love is the Antidote

We eat emotionally. Then use rationality to justify it.

A few years ago, [Geneen Roth](#) wrote a book about *"Feeding the Hungry Heart."* Plus another one, *"When Food is Love."* Published 30+ years ago, their central theme, which resonates even more today, was...



"Empty Heart = Empty Stomach."

It really is true. We eat because we feel unsatisfied with so much in our life. We can't blame it on bad sex, because...well, you know the reasons we can't blame it on that.

Unsatisfied, sometimes fearful, sometimes vaguely discontented, we search for comfort. Food, especially the kind that is fattening and sugary, makes us feel comforted...

...at least until the first serving is gone.

Love can hurt. Love also heals.

It is not a rush into gluttony. It is a retreat into unfilled spaces.

Men can't mention, nor allow themselves to acknowledge, a connection between love and food, because, well, they are men.

And women, schooled by their mothers in the supremacy of privacy, can't tell anyone about their dissatisfactions - can you?

"I Am Woman," as Helen Reddy sang, way back then...

I am woman
hear me roar
in numbers too big to ignore
I know too much to go
back and pretend...
I've heard it all before

So, you see, if you are going to be roaring, you can't be complaining...

...So, you eat the second serving.

Life can hurt sometimes. Disappointment can run deep...

...Third helpings on the way? An indulgent snack?

But joy can run deep also. Deeper...

...Push the un-needed food away.

Love can hurt. Love also heals.

Making love creates a renewed sense of fulfillment. A deepened sense of self. Satisfaction. Enlightenment.

But in our daily lives we forget about making love...

...We go on a love-making diet

...We become love-famished

...We run on love-reserve

...Run on love-empty

...We are love-anorexic

So we become food indulgent. Almost seems food-famished at times, doesn't it?

It's not because we love food more. It's because we feel less love.

Make love more. Eat less.

Feeding your empty heart?

Making love is the antidote.

– Boyd Jentsch

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