

December 30, 2007

Goooooooood Morning!

It is another beautiful day in Denver, Colorado!

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to the entire staff of the Clinical Nutrition Center, specifically Susan Ellis, R.D. and Heather Thomas, PA-C. They have been great coaches and so helpful in assisting me in gaining better health.

I came to the Clinical Nutrition Center on a referral from a good friend that lost 160 lbs. He indicated to me that I definitely needed help and should seek assistance; told me I could not do it on my own. Fortunately, I listened and my present results validate my success.

When I came through the doors of the Clinical Nutrition Center in July 2007, I looked like a cantaloupe with back hair! I am not kidding, I was fat, bald, continually out of breath and my face looked 10 shades of red continually. I am still bald! I snored like a diesel truck and felt and smelled like one! My idea of dieting was to use a small cocktail fork to eat a 24 oz. porterhouse steak. Literally, when I thought of food, my laser mind focused on "*slabs*" of red meat and "*mounds*" of fried food with absolutely nothing green in sight. The only "*green*" I wanted to see was when I was playing golf, riding in a cart.. .not on my plate.

Susan sat down with me and showed me her trusty "*deck of cards*" and indicated that the deck represented the proper size portion that I should quickly become accustomed to. I then came to the realization as to why I find card playing so distasteful.

I recently wrote an article for the Colorado Real Estate Journal, which is attached that goes into more depth regarding the *mental side* of the equation.

Finally, I want to share with you a "*before*" and "*after*" absolutely true story. One year ago, I took my two sons skiing at Ski Cooper, the very best family ski resort in Colorado! I parked no more than 150 yards from the ski lodge and proceeded to pack my skies up the small incline to the lodge. I was completely winded, sweating like a pig, and truly felt that I was going to have a heart attack. I was so concerned, that I did not ski that day. I sat in the lodge reading a book and eating whatever I found. I was a pathetic site to behold.

I just took my two sons back to Ski Cooper on December 24th and 25th and parked close to the very same spot and proceeded to pack my skies up the dreaded "*small*" incline to the lodge. I did not even break a wind! I could not believe how good I felt. I skied both days!! Not once did I feel like I was going to have a heart attack. My oldest son commented that my "losing" 50 lbs of fat made an unbelievable difference in my skiing. That is an understatement!

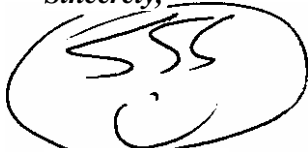
I attribute this success to great coaching. I will never forget the one Wednesday morning a few months back when I met with Susan and my weight had not changed for two weeks. She asked me a very pointed question: "*Are you exercising?*" I told Susan that that word was not in my vocabulary. She replied: "*Steve, you cannot get the results you want by just dieting, you must also exercise on a regular basis*" And then to really drive her point home said: "*You are wasting your money and my time if you are not going to exercise*" Ouch. I now exercise 30 minutes a day. I dusted off the dreaded

treadmill and stationary bike and walk and ride every morning! Exercise is really kind of fun...especially when I break a sweat now from a good morning of exercise and not just getting out of bed. I love being in better health!

I have dropped 47 lbs to date, going to 70 lbs by the end of the 1st quarter 2008. I have dropped 4 suit sizes, 2 inches around my neck, necessitating a new wardrobe. My wife now calls me her *"trophy husband"*. She also donated every suit, pant and shirt to Good Will so that I literally have nothing to grow back into. Now that is real *"love"*!

As James Taylor sings: "How Sweet It Is to Be... in good health, a trophy husband, not diabetic...with the hopes of living a long and happy life with my wonderful wife - to vigorously enjoy our 5 children and 4 grandchildren...with hopefully many more on the way!"

Sincerely,



Steven Sessions



Before



Current
(50 lbs lost so far ... and still going!)

(The next page is an article from the Colorado Real Estate Journal)

As appeared in...



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You must be a 'wanna be'

Once upon a time ... No. Imagine, then, an extremely good looking, obese property manager who, responding to some slight but persistent physical discomfort and the urging of an importunate wife, pays a visit to an endocrinologist – a doctor.

After suffering from the painful and humiliating ordeal of having blood drawn, and sitting on the edge of the papered and quite cold table-bed, he is relieved to hear that the "persistent physical discomfort" is of no major concern and is, therefore, nothing to become alarmed about. Since this property manager has always considered himself a fairly healthy specimen – even though shaped like a cantaloupe – he gracefully descends from the table-bed, expresses thanks to the doctor and is just about out the door when he hears the doctor say those dreaded words: "Hold on big fella ... please sit back down."

The doctor – after reviewing the blood work – looked up and made the following statement that forever will be forged in my mind:

"You must be a wanna be."

Excuse me. "I must wanna be... what?"

"You must wanna be a DIABETIC?"

And, to make matters worse, "You are also an alcoholic!"

I quickly pointed out to him that I am *not* an alcoholic – and quoted Shakespeare to make my point: "That men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains? That we should, with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts." (Othello, 2.3.290, 1604.)

With this profound new insight, the doctor, while looking at my double chin and protruding pouch, clarified his last assessment with: "You are a food alcoholic... same thing!"



Steven Sessions
President and CEO,
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Services, Denver

Oh! "Well," I said, "maybe I should get a second opinion."

The doctor said, "Do what you want ... it is your life! It is a real shame to spend it as a *diabetic food alcoholic!*"

If all business improvement is like curing a fat property manager and a recovering food alcoholic what, then, actually gets people and organizations to change?

■ **A major crisis!** When the first heart attack arrives, or when revenue drops off suddenly, it is absolutely amazing how quickly businesses can act to deal with known inefficiencies and bad habits they should and could have tackled head-on years ago.

I have noticed that I am constantly choosing between what I want to do and what I should do. I do not want to exercise regularly, but know that I should. The base of this conflict is the difference between "want" and "should." Psychologists have studied these discrepancies. "Everybody behaves like two people, one who wants a lean body and the other who wants dessert ... the wayward one needing only to get occasional control to spoil the other's best laid plans." (Schelling.)

Personally and professionally, we already know what we should do: Lose weight and exercise more, much more! In business: Build client relationships, be team players, provide "wow!" customer service!

We know *what* to do; we know *why* we should do it; and we know *how* to do it.

The real question we should

seriously ask ourselves: "Why don't we do it?"

Now there is an interesting question!

The primary reason I do not work at areas I know I need to improve is that the rewards and pleasures are in the *future*; the disruption, discomfort and discipline needed to get there are *immediate*.

To reach our professional and personal goals, we must change our lifestyles, our eating habits now! You don't cure half the problems of alcoholism by cutting out half the drinks. There is no pretending to be on the program. You are either seriously on the program, really living what you have chosen, or you are absolutely wasting your time.

I have come to the realization: The real battle is not external but internal. The real battle is effectively managing the conflict between the want self and the should self. My *should* self insists on complete abstinence while my *want* self demands a cookie. I am managing one day at a time. Each day, my *want* and *should* self make a deal to give up "drinking, aka cookies" for one day. Such a deal sounds reasonable to my *want* self who can believe that it can eat a cookie at any other time in life except for today. And tomorrow, my *should* self once again will make the same deal with my *want* self, and once again I will abstain for that day.

To conclude: Having just returned from my follow-up visit to my dear, dear friend and endocrinologist, my favorite doctor – having reviewed my latest blood work and looking at my new stealth body – stood up, shook my hand and said: "I didn't think you had the self-discipline to change. You are very fortunate my friend. But, remember, this is no pardon. It is but a stay of execution!" ▲