

- Starting weight: 107 kgs
- During surgery: 104 kgs
- After 3 months: 82 kgs



THE WANING ASHWINI

Hi all,

My prime years from 25-34 were full of rigorous exercise, gyming, crash diets while putting self to test. Managing weight was a passion and I was able to take all the stress while literally torturing my body. Nobody would dare come in between my diet or my exercise. Life was happening and I was my husband's pride and neighbors' envy. Two boys and a family to care for was a blessing. But then something changed and changed miserably in me. I simply gave up on my tight strings. My 35th birthday on the 12th November marked perceptibly my age and activity graph to the extent of dropping low. A lot of emotional, psychological, hormonal and physical factors took a toll at the same time on my health and I could see myself deteriorating really fast. Work had its own demands, so did family on me and without any excuse like all the other working women had to strike a good balance between both. My health seemed to be my problem and no one except me was to come to its rescue.

In 5 years I went on to putting on 25 kgs of weight giving me a lot of problems like Migraine, Hypertension, Edema etc. I still carried my extra baggage with pride and confidence. Looks on a pretty face was never a problem and nothing to be conscious of. But carrying a bod which did not compliment the look was hitting me somewhere as a woman. Then one day when I was still getting heavier on the scale my friend told me, "Ashwini, your body is an insult to your face". That's when reality struck and I came crashing on the floor that every day I was only doing up my face in the mirror but not doing anything to my body which is craving for attention.

I realized that I would not allow anyone to take my pictures, would hide behind my husband or my kids in the frame, would prefer to have close ups rather than life size images.

This was devastating me and I decided to take up my weight as an issue on priority. Then began, the rounds of slimming centres, slimming teas, slimming medicines, only liquid, only protein, crash diets.....and so on and so forth. Much to my dismay my weight shot up by a whopping 10-15 kgs landing me in a 3 digit numeral. Oh!! How I hated myself and everyone around me. I simply could not help myself. My body was giving up the struggle, I was unable to walk for a long time, I started bingeing and shopping in depression thus adding on to my miseries. I gave up wearing sarees & jeans which were always so very favorite to me. Was always hungry and ate at all wrong times only to satiate my cravings to 'feel good'.

Then after 5-6 years of ordeal with myself I finally came across some literature on the life saving surgery of the Bariatric. Being a thorough inquirer I went through testimonials, websites, you tube videos and tried to gather knowledge about it. I thought that I was only looking at it because it was an easy way out and so would my people think of me as being "just lazy" to be able to exercise and diet. I convinced myself and gave a green signal after a lot of debate within me and found the reference of Dr Shah from a close family relative. Life seemed to be laying a carpet for me. Dr Shah was very positive and his verdict endorsed my conviction. The guilt of "finding the easy way out" was dissolved when he said I was eligible for the surgery. Now was the task of convincing people at home. It was tough coz they could not imagine their Ashwini with a handicapped organ or to put it in my Dad's words a 'crippled' Ashwini. The first obstacle came from home with a big "NO". So then I took a call and decided to go ahead all by myself. Obstacle number two came in the form of "Huge Fees". Collecting money...so much money without family support...too much stress. Gave rise to BP, Migraine...they have been my live in partners remember? I gave up....Dr Shah was even more disappointed than I was, but he was hopeful of my sincerity and said that anytime he would be ready to help when I am ready for surgery. Really kind of him. So as I saw my situation, Doc was next to me and raazi, family back seated in naraazgi, and I was driving this car of Bariatric surgery without fuel. So there two things against one. So this way six months elapsed. My weight never wanted to come down and went on a rising spree.....thanks to unhealthy eating habits and depression.

Finally the day came when I again decided to give it my best shot at convincing my family....took them to Dr Shah again, [thanks Mamma-becoz you understood my agony] and "yippee" they were convinced. Now the biggest part of collecting funds....I did it!!

I promised myself a new life in 2014 with surgery taking place this year. I had life and had to live it in the most deserved and beautiful way which was not to be wasted in the torturous weight gain with co-morbidities as a package deal. And so the countdown began....

1st July 2013, will remain as a milestone etched in my life. Days and nights have never been so peaceful since then.....one because I found the courage to go through it and two because I was looking forward to each morning to get on the scale. Lot of discipline and self control, diet restrictions for the first 3 months helped me to lose a good 25 kgs. BP meds still on but feeling lighter, brighter, energetic, confident and ready to take on the world. Sarees are back and so are jeans.....will be needing a new wardrobe soon. Life could not have been better.

The story continues.....as I have targeted to write about my waning self again after the next trimester. Would like to thank Dr Shah and his team and my family for their tremendous support.

Mrs. Ashwini Patwardhan