

When people find out that I lost a lot of weight and have kept the weight off by switching to a whole food plant-based lifestyle, they frequently ask this question (along with “Where do you get your protein?”):

“Don’t you miss eating meat?”

or

“What do you miss the most about not eating meat?”

I once encountered a YouTube viewer, papparocket3’s, reply to this question. It was a poignant reminder of how things are when one is obese. His answer was, “...Nothing, not a single damn thing because of **all the things I lost that I will never miss.**” Such as...

- Lugging the _____ pounds I lost around with me 24/7.
- Buttoning my pants low around my waist because they won’t button over my belly.
- Snoring all night long and getting crappy sleep.
- Keeping my wife awake, so that she gets a crappy night’s sleep as well.
- Needing massive amounts of coffee to get started every day.
- Falling asleep at my desk in the afternoon because my sleep was so poor.
- That “brick in the belly” feeling after eating a large meaty meal.
- The terrible bowel problems I struggled with for decades that I somehow thought was just normal.
- All the aches and pains that I now understand to be due to the chronic low-grade inflammation resulting from meat, eggs and dairy.
- Having cholesterol levels and blood pressure that (were) pointing in the direction of heart disease, stroke, impedence, kidney disease, dementia, and a host of other chronic diseases.
- Food that increases IGF-1 and raises the risk that if I develop cancer again that it might spread and kill me.

I would like to add to papparocket3’s list of things that will not be missed.

- Having too few clothing choices in most stores.
- Having to spend an occasional fortune at a big-and-tall store, if I’m lucky enough to find one.
- Wearing shorts almost year-round to ease the discomfort that comes from chafing thighs.
- Wearing suspenders or elastic pants when belts don’t fit right.
- The swollen (edema) lines in my legs left by my socks and shoes.
- The crotch areas of my pants and underwear wearing out all too soon.
- Trying to hide, cover or disguise my size with my clothes and posture.
- Avoiding the seats at meetings that most of my colleagues seem to fit into just fine.
- Avoiding airplanes, trains and busses because of the seats.
- Avoiding swimming pools and water parks because of my appearance.
- Snoring that gave me a swollen uvula and a sore throat for most of the next day.
- Snoring that robbed my wife of her sleep and better days.
- Snoring that created complicated sleeping arrangements with family and overnight guests.

- Waking up in the morning or in the middle of the night with acid reflux, and spending hours trying to soothe it with water, milk, antacids, sitting upright and constant throat-clearing.
- Being unable to fit under my car or into the crawlspace under my house to do repairs.
- Being unable to ride some cool amusement park attractions with my kids.
- Being unable to use most ladders.
- That lethargic feeling that followed eating a bunch of salty, sugary, fatty, greasy foods.
- The insatiable cravings that came with eating salty, sugary, fatty, greasy foods.
- The indigestible lump in my gut that often got stuck and bulged through my navel hernia.
- Dreading sleeping outside or camping because I didn't fit in a standard adult sleeping bag.
- Having BMs that took a long time to "M" and sometimes even longer to clean up the "B."
- Hesitating to sit on others' furniture for fear of breaking it.
- The constantly oily skin, scalp and hair.
- Preferring or having to use the larger ADA stalls in public restrooms.
- Having to wash my face several times a day because of my constantly oily skin.
- Waking up daily to acne and to festering pimples that lasted for days (and sometimes couldn't be reached).
- Being unable to remove my wedding ring for routine safety and health purposes.
- The embarrassment of ordering or having dessert when it's obvious to onlookers that it's the last thing I need or should even consider having.
- Body odor strong enough that I can smell myself.
- Avoiding particular restaurants just because their seats will not accommodate me.
- Having to be cautious about accidentally undercooking animal products.
- Having to be cautious about contaminating my house with the handling of animal flesh and secretions.
- Cleaning up all that greasy, oily, fatty residue from dishes, counters, handles, fabric, etc.
- Planning meals around a piece of animal flesh.
- Buying animal flesh, which can be expensive, and can spoil quickly.
- Being too hot or too warm and sweating most of the time.
- Having to use a seatbelt extension.
- Having to ask for a seatbelt extension.
- Having to always sit down to put on or take off my pants, socks and shoes because I couldn't balance long enough on one foot.
- Feeling like I cheated my wife and kids out of good times we could have had, if I hadn't been so fat.
- That redness in my rounded face that made me look (and feel) like I was going to burst.
- That feeling of having been cursed with the disease of obesity, and there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

