

## Grace Notes

### Gods grace for everyday living

#### A sugar addict in a carbo-phobic world

By: [Debora M. Coty](#)

I'm sitting in a busy airline terminal. With fifteen minutes left before boarding my flight, I reach into my tote bag for a snack. I look around. An Indian woman pops grapes into her mouth from a baggie; an earthy, long-haired couple shares a peeled tangerine and alternate bites on a banana; a woman spoons vegetable soup from a thermos; a college student munches lean turkey on rye; a mom distributes apple juice and spreads peanut butter on rice cakes for her children.

I'm embarrassed to partake of the hunk of chocolate enveloped by my grubby little fingers.

Let's look at Debbie's goodie stash. There's a smuggled double chocolate muffin from breakfast, a plump, white-chocolate macadamia nut cookie wrapped in a greasy napkin (heisted from yesterday's lunch), five chocolate kisses, two Pay Day candy bars, and a bag of M & M's Plain. The peanut ones are in my suitcase in the belly of the airplane. Better that belly than mine.

After a hard day, there's just no better comfort food than a chocolate chip cookie warm from the oven. Or two. Or ten. Slice and bake was a wicked enough temptation, but now Satan himself has created those giant tubs of pre-mixed cookie dough. They're straight from the Fire and Brimstone bakery. Every day I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." And he does. It's called cellulite.

Aside from the obvious physical ramifications of my sugar addiction,



I've been lectured repeatedly by well-meaning family and friends about the dire health consequences. Yes, yes, is all I can say. I know you're right, but doggone it; I detest the taste of that healthy stuff more than a cat loathes bubble baths.

Okay, I eat salads, but only because I have to (people are watching). I consume vegetables too—when I'm shamed into it. After fifteen years of faithfully preparing squash casserole for my family, I finally had it up to my Eve's apple, burned my recipe, and confessed that I abhor squash and never intended to squish a squash again. Somehow, my loved ones have survived a squash-less existence seemingly unscathed.

These are kids who cut their teeth on Cheese Doodles and slurped imitation juice-flavored sugar water because we couldn't afford the real thing. Amazingly enough, they turned out to be normal, healthy people (of course, my daughter swears she won't let me baby-sit *her* children unless the cupboard is purged).

A little Bible research informs me that in the beginning, before the fall, the diet of Adam and Eve consisted of nuts, seeds, and fruit (Gen. 1:29). Not bad—even I could live with that. But after the rotten apple episode in Eden (resulting in mankind's introduction of sin into the world), God said, "Cursed is the ground because of you; through painful toil you will eat of it all the days of your

life . . . you will eat the plants of the field. By the sweat of your brow you will eat your food until you return to the ground" (Gen. 3:17-19, NIV).

There it is! Do you see what I see? Part of the curse was the introduction of vegetables onto the dinner table of man! I knew it—it's our *punishment* to consume cauliflower, collards, and carrots for all our days on this earth.

But that's not all! From the time of Adam until Noah, the average lifespan was seven to eight *centuries*. Then, after the flood, meat was added to the menu (Gen. 9:3) and the expected years to live decreased to a handful of *decades*. Of course, drastic environmental changes came with the flood and I'm not blaming the current brevity of humankind's existence solely on the Consumption of T-bones. No, I'm still blaming it on the salad and broccoli and turnips we eat along-side our steaks!

So what's a carbo-junkie to do in this miserable airport surrounded by health nuts? Wait—what's that I smell? Halleluia! It's the delightfully greasy, salty aroma of French fries. I look over my shoulder to see a trim, twenty something woman caressing a Burger King bag, chewing contentedly. Ahhh. There's hope for the next generation.

Debbie's articles have appeared in dozens of magazines including [Discipleship Journal](#), [MomSense](#) and [Today's Christian Woman](#) and she has completed her first book. Contact her at [GraceNotes@deboracoty.com](mailto:GraceNotes@deboracoty.com) for comments, commiserations or speaking engagement requests. She is a member of the [Christian Writer's Guild](#).