

## REDISCOVER FOOD

I used to love watching my kids at Halloween because they taught me so much about instinctive eating. They were just as excited about their costumes, trick-or-treating with their friends, and sorting and trading their candy as they were about eating it. Don't get me wrong; they love candy. But the candy it was only a part of the whole experience.

When my children were small, I kept their Halloween candy out of reach and rationed it by allowing them to choose a couple of pieces each day from their separate stashes. I was still dieting in those days, so I never had any candy of my own. I would carefully steal anything chocolate that I didn't think they'd miss. Fortunately, they never found the wrappers I guiltily shoved to the bottom of the garbage. By the time they were old enough to figure it out, I was no longer trying to control them—or myself.

When they were older, their diets were healthier than most kids' (and adults' for that matter), and I knew they were capable of managing such things as their own Halloween candy. I marveled at how each one's individual personality showed up when they were in charge. Tyler loved the sugary kid-candy and would devour it within a few weeks. His usual intake of popsicles and other treats decreased accordingly. Elyse insisted on keeping her candy in her closet so her brother wouldn't eat it. Each day she would rummage through her bag to find a few perfect pieces. I'd like to think I taught her moderation, but I know she just loved to savor it. She'd eventually forget about the candy or lose interest when her favorites were gone, and I'd throw the rest away by Valentine's Day.

I usually have my own chocolate now. Not the leftovers my kids don't want, but the kinds I love. It takes weeks for me to finish a box or a bag, and on more than one occasion, I've been surprised by coming across some that I had completely forgotten about.