

# My experience with insulin resistance, misdiagnosis, and what really helped me

*I apologize in advance for my “denglish” - if anything is unclear, please let me know, contact details below.*

## So, I have a tumor. Not.

My story begins on my 30th birthday. “Now you have cancer!” it popped into my head when I woke up early in the morning. My left breast was burning and felt like it was going to burst. In a sense, it did, because my tissue was ripping open. Within minutes, my left breast had doubled in size and was swollen and fiery red. Fluid was leaking out.

I went to the doctor immediately, because I had been single for quite some time and could rule out pregnancy with complete certainty. My doctor was on vacation and so I had to make do with his substitute, an arrogant man in his mid-thirties who probably thought he could take over the flourishing practice in the middle of Kreuzberg. One thing in advance: Fortunately, nothing came of it. Because this doctor behaved like an ax in the woods: “Yes, then you probably have a brain tumor, which is hormonally active and produces prolactin,” was his diagnosis. I was thunderstruck and was sent home with only this statement. No referral for an MRI, no blood test (to verify his diagnosis), no medication, not even an explanation of what kind of tumor it could be. But his expert advice to stop drinking coffee and chocolate. Then it would go away on its own. So that was the gift that life gave me for my new phase of life. Well, thank you very much.

I spent my birthday party worrying about what was happening to me and that people might see how asymmetrically disfigured I was. But none of my guests noticed. The next day I researched on the Internet what kind of tumor it could be. After all, I had the key data “brain”, “tumor” and “prolactin”. Prolactin is the hormone that is primarily responsible for milk production. Men can also have too high a prolactin level, but that should only be mentioned in passing. It was quite easy to find out that it was possibly a so-called prolactinoma, which is almost always successfully treated with medication, rarely requires surgery and is almost never cancerous. I was relieved at that point. No cancer. But a hormonally active tumor that let my body grow uncontrollably. And that was supposed to go away on its own? No way. Three weeks later I was sitting in the doctor’s office again, my right breast had grown and was also swollen by at least two

cup sizes. At least now I was no longer obviously asymmetrical and my t-shirts (the only thing I could wear in this condition) were now stretching evenly.

At this point, my weight was not ideal, but normal. I'm 1m76 tall, so a German size 42 is fine. Except for the fluctuations that caused me to gain 1-2 dress sizes and then lose them again. I saw no connection, because I always ate so that I was at least halfway full. Halfway, because I have been hungry for as long as I can remember. I never voluntarily went more than 2 hours without eating. Going without food for longer meant for me sweating, trembling, headaches, dizziness, and that several times a day. In my early 20s, this sinusoidal life began, during which I often had to struggle with hypoglycemia. Having moved from the cozy Ruhr region to the big noisy capital, these experiences, which first made me dizzy and then blackout, had left their mark. That's why I took great care to ensure that the meal breaks didn't get too long. I had no way of knowing that something bigger was about to happen.

## My diet before the diagnosis

A year before I was diagnosed with the elevated prolactin level, I had stopped eating vegan after eight years and occasionally reintroduced animal products into my diet. The feeling of being tired and like I was wrapped in cotton pads disappeared within two weeks. But I still wasn't really feeling well. I tested my limits and stuck to a gluten-free diet low in dairy products and high in fruits and vegetables with - as I know today - way too much sugar. Be it in the gluten-free products, which often contain sugar for preservation in addition to carbohydrates, or even all that fruit, which is supposed to be oh so healthy, right? If you want to do something good for your body, then you do eat fruit. And the more, the better, you might think, if you look at the media landscape today. I could not have been more wrong.

After I had seen my usual doctor, a white-bearded Buddhist with all kinds of religious artifacts in his treatment room, he mumbled a treatment plan into his beard and told me to come back in a few weeks. If my symptoms were not better then, he would prescribe me a medicine.

To make a long story short: I came back a few weeks after that and was finally put on medication. A very strong one that put me completely out of control for the duration of the medication. I still didn't know where I got this condition and blamed it all on the fact that I was freelancing at the time and it was definitely due to stress. That is one of our doctors' favorite diagnoses: stress. Because you can't examine it or prove it. But most of all, you can blame the patient for it. So I took the evil pill and my hormone levels returned to normal. The price I paid was high: I was constantly tired and experienced mood swings. Fortunately, the drug, which is so powerful that it can shrink a prolactinoma, is

only ever prescribed for periods of two months. Then came the new job and as I continued to freelance on the side, lots of stress.

## Raw Food

When I was 20, I went to Berlin and had my first drastic experience with hypoglycemia. I was taking a ride with my boyfriend at the time, we took the subway U1 to Warschauer Straße. There, when I got off the train, I went black before my eyes. I remained conscious, but for a few seconds I could see nothing at all, and for a few minutes my vision was limited while I felt dizzy.

This experience of complete helplessness in a city that was still unknown to me, full of unfriendly people and deprived of my ability to see, was something I never wanted to experience again. From then on, I always had something to eat in my pocket and as soon as I felt hungry, I became alert. In addition, I had trouble sleeping and frequent stomach aches. Actually, I should have gone to the doctor at that time. But my studies and my never-ending search for an apartment kept me busy.

What would a doctor have diagnosed? At best, my gluten intolerance, but only if it had been an extremely progressive doctor. No doctor would have diagnosed the insulin resistance, which was already obvious at that time in the early 2000s. Little has changed since then, as I had to experience firsthand.

When I ended up in a shared apartment about a year later and found a book about raw food, it opened my eyes: most of what I ate was bread, pasta and rice. At the time, I believed that my malaise, mood swings, and overweight might have something to do with cooking. This is how raw food logic likes to argue: Cooking destroys all nutrients. I knew too little to be able to critically judge this, but the book listed most of my ailments at the time, which included poor sleep quality, weight problems, severe acne, and digestive problems.

In addition, my foods were not particularly high quality. As a college student, I couldn't afford anything but the discount store. I decided to do a 3-day detox where I would eat only raw foods. I slept better and most importantly the stomach aches disappeared, so the three days turned into two weeks, then a month, then two and finally four years. Of those, the first two years were very good. As I know today, they were good because I stopped consuming things that were bad for me: Gluten, white sugar and starchy products. I also didn't smoke or drink alcohol, coffee, juice or tea, which made my social life suffer a bit, but I put up with that in order to maybe feel healthy at some point.

Raw food back then still the domain of old grouchy men who scolded others but secretly ate a pork roast on sundays. That was back in the day when you could hide it, long before social media. I didn't really care for the people I encountered along the way. Quite apart from the fact that most of them were twice my age, they also had solid diagnoses to work with. Diabetes or insulin resistance were not an issue at that time, at least in the German raw food scene nothing was known about anyone curing diabetes or insulin resistance with it. It would be over a decade before I learned that I was in the process of developing diabetes. That's why I didn't actively seek it out. When I consulted someone, I got incompetent answers and eventually they all played the same #blamegame with me: if raw food didn't make me skinny and healthy, there was something wrong with me. "Is certainly your psyche," was one of the answers. How can one respond to that?

I searched the Internet for alternatives and found some from other raw foodists from Great Britain and the USA. Even then, I put aside my fat phobia. In raw food circles, it's no problem to fill your belly with avocados, olives and nuts. At least this: Their attitudes towards fat are positive.

Otherwise, I tried many supplements and healing methods, always looking for that one piece of the puzzle that was missing. From Schuessler salts to various colorful powders made from ground plants or algae, which are now called superfoods. I tested my way through pretty much everything. Nothing helped. I found no one who was like me, neither on the net nor in real life. And slowly I got worse.

## Gluten-free and vegan

After two years of raw food, I wasn't feeling quite as good. I had less energy and often got sick. A severe heartbreak made me rethink my diet and so I started to integrate cooked vegetables back into it. I was now able to get through the day without having to constantly shove fruit into me, but I was neither really full nor satisfied.

Everyone around me seemed to perform better with - from my point of view at the time - poorer nutrition. That made me suspicious, but I had the judgments of the others about me ("Is certainly your psyche", "You are a member of a cult" or "We think that you have an eating disorder"). So I stuck to my diet and dealt with my eating behavior. And who would have thought: again without results.

I continued to experiment with dietary supplements and, at that time, exotic and rarely found superfoods, which I imported from the USA or Great Britain. All without any success. My thinking became cloudier and I felt more tired than ever. I somehow managed to graduate and would have preferred to disappear into bed for months afterwards. Instead, I got a job and finished the last part of my thesis. At the same time, I

was working shifts, which was not good for me at all, because it has been proven that shift work and too little sleep in general increase insulin resistance. But since I was moving a lot during work at the same time, one thing counteracted the other to a certain extent. Besides, I was only in my late 20s, so the big bang was still ahead of me.

I had another part-time job with an alternative practitioner who gave raw food cooking classes. The recipes were delicious, but only because they were full of sugar. In the meantime, the American style raw food had taken over, which was good for the image of the raw food that had been hostile to pleasure, but not necessarily healthier. If the old raw foodists had still pleaded for unprocessed food with a low fun factor, a new, young generation had now arrived, which was primarily convincing with its sex appeal and lots of spiritual vibes. Less so with hard facts or scientific verifiability.

And with this new, sexy raw food, superfoods, dietary supplements, veganism and, unfortunately, lots of false information washed onto the German market. Agave nectar and coconut blossom sugar were all the rage in the raw food scene and were sold as healthy sugars. In the case of agave nectar, there was even a persistent rumor that it would not raise blood sugar levels, because no one knew anything about the body and sugar metabolism. Not even the alternative practitioner who gave me vitamin B12 injections, but my doubts about the competence of this professional group increased. All her analyses and remedies that she recommended to me showed either no effect or negative effects.

There was one image she liked to use with her patients: The image of an overflowing bathtub where you have to look for the plug to pull it out. This image fit my condition so wonderfully, because I didn't know what all that sugar was doing to me. My poor body was permanently flooded with insulin. No wonder I often had colds and wounds healed badly. My acne also kept getting infected. My weight fluctuated slightly, but was still in the normal range.

Then in 2010 I met Victoria Boutenko, the inventor of the green smoothie. She was on tour in Germany to promote her book and through my part-time job with the alternative practitioner, I attended an event with her. It was there that I saw what you don't see in photos: Mrs. Boutenko, as nice and lovely as she is, was obese at the time. My already existing doubts about raw food could now no longer be dismissed.

Quick notes: Rumor has it that even Victoria Boutenko is now eating a ketogenic diet. What a coincidence...

## Gluten-free and almost vegan

At least, the B12 showed its effect. The veil evaporated and I began to think about why this was. Unfortunately, the alternative practitioner didn't know the answer either. I decided that I would do another experiment: I would eat animal products for a month and then see how I felt. If I got worse, I would just stop again. If I got better, I would add animal products to my diet.

Goat yogurt and meat were part of my daily diet and that was exactly the right decision for me. But I was tormented by a guilty conscience, because to this day I don't agree with how meat and milk are obtained the conventional way and had great difficulty justifying it to myself. But after this "cure" of animal products, I kept going through longer phases of eating a vegan diet consisting of potatoes, buckwheat, millet and rice with all the vegetables available to me. My physician recommended to only eat fruit in the summer (because I would cool down otherwise, who wants to believe that nonsense, please do so). A whole watermelon for breakfast? No problem! From dairy products I could only tolerate goat cheese, which I also only ate in summer. If I ate it for several weeks, I got sick like I had caught a cold. I severely limited the consumption.

So I kind of kept munching away until I ended up in a pretty sucky job in 2012. A terrible work environment and long commute times took a toll on the entire team. The former was helped by candy, which I ate for the first time in years. My boss put full plates in the office every day, and at some point we all ate. Until then, my weight was still normal for me. That would soon change. Especially when my work hours changed and we worked shifts. Nothing triggered my insulin resistance like that stress by then. I am a morning person and it was an imposition to have to work such long hours. I gained a lot of weight during that time.

When I changed jobs, I dropped about two dress sizes within the first few weeks, but I was still heavier than usual. My feet started to hurt. I had to take a few minutes in the morning so I could get up and walk. I couldn't stand safely, and with each step it felt like I was walking on hot pins. I went to the orthopedist, who of course immediately accused me of wearing high heels all the time. What nonsense and what an impertinence. Where competence fails, you blame the patient. His diagnosis: bent-canceled-spread foot (plantar fasciitis) with halux and heel spurs, bilateral, with osteoarthritis in the big toe joint on the left. Eventually my left toe joint would get all stiff. What great news, there really was a bright future ahead of me now. I got orthotics and had to endure several therapies for which I had to pay. This lasted three unsuccessful years, during which the pain did not get better, but my doctor became filthy rich.

## Standard diet without gluten

During those three years, my life was in turmoil: I took up a part-time degree program, always had to visit the gynecologist in the summer to get my prolactin-lowering medication, and learned that the alternative practitioner had died at the age of 35. All my hopes that I had placed on a healthy - i.e. vegan - diet were dashed. She had always bragged about her medical training, and then had died of cancer within 2 years. If she already didn't know what would make her healthy, how was I supposed to find out?

I quickly abandoned my research on my foot pain because I found only one diagnosis that could not apply to me at all, but whose symptoms fit: peripheral neuropathy. The nerves in the limbs die, first in the hands and feet. However, in the sources I found peripheral neuropathy only as a symptom in drug addicts and severe alcoholics. That it also occurs in diabetics was nowhere to be found. Since I had never taken drugs nor being an alcoholic, I quickly discarded this idea. In addition, due to the death of the alternative practitioner and my own unsuccessful attempts, I was not well disposed towards alternative nutritional concepts.

I also saw no connection between my diet and my foot pain. Once I even went to a spiritual healer. If my pain was indeed psychological, a little psychomagic would help me after all. But nothing of the sort. My pain remained the same. My hunger remained the same. My body grew and grew. It would not be long before I would finally find the true cause of my problems. First, however, I would really miss the mark once again.

## High-Carb and exercise

Since I was either studying or working, I had no time for a real hobby. I had given up dancing, because the foot pain made it unbearable for me to even take a normal walk. The high mental load, however, made a physical balance necessary, and so I went to the gym 3-5 times a week and first tried the training plan they gave. Gradually I developed my own workouts, I also built up quite a lot of muscle mass, but that was the only thing I could chalk up as a success. I didn't sleep any better, I didn't feel any fitter, my feet still hurt, I was still putting on weight, because training makes you one thing above all: hungry.

At university, someone gave a lecture about an athlete who had changed his diet to high-fat and thus increased his performance. However, the speaker had presented it as if he only ate macadamia nuts. If he hadn't phrased it so unfortunate, the penny could have dropped by then, but I was still so brainwashed by popular opinion that I didn't get



the hint. By the way, in my later research on ketogenic nutrition, I found the athlete again. He eats more than macadamia nuts.

No diet is as unhealthy as what the fitness bunnies want us to know: Eat every two hours, always with lots of carbohydrates, fat-free meat and as few calories as possible. The body must constantly produce insulin. This is what body building is all about, because insulin has an anabolic effect. But Body Building is not a sport. Body building is body building. In a sport, you learn highly complex movements and a set of rules. This is not the case with pumping iron. The exercises are very simple. So simple, in fact, that many take a book or the newspaper or read something on their smartphone. Ask a dancer or volleyball player if they can do this during practice.

Eating frequently, three main meals and one or two snacks, is far from beneficial for someone who is insulin resistant. Just before I graduated from college, I signed out of the gym. I was tired of spending so much time on a workout that wasn't getting me anywhere. It's just that my body was so overworked by now that it wasn't going to level out on its own. I went back to my doctor (who had taken over the practice from the Buddhist) in the summer of 2017 and was again prescribed the medication due to high prolactin levels. I approached her about how it could be that for six years I have always had to come to her at the same time of year because I have too much prolactin. This time I finally left the office with a referral to the endocrinologist.

## An unexpected pivot

At about the same time, after years of unsuccessful treatment, I said to the orthopedist, "I'm still in pain, even though I've been through all the therapies." The orthopedist deigned to lecture me about needing a certain nutritional supplement: astaxanthin. It would also help the salmon when they had to swim up the river on their way to spawn. It would write me a prescription right away, he said patronizingly. A prescription for a dietary supplement that I can get more easily over the Internet, without any prescription. He ended his lecture with the sentence that was to represent a turning point in my life: "It's all psychological with you." A loud, verbal exchange of not so nice words followed. There was at least some life force left in me. I left the practice in a rage. In a café, I sat down at the window and wrote down my feelings while tears ran down my face. I couldn't go on like this. I was in my mid-30s and completely left alone with my problem. Except for my friends and family, no one believed me, even though it was obvious that I felt pain every step of the way. The endocrinologist, whose diagnosis I had so hoped for, topped it all off.

The result of the extensive examinations at the endocrinologist was devastating. I had feared Hashimoto's, but her succinct diagnosis left me speechless: "There is nothing



wrong with you. You have PMS, you have to live with that. Buy a high-sugar supplement with fructose syrup and take an iron cure. And come in for regular blood work from now on." As quickly as I could, I was out of the doctor's office. My last hopes for clarity about my condition and improvement were gone. I walked to the S-Bahn with aching feet and a mixture of anger and despair. What was going wrong here? Why did I have to suffer so much? I had tried to do everything right and had stuck to the rules. So why did I feel so bad?

Since I spent a lot of time at home in the coming weeks, I made a decision: I would find a solution. No matter what it looked like. But I would no longer spend my life in pain on the couch and with doctors trying to convince me that I was not in my right mind. So around the turn of the year, I began a daily writing project: the morning pages. Every morning I sat down at my desk and wrote three pages. The same thoughts always appeared in the morning pages. One of those thoughts was: it's all too much. I didn't really understand, but I began to examine my life.

## Ketogenic and sugar-free

Out of sheer frustration with my condition, I started cleaning up my apartment. And something happened. Not only did I complete a large amount of unfinished business, renovate my apartment, and successfully implement several ideas at once. I had my hands full trying to steer my life in a new direction. After a little over two months of writing and cleaning up, I got to the point where I realized: Now I was getting to the heart of the matter. My health, at least, had not deteriorated. I was sleeping a little better, although the quality of sleep wasn't that great. I was more optimistic and ready to face this challenge.

During the clean-up breaks, I rewarded myself with videos on YouTube. There I got more inspiration for my decluttering project. Videos on other topics were also suggested to me. Also on nutrition. But I dismissed that for the time being. Since the death of the natural health practitioner and my attempts to get fit and healthy with exercise, I had given up all hopes of nutrition. But the YouTube algorithm probably knew better what I needed. Finally, one day, I did click on a video that was about the ketogenic diet.

The ketogenic diet, or keto for short, is a low carb diet and was developed for children with epilepsy in the 1920s. Later, it was found that keto is also good for people who produce too much insulin due to a high-carbohydrate diet (hyperinsulinemia, insulin resistance, pre-diabetes). In this diet, the amount of carbohydrates is reduced to less than 50 g, protein is consumed in medium amounts and fat in large amounts (about 150 g). The goal is that the body switches from burning carbohydrates to burning fat (ketosis). This state seems to have a positive effect on many diseases.

It sounded too good to be true. And if it sounds like that, experience had taught me, it's not true either. No more hunger? Unimaginable for me. Hunger was my constant companion, along with aching feet. Now my back also started to hurt. The pain was wearing me down so much that I was finally ready to embark on another experiment. I would try it for three days, a week at most, and if it didn't work out, at least I would have gained new knowledge. However, I would not look any further for information, so as not to let my experience be too influenced. If the concept was right, then it would have to prove itself to me.

The first three days on the ketogenic diet were not great, but they were better than the days before. During the first three days, I was still very hungry because blood sugar levels and insulin regulate when carbohydrates are no longer supplied. On day four, for the first time in my life, I was able to stand safely, even though my feet still hurt. I decided to keep going for now, but didn't expect much more than the feeling of well-being. I was sleeping a little better by now, had lost a little weight, and was in an inexplicably good mood. On the tenth day of my keto experiment, I had an important appointment. On a whim, I wanted to walk a bit after this appointment, following the subway line. Not the whole 4.5 kilometers, of course. As soon as my feet couldn't take it anymore, I would get on the subway and head home. Off I went, always going from one subway station to the next, expecting the pain to start right away.

But the pain didn't come. I walked the whole 4.5 km to my part of town - without any problems. But the next morning, I knew from experience, I would have to pay for it. I would surely wake up with stabbing pain and swollen feet and not be able to leave the apartment for two days. So it would be wise to do the shopping for that time now and so I went to the supermarket and then home. I had covered a total distance of about 5.2 km. That equates to a little over 7300 steps. I can't remember the last time I had walked that much. But tomorrow I would pay the price, that was certain.

The next morning, in anticipation of the pain, I put my feet on the floor and rose from bed. Nothing happened. No pain. My feet were not swollen either. I could stand normally. Someone who has not experienced this for themselves will find it difficult to comprehend how I felt at that moment. I looked at my feet and didn't know what was going on. Then later, during a tidying break, I searched specifically for answers on the internet, but I did not find anything. Except for this one video on YouTube from a chiropractor in the US. This one talked about plantar fasciitis diagnosed in one of his patients that caused pain, like mine. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was pretty much my case that was being discussed there. And the video also mentioned peripheral neuropathy and ketogenic diet.

## Diabetic without diagnosis

I would explain my case like this: I have been diabetic or pre-diabetic for a long time (estimated 20 years, but maybe since childhood), but none of my doctors was shrewd enough to test me for it. Not even the endocrinologist, who, according to her own information, had done an extensive blood work. Since I was so positively surprised by the results of the last ten days and since I felt better for a long time, I stuck with it and read further into the subject.

The information about insulin resistance and my foot pain, if you can find it, is not very helpful, certainly not to the medical illiterate. Insulin resistance is also difficult to explain because it is not a disease. It can appear for a short period of time (e.g., when you sleep poorly for a few nights) or it can go unnoticed for decades, as it did for me and many other people, and then there can be severe consequences.

I had stumbled upon something very important for me and I would have to take my discovery seriously. I would reduce all carbohydrates to a minimum and compensate for this caloric deficit with fat. I would have to fast intermittently to give my body a chance to repair itself, that much I understood. Only there was one more problem: I was still hungry. A few days later after my period, the hunger disappeared and my eating started to readjust.

What a feeling: satiated. A completely new sensation. I could go about my work for hours, run errands and devote myself to my creative ambitions. Even if I got hungry, it wasn't a problem, because I wasn't hypoglycemic and close to fainting several times a day like I used to be. The perpetual hunger turned into a 2-week rhythm where I combined keto with interval fasting for the first half of the cycle and ate until I was full for the 2nd half. Around the onset and before menstruation I still had PMS symptoms. Those decreased from month to month in very small steps, but they did not disappear completely.

And something else changed: I could eat dairy products again. I could even drink ordinary milk. I only got symptoms when I overdid it violently. But what a gain in quality of life that was for me. Even though there are some opinions about eliminating dairy products from your diet, I believe that everyone has to test for themselves what works well.

But there are also people who are not only insulin resistant, but also apparently resistant to learning.

## No one wants to be healthy

When I had already been eating ketogenically for a few months, I was feeling better and better, and my initial need for information was met, I searched the Internet for people who had experienced similar things like me and had also improved their health with a ketogenic diet. Unfortunately, the literature on this is still somewhat thin with the exception of a few studies, which I obtained and read avidly. I found few blogs, but very detailed ones, in which the authors (mostly middle-aged women) reported similar experiences. This encouraged me. But there were also strange experiences.

I joined some Facebook groups about keto. But in one Facebook group, I made an unpleasant experience. The members were desperate to stay sick, at least that's how their behavior came across. They shared their most intimate experiences with insulin resistance, even showing each other their findings. The outdated orthodox medical opinion still prevailed that diabetics must consume sugar, and in large quantities. Why does this dogma persist? If this is true, why does no one tell alcoholics that an alcoholic can continue to drink after the 12-step program? Only in the area of nutrition do the long-disproved false principles persist.

In the group, any discussion about managing insulin resistance with nutrition was rigorously stopped by the administrator. Perhaps because she earns money with the group, perhaps also because she herself (still obese) has no particularly presentable results. Who would want to question themselves? Her favorite word in this context was "conform" and she frequently used it to silence group members while simultaneously pitching her book to them. With her overconfidence coupled with a competitive obedience to authority, I wouldn't want a solution to my problems either, but always confirm to my unquestioned opinion.

Shortly after joining, I resigned and found other groups where the members had been through similar things and were very open minded. I found a group that was much larger and where everyone could contribute their ideas. I met people there who, like me, were also controlling their insulin resistance with LCHF or a ketogenic, sugar-free diet, and just like me, were seeing very good results.

But that was not to be enough. Inspired by a networking meeting in late summer, a peak of creativity set in for me. I had found my mission: I knew I wasn't alone. I would do everything I could to reach out to those who, like me, were suffering in secret and had already given up. I would use my skills to ensure that these people were given exactly the information and methods they needed to live a good life. That is why this site exists.

# Chariots of Fire

No one who has not been through something similar to what I have experienced will be able to understand how it feels to finally have the solution to your problem. And that's before you even know what the problem is.

I found a doctor who offered oral glucose tolerance testing (oGTT). It was quite a while before I had an appointment. I had already changed my diet five months ago. Still, I suspected that insulin resistance would be the result of the test. After all, the body doesn't level off that quickly. At the end of September 2018, the time had come.

Because the test goes on for several hours and is a real burden if you are insulin resistant or diabetic, an oGTT can be a stressful experience. I learned a lot from this. It was like a check-up after a few months, where I could see how much the change had already helped me. Because all the unpleasant symptoms such as constant hunger, hypoglycemia, and my foot and back pain had not been forgotten, but they were no longer present. During the oGTT, I was allowed to experience a real hypoglycemia with everything that goes with it: dizziness, nausea, weak knees, trembling. Yes, this was how I had lived every day five months ago, in constant fear that I would faint at any moment.

A week later the result came in. Hardly anyone has ever been so happy to finally have the right diagnosis in their hands. This can only be understood by someone who had suffered for years and didn't know what the problem was, and then all of a sudden I had it on paper. But not only that: I already had the solution. Elated, I stepped from the doctor's office onto the street. I knew what was wrong with me, I knew exactly how I would be able to control it in the future. I was sure when I stepped out onto the street: I never had a tumor. Nor an eating disorder, as I had often been accused of in my life. No PMS. I was simply hungry and had undetected diabetes.

## 5 important lessons learned

If you have read this far: Thank you, thank you, thank you for reading my story and helping to spread the information and help others.

At the time of writing this detailed version of my story, my transition was 6 months and 10 days ago. I have no regrets. I am doing very well. I am sleeping better. My feet no longer hurt. My back no longer hurts. My weight is normalizing. I am no longer hypoglycemic and close to fainting several times a day. My energy level is stable and I can concentrate very well. My acne is mostly gone and I hardly need any skin care products. I feel very

well and am glad to have finally found the solution. When I look back at how long it took and then how quickly everything changed - it still seems like a miracle to me.

I learned a lot and I'm still learning. So here I am summarizing for you the most important lessons learned during those first critical 6 months:

## #1 The most important thing is what you leave out.

I've wondered a lot why some people get such good results with certain other diets. In my opinion that has something to do with what you leave out. The first two years of raw food were great for me. From my perspective today, and with my current level of knowledge, I suspect it had to do with the fact that I stopped eating gluten in 2002. I also suspect that's why I never experienced anything like "keto flue". I also wasn't eating refined sugar or convenience foods at the time. No alcohol, no cigarettes, no black tea. So a lot of things that just didn't do me any good and still don't. I also switched to organic. So I optimized the quality of my food. All this gave me two good years, but unfortunately I still didn't get full and was constantly hungry. But I lost the fear of fat and ate a lot of avocados, nuts and olives. That was probably the best thing I did at the time.

## #2 Constant ketosis is exhausting and unnecessary.

As far as nutrition goes, I've always tried to stick to what I would classify as natural. Would it be natural to eat only meat and butter and wash it all down with a butter coffee? Or, as a European accustomed to temperate climates, wouldn't I be more likely to go for greens? I find this discussion about keto, LCHF and the carnivore diet simply counterproductive. After all, it would be natural to have a constant rotation of our diet.

I take the ketogenic diet for what it is: a therapy. It was developed to help children with epilepsy, and the study evidence is still too thin to formulate any real guidelines. Until then, we are left with it. It also allows us to play with it. We should do that more and be tolerant. Everyone is on his own way and we really only want one thing: a good life. It would be better if we supported each other in that, rather than acting as nutrition police.

## #3 PMS

One of the greatest demonstrations of incompetence I experienced was with the endocrinologist who actually diagnosed me with PMS - 365 days a year. From this I draw the following conclusion: doctors are not scientists who can solve problems. Everyone

who wants to be healthy has to take care of their own information level. And then maybe challenge his doctor a little bit. A good doctor will get involved and discuss your concerns with you.

## #4 Overweight and malnourished

We are always very quick to blame everything on the psyche because we don't know the physical cause. We need to put an end to that. Just as it was frowned upon until a few years ago to talk about mental illness, it is still frowned upon today to identify any cause other than weakness of will in an overweight person.

It is hard to imagine that many people in our western, over-sugared industrialized nations can be undernourished and at the same time overweight in the face of an oversupply of food. People prefer to blame the individual. As if that ever helped. Those who are not insulin resistant can't even imagine what it's like to constantly suffer from hunger because only a portion of the ingested food reaches the cells. I call this phenomenon "Blamegame" and it has to stop. That's why I set up this site and put so much work into it, so that the right information is finally available and the suffering of many becomes less.

## #5 The overflowing bathtub and the plug

Further up I have already used the image of the overflowing bathtub, which fits so well with insulin resistance. In my experience, however, the plug can be different. For me, it's clearly diet, but also sleep. Less exercise, by exercise I don't mean body building. But I'm probably one of those who are allowed to rest more and don't still have to hit the treadmill after work to reach their goal. It can be different for everyone. Also, sometimes the triggers can be very hidden.

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