

Fasting Journal summer of 2022

Saturday, May 28, 2022 - Day 1 - 171.5 (+/- 1 pound on any day) 41.5" (103cm) at navel

On Thursday my masseuse pointed out a lump on my throat. I have had chest congestion, excessive sinus activity and a sore throat for quite a while. However, a lump the size of a golf-ball had gone unnoticed. It is tender when I rub it.

This morning I decided to take it very seriously and began a fast somewhat on the spur of the moment... might as well start the healing process effective Last Night. We had been giving Missy's homeopathy a good run at my problems, but nothing we have tried so far worked.

I reviewed a lot of my information on fasting, my notes and some videos that helped me through prior fasts. I recorded an overview video and published at my three websites. I suppose I have now promised 'my fan club' that I will go through with it. This one is going to be a bit different because Missy is here, making meals for her and Mom. I have to resist just a bit stronger than when she wasn't.

I drank nearly all of my normal pot of coffee. I did that last time as well. Seemed to work okay. I went through most of 2-liters of water. Some of the videos I'm watching this time indicate the gallon-a-day recommendation may not be right. I think I'll not push too hard on the water intake this time, but it does help to flood my stomach when my body pretends to be hungry.

1930 hours Saturday - My body thinks it is dinner time. It has some learning to do. More water. I am taking my morning and evening supplements as my notes indicated a lot of cramping and other issues that may have related to discontinuing them while I fasted the first two times.

Checking on the chickens (5 new ones to watch) found a fox looking through the chain link fence at them. Took the dogs to the hillside to do some fox hunting. Exciting perhaps, but no fox found by them.

2000 hours - bedtime. I have felt like going to bed for a while. Rest sounds like a good idea... beats twiddling my thumbs. Wore a T-shirt to bed (rare); turned the electric blanket ON (unusual); set it at 3 (highly unusual). Slept to 0600 (10 hours) with, I think, three bathroom trips. Dogs and chickens wanted out.

Sunday, May 29th, 2022 - Day 2 -

I went back to bed, back to sleep, getting up at 0800 (12 hours rest). Feeling pretty good... perhaps better than usual. Made a shorter than usual pot of coffee. Had two half-cups by 1000. Took my normal supplements with water.

1000 - Physical assesment: Somewhat normal bowel movement; somewhat less volume than normal. Clogged pores (mini-cysts) on chest as usual. Also normal on my nose, cheeks and forehead along with dry, flaky skin. **169.5 pounds** - likely lost two from my processing plant: empty stomach and intestines. For a month or more: ears have had excess wax, eyes are gritty every morning, excessive sinus activity, chest congestion, and, I suspect related short-windedness, noticeable sometimes at bedtime and when I play trombone.

1100-1250 - Aaron and I shot some 9mm handguns. My Springfield Hellcat keeps them on paper at 35 feet - that's about all, but I am breaking it in with generic target ammo. I played TAPS on my trombone for a Memorial remembrance ceremony in Darby. It really touched me, and was very well received. They had free cookies. I had to go the other direction post haste.

1700 - I am hungry.... very close to the "heck with it" stage. Yeah, it is my Circadian Rhythm kicking in at regular dinner time... our big meal of the day. I'm working on distracting my way through it. It gets easier in subsequent days ... RIGHT?

Sore throat, congestion, aches and pains, plus a lump in my throat the size of a golf ball ... remember the motivators.

1900 - I am tired, lethargic... where is my rocket fuel??? I'm hanging on until I can put the chickens to bed - close the coop.

2049 - Finally got the birds to bed ... I'm on my way.

Monday, May 30th, 2022 - Day 3 -

0600 - up, dressed, let dogs out, opened chicken coop, made coffee. I'm feeling reasonably normal. I had a Memorial Day essay burning in my head from yesterday's events. I got that composed and posted at my websites before I dashed off to play trombone in the Community Band for the 100-year-old Corvallis Memorial Day parade.

Great gig. Good friends. Good music. I played reasonably well. Trombones and band sounded good. The threatening skies did not actually rain on our parade, though I was dressed for it with big hat and slicker. After everything was put away I noticed the huge array of barbeques, food vendors and general Big Community Party atmosphere. I averted my eyes and boogied out of there before food availability grabbed me.

Home again at noon. Food sounds good ... and bad. No, no, no. Water. Do something else. I'm a bit tired and cool, so I lay back in my recliner with music going and a blanket over me. Yep. Just right. Got up, dropped the CRX off at Hamilton Automotive for repair, got home, did a few chores, then back in the recliner under my blanket for a bit.

I seem to be a bit more chilled and tired than normal. To be expected. Also having a bit of a headache. I don't remember that side effect from prior years.

1600 - Almost three full days since I last ate. The ketosis fat burning, healing should be kicking in any time now. It seems like our semi-intermittent-fasting lifestyle might have helped initiate that already. I have definitely not been feeling normal.

Lazing around all afternoon. I am not quite as sleepy as I have been. It is 2230. I think I'll give going to bed a go. Nah. I better do the recliner and mellow music - resting rather than restless in bed. Difficulty going to sleep is one of the early fasting phases for many. I might be there tonight.

Tuesday, May 31st, 2022 - Day 4 -

I felt slightly better overall this morning. Nothing I could put my finger on, but less nasal congestion, less earwax, less grit in my eyes. Small bowel movement. Shower - weighed in at 164.5 - down 7 pounds of stuff being digested and likely some muscle loss overall. Love handles are as big as ever. The pores on my skin do not appear to be as clogged as they have of late - skin feels a bit smoother.

No great ambition or energy. Today is Missy's day in town so I am indoors keeping an eye on Mom and cleaning files on my computer and two trombone slides.

Walked Bosco up the road and back - our normal 1 mile round trip seemed like quite a ways. Ignoring meals is supposed to get easier and my energy better from here on out. I do have a number of unwell factors to purge. May take a bit.

Lazing about all day has a drawback, or is it one of the side effects of the early days in a fast? Well I did not get sleepy until 2300 last night. Still got up at 0600, but I get as many naps of whatever size I want during the days.

Wednesday, June 1st, 2022 - Day 5 -

About the time my Circadian Rhythm would have kicked in for the breakfast pangs, I packed my bass and gear for my string jam at the Senior Center. No hunger at all. But CRAP! Free lunch (for musicians) today was Taco Salad. Oh jeeze! I have not met the Mexican food I did not like. Immediately after the jam when the rest of the band went to chow down, I packed my gear and got the heck outta there. Get thee behind me, Satan.

A couple of stops and I got home on a few sips of water. Suspicious the lump in my throat may be related to a defective filling I have had above that region for a couple of years, I made a dental appointment. I don't want to repeat my near death experience from that situation 22 years ago in Grangeville.

I took a walk in my head around people I know and have known to find only one, perhaps two who I think could undertake a fast beyond a day or two... well, while food is readily available anyway. They all may get a crack at it whether willing or not.

I need to work on improving my dinner time distractions. That meal calls strongly every evening. It seems a camping trip with like-minded people would work well. No stoves, no food, no coolers. It would greatly simplify packing, setting up and tearing down camp. Resisting non-existent meals would be a snap. Participants could help each other with distractions at regular mealtimes. Take art supplies, musical instruments, games ...

Lower back is sore, most likely from internal organs processing toxins from all the cells purging bad guys. It made getting to sleep difficult.

Chronic bronchial congestion expectorant is greatly reduced, but the frequency of working to hack it up has greatly increased. Chronic nasal congestion is down A BUNCH.

Went to bed late - like 2200.

Thursday, June 2nd, 2022 - Day 6 -

I am well on my way. Have to work to keep my incentive and resolve strong. I am only four days from matching my personal best. It is supposed to get easier from here on out.

This morning my eyes, ears and nose are almost clear and clean upon waking up. That has not been true for a long time. Got up at 0530. We are supposed to require less sleep when not expending the great deal of energy digestion of food takes.

My torso looks unchanged in the mirror, but I weigh in at 161 (down 11) and measure at the navel 39 3/4" or 101 cm (down 1 3/4" or 2 cm). Okay, I guess the fat reserves are finally getting tapped into; ketosis has arrived.

Energy has not returned. I am becoming a full-time layabout. Fortunately my wife has a soft spot for slow moving old guys. She is feeding grandpa rooster as his grandson attacks brutally whenever he spots the old man - who is now hiding full time.

Another night of lower back pain preventing sleep. The toxic materials processing plants inside that area are working overtime. I have to make an effort to drink more water to help flush the bad stuff out. Could find no comfortable position in bed though I was plenty tired. Bundled up and tried without much success to get comfortable in the recliner. Finally settled in a nearly upright position that worked kind-of-okay.

Friday, June 3rd, 2022 - Day 7 -

Dang, a week without a meal, or any food for that matter. Hard to find anyone who would do that on purpose. Food is a fond memory that continually enters my consciousness. I have yet to achieve that place where I am as if I had never eaten a single meal in my life. I think that will never happen. No, this operation runs full time on will power. Most people are simply too weak to pull it off.

My initial plan was a 20 day water fast. Dang, that puts me a third of the way to my goal. My personal best is 10 days. Matching that would be laudable and have me resume eating food next Tuesday. I have a dental appointment Wednesday that may set me on the path to healing the lump in my throat through other means. This fast has had no noticeable impact on it. Fershur I will fast through Wednesday. Twenty days is June 16th... not *THAT* far away.

I remember now ... when the body stabilizes in the fast, the purging, detoxing is complete. I am still bundling up to go to bed. That should be past when the internal war has been won. Not something you can put on a calendar.

Ears are almost completely clear of wax. Eyes are almost completely clear of sand in the morning. Sinus activity is reduced to minimal ... not needing nasal spray at bedtime. Skin on my face is less dry, fewer clogged pores, seems smoother. Flem in the chest is greatly reduced - hacking up tiny amounts now, but still hacking. We are winning numerous battles.

But I am tired, lethargic, uninspired. I ask very little of myself - and deliver exactly that.

I have a metallic taste in my mouth. Clifford, my non-fasting friend does too. He thinks it is the metal from the chemtrails. Probably. I would like to rinse it out with some forbidden food or drink, but NO. Water is the prescription on my menu.

There is a photo on my wall of our rattle battle winning team from 2014. That Ted character is about 60 pounds heavier than this one eight years his senior. The bay window he is carrying does not look healthy. My belt is near the limit before modifications need be made to shrink it. The guy in the photo probably couldn't use it at the outermost hole.

40 3/8" 102.3 cm ... down 1 1/8" or .7 cm these measurements are highly variable, depending on where I measure and how relaxed I make my belly. There is, however, no doubt my body is working on its fat reserves, including my favorite storehouse - the naval line. If fat consumption were the prime motivator, it would take a month to shed the love handles and overhang above my belt. Fat is an amazingly efficient fuel supply.

I have had a metallic taste that coffee, food and wine were likely washing away previously, or there is something new in the air. Clifford reports he is having it now too which makes it a little more likely something new being sprayed on us. I added green tea to my evenings to rinse that flavor out. It helps and is legitimate in a water fast; not confusing the body that is now in Ketosis.

Saturday, June 4th, 2022 - Day 8 - 161 pounds - down 10.5 in 8 days - likely half muscle that will quickly return, half fat that won't

Still taking it easy, not feeling the energy or ambition to get active in the shop. It is raining. Perfect day for remaining in the studio. I rebuilt Lenny (Lenovo computer) to make the Linux Mint operating system useful and friendly for Missy and Clifford to use. Played heck getting the e-mail accounts to work right. Not my fault, but the hosting sites were quite wonky finally working without me changing my approach ... other than waiting A LOT and retrying A LOT.

Metabolism is down. I am wearing more clothes than usual. House heat is turned up to 73 which suits Missy just fine.

Medical Status Report

Ears are clear of the wax that has been my normal for months. Morning eyes are almost clear of the crust and 'sand' that has required a morning face wash to clean off for many months. Sinuses are mostly clear instead of intermittently clogged and always nearly so. Skin is more moist and smooth rather than dry, flaky with little subcutaneous cysts all over my nose and cheeks. My urine is strongly yellow despite drinking at least 3 liters of water daily. The chronic *forever* heavy flem load in my chest is down to very little and, I suspect, moving towards clearing altogether. Coughing is still regular, but not producing much flem - in stark contrast to before the detoxification phase of my fast kicked in.

I am making noticeable progress improving my overall health. The cells in my body are still purging old, less desirable parts and rebuilding with fresh components. I am getting younger, healthier by the day - even if the work in progress is at a barely visible foundation phase.

Hungry? You bet. Still interested in eating food? Dang straight. Will Power is the key ... still.

Not feeling sleepy at my normal times. It was 2300 before I got to bed. LOWER BACK PAIN kicked in as soon as I laid myself down. No position was comfortable. I bundled up and trundled out to the recliner. I couldn't find a comfortable position there either. I had Missy position a Lidocaine patch over the offending area. I got to sleep in the recliner, later moving to the bed. Severe cramping in my left calf got me out of bed Post Haste just after 5. Slathering Lasting Touch all over the calf and foot plus anti-cramp pills got me another hour's sleep.

Sunday, June 5th, 2022 - Day 9 -

Calf cramps got me up at 0500. I dealt with them and slept until 0630. Without the energy demanded by digestion my body requires less sleep. This is as far as I went last year; now one day short of my personal best of August 2020. I do not plan to end this one until the signs indicate my detoxification is complete. Supposedly there are two 10-day healing cycles in the first 20 days of a fast. My tentative plan is to go for both of those.

Dang, I want this over with. I have fond memories of normalcy.

It will be. Just not today.

I still cannot imagine nearly any of my acquaintances resisting food while surrounded by abundance - not for a whole day, let alone nine of them. This is definitely one for the exceptional.

Missy and I are talking about long-term diet modifications. We have been doing quite well and do not need to adjust much. Horrible diets are the norm in our country... and it shows quite clearly in many ways. That will end soon.

Personally, I can no longer imagine going to a very expensive petrochemical pharmaceutical dispensing expert to passively ingest whatever expensive side-effect-laden concoction he prescribes in hopes of curing my numerous health imbalances - when my body is amazingly well designed to heal itself.

I am, however, going to a dentist next Wednesday to deal with a couple of loose fillings I have been keeping uninfected for two years with daily colloidal silver applications. They happen to be on the swollen lymph node side, and could be factors in that swelling.