

ACCENT
magnesium Citrate
2 potassium - (2)
1 liter = 2 caps / stevia
1/2 +

MONDAY POP!
Daniel Radcliffe, aka Harry Potter,
says he's no virgin. Details, 2D

Exhausted by career, child-care and life's
curveballs, she went on a juice diet for 21 days.
Did she 'detox' or deflate? Sept 18 Pat -
11:00 am

WHEN LIFE HANDS YOU LEMONS,

squeeze them,
add enzyme powder
and drink

By LONNAE O'NEAL PARKER
The Washington Post

The idea came to me over a plate of Buffalo
wings, although the roots of it stretched back
further. Oprah had just finished a 21-day diet detox,
my husband mentioned casually, and I felt the kind
of quick stab of jealousy you get when someone else
does something you had long been considering.

Earlier this year, a mom at my daughters' school
had done a diet detox, and the results were dramatic.
She was obviously thinner, but it was more than that.
Her face glowed, her eyes sparkled, she seemed
lit from within. Immediately I rushed her. Where?
What? How? I pressed her until she brought me her
copy of *21 Pounds in 21 Days: The Martha's Vineyard
Diet Detox*. Don't let the title fool you, she cautioned;
the book focuses much more on cleansing than on
losing weight.

I sat her book on my kitchen table and didn't
think of it again for months, until the Buffalo wings.

The next morning, I picked up the book again. "A
once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for people to experi-
ence a fresh start ... greater mental clarity, memory,
and focus," it said. I so need this, I thought. I'm 41,
and I've never fasted, never established a regular
eating regimen, never even been on a diet. But I'm
hungry. And it's about much more than food.

For years I've career-climbed, but lately I've had
to strip-mine my creativity to put words on the page.
My three children take more time, wisdom and en-
ergy than I have. A woman who was like my second
mother died last year.

Newspapers are letting
go of journalists nation-
wide, gas is almost \$4 a
gallon and I need reading
glasses.

I crave energy and
balance. I don't struggle
with weight, but I strug-
gle almost daily with
bouts of hypoglycemia,
and my blood sugar often
drops precipitously low,
leaving me addled and
spent. For years I exer-
cised regularly, but that
was years ago. My mod-
ern American woman's
life is making me sick,
but I don't have time for
wellness. I feel toxic. I need an intervention.

But 21 days to get control of my health? And not
just for me, but also for my niece Ryan, chunky from
a semester in France, and my husband, Ralph, who
was just laid off and is fighting his own battles with
weight and focus? That sounded about right.

The authors' testimony felt compelling, the book
had gotten good press, and I liked the pictures of
fresh vegetables on the cover. There was perhaps not
enough research about the detox, but for me, it was a
leap of faith. I trusted my friend, the smart vegetar-
ian mom, but even more, I trusted the voice in my
head telling me that something had to give.



21 Pounds in 21 Days:
The Martha's Vineyard
Diet Detox by Roni DeLuz
with James Hester

NIGHT BEFORE DETOX DAY:

My dining room table is covered with products from the book's Web site (mydietdetox.com). EssentialGreens and Zesty Tomato VegeSplash powders, NuStevia herbal sugar substitute and digestive enzyme capsules.

A three-week, three-person supply, with each kit costing a little more than \$200.

I am chomping on a BLT, mindful that this may be the last time I chew for weeks. There are no solids in this diet detox, only soups, juices and supplements. There's no chewing at all, to "give your digestive system a rest," according to co-author Roni DeLuz, a naturopathic doctor and founder of the Martha's Vineyard Holistic Retreat.

This will be intense: eating every two hours, juicing my vegetables, keeping to a regimen of herbal teas and distilled water. What if I can't stick with it? I call co-author James Hester, who soothes me with talk of slowing down and taking care.

In the kitchen, my niece and sister are doing a trial run with the juicer. Tomorrow we go liquid. I take two more bites of my BLT, then I think I'll have a quick bowl of ice cream.

D DAY 1

We're going to weigh in every morning.

■ Ralph, 6-feet-2, 257 pounds.

■ Ryan, 5-feet-7, 188 pounds.

■ Me, 5-feet-4, 116 pounds.

8:30 a.m.: "1, 2, 3, DETOX!" we yell.

My first cup of water and I'm already tired of water.

Last night's pizza is on the stove. I pick it up and smell.

9:30 a.m.: More tea and water. I want a sausage McMuffin with cheese.

10 a.m.: I feel sluggish and tired. "Can we add apples?" Ryan whines. An hour and a half into our detox, the bigness of what we are trying to do is dawning on us.

D DAY 2

6:44 p.m.: We get through the day, but biscuits, toast and garlic bread are heavy on my mind. Ryan wants popcorn. I have to cook dinner for the kids, and handling food is hard.

My head hurts. The book calls it a "healing crisis" — a reaction "as the body flushes toxins out of your cells so you can" get rid of them. It often comes after a few days. I'm early with mine.

D DAY 3

I wake up weak and dizzy. I didn't finish my soup last night. I drink my morning BerrySplash and feel instantly better. The book promises that if I follow the regimen, I won't be hungry, and I'm not. But I mourn the habits of eating.

Ralph has bad knees and wants to see if he can get some weight off them before considering surgery. He also wants to be healthier, to look better and to share this together. But now he's fussing at me because I missed my 10:30 "feeding." He chides, "You can't fuss at me again for missing anything." I'd been mad when he got off schedule, because that makes you hungry and increases your odds of breaking detox.

"You're the one more likely to snap," I yell back. "You'll be talkin' about 'I'll gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today.'" I collapse in giggles and my husband regards me

coolly.

"You're punchy," he says, full of disdain.

1 p.m.: We're at the CarMax and I'm crashing. My head hurts; I'm nauseous and tired. The book says get plenty of rest, but my life isn't conducive to plenty of rest.

4:52 p.m.: I fall into the couch, exhausted. Ralph and I have missed three feedings. He brings me a glass of Zesty Tomato VegeSplash, and almost comically I begin to revive. My husband has some room for error, but I do not have reserves of weight and nutrition. I am close to my margins. Wow, I really do have to eat on schedule if I don't want to make myself sick. I feel as if some profound revelation is starting to dawn on me.

I can go all day without eating, then I'm starving by family dinner or by the next morning, and I eat all the cookies and carbs in sight. In my struggles

with low blood sugar, I had long heard I should eat small meals throughout the day, but I never felt the truth of it until I lay on the couch sensing myself come back to life after a few sips of tomato drink. I don't know if I can change my eating habits, but now, at last, I think perhaps I should.

6 p.m.: The book recom-
mends that detoxers have
a weekly colonic. I don't
even know what a colonic
is, so I go on the Internet.
Oh.

Not happening, say
Ryan and Ralph. It will
help your headache, Hes-
ter promises.

Another leap of faith. I
schedule one. I thought it
would be awful. But noth-
ing about it was. I leave
grateful, my headache
gone.

8 p.m.: Ryan says she
wants to quit. "Your jour-
ney isn't just about you,"
I say. Ralph and I spend
an hour talking her down
from the ledge.

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recommends
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is, so I go on
the Internet.
Oh.'*

D DAY 4

Ryan feels
better. She makes
a vegetable
soup for dinner:
greens, spinach,
cucumbers,
carrots, celery,
broccoli, garlic
and a sweet
potato. She
liquefies it; I spray
it with Bragg
Liquid Aminos for
flavor. Best thing
we've tasted in
days.

D DAY 5

Why have I
never noticed how
many food ads
are on television?
Two roast beef
sandwiches for \$4
at Arby's, a pound
of pizza at Pizza
Hut, McDonald's,
KFC. Image after
image assaults
me. My kids left
a grape on the
counter. I want
to chew it up. It's
unnatural not to
chew.

D DAY 6

At the mall, my
girls want Sbarro.
"How's your
pizza?" I ask.
"It's good," says
Sydney, 14. Short
pause. "How's your
zesty enzyme?"
she asks.
I just look at
her. Nice.

D DAY 7

I make my first-
ever shopping trip
to Whole Foods.
I'm just getting
the eat-right
gospel, and we are
in a cathedral. I
rejoice in picking
organic beets and
antibiotic-free
chicken for my
kids.

D DAY 8

"Hooray!"
It has been one of
the longest weeks of
my life. I take inordi-
nate care dressing for
book club (where the
hostesses serve salmon
in dill sauce and fresh
asparagus as Ryan and
I look on). Your skin
looks great, a friend
says. I am beaming.
It's still really dif-
ficult, but we've turned
a corner. We now know
we can do the detox.

DOES SHE MAKE IT TO DAY 21?

PLUS: The downside of detox diets, PAGE 3D