

# *Food*

## A Love Story

30 Days of Soul-Full Eating

Maureen Whitehouse

AXIOM PUBLISHING  
HOLLYWOOD, FL

Copyright © 2011 by Maureen Whitehouse

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the author, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review.

Published by Axiom Publishing | Post Office Box 682 | Hollywood, FL 33022  
U.S.A.

Info@ExperienceAxiom.com | www.ExperienceAxiom.com

#### Publisher's Cataloging-in-Publication

Whitehouse, Maureen.

Food: A Love Story / by Maureen Whitehouse. -- 1st ed.

p. cm.

Includes index.

LCCN 2009939005

ISBN 10: 0-9817834-1-4 (print ed)

ISBN 13: 978-0-9817834-1-3 (print ed)

I. Nutrition. 2. Spiritual life. 3. Health.

I. Title.

**DISCLAIMER:** This book is for informational and educational purposes only. The material in this book is not meant to replace medical advice. Please consult with a physician, psychotherapist or other qualified health care professional if you have questions or concerns about your health.

Never change any treatment or medication without consulting a physician or other qualified health professional. The author and Axiom Publishing shall have neither liability nor responsibility to any person or entity with respect to any damage, loss, consequences or injury related to information including recommendations, products and services contained in this book. Neither do they assume responsibility for any improper use of this book.

Typography: Lori Bain

Cover Design: Saeedeh K. Naderi

Author Photo: Sandra Kimball

**Unattributed quotations are by Maureen Whitehouse.**

*To change  
a person must face  
the dragon of his appetites  
with another dragon,  
the life-energy  
of the soul.*

~ Jelaluddin Rumi

## FOREWORD

KATE CAME TO ME EXHAUSTED. “Tired of myself,” she said, dropping into a chair and slouching into her bulky sweater as if she wanted to disappear.

“I’ve been struggling with self-image for as long as I can remember, trying to lose these extra 10 to 15 pounds that I’ve been carrying around,” she pinched her waist, then threw up her hands in disgust. “I’ve tried probably 20 or 30 different diets. I’ve worked out, pumped up, fueled up and now I’m feeling entirely fed up,” she said dramatically, “I’m constantly thinking about my weight. I’m sick of it. Even when I almost reach my goal of 125 pounds—say one or two pounds away—it’s not long before I’m back up to 140 again.

“I’m done!” She said emphatically, “I feel fat, sad and defeated.” Tears began to well up in her eyes. As she sat across from me, my office desk between us, I could see that she was at the end of her rope, and would probably want to hang herself with it if she’d found herself in front of one more diet guru promoting yet another miracle plan.

Happily, I knew I couldn’t offer her such false promises.

Instead, I handed her a box of tissues and smiled, feeling immensely grateful for the opportunity to work with someone willing to be so vulnerable and honest—knowing that when harnessed and moved in the right direction, these qualities breed tremendous strength.

“So, are you ready to begin?” I asked.

She looked at me skeptically, raising an eyebrow, “I don’t know.”

“Good!” I said, “For the next few moments, allow yourself to

stay in that frame of mind—not knowing—and for once in your life, allow yourself to feel happy about it. Can you do that?”

“I don’t know,” she replied, still teary.

“Perfect!” I said, enthusiastically.

She looked confused, but as the irony of the situation dawned on her, a slight smile came to her lips and she let out a long sigh, as her mood visibly lightened.

“You’re doing it already!” I said.

“Doing what?” she asked, shaking her head as if to say, no, I don’t like this one bit. But her widening smile betrayed her.

“You’re surrendering.” I said.

“To what?” she asked.

“To the moment,” I replied. “Doesn’t it feel great?!”

“I don’t know—” she began to say, but then caught herself mid-sentence and burst out laughing.

To which I replied, “Isn’t it a relief? And,” I continued, “not knowing—if you can surrender to it—is the key to happiness.”

“Well, it’s definitely not your typical diet plan,” she laughed.

I could see that she was entirely engaged now.

“It’s clear that you’re catching on quick,” I remarked. “So I’m going to let you in on a little secret of mine—something you can always fall back on when you’re struggling or confused. I have a personal mantra that I say to myself whenever I’m about to begin a new endeavor, or find myself in the midst of transition, challenge or change. And really, if we’re fully living life and not shrinking from it, these moments of uncertainty happen to us hundreds of times each and every day. Whenever I’m in the middle of one, I say:

*I don’t know what it is, but I love it!*

“You see,” I went on, “It’s a happy little secret of life—the secret of not knowing. It doesn’t have to be scary not to know. It can actually be invigorating, exhilarating and thoroughly enjoyable to not understand exactly what’s going on in your life. But the trick is that you have to *love* that you don’t know what’s going on.”

Kate's eyes were wide, as if she didn't quite believe what she was hearing, "My whole life, I always thought that I had to have a plan, that I needed to know where I was going."

"Most people do," I said, "thanks to the ego—that's the voice of survival, of control, of dreaded anticipation that keeps us feeling imprisoned in a hopeless endeavor, because we can't possibly control our lives to a 'T'. The ego can never really make us feel safe, or secure, or happy, or comfortable, because it's too obsessed with controlling everything. And following the ego will never make us feel loved, which is really what all of those other feelings are about."

"So what does all of this have to do with dieting?"

"Good question," I laughed, "I'll cut to the chase and go right to the end of this *non*-dieting journey that you and I will be taking together these next 30 days. And I'll let you know right now, that at the end of these 30 days I don't want you to be anything but you. Free, happy and joyously you!"

I took out a piece of paper and wrote down what Kate could expect to experience.

1. I don't want you to change at all. I want you to find what's unchangeable in you and begin to live from there.
2. I don't want you to be in control of yourself or your life. I want you to embrace life's unpredictability. And realize that its uncontrollability is actually a blessing.
3. I don't want you to win any "diet battles." I want you to surrender to the grace that's all around you.
4. I don't want you to achieve some dieting goal and "get there" by giving up all of your "bad habits." I want your bad habits to give up you.

Kate looked at me, completely confused, but for once, not seeming to mind that one bit. Her whole body was less tense and she began to sit up straighter as I spoke, leaning in with interest. The tears of sadness and frustration that she'd come in with had turned into tears of relief.

"Good, that's what I want," I said, "your eyes to see more

clearly. So keep on crying. Cry for hours and hours if you like. I've got plenty of time. Those tears are going to help you immensely, they mean that you're letting go, and ultimately they'll turn into what I call 'golden tears'—tears of joy.”

Kate's expression began to relax. I could tell that she was basking in this acceptance of her emotional roller coaster. For once, no one was telling her that what she was feeling was wrong or that she had to be a certain way.

When I could see that she'd had the chance to soak in what she'd heard so far, I said, “Now, it's the beginning.”

“The beginning of what?” she asked tentatively.

“Just you wait and see. Over these next 30 days, we're going to lift the veil between you and your life, so that you can finally see the beauty that's all around you and realize the brilliance of who you are.”

Kate was speechless, her eyes wide, but no longer skeptical.

“Go home. Rest up. Let our conversation sink in and notice how you feel about it. I'll see you tomorrow morning...”

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT...

Prior to beginning *Food: A Love Story*, I'd like you to tangibly mark the commencement of this endeavor by setting aside some time today, approximately 15-20 minutes, when you can be quiet and introspective. Then fill out the questionnaire: *Are You Soul-Full?* While doing so, pay close attention to the feelings that arise. Be honest and self-reverent, while remaining as objective as possible. You'll be happy to have this record of your authentic feelings when you complete the program, as a tangible way to realize how far you've come.

After honestly answering each question, put the questionnaire away in a safe place. You'll be reading it again when you finish the program to evaluate your progress.

A printable version of this questionnaire is available at:  
[www.eatwithsoul.com/links](http://www.eatwithsoul.com/links)

## ARE YOU SOUL-FULL?

While completing the following questionnaire it's of key importance to remember that this self-survey is for your eyes only—it is between you and you. Answer each question as accurately and objectively as you can. There is no “right” or “wrong” answer.

If you feel guilt or judgment arise in you while you are answering any specific question, pause for a moment, breathe deeply, and just observe yourself. To the best of your ability, let any unsettlement go. Be inviting and curious with yourself; enjoy this process of self-inquiry. When you have completed the survey, put it aside in a safe place so you can read it again in 30 days, when you'll ask yourself these same questions once again.

Take my word for it, it's quite an enlightening process.

*Answer these questions by rating your level of satisfaction in each area from 1-10. (1 is the least satisfying—10 is extremely satisfying.)*

I have a fulfilling home life.	
I have satisfying, whole relationships.	
I have a fulfilling career.	
I regularly pursue hobbies and interests that I enjoy.	
I engage in regular physical activity that I love.	
I am committed to a daily spiritual practice that I feel connects me on a deep level.	
I am fully present in my life—meaning, I hold no anger, resentment or judgment towards others.	
I am sensitive to my own needs, as well as the needs of others.	
I view sensitivity as strength.	
I embrace change.	
I welcome intimacy, love and touch.	
I feel connected to life and to others.	
I find reasons to belly laugh, out loud and often.	
I feel I have an important purpose to fulfill in life.	
I am living my purpose.	
I know how to create the life I'd love.	
I am ready to unlock my unlimited potential, balance my emotions, master my diet, and liberate my spirit.	

D A Y   O N E

# Lighten Up!

*There is nothing more surprising than right now.  
Right now is where you always are anyway.*

~ James Broughton

“SO YOU WANT TO LOSE WEIGHT,” I said to Kate as she settled in across from me on the couch.

“Well, I’m not sure anymore,” she said tentatively. “That’s what I’d thought before we spoke yesterday. But now it feels like... something lifted. I don’t know what it is, but I feel better... about myself... about the prospect of finding a ‘better me.’”

“Good,” I said. “That’s easy. The road may appear to be long, but it’s actually very short.” I continued, “It’s the journey from, ‘I’m not.’ to ‘I am!’ This journey all happens inside of you—the truth is, it can’t happen anywhere else.”

“I feel like I’ve already been on a never-ending journey to find happiness,” Kate said wearily.

“It’s only seemed like a long and arduous journey to you because you’ve been on the endless diet-syndrome route. That’s a journey that just keeps you going ‘round and ‘round in circles, hoping you’ll get to some destination of perfection and happiness someday that’s way outside of yourself. Am I right? The only road signs along the way have been other

people's 'expert opinions' and your own skewed view of yourself based on your willingness to sacrifice, suffer, endure and deny."

"Ugh. That sounds about right."

"Yet despite everything you do, no matter how hard you try, that 'someday I'll be happy with the way I look' destination always remains elusive."

Kate laughed uneasily, "It sounds nuts when you describe it that way. But you're right."

"That's the fast route to hell if I've ever heard of one!" We both began to laugh, at how absurd the situation had been, and with optimism for the future.

Kate seemed relieved that I understood and could relate to her so well. With a sudden gleam of newfound hope in her eye, she came to the edge of her seat and asked, "So, how do I begin?"

I reached into my desk drawer, took out an audio CD and handed it to her saying, "Today, and for the next 30 days, you are going to awaken each and every morning to yourself."

"I don't get it. What do you mean, 'awaken to myself?'"

"You've obviously gotten out of bed today, since you're here, but are you really awake? Or, are you sleepwalking?"

"I'm not sure what you mean," she said slowly, the familiar look of confusion returning.

"Do you feel blissfully happy to be alive right now?"

She sat back in her chair and her eyes lowered a bit. After a moment she looked back up and said, "No. I feel hopeful. But I can't say I feel blissful."

"Then," I said, "you're still sleeping."

She looked at me searchingly and despite herself she laughed out loud and said, "Okay."

I didn't say anything. She thought for a moment and a hint of sadness returned to her voice as she spoke again, unsure of what my reply to her next question would be.

"Can you help me wake up?" she sincerely and humbly asked.

To which I answered, “Sure.”

She exhaled deeply and then replied, in an almost inaudible whisper, the tears welling up again in her eyes, “Oh, thank God. It’s been such a nightmare.”

“First, sit back and get comfortable,” I said. “Then you can listen to the audio CD that I’ll be giving you to take home. I’d like you to listen to it every morning for the next 30 days, while you are still in bed, or sitting up in a comfortable position with your back supported, so you can relax.”

I put the CD on, so that we could “wake up” listening to it together. For a full five minutes we heard a gentle mantra repeated:

*I relax and cast aside all mental burdens and allow Soul to express through me Divine Peace, Love and Wisdom.*

As we listened I could feel a palpable shift in the room. Everything seemed more spacious and relaxed. Kate was willingly surrendering to the words.

When the meditation was over, she took her time to slowly open her eyes. I noticed they were teary once again. I smiled but kept silent.

She smiled back at me and said, “I don’t know what it is, but I love it.’

I laughed, “See you tomorrow, bright and early, wide awake!” As she got up to leave, I added, “And maybe you’ll want to forgo the coffee...”

## SOMETHING TO CHEW ON



*I am not a body. I am free. For I am still as God created me.  
~ A Course In Miracles*

## SOUL-FULL EATING EXERCISE #1



Begin today and everyday for the next 30 Days, listening to the *Food: A Love Story* meditation recording. Go to the following link to listen to and download the recording. [www.eatwithsoul.com/links](http://www.eatwithsoul.com/links)

## OPTIONAL ASSIGNMENT:

We'll be moving into a more expansive, expressive way of life over the next 30 days. Artificial stimulants, such as strong coffee, may mask your progress from you. My hope is that at the end of these 30 days you'll find yourself having no need for artificial *anything*.

To find out more about coffee, tea and caffeine—especially if you feel that caffeinated products are necessary, or a problem for you in your life—read Chapter 23: “Kicking Caffeine—Grounds for Change” in *Soul-Full Eating: A (Delicious!) Path to Higher Consciousness*. But remember, there's no need to force yourself to give up your “bad habits” now. They'll soon be naturally giving up you.

D A Y   T W O

# A Belly Full of Soul

*You, my own deep soul, trust me, I will not betray you.  
My blood is alive with many voices telling me I am made  
of longing.*

~ Rainer Maria Rilke

KATE'S STEP WAS NOTICEABLY LIGHTER when she arrived the next day.

As she sat down on the couch she smiled, "I had a great sleep last night. Just knowing that I'd wake up to the meditation CD helped me sleep more soundly. I didn't feel that dreaded sense of foreboding I typically wake up with each day."

I found myself buoyed by her cheerfulness. But then she instantly sobered.

"That's when it dawned on me how difficult it's been to be me!" She looked at me squarely and went on. "I've had that thought before, about how hard it is to be in my own skin. That idea typically sends me reeling into despair, and I'll admit it, running to the fridge, to put something, *anything*, in my mouth—swallowing in seconds—barely even tasting it."

I nodded and she continued, "But this time, I didn't take that route. I didn't fall into the downward spiral I usually

find myself in when facing such an awful realization. Instead of falling into the black hole of self pity, I felt fortunate this morning, very fortunate, to finally be finding my way out.”

I smiled as she exhaled deeply and changed the subject, “The meditation CD was perfect for me today. But you know what? Once I got dressed and went downstairs and into the kitchen for breakfast, I realized, ‘Wait a minute, I don’t know what to eat!’ And it dawned on me, we haven’t even touched on the actual act of eating yet.”

Before I could open my mouth to respond she added, tongue in cheek, “But by the way, I had herbal tea this morning instead of my usual, zero calorie coffee black. And I have to say, I feel okay. No tangible withdrawal symptoms.” She held out her hand to show me that it was steady, and laughed. “So I ate what I felt like eating, which ended up being a bowl of sliced bananas, strawberries and mango.”

I nodded, waiting to hear what she’d say next. She took a sip of water and continued, “I hate to say this, for fear I’ll jinx it, but I think I felt lighter and happier today and so I naturally felt like eating something lighter. Could that be true?”

“Alright,” I said, “it looks like we’re going to dive right in today.”

I sat down next to her on the couch and began, “There’s a very good reason why I haven’t said anything to you yet about the foods you’re eating. It’s because I want you to feel how, and why, you choose to eat the foods that you do, on your own. How could you possibly feel that if I make all of your meal selections for you?”

“And,” I continued, “I see, from what you’ve told me, that you’re already beginning to notice that what you choose to eat has an awful lot to do with how you feel. Good for you.”

Kate pondered this as she sipped her water.

I went on. “Kate, how many diets have you actually been on over the course of your life?”

She looked up towards the ceiling, wrinkled her nose and

pursed her lips, calculating in her head and then burst out, “Yikes. I’d say about 47.”

“And how many health and wellness, diet and nutrition and cooking books have you read?”

Again, she searched her mind for an answer. “Well, I have at least 20 in my bookshelf and that doesn’t include the ones I’ve thrown away or given to friends. So I’d say, all in all about 35 or so.”

“And how about the magazine and online articles you’ve read, the expert interviews you’ve seen on TV, the lectures, workshops and seminars about diet, health and wellness that you’ve attended over the years—how many?”

This time it didn’t take long at all for Kate to answer my question.

“Countless,” is all she said, as she shook her head in disbelief and threw her hands up in surrender.

“And you need me to tell you what to eat!?”

Sobered by realization, Kate looked at me, stupefied.

And then, as she suddenly shrunk into the couch cushions, visibly transforming before me into a meek and frightened little girl, she said, “Yes, I’d still like that.”

After a poignant moment of silence, she stammered, “I’m... I... I guess I’m... afraid.”

Again the tears. This time, rivers of them.

I placed the tissue box in front of her and leaned over to give her a big hug, at which she broke down completely. I just let her cry.

“I’m a mess, aren’t I?” she sniffled, pulling a tissue from the box on the coffee table and blowing her nose.

I could tell that she was hoping I’d say no. But instead I said nothing for a few more moments. It wasn’t until she looked up, into my eyes, that I smiled a very appreciative smile and said honestly, “No Kate, you’re not a mess at all. You’ve got that all wrong. You’re a brilliant, beautiful Soul.”

“Well how come I can’t see that!” she screamed, frustrated.

“I try and I try and I try and I don’t see that. No matter what I do!”

“That’s exactly why, Kate. You’re trying too hard. Soul is your *being*—not your *doings*.”

She sniffed but didn’t say anything.

“When you got quiet and still listening to the CD this morning, what did you feel?” I asked.

A small smile played at the corners of her mouth. The tears continued to run down her cheeks, but had now slowed to a trickle.

“Peaceful,” she said, remembering.

“And what were you doing?” I asked.

“Nothing. Just listening.”

“That’s right,” I said.

“So... so, let me get this straight,” she stammered, “you mean to say I need to do nothing and I’ll lose weight?”

“Yes and No,” I said.

“How yes?” she asked.

“Well,” I began, “as you align with Soul, via the work we do together, you’ll naturally only *do* what *feels* peaceful to you. Peace-*full* means you won’t crave empty activities or relationships that *feel* meaningless to you anymore. Eating empty calories has just been *one* of your empty occupations—agreed?”

“Yes, I agree,” she admitted, “And what about, ‘No?’ How does doing nothing *not* help me succeed?” she inquired, with even more interest now.

“Well, if you aren’t aligned with Soul, you might mistake, ‘I need do nothing’ as license to literally do nothing. To slough off, procrastinate, and otherwise avoid your growth. That is *absolutely not* what I am saying.”

“How can I tell the difference between the two?” she asked.

“Well now you’re asking me the most important question—feel that answer for yourself right now. There’s a vast difference between the Soul’s relaxed and peaceful knowing, ‘I *need* do

nothing,' which appreciates and allows space for situations to evolve and unfold, and the ego's controlling and battling with life, victim-victor stance of, 'I can't, or won't, do anything.' See what a chasm there is between living those two polar existences? One breeds joy, the other despair. One feels relaxed and secure, the other feels numb and stagnant."

"So you're saying it's the stance we take that determines our experience of life, and that we actually have a choice of what we experience?"

"Exactly. You're quite a student, you know that?"

"All I know right now is that I'm a mess."

"That would be the ego's voice," I said, matter of factly.

"The ego—I've heard of that before, in psychology and in some spiritual books that I've read," she said. "And you also mentioned it yesterday, didn't you? So you mean my insane voice that is always self-sabotaging me and making my life crazy is my ego?"

I laughed, "You could say that, but let's not give the ego any more power than it deserves. Your ego, just like everyone else's is—simply put—your voice of separation. So anything you regard as separate, or apart from the whole of life, you're seeing this way as a result of an ego orientation. You're looking at it from the perspective of your ego instead of from the perspective of the Soul."

"I'm not certain I get that," she said.

"Okay, let's begin at square one, since this is such an important piece of the puzzle to understand."

Kate nodded, still holding her water glass, and I began.

"Actually, there are not many, but only two ways of looking at anything. One is with what I call the Soul's 'I Am' Presence, which sees everything as part of a greater whole. The other is with the ego's 'body eyes' which perceive the many, many things 'out there' as 'I'm not.' Because the ego is constantly encountering things that are separate and foreign, it experiences life as an endless power struggle. The Soul's stance, however, is

the polar opposite of this. The Soul's stance is all encompassing and all embracing—feelings which automatically allow you to relax and experience life with ease and grace. Joined with Soul you easily feel united to “the essence” of life.

“Like how I suddenly felt relaxed when I said, ‘I don't know what it is, but I love it.’ Nothing really changed, but I instantly felt a whole lot better. Like I stopped fighting and surrendered.”

“Exactly. The Soul doesn't fight with or resist life. It knows that, even though it is the deepest part of you, it is always connected to its Source. It's like a beam of sunlight or a wave in the ocean. It's an inseparable part of the whole. The Soul is eternal, so it is uninterested in transient, superficial, unfulfilling things. The Soul is also focused, with a capacity for laser-like precision and attention on all that is peaceful in life. It is unwavering in this—no matter how much your ego's surface mind wanders off idle and confused. And the Soul is, above all, peaceful. It always feels at home. This is the part of you, and of all things, that the saints, sages, geniuses and awe-inspiring creatives have tapped, which allowed them to forgo a small, unfulfilling, ego mentality to instead be objective, wise and grand.

“Once you align with this part of yourself, you'll finally be able to give up the perpetual ‘too fat’ or ‘too skinny’ identity that leaves you feeling unsatisfied and trapped. This self perception is, after all, nothing more than a symptom of mistakenly believing that you could ever feel happy or fulfilled while believing you are confined to a body's ego/mind limitations.”

Kate's eyes were wide.

“You see, when we find ourselves trapped in the good day/bad day syndrome, it seems to us as though we yo-yo back and forth between two conflicting aspects of ourselves, the ego and the Soul—an expansive sense of self and a restricted one. No wonder so many people feel divided and confused so much of the time. Can you guess which part of us primarily focuses on our body and mind, and other people's bodies and minds?”

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



MAUREEN WHITEHOUSE, the founder of *Axiom* and author of *The E<sup>3</sup> Transformational Triad™*, has helped thousands of people to radically shift their perception of challenge, transition and change.

She teaches a brand of “practical-spirituality” as she speaks from her Soul about her real world experience as an international model, actress, feature reporter and talk show host. In 1996, she experienced a profound awakening and since then she has lived her life helping others realize their full potential. She is an authentic guiding beacon in the fields of human consciousness and personal transformation.

Promoting the principles of *Soul-Full Eating* is just one highly-regarded aspect of her work. When not coaching clients, writing and working on projects from her home on the ocean in Hollywood, Florida she travels the world extensively, leading groups on Miracle Journeys to sacred places.

For more information about Maureen’s other books, CDs, programs and services, or to bring Maureen to your event or corporation to speak, visit: [www.experienceaxiom.com](http://www.experienceaxiom.com)