

*Go with Love:*  
**Transform Your Self-Esteem in 30 Days**

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## Self-Esteem: The Journey Begins

### My Story of Transformation

I woke up to the stench of Chinese food and decaying flowers. My stomach churned and my head pounded. I felt my forehead to determine if I had a fever. The pain in my lower back momentarily distracted me from the realization that I had fallen asleep in my clothes. I reached underneath my body and pulled out a hairbrush that had lodged against me all night. My thoughts raced. "Look what you've done! What is wrong with you? Fats!"

I stared at the destruction of my room through my tear-filled eyes. Had my mother been present at that moment she would have exclaimed, "Your room looks like a tornado hit it!" She would have been right. Around my room, a hodgepodge of Brach's candy wrappers, newspapers, and debris cluttered the floor. A pile of clothes lay heaped in the middle of the floor, a reminder of my anxious attempt to see which clothes still fit. Leftover food and crumbs filled the remaining space.

I lay back down and reflected on the previous evening. What had happened? I had been working on my job search, putting together a résumé. I had ordered some Chinese food to be delivered. I ate a normal serving of the food in front of the TV. But when it came time to return to my work, I didn't. I ate another serving and then another. Eventually it was all gone, but the cravings weren't. On automatic pilot, I ordered chips, cookies, candy, and ice cream from the local grocery store. I devoured it all. Numb and painless, I stumbled into my bedroom. Determined to discover which clothes still fit me, I proceeded to try one on one piece after another. I vaguely recall the phone ringing as I fell asleep, comatose, stuffed, and fully dressed, on the bed.

I rolled over and noticed that the red light on my answering machine was blinking. Someone had called last night. I reached over to pull the phone closer so I wouldn't have to leave the safety of the covers. I pressed the button. My mother's voice blared out.

“Hi Honey. What’s going on over there? Your dad and I are worried. We haven’t heard from you. We want to know how it’s going with the job search.”

My dad chimed in on the speaker phone.

“Yeah, Dear, how is LaLa Land? Have you seen anyone famous yet?”

“Just keep us updated, Dear,” my Mom again. “We love you.”

Ugh. What was I supposed to tell them? Since I had moved to Los Angeles after college, my world had deteriorated. At 22 I had no job. No local friends. No life. I was eating all the time. I couldn’t even perform the simplest functions, like washing my face and brushing my teeth before bed. I felt like a complete failure.

I turned on my back and stared up at the ceiling. A dreadful sensation filled my heart. An image of cutting my wrists flooded my mind. I watched without feeling as the blood trickled down my arm. What would it be like to die? Would it matter?

I blinked in surprise. I had never in my life thought about suicide. In a brief moment of clarity I recognized that something must be terribly wrong in my life for me to visualize my own death. I jumped out of bed and ran to the phone book. Quickly thumbing through it, I found the number. Only a trained professional could help me now. I called and voice mail picked up.

“Hi,” I said hesitantly. “I need help. I can’t stop eating. I’m very unhappy. I would like to meet with someone to talk. My name is Lana . . .”



That call for help was the beginning of a journey that would fundamentally change my life. From self-hatred to self-love, from inside to out, from head to toe, I had stumbled onto a path that would make me over, anew. By talking to someone who understood my feelings, could help me understand the roots of my low self-esteem and guide me to take healing actions, I had unknowingly begun the first step into a life of growth and transformation.

Along this path I would learn the principles, secrets, and tools that sustain growth and how to bring them into all areas of my life. That road was bumpy and filled with many setbacks, but I eventually mastered self-nurturing and

esteem-boosting techniques and could successfully utilize them in my life. Over the next few years I learned to become less reliant on using food to nurture my feelings. I learned how to communicate my needs and feelings and began to form stronger intimate relationships. I found a stable job and eventually returned to school to complete a master's degree. I started to feel happier and more in control of my life. The years of learning had paid off, and the rewards were huge. I had shifted my self-concept, increased my self-esteem, and discovered a whole new sense of self-respect.

Eventually I began to share these teachings with others. I knew that many people were grappling with the same low self-worth that I had struggled with in my life. I wanted to let people know that there was a way out, a solution. I knew that people could come to feel good about themselves, love who they are, and watch their self-esteem rise. I knew other people could receive the gifts I had been given. I had found a key that could help people and I began to enthusiastically share it with all who wanted it.

Since I began teaching, I have seen the same incredibly positive results in others. I have witnessed people discover themselves, love themselves, change their lives, and grow. People who lived out the same negative spirals that I fought against have learned to break away from them. They have freed themselves from the wounds of their past and learned to joyfully celebrate the present. Like myself, they have also restored their self-esteem and been made anew.