

**HOW TO LOSE 150  
POUNDS IN LESS THAN  
A YEAR, AND BE  
PRONOUNCED  
HEALTHY BY YOUR  
DOCTORS.**

**...ALL OF THEM...**



I'm Erik Johnson  
I'm a veterinarian  
I weighed four hundred  
pounds in 2007.

When I was at my heaviest, 429 pounds, I was just back from vacation in Daytona, Florida.

I gave up my addiction to food in 2008

That's how I finally lost 150 pounds.  
There's a story.



I knew I was addicted to food but I didn't know how deeply.

I just knew that:

1. I thought about food all the time
2. I could not limit my intake or do without it
3. It made me feel good
4. I was letting it hurt me
5. I had failed to control it
6. I was in denial about a lot of things



When you're overweight, you don't feel like exercising.

You can't get around very well, you sweat a lot, and you sleep poorly.

My bloodpressure was very high, my heart function was down at 80% according to Dr. Burkle. I was on five different heart medicines and I was depressed.

I ate mostly to feel better.

I ate anything I wanted.

And I learned from repeated attempts that ANY time I was not eating everything I wanted, I was unhappy.

So NO DIET WOULD BE PAINLESS.



The funny thing was, even at 400 pounds, I had a positive self image, because when I looked in the mirror, I thought about all the nice things I did, and I noticed the nice things about how I looked, not the bad things.

So losing weight was never an issue of vanity.



Every holiday my family got together and ate like Vikings. They always made TONS of food and made extra if they knew I was coming there because I would eat more than any of them.

My family are a bunch of excellent cooks.



When I would go to a restaurant I would always get the biggest and most. "All U Can Eat" were words that sometimes, were more arousing to me than anything else.



So, what changed?

A very good friend of mine, Greg Wittstock was going to the "Human Performance Institute" in Florida. And he said I could go there, with him.

For me, it was fat camp. For Greg, it was refining

already excellent physical performance. The cool thing about that program; it was tailored to your needs. And I needed to know more about nutrition.

"The Corporate Athlete" was a book about how you should eat, take care of yourself, and study the 'recovery' of energy for top performance. The course I had at the Human Performance Institute was led by Dr Jack Groppe and he was awesome. He seemed to take some interest in my values and I thought he wondered if I would succeed. In the back of my mind I thought it would be cool to succeed and prove myself. They gave me a 2X shirt. I was a 5X at the time. Now I can wear it.

<http://www.lgeperformance.com/>



Raquel C. Malo, MS, RD, LD/N

This lady made the biggest difference. She basically said that one of the most important things we could do is “even out” our blood sugar. She said that 200 calories every 2 hours would work to smooth off our blood sugar. She recommended snacks, and small, balanced meals. I thought I would probably be hungry eating so little, or gain weight eating so often, or both.

I left the class and thought about it for more than a year.



'Round the same time, my friend Greg Wittstock was feeding us Clif Bars. He believed that eating SMALL snacks during meetings would keep up our blood sugar, and increase our performance. I thought they were yummy and barely ate ANY because I was so fat, I didn't like eating in front of people. But I filed away the fact that the guy who made them had

said something to the effect that, he wanted his recovery bars to be complete enough to sustain him at some base camp at Mt. Everest if he were trapped for a couple months.

So he made the bars pretty much US RDA complete on protein, fiber, fat, glucose, vitamins and minerals. I showed the ingredients and formulation to FIVE nutritionists. They said it was. Too.

In August of 2007 I went to my doctor, my psychologist and he diagnosed me with “manic depression” and I realized I was eating, in part, to remain on the “happy side” of that illness. There was a lot I was doing to stay “happy”. He put me on Lamictal.

It worked very well. And then I did not need to over-eat, or hoard pets to remain happy any more. It's not a "happy pill" in fact, it's labelled for use against EPILEPSY.

Over time, I became sad at the weight I had carried. I started to realize how much I suffered being so fat. I realized that I needed to be a man. To be tough and face my enemy. Over eating WAS my enemy and it was winning, it was killing me and it had robbed me of almost twenty years of agility and health.

Around December 2007 my daughter was looking at me funny. I said "What is it Katie?" and she said, sort of matter-of-factly, but also sort of sadly; "You should take care of yourself Daddy."

I changed from sad to angry. This is a terrible way to be. I have NEVER run with my kids even when they were babies. And now they are about to go to college and I cannot even hike or camp energetically with them.

My addiction became known as "Razorhooks" - - an evil demon. He laughed when I suffered and ate; but he bled, and writhed in agony and hate when I said "No" to food.

I decided that I would take off my gloves, and prepare to take my beat down. And I did.



On January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2008 I started to eat this way:

NO MEALS

½ Clif Bar Every waking hour

Lots of water, coffee and even soft drinks.

No exercise

I cried sometimes. I missed food exactly like you would



miss a little child or a puppy that had been killed or taken away. This is when I learned how serious this addiction was. I got the shit kicked out of me almost daily with the smell of delicious food.

The first WEEK I lost 12 pounds. The second week, 10 pounds. The third week, 7 pounds and then EVERY week after that I lost 3-4 more pounds. Until November 2008 when I hit 260 pounds and was at my goal weight.

I carried my bars with me. I put some in the fridge to make them taste better. I ate about 300 bars per month.



I made small business cards with my pep talk on them.

On one side they had my pep talk and on the other they have an edge, with time-blocks I can tear (I never have a pen on me) and I keep track of my hourly feeding that way.



In April we had Easter and my family's most *formidable* cooking was brought to bear. In Athens, destroyer-class casseroles and desserts were prepared that would have felled the most gargantuan of dieters. I did not falter or fail.



March 2008  
Three months on the Clif  
Bar Diet.



I had surgery to remove a lump on my  
head, I could finally have a crew cut  
again.



April 2008



May 2008  
I did not eat anything on my birthday. Normally my biggest, most indulgent eating-day. I was really sad.



June 2008





July. No solid food or meal since January 1 - - we went to Florida for vacation, and they ate as usual.

I did not eat. Not one bite. Not one taste. I took pictures of the food.



July 2008



October 2008



And so on until November.

I was at 265 and it was time for the holidays.

By now, I could even cook and smoke meat without feeling terribly sad.

But, I still have to go away when everyone sits down to eat.



February 2008

I meet people and they do not recognize me.

I eat Clif Bars all day and drink a lot of decaffeinated coffee. Right now I weigh 257.

I read up on proteins, visited with Dr Melville in Athens (a nutrition doctor) and he made sure I also took:

1. Selenium, Zinc, Chromium, and Juice Plus.
2. Also, Whey Protein due to the occasional amino acid shortfalls of Soybeans.

There should be Whey protein in a "basecamp formulation" of Clif Bars.

When I lost 100 pounds, I got back in the gym and the last forty pounds came off at a painfully slow rate of one to two pounds per week all of a sudden.

But I got a lot stronger, dropped three more pants-sizes while staying 2X in shirts..... and now I can do planks for a minute, and bench press 200 pounds without any trouble at all.

This is what I know:
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Food for some, is an addiction.

You know it is an addiction three ways:

1. It hurts you or someone around you
2. You can't help it
3. You do it to feel good, not just because you like it.

Since any diet prevents you from eating whatever you want, and NOT eating "whatever you want" is sadness for me, then ALL diets will be sadness sooner or later. Accepting up front that helped a LOT.

Whenever you see a diet or additive, like Acai Berry - or Gastric Bypass surgery - ask yourself "So, how does THAT break the addiction?" and you see how ludicrous most "diets" are.

You have to be mighty over yourself.

You don't decide on a day-to-day or meal-to-meal basis. You say "I just don't" and you are ironclad about that for the time you said you would be.

Make a promise to a child and you're unlikely to break it.

No more meals, where portion control is impossible for the addict, and therefore, deadly.

Just 1/2 Clif Bar per hour.

And eating at a rate of 125 calories per hour every hour like Raquel Malo said.

I thank God my parents got to see me thin before they die.

I thank God for the time at Christmas when I finally beat my kid in a running race while cutting a Christmas tree, and did not get winded, at all!

I thank Clif Bar for inventing this bar and making it nutritionally complete because without that this would not have worked at all.

I thank Greg Wittstock for taking me to Human Performance Institute and introducing me to Clif Bars in the first place.

I thank Raquel Malo at Human Performance Institute for getting me to pay attention and then teaching me the keys to glucose stabilization that I found I could use to accomplish weight control for addicts.

