

Testimonial – Nina Olson

One day in Los Angeles at a fun shop that sold clothing from various Hollywood studios, I bought an \$800 suit from Men In Black, one of my favorite movies of all time, for \$16. This was the deal of a century, but there was only one problem. The suit was a size 8, and I was a size 12 going on 14. Still, I couldn't help myself. A dream hung in the back of my closet for the next three years.

I come from a family of obese women with a legacy of poor eating habits. When I was young, I decided that would never happen to me; but at 50, as if pre-destiny had taken hold, I found myself treading the same time worn path. Like my mother and aunts before me, the pounds were adding on exponentially each passing year. Even strenuous exercise no longer helped. My destructive eating patterns and desires had caught up with me. Then I met success and food coach Diane King Vetterlein who introduced me to the HCG diet and protocol.

Over the period of six short weeks my life changed. Not only did I **lose 25 pounds**, but more importantly I learned this wasn't a diet as much as a new way of eating and thinking. Diane helped me every day with phone calls or texts taking me gently through the process of how I viewed this new experience. There were fantastic cooking lessons showing me how to make healthy foods and desserts that would taste great and be healthy for me and my family. I was surprised by how easy the diet was and how great I felt. It was like a yellow-brick-road adventure into a new way of being for me.

Looking back, what is most amazing is my cravings for sugary, starchy foods are gone, and instead I crave savory meat dishes, fruits and vegetables, and nuts and cheeses. Talk about a gift that keeps on giving. Working with Diane is about leaving the past behind and discovering a new you, learning to enjoy all the foods you once loved but now prepare in different healthy ways. I can't say enough wonderful things about this experience and encourage you to let go of old ways of thinking and being with food.

As for my MIB love affair, at the end of six weeks, I nervously pulled the lonely clothing out of the darkness and stared at it for a while. The only thing left was to try it on and see. At first the legs fit. I smiled. Then it slid easily over the waist. Oh, my goodness! Would it be too big? No! With a button and a zip, I had a miraculous fit as a prize for all of my hard but fun work. I laughed and did a little jig of a dance. For the curious fashionistas, ask Diane to see the photo of me and the jig!

