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**College with Diabetes**

Today as I wake up I'm eager to start my day. College is the experience I have been hoping for, branching off from home and leaving my house has made me feel as a complete grown up. As I'm walking into the dinning hall I notice the food and immediately, it hits me that my mom was not here to cook for me. Which meant I had to be extra careful with the food that I ate. I saw my friends serving themselves chocolate chip pancakes, and immediately started to fantasies about chocolate chip pancakes. It had been years since I'd had them, and the syrup seemed delicious. Then I pondered about my situation and remembered I was not carrying my insulin shot. Not a clever move. I decided to leave and dismissed from my friends without mentioning anything, as I did not want to make a big deal about it, or seem like an outcast I sneaked out the dinning hall and went back to my room. I searched for my shot and wondered where to my insulin case was as I had not used it as much before. I placed it in my bag and then took off, back to the dinning hall.

Before walking in I began to realize the lack of nutrition, there was. Syrup and chocolate chip was not something I hadn't eaten before and with good reason. Therefore, I decided to take a plate of toasted wheat bread and a variety fruits, that I knew would not harm me. As I walked to the table, all my friends began to question where I had run off too. Of embarrassment I replied that I had forgotten my textbook for class. Instantly made everyone laugh, they snickered "It's the first day of school." I agreed I had over exaggerated. As I walked to class I began to question, my life at Wheaton, and the barrier I had to overcome. I did not want to feel like I was some sort of special needs person that had to watch every little small detail. However it was necessary for me, unless I wanted to take insulin shot out in public, which people would think of me as a strange person. Not the reputation I was looking through my college career.

As time went by I began to build a list of the possible foods I could eat. I looked at the list and notice that there were some options to pick from. I was content for some time then after a couple months I had noticed the food repeating and began to dislike the food served. Slowly realizing that my options in reality were limited. For some time I dealt with it, got off campus and managed to deal with it by going to near by restaurants. This was all nice and dandy, yet as soon as I ran out of money I began to face my fear, and began starving myself for the lack of options, also not a great move for insulin. As time went on I began learning to cook small dishes that I could easily managed to make while at school. This is was a great alternative, yet continue to see that I ended up spending a lot of money on raw supplies as well.

As weeks went by I had come to realization that my best option to eat, was to simply get off the meal plan. Decided to make an appointment with the head manager of the food department at Wheaton. When I meet the person in charge he seemed very disappointed, and tried to persuade me to continue in the meal plan, and too look at all the different variation there was, and innovative things that I could make with what the had for supplies. Me having created list, showed him that I had already taken the initiative to see all the different combinations, and was unpleased. Therefore, ended by successfully removing myself from the meal plan.

Another subtle obstacle that I had to overcome was my exercises. People always thought I was an exercise freak. However, little did people know that my diet was very important to me in order to continue to be at my optimal. I felt pressure to do more all the time. I knew that me committing to academics was not enough. I had to constantly be on top of my health and carry on a little monitor that would tell me my glucose level. Self checking had not been tedious before but getting to college I felt a lot going on I had to take it more seriously, my lack of sleep and nutrition’s, seemed to have some sort effect on me and definitely something that as independent student had to learn by myself on how to manage my time accordingly.

However, as time passed I meat other students that were in the same boat and that suffered the same frustration I did. Meeting these people made me feel much better because, I began to stop feeling like an outsider where people did understand me. In addition I began to learn new ways to overcome some of my obstacles, by performing better scheduling, learning new cooking methods and other ingenious ways that other students performed on their day-to-day lives.

After that every now and then I would become more appreciative of what my family had done. Especially accommodating me to needs to the point that I did not have to think about it as a hurdle. I also became more aware of the unhealthy food choices that are out there. Really did open my eyes to see a lot of the positive and a lot of the negatives of being a diabetic.