



A Journey Not A Diet

A Journey

Not A Diet

*A Journey of Vision, Accountability,
and Getting Your Life Back*

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“It wasn’t about the diet. It was about deciding to live.”

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A Note Before We Begin

This is not a keto recipe book. This is not a 30-day challenge guide. This is not a list of foods to eat and foods to avoid.

This is a book about what it actually takes mentally, emotionally, physically, and spiritually to transform your body and your life when you're in your sixties, overweight, on multiple medications, and staring down the barrel of a future you don't want.

I started this journey at 65 years old. I weighed 288 pounds. My A1C was 9.9, deep in Type 2 diabetic territory. I was on multiple prescription drugs. I was tired, inflamed, and running out of time to do the things I still wanted to do with my life. In 5 months, I have lost half of the 100 pounds I am going to lose.

By the time you finish reading this book, I hope you'll understand that the keto diet was just a tool. The real work happened in my mind, long before I ever changed what was on my plate.

Medical Disclaimer & Results Disclosure The information contained in this book is provided for educational and inspirational purposes only. It is based solely on the personal experiences of the author and is not intended to serve as medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment of any kind. Always consult a qualified healthcare professional before making any changes to your diet, exercise routine, supplementation, or medications. This is especially important if you have existing health conditions such as diabetes, heart disease, high blood pressure, or any other chronic illness.

The author is not a doctor, registered dietitian, or licensed healthcare provider. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as a substitute for professional medical guidance.

Individual results will vary. The weight loss, health improvements, and outcomes described in this book reflect the author's personal journey and are not typical or guaranteed. Factors including age, current health status, medical history, consistency, and individual metabolism all influence results. No specific outcome is promised or implied.

Some individuals may lose more weight; others may lose less. Some may experience health improvements similar to those described; others may not. Your experience will be unique to you.

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Chapter One: Getting Ready to Get Ready

The Two to Three Years Nobody Talks About

“The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step.” Lao Tzu

Here's something the fitness industry will never sell you: getting ready takes time.

I've done keto four times. This fourth round is different; not because the diet changed, but because I changed. And that change didn't happen overnight. It took two to three years of personal development work, reading, coaching, and honest self-reflection before I was truly ready.

Most people think failure means you didn't try hard enough. I'd argue it means you weren't ready yet and that's okay. The preparation phase is real. Honor it.

What nobody tells you is that transformation begins long before the first pound is lost. It begins in quiet moments when you start asking yourself difficult questions. Why do I eat when I'm stressed? Why do I quit when progress slows? Why do I sabotage myself right when things begin working? Those questions matter more than meal plans ever will.

For years, I treated weight loss like a temporary project. I approached it with urgency, impatience, and unrealistic expectations. I wanted fast results without fully understanding the emotional and mental habits that kept pulling me backward. Every attempt started with motivation and ended with exhaustion. I would lose weight, gain it back, and then carry the guilt of “failing” all over again.

But over time, I began to realize something important: the problem was never a lack of information. I knew what foods were healthy. I knew how calories worked. I knew exercise mattered. What I lacked was internal readiness. I had not yet built the mindset necessary to sustain change.

During those two to three years, I slowly started changing how I viewed myself. I read books about discipline, habits, emotional health, and personal growth. I listened to podcasts and watched interviews with people who had transformed their lives. I paid attention to the common thread in all lasting change: identity. Successful people didn't just change what they ate, they changed how they thought. That realization hit me hard.

You cannot hate yourself into becoming healthy. You cannot shame yourself into long-term discipline. Lasting change comes from learning to respect yourself enough to keep going even when progress feels invisible.

There were seasons where I wasn't actively dieting, but I was still growing. I was learning patience. I was learning how to sit with discomfort instead of escaping it with food. I was learning that one bad meal did not mean I had ruined everything. Those lessons may sound simple, but they were foundational.

This is the stage many people misunderstand. Society celebrates dramatic before-and-after photos, but it ignores the invisible preparation that made those transformations possible. The inner work rarely gets photographed. Nobody sees the late nights spent reflecting on unhealthy patterns. Nobody applauds the decision to stop using food as emotional relief. Nobody notices the small mental victories that happen before the physical ones. But those victories matter.

In many ways, the preparation phase is the real transformation. The weight loss is simply the visible result of deeper internal changes that have already begun.

I also learned that readiness cannot be forced. Sometimes people are not lazy; they are overwhelmed, emotionally exhausted, or mentally unprepared. That doesn't mean they are weak. It means they are human. Growth often happens in layers. Before someone can consistently change their body, they may first need to heal their mindset, rebuild self-trust, or learn healthier coping mechanisms.

Looking back, I no longer see my earlier attempts as failures. They were rehearsals. Each one taught me something about myself. Each setback exposed another area I needed to work on. Without those experiences, I would not have developed the awareness I have now.

This time feels different because I'm no longer chasing a quick fix. I'm building a lifestyle rooted in patience, honesty, and consistency. I understand now that health is not a punishment for being overweight; it is an act of self-respect.

If you are in the "getting ready to get ready" phase, don't dismiss it. Don't compare your beginning to someone else's middle. Your preparation matters more than you realize. Sometimes the most important progress is happening internally long before the scale ever reflects it.

And maybe that's the truth nobody talks about: before you can transform your body, you often have to transform your relationship with yourself first.

The Day of Disgust. Every transformation has a moment. Mine came on January 6, 2026.

I call it my "day of disgust." Not self-hatred; disgust. There's a difference. Self-hatred is paralyzing. Disgust is motivating. It's the moment you look at your life and say, enough. Not with rage, but with calm, quiet certainty.

And then I did something that doesn't come easy to a lot of men my age: I asked for help. That was the key. Not the diet. Not the gym. Asking for help. If you take nothing else from this book, take that.

For most of my life, I believed strength meant handling everything alone. Like many men, especially those over fifty, I had been conditioned to think vulnerability was weakness. You work harder. You push through pain. You keep your problems private. You figure it out yourself. That mindset may help you survive in some areas of life, but when it comes to health, isolation can quietly destroy you.

The truth is, I had spent years pretending I was fine when I wasn't. I avoided mirrors. I avoided photographs. I avoided honest conversations with myself. I kept telling myself I would "start Monday," "start next month," or "start when life settles down." But life never settles down. There is always stress. There is always another excuse waiting patiently for you to accept it.

January 6, 2026, felt different because the excuses finally sounded empty. I remember sitting there realizing how tired I was not just physically, but mentally and emotionally. Tired of starting over. Tired of making promises to myself I never kept. Tired of carrying the weight, the shame, and the disappointment. There comes a point where the discomfort of staying the same becomes greater than the fear of changing. That was my moment.

What surprised me most was how calm it felt. I decided not to tell the world on social media. Just told close friends and family that I was going to lose 100 pounds on keto. They have supported me with making sure I had appropriate food to eat when we were together.

People often imagine transformation beginning with dramatic emotion such as tears, anger, some explosive breakthrough moment. Mine wasn't like that. It was quiet. Clear. Almost peaceful. It was the acceptance that I could no longer continue living the way I had been living. No drama. No self-pity. Just truth. And truth can change everything.

The next step was the hardest one: admitting I could not do it alone. Asking for help forced me to confront my pride. Pride tells you that needing support means failure. But I've learned the opposite is true. Asking for help is one of the strongest decisions a person can make because it requires honesty. It means you stop pretending. It means you finally become willing to learn, listen, and change.

Help can come in many forms. Sometimes it's a coach, a doctor, a friend, a spouse, a support group, or even a book that makes you feel understood for the first time. The important thing is breaking the isolation. Healing rarely happens alone.

Once I reached out, something shifted inside me. I no longer felt like I was carrying the burden by myself. Accountability entered my life. Encouragement entered my life. Perspective entered my life. Most importantly, hope entered my life.

That doesn't mean everything suddenly became easy. It didn't. There were still cravings, setbacks, doubts, and difficult days. But now I had support instead of silence. And support changes the way you endure struggle.

Looking back, the "day of disgust" was not really about my weight. It was about finally becoming honest with myself. Honest about my habits. Honest about my pain. Honest about the fact that I needed help to become the person I wanted to be. That day marked the end of denial. And sometimes that is where real health begins.

If you are reading this while standing at your own breaking point, know this: you do not need to have everything figured out before you begin. You do not need perfect motivation or perfect discipline. You simply need one honest moment where you decide your life matters enough to fight for it.

Then take the next step. Reach out. Ask for help. It may feel uncomfortable at first, but it could become the single decision that changes everything.