Chapter 1 — My Story

From fear to understanding. Four months. Three diagnoses. One truth that changed everything.

1st December 2012. I was sitting on my sofa, alone with my anxiety. The reports were in my hands. I had been anxious all morning — the kind that sits in your chest and does not move, no matter how many times you tell yourself everything will be fine. A few days earlier, my doctor had noticed something. My weight had increased suddenly, in a way that did not feel normal in the pregnancy. She said we should do some tests. Just to be sure.

I looked down at the paper.

> *Fasting blood sugar: 252.*

I sat there on that sofa for a long time. I cried immediately. I called my husband. I could not even speak — just cried. The anxiety in my chest slowly transformed into something heavier, something older, something that had been waiting inside me for a long time.

Because for me, the word “diabetes” had never been just a medical term. It had always carried a face. A memory. A loss. It carried my father.

The fear that was already inside me

My father had Type-1 diabetes. For as long as I can remember, diabetes was part of our family's daily life — the medicines lined up on the kitchen counter, the insulin injections at regular hours, the diet restrictions that shaped every meal, the glucose monitor always within reach. As a family, we did everything right. We were not careless people. We followed every instruction the doctors gave us, sincerely and without fail.

When I began my homeopathy studies, my father's condition was a constant presence at home. I was learning medicine during the day and watching diabetes manage my father at night. But slowly — quietly, the way the most serious things always happen — complications began to arrive. His kidneys started showing strain. We tried everything. New doctors, new treatments, new hope each time. Despite our sincerity, despite never missing a medicine, his body kept declining. We lost him to kidney failure.

> *We did everything right. We followed every instruction. We were sincere until the very last day. And still, diabetes took him.*

That thought planted a belief inside me that I did not even know I was carrying — a quiet, heavy belief that diabetes is something you fight your whole life, and that eventually, no matter what you do, it wins. Sitting on that sofa with a fasting reading of 252, seven months pregnant, I felt that old belief wake up inside me.

Gestational diabetes — and what came next

My doctor explained that I had gestational diabetes — a type that sometimes develops during pregnancy, particularly in the later months. She gave me a diet plan and told me what to watch for. She was reassuring: many women develop this, and it often resolves after delivery. I followed everything, carefully and sincerely — the way my family had always approached diabetes.

On 30th December 2012, Hasit was born. It was a preterm delivery. He was premature, which meant the first weeks of his life were not the easy, joyful homecoming I had imagined. There were hospital visits, monitoring, and the particular anxiety of watching a small, fragile baby and willing him to grow stronger. Through all of it, I held onto one piece of good news: after delivery, my sugar readings began to improve. I told myself the diabetes chapter was closing.

I was not ready for what came next.

Three months later — when the body gave warning

Hasit was about three months old when I first noticed something was wrong with me. It was not dramatic at first. Just a feeling. I was losing weight — not gradually, the way weight sometimes comes off after pregnancy, but rapidly and unexplained. And I could not eat. Continuous nausea had taken over completely. Every day was the same pattern: I would try to eat, the nausea would rise, and I would have to stop.

We did blood reports. I still remember holding those results.

> *500+ — fasting blood sugar, with ketones present.*

Ketones appear when the body cannot use glucose for energy and begins breaking down fat instead. It is a sign that the body is in a serious metabolic crisis — that cells are essentially starving even when glucose is present. This was not just high sugar. This was a medical emergency.

My husband was away on a business tour. I was alone, until my in-laws came to the rescue. My baby was three months old, premature, still needing constant care.

> *In that moment, I was not thinking like a doctor. I was a mother — alone, frightened, holding a report she did not want to be holding, with a baby in the next room who needed her.*

The hospitals that said no

I knew I needed to be admitted. The numbers left no choice — IV fluids, insulin, monitoring. But Hasit was three months old and premature. He needed feeding on a strict schedule. He needed his mother. So I started making calls, asking if there was any way to be admitted with my infant son alongside me.

The answer, again and again, was no. The wards could not accommodate infants. There were infection control policies. There were rules. Everyone was sympathetic. No one could help.

> *I was sick enough to need immediate admission, and a mother who could not leave her baby. And the system had no place for both of those things to be true at the same time.*

And then, finally, one doctor said yes. He agreed to admit me — and to allow Hasit to come with me. One person's willingness to find a way, when everyone else was only finding reasons why it could not be done, changed everything. I was admitted. Hasit was with me. Treatment began.

The diagnosis I had feared my whole life

Once I was stable, the doctors explained what had happened. The gestational diabetes had not simply resolved after delivery as it sometimes does. What had appeared to be gestational diabetes had, in reality, been an early signal of something already developing in my body. What I had — what I had always had — was Type-1 diabetes.

Type-1. Not the kind that responds to diet and lifestyle changes alone. The kind where the body's own immune system has destroyed the insulin-producing cells. The kind that requires insulin every single day, without exception, for the rest of your life.

> *I was a new mother. My baby was premature and three months old. My husband was rushing home. My body was weak. And I had just been told I had the same disease that had taken my father.*

For the first time since losing him, I cried for my father — because I finally understood something I had not understood when it was happening to him. What it felt like to hear those words. The weight of them. And underneath all of it, quiet but unmistakable, the

old belief: diabetes always gets worse. This is what my life is now.

The darkest months

Managing Type-1 diabetes is genuinely complex under any circumstances. Managing it as a new mother, with a premature baby who needed constant attention, with a body still recovering from a medical crisis, was something I struggle to describe even now. My sugar would drop without warning while I was feeding Hasit — the shakiness, the sweat, the sudden fog. It would spike without clear reason. The same food, the same routine, completely different numbers. There was no pattern I could see.

And I went through a period of depression. I share this openly because I know how many people with diabetes carry it silently. The exhaustion of constant monitoring. The fear of complications. The feeling that your own body has become your enemy. Depression and diabetes travel together far more often than the medical world acknowledges — and more often than patients feel safe to say out loud.

The sentence that turned everything around

One evening, somewhere in the middle of that dark phase, my husband sat beside me. He said something I have thought about nearly every day since.

> *"You have a small child. You have a responsibility. You cannot live in fear. You have to understand this disease — not just follow instructions. Understand it."*

Understand it. Not just manage it. Not just survive it. Something unlocked in me when I heard those words — because I realised that in all the years of watching my father follow his doctor's instructions, and in all the months of following my own, I had never once asked the most important question: why is my body doing this?

Not what should I eat — but why does food affect me this way? Not what medicine should I take — but what is actually happening inside me when my sugar rises? That night, I decided to stop being a patient who waited for instructions and become a student who sought understanding.

What understanding changed

I began studying everything I had glossed over before — not the prescriptions, but the deeper biology. How cortisol, the stress hormone, directly raises blood glucose. How sleep deprivation increases insulin resistance. How meal timing affects sugar as much as meal content. How the liver behaves differently under stress. How the mind and the body are in constant conversation.

And I began looking at my own readings with completely different eyes. On days when I slept poorly, my fasting sugar was higher the next morning — even with an identical dinner. On days of high anxiety, my sugar climbed without any change in what I had eaten. On days of genuine calm, my readings were more stable, even if I had eaten slightly more.

> *The same roti. The same dal. The same portion, eaten at the same time. Different day, different stress, different sleep. Completely different sugar reading.*

Diabetes was not just about food. It had never been just about food. It was about the whole body — the sleep, the stress, the emotions, the timing, the hormones, the rhythm of the day. And the number on the glucometer was not a punishment or a verdict. It was information. My body was not being cruel. It was trying to tell me something.

When I learned to read that information instead of just reacting to it in fear, everything slowly began to change. My control improved. Not overnight — nothing real does. But steadily, month by month. And a new understanding replaced the old belief:

> *When you understand your own body, you can work with it instead of against it.*

Why I am telling you all of this

I have shared the full story — the sofa, the number 252, the preterm delivery, the three months of weight loss and nausea, the fasting reading above 500, the ketones, the hospitals that said no, the one doctor who said yes, the dark months, the depression, and the slow climb toward understanding — because I want you to know something before you read a single word of advice in this book.

Everything here has been lived before it was written. I am not giving you theory. I am giving you what I found when my back was against the wall.

If your sugar is still high despite trying everything — I understand that feeling. If you feel confused despite following all the advice — I understand that too. If you have started to believe, quietly, that diabetes only ever gets worse — I understand. I believed it myself, for longer than I like to admit.

But I also know, from living it, that this belief is wrong. Diabetes does not have to get worse. What gets worse, when left unaddressed, is the confusion — the gap between what you are told to do and what you actually understand about your own body. Close that gap, and the whole picture changes. That is what this book is here to help you do.

My diabetes timeline

1 Dec 2012	Fasting sugar 252 — gestational diabetes diagnosed in the 7th month of pregnancy
30 Dec 2012	Preterm delivery — Hasit born premature
Mar 2013	Sudden weight loss, continuous nausea, unable to eat
Mar 2013	Fasting sugar 500+ with ketones — a medical emergency
Mar 2013	Multiple hospitals refused to admit a mother with a 3-month-old infant
Mar 2013	One doctor said yes — admitted along with Hasit
Mar 2013	Diagnosed with Type-1 diabetes — insulin for life
2013–2014	Depression, fear, unstable sugar, searching for answers
2014 onwards	Understanding replaces fear — the 3D Method begins to take shape

Stop fighting. Start decoding.

Chapter summary

In the span of four months — from a fasting reading of 252 in the seventh month of pregnancy, to a preterm delivery on 30th December, to a fasting reading of 500+ with ketones three months later — my life was completely transformed. Alone at home, husband away on tour, a three-month-old premature baby in my arms, and no hospital willing to admit both of us together. It was the hardest chapter of my life. But it was also the chapter that gave me the understanding that everything in this book is built on.

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