SCHLOSS WARNSDORF
PRIVATKLINIK

Program of the Week

Day 1 to 14 Diary

Program of the Week

PLEASE REGISTER FOR ALL ACTIVITIES IN THE BOOKING APP TO ENSURE THE MINIMUM NUMBER OF THREE PARTICIPANTS IS REACHED.

SPORTS PROGRAM MONDAY TO SUNDAY

Time	Activity	Location
07:45–08:25	Kneipp Showers	*Sauna Area*
08:30–09:00	Aquagym I	*Swimming Pool*
08:30–09:00	Back Fit (Seated or Lying)	*Sports Hall*
09:15–10:00	Bodyforming	*Sports Hall*
10:30–11:15	Walking/Nordic Walking	*Main Entrance*
11:30–12:00	Aquagym II	*Swimming Pool*
12:00–12:30	Aquagym III	*Swimming Pool*
11:30–12:00	Fasting Introduction for (First-Time) Fasters	*Remise*

MONDAY		
15:30–16:15	Feldenkrais I with Mrs. Sauerland	*Fireplace Room*
16:30–17:15	Feldenkrais II with Mrs. Sauerland	*Fireplace Room*
17:30–18:30	Spinal Gymnastics with Sandra	*Sports Hall*
18:30–19:30	Stretch & Relax with Sandra	*Sports Hall*

TUESDAY		
10:00–10:30	Questions & Answers on Fasting with Mrs. Klupsch	*Red Salon*
10:30–11:00	Seated Gymnastics with Mrs. Möckel	*Sports Hall*
16:00–16:45	Guest Welcome with Mrs. Mohr	*Red Salon*
16:00–17:00	QiGong I with Dr. Riemer	*Sports Hall*
17:00–18:00	QiGong II with Dr. Riemer	*Sports Hall*
18:30–19:30	Medical Lecture with Dr. Roos: Menopause in Women and Men	*Remise*

WEDNESDAY		
14:30–15:30	Introduction to Fitness Equipment with Mrs. Möckel	*Sports Hall*
15:00–16:00	Medical Lecture with Dr. Krieger-Rosemann: Nutrition	*Remise*
15:30–16:15	Feldenkrais I with Mrs. Sauerland	*Fireplace Room*
16:30–17:15	Feldenkrais II with Mrs. Sauerland	*Fireplace Room*
17:30–18:30	Spinal Gymnastics with Sandra	*Sports Hall*
18:30–19:30	Stretch & Relax with Sandra	*Sports Hall*

THURSDAY		
10:30–11:00	Seated Gymnastics with Mrs. Möckel	*Sports Hall*
15:00–15:50	Introductory Golf with Stephen	*Meeting Point Sports Hall*
16:00–17:00	Autogenic Training I with Dr. Riemer	*Fireplace Room*
17:00–18:00	Autogenic Training II with Dr. Riemer	*Fireplace Room*
19:00–20:00	Film Documentary	*Remise*

FRIDAY		
14:15–15:15	Pilates with Anita	*Sports Hall*
15:15–16:15	Group Relaxation with Anita	*Sports Hall*

SATURDAY		
14:00–16:00	Hike with Mr. Bartels	*Meeting Point Main Entrance*
14:30–15:20	Yoga I with Mrs. Klein	*Sports Hall*
15:30–16:20	Yoga II with Mrs. Klein	*Sports Hall*

SUNDAY		
14:15–16:15	Archery with Mr. Martens	*Sports Hall*
19:00–20:00	Classical Piano Concert with Mrs. Dubkova	*Red Salon*

TAG 1

Even the driveway has something magical about it. Rhododendron bushes to the right and left, and in the background the magnificent Schloss Warnsdorf. 14 days of fasting, 14 days just for me!

My friends can't believe it: "You're voluntarily going to an institution? One where there's nothing to eat? One where you have to show up for exercise at the crack of dawn?" No, I'm not suffering from menopausal depression. And no, I'm not searching for a new meaning in life.

Oh yes, I should introduce myself briefly. I'm 51 years old and work for one of Germany's biggest women's magazines. I travel a lot — sometimes with the ZDF *dreamship*, sometimes with the farmers from *Farmer seeks Wife*. Life is exciting, but also stressful. I often do three things at once. And there's one thing I always forget: **ME!** But now it's my turn. I'm looking forward to whatever lies ahead. It's my eighth time doing this. How do I feel at the start? I'm tired. Exhausted. And one thing weighs heavily on my mind: the fact that I'll have to step on the scale in a moment. I've been avoiding it for weeks. But now I'll get the bill for irregular eating, sweet cravings…

The intake conversation with Dr. Schleker can be summed up like this: BMI too high (a polite way of saying overweight), blood pressure 150/100 despite medication (maybe because I just jogged up and down two flights of stairs?). In short: it's time for something to change.

We briefly go over the therapy plan. Unfortunately, there's one point she won't negotiate: every two days there's an enema. So, the intestines don't reabsorb detox substances. Sounds logical — but dreadful!

And now the best part at the end: 40 grams of Warnsdorf salt are my Sunday sundowner. Along with the intestinal contents, the feeling of hunger disappears too. But even the apple juice used to mix the laxative salt can't hide the taste. It's disgusting. So: hold your nose, swallow, done — goodbye. My room is calling!

DAY 2

The day starts cold. Ice cold. The Kneipp pour wakes up tired spirits. The first time I get a burst of panic breathing, after that I'm addicted to it. Already on this second day it becomes clear to me: I've worked far too much in recent months and thought far too little about myself.

Still, there's no room for gloom. Sport is calling. Wake-up fitness with Anja. I'm awake, yes — but somehow completely powerless. My head is quietly throbbing. Is the caffeine withdrawal already kicking in? Or is my sugar-loving body screaming for sweets? No idea. My mood is like the weather outside: gloomy.

I skip the second exercise class (that one really gets you sweating). I can no longer resist the call of my lovely room and my bed. So: unpack the books, liver compress, a cup of tea. Wonderful. Just enjoying the moment. Phone off. Email program closed. Offline detox!

Oh yes, I almost forgot something. Mandatory appointment for everyone on the first day: blood draw. Luckily there's "Vampirella," as I've called her after seven years in Warnsdorf. She always hits the vein! This morning, she needs two attempts. How was that again with the cursed seventh year…?

DAY 3

It actually begins with a small miracle. I suffer from high blood pressure, and normally my medication keeps it under control. But the moment I arrive here: everything is fine. Blood pressure normal. Incredible! I can stop taking my medication — of course I'll stay monitored. I feel fantastic. I always knew it: fasting is a health miracle for me! I promise myself to give my body these breaks until my very last day.

My slump has vanished too. I'm fit. Super fit. Today I'm doing everything: gymnastics, second gymnastics class, walking, water aerobics — my spirits are wide awake. By now the sun is shining, and it lures me to the beach. It was supposed to be a little beach stroll, but it turned into a mammoth walk. (Daniela walked 8 km with me to Haffkrug and back!) But I'm unstoppable!

As a reward, there's a tea with honey at the Dune Café. At the next table, wonderfully fragrant waffles are being served. With cherries. Vanilla ice cream. And whipped cream. None of it fazes me. The feeling of hunger is gone — just like the first kilo. I'm flooded with happiness hormones.

In the evening, after the doctor's appointment (yes, the doctor gave me a talking-to — the fat has to go), I sit contentedly in a deck chair and watch the sun set over Lake Hemmelsdorf. With a ginger tea in hand. You need so little. Life is beautiful. I'm happy.

DAY 4

Another little miracle. Do you know that thing where you have to get up at night? Sometimes you just crawl back into bed and fall asleep again, but sometimes it turns into a nightmare of hours of tossing and turning. What can I say? I sleep straight through. What a feeling!

My *I'm-so-happy* mood continues. More than that — it grows day by day. Not even the appointment written down for 8:20 p.m. can stop me from hopping down the stairs in giant leaps. **ENEMA!** it says. Brrrrrrr.

Of course no one is exactly excited about that. To get straight to the point: it's always the same. You worry yourself sick, think of a dozen excuses — and then it's not bad at all. And afterwards, the headaches never come back. So: close your eyes and get it over with!

The weather is acting up again. So, we girls (the five of us met here in the "institution," as we lovingly call our beloved castle) enjoy the afternoon in the pool and sauna. It's become so beautiful after the renovation. We did the sports program in the morning, of course. We're bursting with energy. And not even the dryer in the pool area — which clatters cheerfully because it's impossible to place a wet

swimsuit in it properly — can disturb our peace.

By the way, the rapeseed is blooming in the meadow next to the castle. What a brilliant yellow! Is it possible that the flowers smell more intense? That my sense for nature is sharpening?

DAY 5

Speaking of sharpened senses — that was apparently wishful thinking. Because I wake up in the morning and a huge shock makes me sit bolt upright in bed. While reading the newspaper (without this ritual, no journalist can start the day), I suddenly realize: I can't see clearly anymore. The letters blur. Help, I'm going blind!

So I throw on my bathrobe and rush down to the medical department. Oh God, do I suddenly need glasses? Was the eye test at work — the one that certified me as having "eagle eyes" — wrong? I'm reassured. It's completely normal, they tell me. Eye pressure drops during fasting.

Once you break the fast, it goes back to normal. My God, what a relief. So the iPad gets put aside — I wanted to do online fasting anyway…

And now a little curiosity: Do you know what people talk about most when they're fasting? Yes, exactly — food. Not because you're hungry. Life without eating has become totally normal by now. Favourite dishes, the beloved fasting-breaking soup, and so on… It even went so far that I dreamed at night of flying chocolate kisses. And marshmallows coated in dark chocolate. My friend had a similar experience: she broke into a supermarket in her sleep, barricaded herself in front of the dairy fridge with yogurts and kefir, and defended her "loot" from anyone who tried to get her out. Wonderful.

By the way, I'm still sleeping magnificently.

DAY 6

This afternoon I've got something on the schedule that always gets neglected: learning relaxation techniques! Qigong sounds to me almost like a card game. The Feldenkrais Method doesn't exactly thrill me either. So — yoga it is!

"The ancient Indian system uses breathing exercises, thought control, and elements of meditation to promote health, inner harmony, and strength," the program promises. Sounds good. Sounds genuinely relaxing. I actually already knew the sun salutation. The captain's wife from the *Dreamship* taught it to me as we slowly sailed back toward the Canary Islands. It's been years, but I can still feel the muscle soreness from the day — or rather days — afterward. Ouch!

In the Warnsdorf Remise things are gentler. We breathe deeply into the belly. We make our first attempts at cobra, warrior, downward dog, and tree. I'm so relaxed that I don't even notice the end of the class. I've drifted off to sleep. Mission accomplished. You can't get more relaxed than that…

DAY 7

Not a single day goes by without something utterly unbelievable happening! Early in the morning, a few cheeky swallows wake me — they nest right above my balcony door. They chirp and twitter, and even take a few laps through my room on the second floor, with its view of the golf course and the blooming apple tree…

But even their lovely singing can't hide the red spots that have spread across my body. On my thighs, in the crooks of my arms, on my chest, on my neck — I look like I've come down with typhus. Blotches, everywhere!

So once again: bathrobe on, off to the medical department.

Even though the itching is annoying, there's no reason to worry. The body doesn't just detox through the liver and intestines — it also uses the skin. I start seriously thinking about my lifestyle. How do all these toxins get into my body?

And there they are again — the good intentions: I'll lose weight, I'll eat healthy, I'll sleep more, I'll work less, I'll start exercising, I'll stop drinking alcohol, and I'll keep my hands off sweets. Let's see which of these survive everyday madness.

The doctor's good tip: colon cleansing. I shudder again — even though it's really not that bad. Last year I even booked three (!) colon hydro therapies. Thorough intestinal rinses that remove built-up deposits.

DAY 8/9/10

They're gone — the spots. As if by magic. And I feel fantastic. Full of energy and drive. In a great mood. Motivated. And it's only 6:30 a.m. Another fasting phenomenon: the longer I fast, the less sleep I need.

Feeling top-fit, I knock on my friend's door next door. I actually manage to convince her to join me for an early-morning round of golf. Before the workout, before aquafit, before walking. I'm bursting with energy. The feeling of finally doing something truly good for myself is just wonderful.

In the afternoon, despite wind and clouds, we head to the beach. The sound of the waves in my ears, the screeching of the seagulls — balm for the soul. Worries and troubles feel blown away. My world is nothing but rose-coloured.

In the evening, by the way, we go to a cooking lecture in the Remise. One of the fasting experts shows us what 300 calories can be. Unbelievable. A real menu.

We girls aren't allowed to taste anything — only those who are breaking their fast. The smell of pan-fried chicken breast makes our mouths water. Our taste buds twitch, but: NO! We stay strong!

That evening, I learn something for life: the portions my husband and I cook — and eat — are far too big. When the Warnsdorf chef pours the uncooked rice into a tiny jam jar, I sink into my wicker chair in embarrassment. My God, are we really that gluttonous? It explains a lot…

But when I look at the silent, astonished faces of the others, I realize I'm not the only one left speechless by this revelation.

DAY 11 & 12

Breaking the fast! I can hardly wait. For nine days I didn't chew anything (chewing stimulates digestive juices and triggers hunger). A small plum with tea, a piece of apple, and in the evening a broth with a few vegetables. Wow — what a feeling. Your sense of taste changes completely. The tiny heap of mashed potatoes with a splash of lemon on the first rebuilding day tastes like a gourmet dish from a Michelin-starred chef.

And another little miracle: I know fasting isn't primarily about losing weight — it's about detoxing. But my jeans, which I could barely close a few days ago, I can now pull over my hips *with a belt*. It feels soooooooooo good.

Even though breaking the fast is wonderful, life without eating was wonderful too! I'm one of those people who do better eating nothing at all than eating in a controlled way. I really enjoy food. And often the completely wrong kind. My job doesn't make it any easier: beautiful invitations (with fantastic food), photo shoots with TV chefs (of course I have to taste), trips on the *Dreamship* (buffets around the clock) — temptations everywhere. And I let myself be tempted easily.

But with Warnsdorf power in my blood, I'll resist.

When I think about the fact that my "institution weeks" are coming to an end, my mood drops. In the castle I felt like I was in a cocoon — wrapped, sheltered, protected. I don't want to go back out into the loud, hectic world.

DAY 13

Three meals on the second rebuilding day. It almost feels strange to eat so often again. The dishes are purely vegetarian and the portions are small — all of it a delight, and almost already too much. After fasting, such little amounts make you happy and full again.

Only one rule: the food has to be healthy. Convenience food — never again. I want to carry this health boost into my everyday life for as long as possible. Hopefully I'll manage…

DAY 14

The suitcases are packed. I've been thinking a lot: What can I do to avoid having to leave? Chain myself to the balcony? Pretend to collapse? Before I decide on one of my adventurous plans, it's time for the final consultation.

And there it is again — the scale. My enemy from almost two weeks ago.

Now brace yourself: **7 kilos are gone!** My blood pressure: perfect. My pants: slipping. State of soul: top!

How am I doing? Sensational. Yes, doctor, I have to keep it up now. I'll try!

I float out of the medical department. Feel light as an elf — okay, a heavy elf. But still…

My first stop after this motivating conversation is the reception desk, to see Mr. Trompa. Registration for 2018. A life without fasting and Schloss Warnsdorf? Never again!!!

And of course, my girls are joining me.

> *A small note at the end: Today, three months after my fasting cure and back in everyday madness, my blood pressure is rising again. I'm taking my medication — but in a reduced dose… I've only gained one kilo since then. Let's see what things look like next year in May.*

Will you recognize me?

Frauke Meinen

Wenn du möchtest, fasse ich dir jetzt **alle 14 Tage in einer einheitlichen, flüssigen, stilistisch abgestimmten englischen Gesamtausgabe** zusammen — wie ein kleines Buchkapitel.