

# A TOKEN IN MY POCKET

*This is poem I am printing on card; in a very small plastic bag I have put a cardboard bathroom scale and a little bell on a ribbon. I then stapled to the card. In our chapter when a member has a loss or turtles they can ring the bell for everyone to hear as they come out of weight room. I will give each member a copy at the next meeting.*

**I carry a token in my pocket  
A little reminder to me  
That I should follow the Choice is Mine  
No matter where I may be  
This little token is not magic,  
Nor is it a good luck charm.  
It's just to remind me that  
Some things I eat  
Are sure to cause me harm  
It's not for identification -  
For all the world to see.  
It's simply an understanding:  
There's a special me I want to be.  
When I put my hand in my pocket  
To bring out a coin or a key,  
The Token is there to remind me  
That the scale will soon judge me.  
So, I carry the token in my pocket,  
Reminding no one but me  
That I am a striving TOPS member  
With a goal of a thinner me.**

*Barbara Hartley, TOPS IN 1289 Richmond*