

Splenda: A Sweet Deception

I hope you all heeded my previous advice and stayed away from the artificial white stuff, and I don't mean fake snow! I think I'd better back up my animosity towards Splenda with a bit of science as I realize my intoxicated liver may be a unique reaction enjoyed by a select few (in which case, lucky me).

Splenda claims its product has been thoroughly researched; yet not one long-term human study has been conducted to determine any potential health risks. The FDA (Food and Drug Administration) gave Splenda the green light after reviewing only a handful of short-term tests, and each of those was conducted on animals, not humans.

Oh, and they were done by a Splenda manufacturer. Maybe they were a little biased?

In test animals, Splenda produced:

- Swollen livers and kidneys (my formerly "fatty" liver fits into this category)
- Shrunk thymus glands
- Reduced growth rates
- Decreased red blood cell count
- Hyperplasia of the pelvis
- Extension of the pregnancy period
- Aborted pregnancy
- Decreased fetal body weights and placental weights
- Diarrhea

It's far beyond my mental capabilities to comprehend why Splenda and the FDA continue to tout the yellow packets as completely harmless, considering the makers have affixed chlorine, a known poison, onto the natural sucrose molecule not once, not twice, but thrice!

My dad suggested I eliminate all Splenda from my diet, and I immediately did so because he was the one person whose advice I was smart enough to always take. (If a random specialist had given me the same “doctor’s orders,” I can tell you I would’ve rolled my eyes, gone home, and emptied five Splenda packets into a tall glass of iced tea).

In the days following my Splenda withdrawal, my headaches subsided until they were completely gone. I wasn’t getting dizzy anymore, and I was properly digesting all my food. A few months later, I returned to have another blood test, and guess what: my liver enzymes were back to normal.

I try my best to adhere to a 100 percent Splenda-free diet. But, the times I’ve chosen to ignore what I know about its toxicity, I’ve always regretted it. My head starts hurting, my stomach feels bloated, I even get irritable and my sunny disposition turns sour (insert “sweet” pun here).

I guess Splenda is kind of like an ex-boyfriend; it’s more or less a romance that didn’t exactly end amicably. Despite my full awareness that it’s no good for me, I give in to its attractive exterior and comfy familiarity only to have my hopes dashed by a giant headache and annoying stomach cramps.

So, let’s all join hands against going back to ex-boyfriends and ex-artificial sweeteners alike.

Stay fit, stay faithful.

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