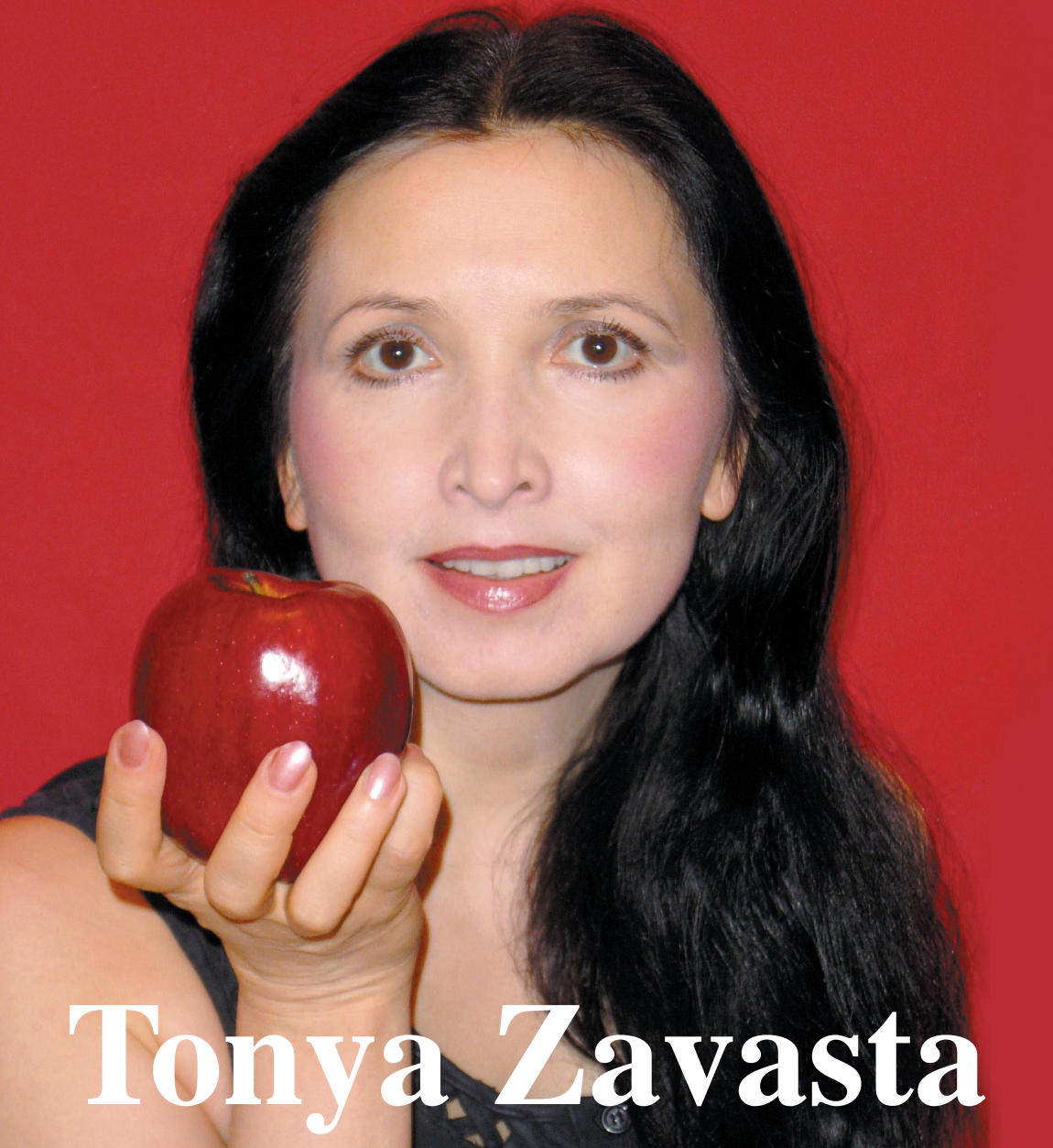


YOUR RIGHT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

*How to Halt the Train of Aging
& Meet the Most Beautiful You*



Tonya Zavasta

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& Meet the Most Beautiful You*



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Disclaimer

Every effort has been made to make this book as accurate as possible. It was written with the intention of providing information about the raw food lifestyle and giving the motivation to follow it. Some ideas presented in this book are mine, others belong to different authors whose books I have read; however, the responsibility for following them is entirely yours. The information contained is not intended as a diagnosis, cure, or treatment for any disease or ailment. Since changing one's diet for the better often produces initial cleansing reactions, readers are advised to educate themselves adequately and seek advice from a qualified health specialist when needed. Neither the author nor BR Publishing accept liability or responsibility for any adverse consequences that you might encounter while changing your lifestyle.

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Introduction

“The three wishes of every person: to be healthy, to be rich by honest means, and to be beautiful.” — Plato

Napoleon Hill, while doing research for his famous book *Think and Grow Rich*, interviewed hundreds of people who had accumulated great fortunes. He was not interested in people who were born to riches, only in those who became rich in spite of every possible adversity. The most inspiring books about how to become wealthy are usually written by people who have made it from rags to riches. However, advice on how to become beautiful often comes from those blessed with exceptional beauty to begin with. Women born to beauty instructing us how to become beautiful are like the winners of sweepstakes teaching us how to make a fortune in laborious enterprise.

Personal initiative is the most powerful force in achieving goals, attracting good luck, and attaining wealth. But what about beauty? Are we desperately helpless here, or is there a way to bring beauty into the realm of personal control as well? I believe we have as much leverage in becoming beautiful as in accomplishing anything else we set our minds to.

Have you ever seen *The Most Beautiful You*? In an attempt to answer this question, you are probably picturing the image you saw in the mirror when you were in your 20s, adorned in your best finery and liberally made up. That is not what I mean. Most women, even in their 20s, were not looking their best; although, as they age, they begin to idealize their youthful look. You were young, but were you beautiful?

Even though most of us didn't pull "beautiful" in the gene lottery, there is a potential for beauty in every woman. It is

biologically possible to look beautiful at any age. If you do not see yourself as beautiful, it is because your beauty has remained unclaimed. Your body has never been given a chance to reveal how it can look and feel when provided with the best possible nourishment and care.

By following the principles in this book, you will soon be able to reveal your latent beauty. To see yourself looking younger and more attractive each day is the most fascinating experience that can happen to you. The purpose of this book is to demystify the concept of unattainable beauty and to help you achieve youthfulness, vitality, and the best possible look.

I am not going to show you how to preserve the attractiveness you have now or regain the beauty you once had, but I will show you how to become beautiful as you have never been before. Your uncovered beauty will surprise and delight you. Everyone who knows you will be stunned by the change in your appearance.

I am not talking about a good “make-over” transformation. In fact, for the first time, you may like yourself without cosmetics. Even your first look in the mirror every morning will stop being so distressing.

I do not promise that every one of you will look 20 years old, or that you will begin winning trophies in beauty pageants. But I do promise that you will be very pleased at how beautiful you can be, because nothing is more gratifying than looking your very best.

There is a saying that no woman is as beautiful as she used to be. It implies that after blooming, appearance will fade with time. I want to introduce a new saying: No woman is as beautiful as she can be.

You have treasure inside, a beauty beyond imagination. For some of you, finding it will occur easily, yet others (I was one of them) must work harder.

Who am I to tell you how to become beautiful? I am not a model nor a movie star, not even a celebrity of any kind. Quite to the contrary, fate treated me harshly. In competition for beauty, I was at a great disadvantage. But this only intensified my desire to be beautiful.

It didn't happen at 20. It didn't happen at 30. I continued to search and finally, at 45, I am called beautiful often enough to believe it. If there has ever been such a thing as a self-made beauty, I am it.

Nothing, not even my Russian background, my prevailing over physical affliction, or my achievements in education and business, has created as much interest as my greatly improved appearance in the last several years. Questions about my beauty secret always come up sooner or later in conversation.

While preparing to write this book, I became particularly interested in how former beauties look in their 40s, and in many cases I don't feel that they look any better than I do. Twenty years ago, I never would have dared to compare my looks to women famous for their beauty. Now I would no longer be intimidated to be in their presence. That is what looking your very best can do for you. Many celebrities my age have had some cosmetic work done. This book, however, is about achieving a beautiful look not dependent on any doctor, any procedure, or any special product.

I cannot think of anything as empowering as being beautiful. Beauty generates positive energy and arouses excitement within us when we see it. Imagine how exhilarating it would be to be beautiful yourself. It is like being constantly on a stimulant. It influences your effectiveness in whatever you are doing.

The fewer qualms we have about our appearance and health, the more we can let go of the subconscious clamps that suppress our talents and restrict our initiative. Beauty gives the freedom to express ourselves, the energy to try

new things, and the ability to transform ourselves into the person we wish to become.

It would be unfortunate if you passed through life without feeling like a part of God's beautiful creation. And I mean this in the most profound way. Your potential for being beautiful is as great as anyone else's. God gave you a priceless gift — a remarkable body, making beauty a promising reality for every man and woman.

This book is about how you can become beautiful in spite of the fact that you may have thought that you inherited no beauty yourself. You will learn that much can be done to overcome genetic, medical, and environmental impairments. I know this, for placed by a physical disability in a disadvantaged position, I was even so able to fulfill my long cherished dream of becoming beautiful despite adversity and being over the age of 40.

I hope my story will inspire you to become all you are capable of being and encourage you to develop *The Most Beautiful You*. Between you and beauty lies only your effort. So take responsibility for your looks.

Former beauties are commonly thought to suffer more from losing their beauty than those who have always been plain. In the same way, people think that an individual who has never walked desires it less than the person who has lost this ability due to an accident. From my own experience, I can say nothing could be farther from the truth. Not considering yourself beautiful is a handicap. Every woman should be beautiful at some point in her life. And your time is now!

Tonya Lavasta

CHAPTER 1



I Will Be Beautiful, or I Will Be Dead

“Few women, I fear, have had such reason as I have to think the long sad years of youth were worth living for the sake of middle age.” — George Eliot (1819 – 1880), English novelist

Helena and I stood in front of a mirror in the junior high lavatory. Her eyes surveyed me briefly then began to flirt with her own reflection. With me as a foil in the background, she was even more beautiful. My friend Helena bore an amazing resemblance to Scarlett O’Hara both in her breathtaking beauty and her cold vanity. With obvious savor, she rated her physical assets against mine. Under her penetrating gaze, I saw my image reduced to a set of unsightly features. And, as if that weren’t enough to demean me, she said, “If I looked like you, I would not even want to live.”

How should I have responded to such a judgment? I felt like killing *her* instead. But no, we did not make the newspaper’s headlines. Beautiful and popular Helena was not found stabbed by her desperate and less fortunate schoolmate. Nor did I commit suicide. But I got the message: “To live I must be beautiful.” With conviction, as if the army of all the ugly ducklings in the world depended on me, I clenched my fists, and swore: “As God is my witness, I will be beautiful.”

I realized I was imitating a scene in my favorite movie only when Helena burst out laughing. “Don’t be ridiculous; just look at yourself.” The contrast in the mirror began to

hurt as if a million pieces of shattered glass were slicing through my skin. Awareness that I had been denied something essential for existence knifed through me. I had been robbed of the right to be beautiful.

Justice had to be served, and I meant every word I had said. I just didn't know how I was going to achieve it. The mirror sneered back at me. Helena had so much, and I had so little. But I didn't really want *her* beauty for myself, nor did I want Helena to lose her beauty in order to make us equal. I just wanted to become beautiful as only I could be. This realization made the undertaking seem more feasible.

It was my father who planted the idea in my head that nothing is really impossible if you put your mind to it. I remember when I was five, he gathered me into his strong arms and buried his bristled cheek in my hair. "Life is not fair," he said. "But you must be brave and fight for your fate. Just dare and life will be fair!" His voice was strong, but I could hear tears in his words.

I knew he was talking about my legs. I was born in the former Soviet Union, a healthy baby, but with one unfortunate flaw. Both hip joints were dislocated, a not-so-rare birth occurrence. Usually, such cases are diagnosed early and are easily corrected within a few months. But my condition went undetected for years and created serious damage to both hip joints. As a result of total joint deterioration, my right leg became much shorter. Surgeries consumed my childhood. I spent endless months in casts, but ultimately nothing could be done. Medical science in Russia was not advanced enough to help me. My parents were told I would never walk.

My father tried to instill in me the will to prove the doctors wrong. "You must be like a rubber ball," he said time and again. "The harder life hits you, the higher you must bounce." In Communist Russia, this message was the only gospel I knew.

In time, I did learn to walk without crutches, albeit with a limp. This was a big victory for me but no longer was it enough. Helena was right: crippled leg, shoulders stooped from using crutches, and a washed-out look from many surgeries made my image in the mirror a teenage girl's nightmare.

I craved physical wholeness. In my dreams, I gave myself attractiveness that would overrule my physical limitations. In real life, my disability often made me the target of cruel comments. I lived under a doubly plagued image: plain and crippled.

As a result, I redoubled my efforts to improve myself. I devoted my energy to looking better, dressing nicer, and trying harder. I practiced walking before a mirror so my limp would be less obvious. I wanted to wear short skirts and high heels like the other girls. Instead, I had to hide my leg under pants and long dresses.

I thought if I could only be beautiful people might overlook my infirmity. I studied beautiful people, hoping attractiveness could be learned. I read every biography of famous beauties I could get my hands on. I watched movies portraying beautiful women again and again. If I saw a beautiful woman, I would follow her just to get another glimpse. I tried to imitate the carriage, the gestures, and the charms of the beautiful. I always paid scrupulous attention to every detail of my appearance. I learned to make clothing for myself — embroidering for many hours to fashion attractive garments I could not otherwise afford. But the feeling that something was still missing would not go away.

Naturally, my first area of interest became cosmetics. I diligently researched ingredients and began to make my own lotions, creams, and facial products. I even wanted to enter the field professionally but assumed it to be reserved for flawless women.

I resigned myself to study on my own, experimenting on my own body. I relied on cosmetics too much. My husband, whom I dated for three years before we married, never saw me with a naked face. I would not be caught dead without make-up.

One morning, at the age of 25, I awoke to find my first wrinkle, a tiny crease near the eye. This horrified me! Not only will I be disabled, I will be old.

I was married and had a child, but my value still hinged on the ideal of beauty I had enthroned as a young girl. In a panic, I raced to the library and snatched book after book from the shelves, determined to stop this enemy, searching for some magic answer. I found only grim reminders that, after a certain age, a woman's youth begins to fade, and no creams or lotions applied to face or body would make a dramatic improvement.

I had always sensed that the day would come when I would be able to walk without a limp. At the existing level of medical technology, I had a better chance of being sent to the Moon. I remember thinking: *what if this happy time comes when I am in my 40s, 50s, or even 60s?* I was determined to find a way to look youthful and beautiful when it happened. That is how I became interested in people who looked 10 or even 20 years younger than their chronological age. There was something magical about them. I always went out of my way to interview them.

Beauty became my lifetime ambition, a matter of justice that seemed only fair for me to pursue. Learning the secrets of beauty became a passion bordering on obsession. Back then, there was no God to comfort me; there was only a need to prove my worthiness. I cry for the girl I was. I know, however, that without this motivation, this driving force inside of

me, there would be many things I might never have accomplished in my life.

“Often, the things we pursue most passionately is but a substitute for the one thing we really want and cannot have.”

— Eric Hoffer, American social philosopher

I knew I was deficient, and, in my search for wholeness, I was looking for the scattered parts of myself in different endeavors. I resolved to improve my mind. If I could not attain physical perfection, I would prove myself intellectually. Over the years I worked on degrees in mechanical engineering and theoretical mathematics. It seemed to me that the more difficult the area of study, the more pursuing it would proclaim my value.

In spite of the other degrees that I pursued, hardly a day passed in which I would not read something on my favorite subject. Since coming to the United States in 1991, I have read more than 500 books on various topics related to beauty. Years of exploration revealed the answers I had searched for. It is amazing how much more you can discover if you are seeking, not out of duty to do the job you are paid for, not out of curiosity to indulge your hobby, but out of desperation, as if your whole life depended on the uncovered information.

Recently, I read Lillian Müller’s book *Feel Great, Be Beautiful Over 40* in which she shared her beauty secrets. At the age of 22, Lillian became a successful model and was discovered by *Playboy*. Several years ago, *Vie* magazine called her “The Most Beautiful 40-Year-Old in the World.” At the time she wrote the book she was 43, and at the time I read it, I was also 43.

During my youth, my looks could not have come close to Lillian Müller’s angelic face, but looking at her current pho-

tos, it suddenly struck me that I looked just as good as she did. That is when it first occurred to me: “Maybe I am beautiful too!”

A year later, I read *Living Principal: Looking and Feeling Your Best at Every Age* by Victoria Principal. This famous actress wrote about her “aging crisis” and how she was “slammed” at 42 by seeing her changing face in the mirror. These were the words of a woman who was named 1983’s most beautiful woman in America by Harper’s Bazaar. She was the best-selling author of several books about health and beauty. Yet, for me, at 44, the mirror had never been kinder. For the first time, I liked my reflection. That is when I knew that I had stumbled onto something extraordinary.

In the midst of my research, I never intended to share this information. I wanted it for myself. I was looking for something to give me an advantage over others to compensate for my defect, a means to cope with my painful self-consciousness. The acquired knowledge of how to look better with time, when everyone else seems helpless to ward off aging, gave me the leverage I needed to level up with so-called normal people. I guarded my secrets carefully. I feared that if others were to follow them, I, being in an unfavorable starting position, would always be left behind. But, when my appearance improved so dramatically, I became healed by beauty. Goodness saturated me so fully, and gratitude took over me so powerfully, that I could not bear not sharing this good with others. *All of this* culminated in the writing of this book.

“If there’s a book you really want to read but it hasn’t been written yet, then you must write it.” — Tony Morris, editor and novelist



My Mom at 45 years old.

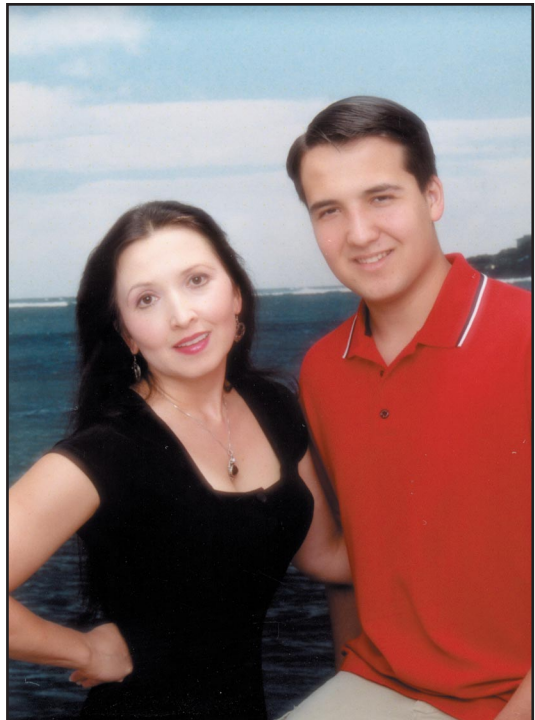


Me at 45 years old.

My mother and I have the same type of skin. We have the same hair (Mom is wearing a wig), the same bone structure, the same body constitution and the same tendency to gain weight. We use the same cosmetic products. The only difference is in what we eat.



*Me at 35,
with my son,
Nick.*



*Me at 41, after
2 years on the
Rawsome Diet.*

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