

Hair Today and Gone Tomorrow *by Marilyn Reeves*

Hair is something most of us have, or have had. Having beautiful, luxurious hair is certainly something we all aspire to.

Someone once said that most newborn babies resemble Winston Churchill, and sadly, in their later years, some folks end up looking a bit like the esteemed Prime Minister once again.

“If I have but one life to live, let me live it as a blonde” was the slogan touted by Clairol back in the 1950’s (or was it the 60’s?). Whatever. I took the slogan seriously, and Ms. Clairol and I became intimate friends throughout my adult life (although I must admit to some degree of infidelity as I also fooled around a bit with L’Oreal).

I was never a towhead, but when I was a young girl my hair was a light sandy color, and – try as I might – I can’t find quite that particular shade in a bottle.

I was nine years old by the time I got my first hair cut, so it had grown quite long. Usually my Mother would part it down the middle and braid it into two long dorky looking pigtails. On rare occasions, such as Easter, or when I went to get my picture taken, she made sausage curls, á la Shirley Temple. But when I let it fall down my back, it was just long enough to sit on. So, yes, it was a bit traumatic watching all those long tresses fall to the floor of the salon when I finally decided to part with it.

Actually, blonde is not a prerequisite for beautiful hair. There are many gorgeous brunettes, redheads, and shining waves of chestnut. My particular weakness is for thick, dark, luxurious hair, and I have been tempted at times to walk up to some perfect stranger and say, “Pardon me, sir. Would you mind if I ran my fingers through your hair?” But caution being the better part of valor, I have thus far resisted that impulse, fearing the scene that might erupt at the supermarket.

There is someone I know who has a head of pure spun silver – a shade which can only be accomplished by previously having had the aforementioned rich, dark hair. When caught in the sunlight it assumes an aura of such astonishing beauty that it can only be described as “other-worldly”!

My hair, on the other hand, is grey. One time my son, whose own thick, dark hair obviously wasn’t inherited from me, was kidding me about my grey hair. I took umbrage because I had just applied Clairol No. 102, and said, “No it’s not. It’s blonde!” So he asked one of my granddaughters: “Melony, what color is Nana’s hair?” And she replied, in that infuriatingly honest way that children do, “Grey”. So much for self-deception. And when my hair is back-lit by the sun does it form an angelic halo about my head? No, it stands up like frazzled nerve endings (to quote Phyllis Diller).

If I have but one life to live, why couldn’t I have been blessed with really great hair?