

The 90-year-old scissors held no magic. The patina cut no sorcery. The scissors felt good in my hand although there was no bonding between us happening.

Unlike a three-year-old holding a pair of scissors with a cutting edge task, this was right. I could cut my own hair. I was 23 times three. I was smarter than a three-year-old holding a pair of scissors.

That curl at the nap of my neck had to be snipped off. I grabbed the pair of hair dresser scissors. (My mother-in-law purchased them when she attended "Beauty School".) Before I snipped that curl though, I took a deep breath. If I made a mistake it couldn't be put back. I knew this. I could do this. After all, I had been a quilter for 15 years or so. I cut fabric. I could also cut hair.

The problem, though, was the fact that the hair I had to cut was behind me. I needed three hands: one to hold the scissors, one to hold the curl and the third to hold the mirror so that I could see what I was cutting. My determination was big, my strategy was good (just do it) however the hour was late. 10 p.m. was really not a good time to be brandishing scissors. My nightie would get tiny hairs all over it and tiny prickles of hair would be mighty uncomfortable during the night. Perhaps I should wait until the bright sunny side of the day.

No, I was resolved to get this done. It would be simple. No reason to bother the hair dresser just to clip away the flipping curl.

I snipped. The curl was lopped off. So was the integrity of the hair-do. I had, now, to trim away the other side, just to make the do look even. So, with little snips I had a new do. Not a good do. However, there was no undo button to push to make the do go back to normal.

When my husband held the mirror for me I could see what damage the little snips caused. Oh, my. There was no fixing this mess. Not tonight. Perhaps it would grow out. Anything can happen!

So, I slept on it. Morning came and the hair had not grown out. How long would this take to get my do back to normal? I moaned. Church service was in an hour. I believed that the hour was not enough time to glamour up. No amount of wishful thinking would make this hair-do top notch.

At church I had decided to act as though nothing was wrong. The people sitting behind me would think that my hair dresser was a beginner, or that my husband cut my hair and I didn't know how lopsided it was looking. Or..that my three-year-old granddaughter snipped it during the night. An hour later, following members out of the church my husband suggested that I call my hair dresser. Wow, it was that bad. When I had looked earlier that morning I believed that I could get away with a day or two blaming someone else.

Luckily, my skilled hair dresser was available that Sunday morning. She fixed the do. After asking if alcohol was involved she said, with scissors in hand, that I may be gifted in quilting or had other blessings, but that I was not good at hair dressing. Perhaps I should leave the scissors to her and use only a rotary cutter, but on fabric.

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