

A lot of things have been altered since the beginning of the Covid pandemic. One has to wonder how many of them will ever return to what we used to consider “normal.” We are pretty sure that we will drive less, have less social interaction, and continue to make fewer purchases in physical stores. And we hope we will continue to be a little more perceptive about the difference between “need” and “want.” A good neighbor once said that he believed it was “wants” rather than “needs” that got most people into trouble. He was probably right.

One of the changes for us, and at least for a time for others as well, has been hair care. We had been accustomed to haircuts from a friend who had a shop in her home. When Covid began to keep us home—in March of 2020—we had fairly “new” haircuts, so it was some weeks (probably months) before we began to think about that service again.

It must be said that we have never been very punctual about arranging for haircuts when most people would have considered it well past time. But, eventually, we would make an appointment and get our haircuts.

So, as time went on, it became obvious to us that excessive hair was getting in the way of an ease in living to which a good haircut can contribute. Finally, I asked my niece to cut my hair. We sat outside on her deck, and she cut and trimmed, and I ended up with a good haircut. I could see, though, that she was uncomfortable having to be the determining force in my appearance for the next many weeks. So, I didn’t want to ask her again.

When I could no longer stand the hair in my face, in my eyes, and hanging over my collar, I took out a pair of shears and hacked it off myself. And “hacked” really is the proper word. But, it removed my hair from my field of vision, and as I seldom look in a mirror, and we were not involved in any social situations, it was fine.

I did that three or four times, and each time the cumulative effect became worse. But, I couldn’t stand it any longer, so once again this past week, I contemplated cutting it myself.

Meanwhile, Runo had shortened his own locks with the sheep shears. The first time, he did a pretty good job. The second time, not so great, but there were just the two of us to look at it, so that was okay. This last time, he improved a bit again.

He had also offered to cut my hair, too. I had not taken him up on it, since I had allowed him to cut my bangs years ago, and they were so short that they were nearly like the front of a crew cut. But, after the hair hung in my face one day more than I could stand, I asked him if he would cut it off.

His method was like this: “Go and put on that red stocking cap you knitted. And find me the shears.”

So, I got a version of the “bowl cut,” but with a stocking cap for a pattern instead of a bowl.

I am not expecting to see anyone for the next few days who can dispute my statement, but I really think my hair looks pretty good. Of course, we don’t have a hand mirror, so I have never seen the back. And, one must always remember, hair grows.