

Three Days???

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Karley is our hair stylist and she lives far away in Mission, British Columbia, a few hundred miles north (roughly 1300 miles). Because we don't get to see her every 6 weeks or so, the job of hairstylist falls onto the shoulders of anyone we can find who can hold a pair of scissors. Try as I might, handling scissors and combining them with hair are not my strong point... nor are they Rick's. Karley was here for a 10 day visit at Christmas during which time she graciously gave us each a trim, however, that was around 12 weeks ago so now you know the rest of the story.

I have been lucky because my last haircut came at the hands of Gladys, the lady who tends the gardens here at Catalina Spa and she did an awesome job. (Besides, I figured that because she keeps the gardens in such good shape, how could I go wrong recruiting her to give me a trim?) Gladys doesn't like cutting men's hair and though she made an attempt at Rick's hair, his still needed some more trimming. I got out the clippers and shortened the sides which looked fine until the top grew some more and then he needed to find someone else to cut it.

There are two stylists here in the park and one had no time until Saturday, the day we were heading to Pomona, so he asked the other one for an appointment. He returned from his appointment and it was not a pretty sight so he spent the weekend wearing a hat (which was fine because it was cold but now it is hot here). Rick always said that the difference between a good haircut and a bad one was about three days but as of today, 7 days since his haircut, he has reconsidered that one. This morning, I got out the clippers and now he has a buzz cut, (like the one he used to wear when he was a little boy). It's greyer now than it was then but it is really short and by the time we return to BC, it will be long enough to be restyled. So, Karley, this pic's for you!