

## **“I Don’t Get Upset About Anything”**

“Will you cut my hair?”

I pretended I hadn’t heard. *“Is Linda serious?”*

In the middle of our watching the Oklahoma/Iowa State football game on December 19, 2020, my older sister asked me to cut her hair. I was surprised. For two years, she’d insisted she needed it long to keep her neck and shoulders warm. When Linda gardened, she pulled it into a pony tail secured with a scrunchy.

In November, my younger sister, Frances, had blunt cut several inches off Linda’s hair after Linda asked her for a haircut. Linda’s hair was still long enough for a pony tail but easily slipped loose, forcing her to redo her hair often to keep it off her face.

Then, as we watched the next game, Clemson/Notre Dame, Linda asked again, “Will you cut my hair?”

*“Uh oh, she’s serious. Did that first haircut start something?”*

“Linda, I might mess it up.”

“You’re not going to mess it up. Don’t worry. I don’t get upset about anything.”

I found scissors and a towel, and we agreed on a chair with a thick cushion to make her taller.

I thought about the lady who cuts my hair. *“She uses a comb to make sections, and she puts a clip on each section.”* I searched for clips and found none. *“The scrunchies!”* I chose the tightest ones.

Starting at the crown, I made a section and applied a scrunchy. Next, I made sections above each ear and applied scrunchies. Finally, I sectioned the back, making four sections above and two below.

Now, I thought about my hairdresser’s sequence. I began with the neckline, leaving a couple of inches and cutting five or six inches off the two sections. I held the severed hair in my hand and thought, *“Oh, boy, there’s no turning back.”*

I continued with the four sections above, cutting layers. My plan was to frame Linda’s face, to cut her hair short enough on the sides and top so she wouldn’t have to push it away from her forehead and eyes. When I cut the first side and the uncut hair fell into place, I gasped to myself. *“Oh, dear, I may have cut too much!”* All I could do was keep going and make the other side the same length. Then, I cut the top about eyebrow length.

I blow-dried while fluffing, scrunching, and lifting her hair with my fingers. Linda’s natural wave, curl, and body appeared. Last, with the pick end of her comb, I lifted and touched up a bit here and there. I didn’t spray her hair. Linda’s a natural. I wanted the hairdo to be one she could manage on her own—no curling iron or other styling tools and no hair products.

Looking in her mirror, Linda proclaimed, “I love it! It feels so much better!”

“Wow! Let me take a picture!”

My big sister had, *again*, taught me not to stress—at least not over a haircut!