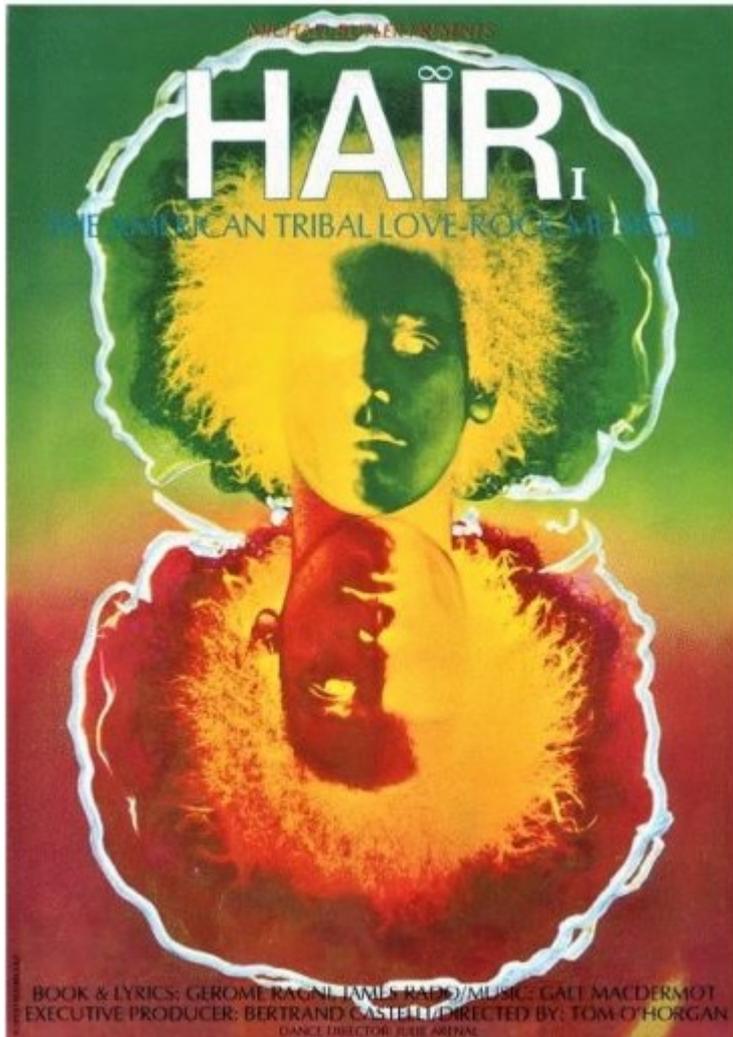


Living an old musical in a new pandemic



Sure, first world problems, right? I mean, people are getting sick and people are dying. I get that and I feel that. No way do I minimize any of it. But, if there's a shot at sneaking a smile in among the gloom, then maybe I can do it by talking about how I'm living an old musical in a new pandemic.

No parking on the lawn

My Dad just turned 90 last year. He has a ton of nice wavy hair on his head. More salt than pepper these days, but that's cool. *His* Dad had a huge shock of white (not gray) hair all the way until the end.

Sadly, I take after my maternal Grandpa. He had the classic male pattern baldness. You know what I mean. Think of a driveway between two nicely mown grassy areas. Yep, that's my head.

Been down this road before

Specifically a long one. 15,000 miles and nearly three months on the road during my Great North American Baseball Road Trip (GNABRT).

So, I had some experience with months in between getting to my barber. At some point, I gave in and used my beard trimmer to attack my hair. Well, it wasn't a trip I was searching for female companionship anyway...

Still not a good reason to get married

Over the years, the suggestions that I should "find someone" and get married have dogged me. As if you could just go to some "Wife R Us" store and select one so easily.

Some of the urgings were based on heartfelt, but ultimately poor reasoning. Such as, "you should have someone who can take care of you when you get older". Yeah, I'm sure that would be a winning pick up line.

Having someone who could trim the hair on the back of my head is also not a good reason to get married. But, man, it sure is tough to trim back there.

Well, to trim it with any hope of appearing in public again.

The pandemic hair choices

I can, of course, replicate the GNABRT solution and do some self-lopping of the locks. Considering they are encouraging me *not* to go out in public, that's a win win. So, no viewing of the terrible hack job.

Or, I can let the hair grow out. Combined with my hair pattern discussed above, this either makes me look like Bozo the Clown or a mad scientist. While my personality more resembles the former, I think that latter is way cooler.

To beard or not to beard

That's no longer the question.

As my hair grew fuller and bushier, I decided to grow back the beard. The offsetting hair on the lower part of my face tended to minimize the forest on the top of my head.

Problem is, beards are a lot of trouble to maintain. And, you can't let the beard grow like the hair on top of your head. It just doesn't look safe. Grizzly Adams to serial killer is not a look I'm going for.

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So, I've opted to try for the mad scientist look. I'm having fun just letting the hair grow out.

I surprised myself the other day when I reached behind my head to find out how long my hair had grown. Because I actually had enough to run my hands through my hair (I usually cut my hair quite short). I had not felt that in decades.

So, yeah, I'm living an old musical in a new pandemic. The nostalgia should even continue through my first post-pandemic haircut. I may not be able to see the floor of the barber shop because of all the hair being cut off.

Talk about going back in time. That hasn't happened since the movie version was released in the 70's!