

# Northern holidays



There are a number of things I enjoy about being clean-shaven, the least of which, surprisingly, that I look younger (on account of the beard containing substantially more of the famous Daniels family white hair than on the top of my head).

Chief among those simple pleasures is eating, especially barbecue. And corn on the cob. Two things I grill up in frequent quantities.

Nevertheless, when the northern holidays come a-calling, I always feel compelled to grow back the beard.

Agreed, they are celebrated everywhere, but when you think of them, when you conjure up images from paintings or movies, those holidays are invariably portrayed in some northern clime.

And it is with that conceptual framework, that I transform myself from baby-faced Florida boy to bearded wonder on or around Thanksgiving each year.

The timing works well...just about right after my big BBQ bash for Halloween, I put the blade back in the "shaving drawer" and switch almost exclusively to electric. Given the growth speed and thickness of my beard, it's just about full by Thanksgiving.

I've spoken about the seeming paradox of beards before: while you would think not having to shave every day would be a big time saver, trimming and shaping costs nearly as much time. Especially for kinky hair peeps like myself.

Of course, there's also another inverted thought process in growing a beard back for Thanksgiving, a big feast holiday and Christmas, no shortage of food there. The most compelling reason *not* to have a beard is to eat unselfconsciously. So that's backwards.

In any case, I'm in the itchy phase, that 25% grown in "why are you doing this to me?" time where my face really wishes I would stick to Florida time and not get caught up in those northern holidays.