

Right where I wanted to be

Written by Elizabeth Barrett
Friday, 09 March 2012 15:02 -



As I brushed back strands of hair to pull through a pony-

tail holder, I wasn't thinking about what had happened yesterday or what I needed to accomplish tomorrow.

Somehow, I muted that little voice inside that tried its darnedest to make me hurry and worry as I dabbed lipstick on teenaged boys and applied eyeliner to ladies wearing wide-brimmed hats.

The choral room at Gothenburg High School floated with colorful long dresses and vibrated with shouts, laughter and jitters before each performance of "The Music Man" that students performed recently.

The makeup station often turned into a hair-styling salon where we transformed modern "do's" into buns and tresses from 1912, when the story takes place.

"You have beautiful skin," I told one of daughter Betsy's classmates as I smudged rouge onto his smooth cheek.

"Thank you," replied the traveling salesman who was not embarrassed in the least.

Betsy, who had eavesdropped, glared at me.

A few minutes later, I patted stray hairs on a low-neck bun worn by the Pianola Girl.

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I loved the familiarity of her mane, which I had fashioned on opening night, and looked forward to seeing the townswoman who waited patiently for me to comb her hair and gently pat makeup on her face. She would talk to me a little more each time we met.

On Sunday, the last day of the performance, I realized I would miss those planes of time in the choral room and the intimacy that doing hair and makeup offered.

Had I chosen to spend my time away from the office munching popcorn at a movie or snuggling in bed with a good book or filling it with frenetic activity, I would have missed divine moments of meaningful relationship.

Ank Butterfly Dreaming describes wealth as a measure of the degree to which we are willing to share intimacy with our world.

By sharing myself with others, I received something much more valuable than dollars and cents.