

AU NATUREL

COMMUNING IN THE SPIRIT FOR SOUL RENEWAL Personal and Salon Updates

September promises to be a jam-packed month! As regular readers may know, I'm shifting my day job to one that targets women's and children's health in developing countries. September is my transition month. I'll be attending a couple of conferences,

"IF YOU CAN'T FIND TIME FOR YOUR OWN RESTFUL RETREAT AWAY FROM THE HECTIC FLOW OF LIFE, STOP BY SCHATZI'S AND LET OUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING IN SERVICE TO YOU. WE AIM TO PLEASE."

EMBRACE THE BEAUTY OF YOU

including a [statewide cervical cancer prevention summit](#) organized by yours truly, and then quickly adjusting to a new schedule and a new way of doing things. Through all the month's events, *I'll be there* with bells on! ☺ I'm very excited but, the work pace is increasing rapidly and I don't have time to take leave during the transition. I know that by month end, I'll be spent! So, I've decided I want and need to take some personal time to reflect and show appreciation for the beautiful blessings that are the gifts of life--to give thanks for grace and for the moment. I have no idea where I'll go or what I'll do

when I get there. But, I'm going. I personally don't like structure when I'm relaxing, so I will only be listening to the tune of my own soul. My only requirement: room service! ☺ As women, we don't often take a private get-away, for the simple luxury of communing in spirit and pampering ourselves. For me, it's long over-due. If the Universe smiles on me, I will *make it so* at the end of the month, returning to Raleigh Monday morning, prayerfully refreshed and new! For tips on planning your own private and restful week-end get-away, click [here](#).

As a result of all of these events, the October issue of Au Naturel will likely be very late! But that won't impact other salon happenings. Here in the salon, Jamie is handling operations beautifully and will be a needed crutch that I will lean on through the month of September. By the way, I'm not sure if you all have seen Jamie's buzz cut but it is HOT!!! She wears it very well. That chic has got it going on! Watching her life is like watching a caterpillar transform into a beautiful butterfly. She is so beautiful and the poetry comes from the fact that she is finally starting to know it too! She's still got a little ways to go with that as she believes she needs to lose weight to be more beautiful. I disagree. She IS! PERIOD! All the same, her humility is the icing on the cake known as her spirit. We are blessed to call her

FALL FIESTA OF SAVINGS!!!

For our salon back-to-school specials, get extension braids for you daughters for only \$120.00. That's \$30-\$60 off the regular price. This price is valid only through the month of September. Or receive a deep condition and seasonal trim for only a \$15.00 add-on to a regular service. That's a savings of \$10!

friend. She is mentoring LaRhonda and Martina famously so, I don't doubt that things will flow as needed as I "straddle the fence" of life during this transition period.

Great help is a wonderful gift, as salons are notoriously unpredictable. You can never tell what a day will bring but, we endeavor always to grow and learn. If you can't find time for your own restful retreat away from the hectic flow of life, stop by *Schatzi's* and let our fingers do the walking in service to you. We aim to please.

As for this issue of *Au Naturel*, it has an eclectic vibe. I had fun writing it. It's mostly essays and reflections: one on the future of hair in America—50 years into the future, another on motherhood and relating to our men and the last is just a quirky rant that I thought I'd share for laughs. Hope you enjoy!

Embrace the beauty of you.

WHAT WILL HAIR LOOK LIKE 50 YEARS FROM NOW A PARALLEL FANTASY ON AN ENDURING DREAM

If you're like me, you saw advertised on all types of media sources, including [Google](#), reference to the 50 year anniversary of Dr. Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech. It's really hard to believe that this speech was delivered only 50 years ago. It feels like so much has changed. And yet, a *luta continua*. I personally didn't watch a lot of the material. I find that the older I get, the less I want to look back. Don't get me wrong: I would never suggest forgetting where we come from but, I embrace the moment and celebrate the future. *I believe* that I have made peace with the past.

All the same, one exception to my rather indifferent stroll down *memory lane* was an interview with "the keeper of the speech" done on the CBS *Sunday Morning* show on August 18th. In [this interview](#), a gentleman named George Raveling confessed to having the original copy of the "I have a dream" speech. What I found most fascinating about the interview with Mr. Raveling was that the typewritten speech is only 3 pages long and the words "I have a dream" appear NO WHERE in the original typewritten document!!! These enduring words, along with much of the other material, were completely AD LIBBED!!!!!!, "turning a planned four-minute speech into a 16 minute historic address." I heard that point and said to my husband, "Wow!!, that's New Testament." And I paraphrased [Luke 12:11-12](#) though not recalling chapter and verse. He rebutted, "No, that's what God said to Moses, because he wasn't a great orator." Realizing that he was right also ([Exodus 4:10-12](#)) having selected an even stronger reference, I quickly conceded. (He needs all the encouragement he can get on Bible matters! ☺) But still, the beauty and majesty of that thought is undeniable: [The greatest speech in US history](#) was mostly AD LIBBED!! That is astounding and a most awesome testimony to [Romans 8:28](#) and the power of the Spirit. I was re-inspired by King's presence, his grace and the simple majesty of his words.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. WAS a dreamer! The world needs more of them. I embrace the dream. In fact, I see it daily as I walk on a college campus and see bright faces eager to make a meaningful impact on the world. Academia is truly a wellspring of passion, ambition, possibilities and DIVERSITY!!! For these reasons, I didn't watch the Trayvon Martin trial, and I thought the whole matter with Paula Deen absolutely ridiculous. Of course, I had to explain myself in the salon! My response was simple: Change is a constant and positive change is inevitable. Time is on our side. America is not a black and white country and it surely won't be 50 years from now. We better get used to it or we will be relics in history. I see this fact in my own children's lives. Of my eldest son's closest buddies growing up, three are Hispanic, one is Asian, one is mixed race (with parents from England and the Philippines), one is a Russian immigrant, and one is African-American. These children grew up in my home to some extent. They are part of my family. They are my own, as is Trayvon. So, I personally see the tragedy of a Trayvon situation regardless of the color of the child.

It is tragic!! Period! Yet, I fully understand the perils of raising a Black man in America. As a woman with only sons, I personally didn't want the reminder of just how tragic and how easily translatable that tragedy is to my own life or anyone else's. But things must change. Time, probability and righteousness are on our side. AMEN! So with that said, what's hair got to do with it? I'm coming to that. I DO get long-winded! ☺

Well during the last week of August while waiting at a commuter bus stop on UNC's campus, I saw the *present-future* staring me in the face. I saw a Caucasian boy crossing the street with a bronze-colored Afro comparable to the Jackson's of old. I was intrigued. I tried not to stare by playing off my interest, but I really didn't do a very good job of it. His hair was kinkier than mine!! My hair while mostly kinky is too loose and heavy in the front to give me a 3D Afro. That's a bummer at times!! I smiled inwardly as I watched him: He was as unashamed as he should be. What his simple beingness showed me was that our people are helping our Caucasian brothers and sisters to embrace their own beauty as well!!! By wearing our natural hair proudly, we are allowing them to do the same. Clearly, he can't be the only Caucasian child with such fantabulous hair!! I saw a chic a few years back with curly hair to match some of our salon clients. She was blond. It all reminds me of a recent interview I saw with one of this season's cast members of So You Think You Can Dance, Nico. He apparently wears a knit cap while his hair is drying to keep it from puffing out into a curly top. A day after seeing my young, Afro-ed brother, I saw a young woman at the bus stop with waist length, brownish-blond hair that was wavy-curly. It didn't double-back on itself like curly or kinky hair can do but, it had volume and dimension that matched many salon sisters. That is when inspiration to write this article hit me, though it had been coming for some time! So, what is the dream that I foresee for hair in the future? Hmmmm. And so a poem finds me. *Read this one with the voice of a 60s activist and you'll catch my vibe...*

As we burrow deeper into the 21st century,
I foresee a vision of supple follicle blossoms.
Multi-hued keratin rods that dance across the canvas of human existence
And sing LIBERATION!
Follicle blossoms that will bask in the long awaited break they've been looking for.
And I'm not speaking of the broken kind.
No, I'm speaking of a knowing kind—liberation!
A freed mind, a freed spirit, a freed essence which speaks volumes
But says nothing.
A liberation that does not tie and bind to transform and recreate.
Rather a liberation that ebbs and flows and vibes and rides.
A liberation that defines and yet,
Says NOTHING but "Irie!"
I'm speaking of acceptance in all of its wonderful facets.
Rainbow colored inspiration that says "I AM."
That screams, AND SO ARE YOU!!
I cry with anticipation.

I envision a fantasy that steps boldly into reality and says "Hi."
I smile at the possibilities.

The hair won't have to do anything
It will just BE. Amen.
And we will see the truth as it is.
We won't speak of hair do's anymore, just hair-be's.
There'll be "hair is's", maybe "hair tries" but no "hair do's" or "hair dies."
Though hair dye ain't going NO WHER!
At the God appointed time in the future,
Hair will no longer have a color label that is limited by the confines of race or ethnicity.
Instead, color will be all about hue, as it should be.

Bad hair days will be a sad reflection of a by-gone era.
Every day is a good hair day, for everybody in every way.
We will focus our hearts and minds on the true work of this life.
The essence of existence--SERVICE.
And we will serve our fellow-kind with kind words and a helping hand.
Schatzi's client' base will be as diverse as the population.
And some enduring words shall live forever...
Embrace the beauty of you.

I foreshadow a dream that is so beautiful and so real, that it is now.
I am the possibility. The time is now. And the dream is real.

WORD TO THE MOTHERS

Understanding Our Men

I'm a mother who lectures my children to death. I don't doubt it's one of the qualities that my sons will remember with fond recollections, when I am but a digital memory. But some days, the lectures must surely be burdensome! On July 27th, I awoke at 3:03am and went to my son's room. I had just had an interesting dream and decided that I would deal with a persistent matter now. I left his room at around 4:30am. His eyes were red throughout but, he listened and he laughed. I do awesome impersonations when I'm dramatizing life lessons. I will beat you up and then put balm on the wound. So, it's not a total drag, I gather. He even hugged me afterward. (He's a real charmer, that kid! ☺) I pulled from the book called "our family tree" and climbed through the branches. In some places, I read to him entire chapters while in others I read only leaves. He listened. He's heard many of these lectures over the years. Some of the lectures were best delivered with the tiniest of branches called *snitches*; but since he's grown-up now, I have to be more creative. I figure an early morning wake-up is about as physically, psychologically and spiritually vexing as a thrashing so, I think I'll keep it! ☺ After all, he is still at home! Regardless of the method of delivery, the fundamental message is always the same. They just need to see the multi-facets of the storyline. Over the years, I used to resent that I was the primary disciplinarian in our household. I couldn't understand why the burden fell so disproportionately on my shoulders. And then one day, God showed me...

This chapter of our book opened with me being irate about something my youngest son (about 14 years of age at the time) did. He is the son that balances me out. He challenges my spirit in ways that I never wanted to learn about. And I am so grateful that he is so endearing a character with such a warm and engaging spirit that coaxes him easily back into my good graces. He will do very well in life. *I believe, Lord!!* At any rate, I was at work but I called him to ask him about whatever the matter was. He was detached and clearly uninterested. As I spoke, I suddenly heard the phone go dead. As I sat in my office, I gripped and looked at the phone *CONFUSED*, listening to the hollow echo of the receiver. I then questioned the universe: DID HE JUST HANG UP ON ME???! I felt blood coursing up the back of my neck and into my head. I saw RED! I immediately called back and my husband answered. I was on a tirade. He said, "What's the matter?" I said, "I think J--- just hung up on me!" He said, "*WHAT???!!!!!*" The majority of what happened next was what I heard through a live and active phone receiver: "*Did yu hang up the phone 'pon yur mudda Bwoy!!!! You tink sey yu a man to Rass C...?! Well, mi a go treat yu like yu a Bumba C... man to Rass!!!*" Then in classic Batman parlance, I heard CRASH! BOOM! PING! a faint wail in the distance, (more Jamaican bad words), BIFF! (More whimpers). In this rather brief span of time, I went from red to ashen in light speed. I gripped the phone powerless to do anything; listening and praying hard. *GOD! I GET IT! I know why I'm the disciplinarian. I'll do it! I will! Please, just let me have a son*

when I get home. Please God. Let me have a son when I get home. I'll do it! And then, Lloyd came back on the phone breathing rather hard and said, "I'll talk to you later." And hung up. I hung up as well and reflected deeply.

When I got home, the evidence of the conflict would have been missed by no one: A picture previously on the wall was now on the floor and shattered. A wooden Oriental flower stand was broken. A chair was sideways on the floor. There was general disarray to the room with the residual energy of disturbance all around. My son was alive and mostly intact. In all, I appreciated that he likely needed whatever he got. But oh, the agony of it all! So I gave thanks and reflected some more.

Some of the most difficult challenges that we had faced as a family up until that point, Lloyd had met with seeming indifference. I thought he was passive. But when I reflected, I realized that on these matters, he has two speeds: Jamaican no problem steady and BALLISTIC! There's really not much in between. Prior to that moment, I had not witnessed ballistic. I further reflected that despite all the antics that life threw at us, it

was not until my son had in Lloyd's eyes "disrespected me (his mother)" that he went off! I had never seen that response to anything prior. ANYTHING!!! It was flattering in a twisted sort of way! ☺

So, I say that to say ladies, don't judge your man's seeming indifference to what you may perceive as some of the toughest life challenges. He's honestly coping the best way he knows how. We all do. I don't think we should make excuses for people, but everyone is not equipped in the same way. And we don't get to choose how others will react to any situation. All we can choose is how we deal with it. So, be of good cheer. And know this: you will be better for the challenge of it all...IF you faint not. ☺ But my, how I have wanted to faint sometimes. But, I've never been good at faking anything. So, my approach is to stand and to remember: *This too shall pass away.* And when it does, it will likely be *the good ole days* that we often pine about. So, take each day as the gift that it is, for we are promised nothing. [And when you know better, do better. It's ultimately YOUR test and your reward.](#)

DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME! ADDING SPICE TO LIFE

One of the little known factoids about me is that I'm pretty good at impersonations. I can slip rather effortlessly into personages and slide back out as if they are merely an extension of myself. It just makes for a better story, and I do love story-telling!! (You're reading this newsletter so you MUST know that! ☺) My husband loves them! I don't even realize that I'm taking on a persona oftentimes until I see the expression on the face of the listener. It's usually amusement. Some of my best are *ghetto chic with an attitude (a favorite in the salon)*, *gay guy*, *Asian man or woman*, *Britt with proper breeding* and *southern belle*. But give me about 15 minutes in the presence of an amusing character and I'll have them down when I recount the story later in the day. Any story with a Jamaican context has Jamaican patois as the back-drop. That's a must!!

Well, I really should be careful because I slip into these characters sometimes without realizing it. For example, I put the cloak of *southern belle* on so effortlessly during a recent job interview that I amused myself. The power hitter in the room was an appointee from our good Governor McCrory's office who was a southern belle through and through. As I sat down, she took up her pen, put her head down at an angle to feign writing something important and asked me rather absent-mindedly (as if didn't really matter) "Are you from Raleigh?" Now, let's ignore that it's not really an appropriate interview question. If you're from NC, you know that *inappropriate questions* are regular and perfectly acceptable. Secondly, you know its code for inclusion. But, it's not the right code. The phrasing was designed to exclude because almost NO ONE is actually from RALEIGH! North Carolina YES but NOT RALEIGH! So by asking if I was from Raleigh, she was significantly narrowing the probably of a positive response to the question and

thus my prospect for suitability for the job in her own mind. Believe me: The answer to that question matters if you ever hear it in an interview in NC!!!

Understanding all of this very well and instantly, I slid into *southern belle*, complete with a southern upper crust accent, and said, “Why yes, I am! I’m probably one of the few people you’re ever gonna meet from Raleigh propa’ (meaning proper).” (*Incidentally, I was born at Wake Memorial, now Wake Med on New Bern Ave.*) My response was a classic southern jab because it: 1) attacked her gall to actually ask me if I’m from Raleigh, while cloaking the rebuff in feigned ignorance to any sort of slight—a skill that southern women have mastered above all other people on the planet! (I AM a child of my environment!); and 2) flatly said in translation, “Sister, I know the code and I’ve got the password. Now what?!” By the time I finished giving her a brief history of my family roots in North Carolina and topping it off with my dear father’s service to a nation as an Army veteran, I saw from her countenance that she had descended from her high horse considerably. I then neatly took off the *southern belle* cloak and got down to business.

Needless to say, I didn’t get the job. LOL!!! It’s all good though. I accepted something else the same day of the interview. I really was just there as a formality. Besides, I appreciate any opportunity I can get to brush up on my impersonations—though that one DID sneak out of me rather coquettishly. But in my book if you’re going to take your time and energy to attend an interview, you might as well enjoy it! Impersonations really DO add a bit of spice to life! ☺ But, I wouldn’t try these during an interview if I were you. Most people don’t have quite so colorful a personality! ☺ Embrace the beauty of you.

About Us: *Schatzi's is your gateway to natural beauty. Come and feel the peace and serenity of our natural hair care oasis, designed with you in mind. We provide the full range of natural hair care services to meet all of your service needs. Raleigh's first full-service natural hair salon has been faithfully serving the Triangle community and beyond since 2006.*

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