

AU NATUREL

PERSONAL AND SALON UPDATES

Autumn Highlights

As we near the end of Autumn 2020, I'm struck by how challenging the year has been for humans while Mother Nature takes it all in stride. In NC, it's rather warm for this time of year. Is this what climate change looks like?

I typically bring my plants in a lot earlier in the season, but I don't think we've had a real freeze since the cold weather began. I have ivies on the back deck that I didn't bother to bring in because I'm testing to see whether they survive the winter. (I LOVE ivy plants but have never successfully kept one indoors. They always die on me. So, I want to see if I can keep ivy in my potted hanging plants throughout the year.) The warm weather is preferred by many, but I love the four seasons. Besides, when I saw a [recent video of an alligator attacking a man in an NC waterway](#), I was NOT amused. I don't want NC to become as alligator inhabited as Florida. That would definitely not be cool because NC people are neither accustomed to nor familiar with how to live with these creatures. So, I imagine that a lot of people may be hurt or injured before we get the hang of our new reality.



I've been taking beautiful strolls through the neighborhood with a lovely and colorful autumn backdrop. But I confess, I'm often so immersed in news updates on my phone that I don't always notice the scenery. Politics and historical dramas are taking so much of my time these days that I feel I should take a pause. But, I'm hooked. My current historical docu-series is [Bolivar](#) on Netflix. My entire family has a revolutionary spirit so we're having a really hard time putting this one down. But it's always fascinating to see and hear how events shaped humanity and how born leaders rose to face the challenge of the moment. For someone who HATES war, I have come to realize that I watch A LOT

of war movies. I think within my soul, I'm trying to find the out—the path of peace that was overlooked. But, invariably, I never find it. *Sigh*.

Within the salon, we are maintaining our social distance and sticking to our [COVID-protocol](#). I'm hearing

NATURE QUOTES

Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better. Albert Einstein

We don't inherit the earth from our ancestors, we borrow it from our children. Native American Proverb

Men argue. Nature acts. Voltaire

The sun, with all those planets revolving around it and dependent on it, can still ripen a bunch of grapes as if it had nothing else in the universe to do. Galileo Galil

overtures of a possible second shutdown of NC businesses to slow the spread. I honestly hope that this decision is not necessary. But I respect the decision if it proves necessary. We have been blessed to stay healthy so far, and I honestly want to take NOTHING for granted. So, we don't EVER compromise on our

standards and practices. I pray that you all stay healthy and safe...until we can return to regular social gatherings, hugs and group intimacy..AC (After COVID). Embrace the beauty of you.

GREY TRESSES GONE WILD

Tips to Accentuate and Tame the Untimely

Years ago, I told my sons that I would never age. Specifically, I said, "Today, I look like your mother. Tomorrow, I'll be your aunt. After that, I'll be your sister. And then, I'll be your child." They laughed as did I because well, I can make up some -ISH when I'm feeling myself like that. So, it was a good story that they didn't buy one bit. Then one day while we were picking up some last minute items for my eldest son's college trip to France in Wal-mart, a man passed by, stopped and said to my eldest, "Is that your mother?!" My son's entire expression changed as he said, "YES!" Then, the man said, "No disrespect. She just don't look like your mother. That's all." Then he walked away. Both sons looked at me and said, "You said you wouldn't age. I guess you were right." I laughed. Well, what I didn't factor in was

grey hair. Because let's face it, you don't think about it until you have to. And then,well. You have to! It kept its distance up until 40 and then BAM!! It's multiplied exponentially. The photos are of my recent detailed tress-examination. My roots are really trying to be all White. My mother says it's inevitable as she greyed earlier than her counterparts. But she dyed for years. Because my hair is long, the elder black strands will take a while to be fully replaced so I give thanks for small blessings. But, it's pretty wild to observe the process taking place.

Well, you know me. My whole aim is to age as gracefully as [Nancy Wilson](#)...natural and unadulterated. May her soul rest as beautifully as she lived. Besides, my salon



motto is “Embrace the beauty of you.” So, I feel I should walk the walk otherwise, I’m a hypocrite. So, I’m walking the walk. But can I be honest. I intend to remain youthful into the future. And it won’t be because I have Alzheimer’s and have literally regressed in mental years to infancy. It’s because I intend to take care of myself until God calls me home. I think I’m doing a pretty decent job of it, and I pray my sons follow my example. But the grey hairs tell a story that can’t be denied. My husband is 6 years older than me and I have waaayyyy more grey hair on my head than he does! His beard is fully grey now, but he just cuts it off and keeps it moving. (Goodness, is that man vain! He even plucks his grey eyebrows. INSANE!) So sometimes, I think, maybe I should embrace hair dye...afterall, it isn’t really a change. It’s just returning myself to the self that everyone has known and remember most. I would easily erase about 10 years with the swipe of a brush. Some days, I’m so enticed by the notion that I dream about it. Then, I wake up, look in the mirror and say, “Naw. God thinks I should look like this now. So, that’s good enough for me.” And then I don’t. But the clients whose hair I dye look absolutely fabulous. The color accentuates their beauty and youthfulness. But I am a very low maintenance type of girl. Most days, I don’t wear make-up at all. When I do, it’s mascara, an eyebrow pencil and lip gloss. NEVER FOUNDATION...unless I’m doing a photo shoot which is almost never. My hair is as low maintenance as the rest of me. So, the thought of being bound to a box of hair color at the *every six week* interval is inconsistent with my lifestyle. I know that won’t change. So if I dye, it would just mean that I’d wind up regretting it later when the routine of it all gets played. So, I’m trying to discover the beauty secrets of grey hair. You know the #1 secret: **It looks best on a youthful face.** Nancy Wilson had it right. So, that’s what I’ll endeavor to become and maintain. It won’t be easy. Menopause has not found me yet. And while most women are quite happy to enter this stage of life, I’m quite content to have my body still regulated by estrogen and progesterone. I’m curious what I’ll possibly look like when these natural youth elixirs stop coursing through my veins. Again, I’m low maintenance. I don’t do daily pills, so I won’t be down with hormone replacement. So, I’ll just have to

cross that bridge when the time comes. But I can’t help but think that my rigid naturalista (i.e. minimalist) standards will have me looking 20 years older than all of my friends at some appointed future date. Time will tell. In the interim, I’ll keep doing me.

For others working with their grey (male & female alike), tips to enhance your look are as follows:

- Consider giving your grey more of a silver hue with [Shimmering Lights](#). This purple shampoo is enriched with an active violet dye that gives white hair a richer silver tone that provides a bit more depth to the hair color. But be careful. If your hair is overly porous, dry or damaged, you may find yourself exhibiting a bit more violet than anticipated. So, it should be used no more than a few times per month. I haven’t tried it myself as yet. Despite my fickle nature concerning my grey, I occasionally receive compliments on it. So I’m curious to observe the process unfold with minimal interference. But, this product is a known beauty secret for people over 50.
- Be very careful with heat styling. Grey hair is known to sometimes develop a yellow hue which is rather unflattering. It can be caused by heat damage, yellow pigment in your shampoo or conditioner, sun exposure or chemicals from pools, etc. So, err on the side of clear hair cleansing products and avoid excessive use of curling irons or flat irons. Shimmering Lights is a useful tool in your arsenal if you’re developing a yellow tint. But prevention is worth a pound of cure.
- Style matters now more than ever and looks that frame the face are very flattering. The myth that grey hair needs to be short is gone. But, the hair should have a manicured look, indicating that everything about your look is intentional. I tend to favor the free flowing, disheveled look to my hair when wearing a longer style. But, I’m also a sucker for ponytails. My hair is not quite as long as it used to be. So, I do more short styling of my natural hair by using less heat when blow drying before styling. The great beauty of naturally coily/kinky hair is that you can wear short hair WITHOUT using the scissors. When you want a long look again, you just employ the blow dryer. And voila!
- Finally, grey hair performs best with dark solid colors. Maroons, navy blues, black, dark grey, even mustard and forest green look great! Grey hair can make you look ashen. So, the focus on solid dark colors will bring out the richness of your skin tone and the wonderful contrast of your hair against the dark backdrop that you’ve created. Avoid florals, plaids, stripes or checkers. These clothes are doable, but they DO NOTHING to make you drop dead gorgeous. Trust me on this one. Watch the compliments pour in!

Until next time, embrace the beauty of you. 😊

NATURAL MYSTIC

If you listen carefully now you will hear

In 1977, Bob Marley and the Wailers released the *Exodus* album which has many of the groups most iconic reggae hits therein. Natural mystic is the opening track. When you listen to the song, you don't bother to ask yourself what natural mystic means. When you flow with the vibe of the tune, abstraction and clarity collide as essence and understanding become one. So as I considered how I would title this article on telepathy, the words "natural mystic" came into my psyche. So, I decided to roll with it. I'm not sure about you, but I'm convinced that telepathy is real. I believe that thought waves are as accessible as radio waves. You just need to tune into the correct frequency and listen carefully. I think the very first time I was convinced of telepathy's existence, I was in the salon working on a client who had been a regular for about a year. I liked her a lot. There was something about her nature that reminded me of my friend Meiko, only I hadn't yet met Meiko. So, I couldn't make a comparison. At any rate, she was pretty chill. So one day as I styled her locks and we chatted, I suddenly got a very strong thought, "I don't like her!" It was so strong that I went inward to analyze the thought and try to decipher where it came from. The more I introspected, the more I could not associate the feeling with any thoughts or sentiments that I had towards her. After this realization, I drew the conclusion that the words were her thoughts towards me. So, I replayed the course of our conversation and the thoughts shared. Again, I couldn't pinpoint anything that would associate the words or thoughts with her or with me. So, I just dropped the analysis and continued on with our conversation, being very careful to measure the energy of our exchange. I was sure that we ended our conversation on a positive note. I never saw her again. That day, I read her thoughts as audibly as if they were my own. In fact in that instance, they had become my own.

That's when I first began to wonder about telepathy. Sure, we all have those moments when you catch yourself saying the exact same thing at the same time as a close friend or relative, quickly exclaiming, "*Jinx, double jinx buy me a soda!*" When these things occur with those in your close circle, you hardly even pause to wonder how it occurs. You just chalk it up to familial or kindred ties and keep it moving. I recall one time between 2011-2012 when I was making regular trips to Virginia on the week-ends to see my Dad. One day as I traveled with my friend who was driving because I had just left the salon and was pretty whipped, I looked out of the window to my right and saw open country fields. Then in my mind's eye, I saw gorgeous peaches. I thought, "Gosh, I'd love to have some peaches." The thought lingered for a while and then was pushed aside by the onward marching parade of mental chatter. When we arrived in Hampton, we were greeted at the front door by my Dad and walked towards the kitchen. On the kitchen table was a perfectly arranged bowl of VERY LARGE peaches. I exclaimed, "Oh Daddy! I was thinking about how much I would love to have some peaches on the way over here!" He smiled and said, "I thought you would like them. So, I bought them this morning." And there's the rub. My mental image of peachful bliss occurred at approximately 3pm in the afternoon. He bought the peaches in the morning. So, did the thought of me wanting and liking peaches originate with me or with him? And what was the continuum of time. Did my 3pm thought actually coincide with his morning consideration that I would like peaches because [time is not really the linear continuum that we believe it to be but is much more consistent with a spiral](#) or perhaps it is imaginary and therefore irrelevant. In the beginning was THE WORD (i.e. thought), NOT time. Or maybe it's all just a coincidence. Well, Dr. Wayne Dyer cautioned one to re-examine the meaning of the term coincide-nce: "In mathematics, two angles that are said to coincide fit together perfectly. The word coincidence does not describe luck or mistakes. It describes that which fits together perfectly." And so, the riddle of time and connectivity remains.

But, the concept of mental connectivity is quite another matter when the phenomenon occurs with a mere acquaintance or a perfect stranger. One such experience occurred when I was traveling in Egypt in 2017. I was on a tour bus with our study group. We had driven out to a temple site far in the desert and were on the return leg to Cairo. Our tour bus

had tinted windows so we could see out but those on the outside could not see us. While we were stopped due to traffic congestion, I began to observe some men sitting outside of some businesses on the side of the road. They were talking and drinking tea. Their mood was moderate, casual, ordinary. Something inside of me said, "I'm going to look at that man until he looks back at me." I knew he wouldn't be able to see me behind the tinted windows, but I wanted to stare so hard and intentionally that he was compelled to look up in my direction. I'm sure you've all looked up at times and seen people staring at you. It's one of those extra-sensory traits of humanity that we have dulled with the advent of technology and comforts. But it is a basic survival instinct. So, I focused my energy on one of the men and did not let my thoughts be interrupted by anything else. I focused on him so hard that it really wasn't normal. People don't just intentionally narrow all of their mental energy in on a stranger for absolutely no reason. Well within about 20-30 seconds, I saw him look to his right and his left, then he rose from his seat, bent down behind a wall near where he was seated, pulled out an AK47 (or some other assault rifle) and then began to patrol the street looking cautiously in all directions. He never tried to look into the bus, only around it and down the street. He remained armed and ready until we drove off. I was really shocked to know that men resting so casually in front of their businesses were so heavily armed. And I was equally surprised that he felt no need to hide that he was armed and patrolling the street. It is obviously a common practice and an understood expectation of men in the community. There are surely many geo-political, societal and historical explanations for the man's behavior. But what was the most curious to me was that I knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that it was my focused energy pointed squarely at him for no apparent rhyme or reason that sought protection and readied himself to expect the unexpected. Clearly, he couldn't understand why he felt exposed; but I confess my attention on him wasn't normal. So, he preferred to be armed and ready rather than caught off guard. Despite my fascination with this occurrence, I was doubly curious why my inner self chose HIM to engage with, at that point in time, at that location for no apparent reason. I have never done something like that before or since. That is a more compelling paradox in my opinion.

What does it all mean? Honestly, not much. We all have this skill. We've just dulled our capacity to engage in this remote way with so much reliance on technology. Our natural telepathic occurrences are few and far between. So much so that we doubt the truth of it. But when my kids were very young, my eldest used to interpret for my youngest son who was not fully verbal. He did not hesitate. He could candidly pinpoint what was wrong with him and why. My husband and I would look at each other puzzled. We never questioned his assessment. We just accepted it. At that time, I thought he was just paying better attention and understood the context of what and why he was acting out. But sometimes, there was no immediate precursor to his diagnosis of the problem. So upon reflection, I think that he was able to understand telepathically what my youngest could not yet express with words. Thoughts are extremely powerful. Let's pray we all learn to use them responsibly.

BAD HAIR – THE MOVIE

Black Hair Blues Debut in the Horror Genre

Just in time for Halloween, the movie "Bad Hair" debuted on Hulu complete with an all-star cast. When I saw the trailer, I howled with delight that someone had the temerity and the candor to position hair weaves where they rightfully belong--on the B list of natural hair care options. Many would wonder why I speak so openly about my disdain for this hairstyle. But, the truth of the matter is this: I love natural Black hair, however it presents. I learn to work with its strengths to prayerfully

create a symphony. As such, I dislike any cheap imitation of beauty that parades as a more professional, more beautiful fashion statement while the seed that God planted on our heads languishes under pounds of *faux-fabulous*. The best way I can draw a parallel is this: What would you think if the Beckys, Heathers and Gingers of the world were plastering their natural hair to their hairs to sew in Afro weaves. We would think they had lost their minds because they were intentionally erasing their

natural beauty to look like someone else. Some of us would even be mad about it. Well, there's the brunt of my critique. I feel that choosing hair weaves makes God feel like pearls have been thrown to swine. I have no criticism for women who wear weaves and wigs to cover alopecia challenges. Age manifests for us all quite differently. But I can't deny that there are many women who are experiencing alopecia *because* of years of hair abuse with the primary culprit being weaves and excessively tight extension

braids. Faux hair can be a wonderful temporary fashion statement. But it should never be seen as more beautiful than the original, and it should NEVER become so permanent that it destroys the natural hair underneath it.

As for the movie, I could give a real scene-by-scene analysis of the movie and draw some grand conclusion which is based purely off of my own personal biases and preferences. But I would rather not. I don't want to pretend to be an objective assessor of the film. I was going to like the movie WHATEVER THEY DID WITH IT. The central theme is clear, and I agree with it



fully. Suffice it to say that I found the movie quite entertaining and, in some places,, absolutely hilarious!! Lena Waithe (Brook-Lynne is definitely a keeper in her role in the film. The fashion consultants and the set designers were 100% on point in recreating the 80s. So much so that I didn't see even one detail that made me suspend disbelief. The storyline was steeped in lore and fantasy which added an important dimension to the twisted storyline. Yet, the writers did not fail to reintroduce the historical master-slave theme to establish the foundation for this deviant fashion practice. It's a film that would nicely serve natural sister circles and which could be easily accommodated via Zoom call. I

wouldn't say it's as funny as "Shaun of the Dead" as far as the horror comedy genres are concerned; but, it's a creative, entertaining expression of Black creativity.

Interestingly, I concluded that it's the type of movie that only our people can make, as it tells us something we need to hear. If White America made that film, we'd be mad as HELL! So, why does truth depend on which mouths and hands it comes from? Now, there's a thought for deeper contemplation. I encourage you to check it out and decide for yourself.

EMBRACE THE BEAUTY OF YOU.

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