

# KERRY IS BALD

Most of you know that I decided to shave my head in aid of a breast cancer charity. I was going to do the deed on my 50<sup>th</sup> birthday in July but I didn't get the reaction I expected from most of my friends and family. Given my various health issues, I can understand that you thought I had lost my mind! I brought the date forward to prevent any intervention, more tears or concern – especially on my birthday!

This was my train of thought –

- Two friends were diagnosed with breast cancer this year and I felt particular empathy because my doctor had thought that I might have bile duct cancer, during my parasite crisis. ( I had a little friend from our time in Egypt). I remember the flutter of fear as you digest the information.
- It is my 50<sup>th</sup> birthday this year and I was feeling pressured by friends to have a “proper” celebration. I truly appreciate having friends who care for me but, for some unknown reason, I have always been phobic about my birthday celebrations. I think I got so excited when I was a little girl that it always ended in tears!
- I didn't want anyone to buy me birthday presents; not even gag gifts. What an ungrateful, party pooper I am! I would have asked for friends to donate to some animal charity had this personal link to breast cancer not come up.
- I was worried about all the attention being on me at the birthday party so if I was going to be anxious then it should be for a good reason.
- Finally, I thought it would be a great thing to do.

I suppose most people think that I am crazy or brave – or a mixture of both? I think it is rare that any action is truly altruistic, even if we would like it to be. I love volunteering, for example, because I bask in the warmth of feeling appreciated or needed. I have always wanted to shave all my hair off but still recoil at the idea of having my ears pierced. Go figure? If you have been on a chemotherapy regime to treat cancer then it must feel like the last straw to lose your hair.

I have another friend who had breast cancer last year and had radical reconstructive breast surgery. She told me that every time she looks at her new perky breasts she feels sad because of what they represent. Please don't think that I haven't thought very deeply about the effect of losing your hair. I really want to express my empathy in a visible way and provide a little bit of sponsorship to those who can't afford health care.

Being bald feels incredibly liberating and a tad cold. My head isn't as ugly as I thought it would be even though I could only choose one make of wig because my head is soooo big. I used to blame it on my hair but now I know my brain really is the size of a planet. There were no regrets or tears – just excitement and awe. I have ruined my opportunity to raise lots of bucks by sneaking off but I hope you will donate, even if it is after the fact. The totals were never important nor which charity you donate to. Choose the charity of your choice and think of me. I will be contacting everyone who has already sponsored me.

We video-ed some of the process and I already have a Russian admirer on Youtube – bald chicks rule!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IDcYSIs9F8s>

Keep turning the pages to see the bald chick,

Lots of love Kerry xxxxx

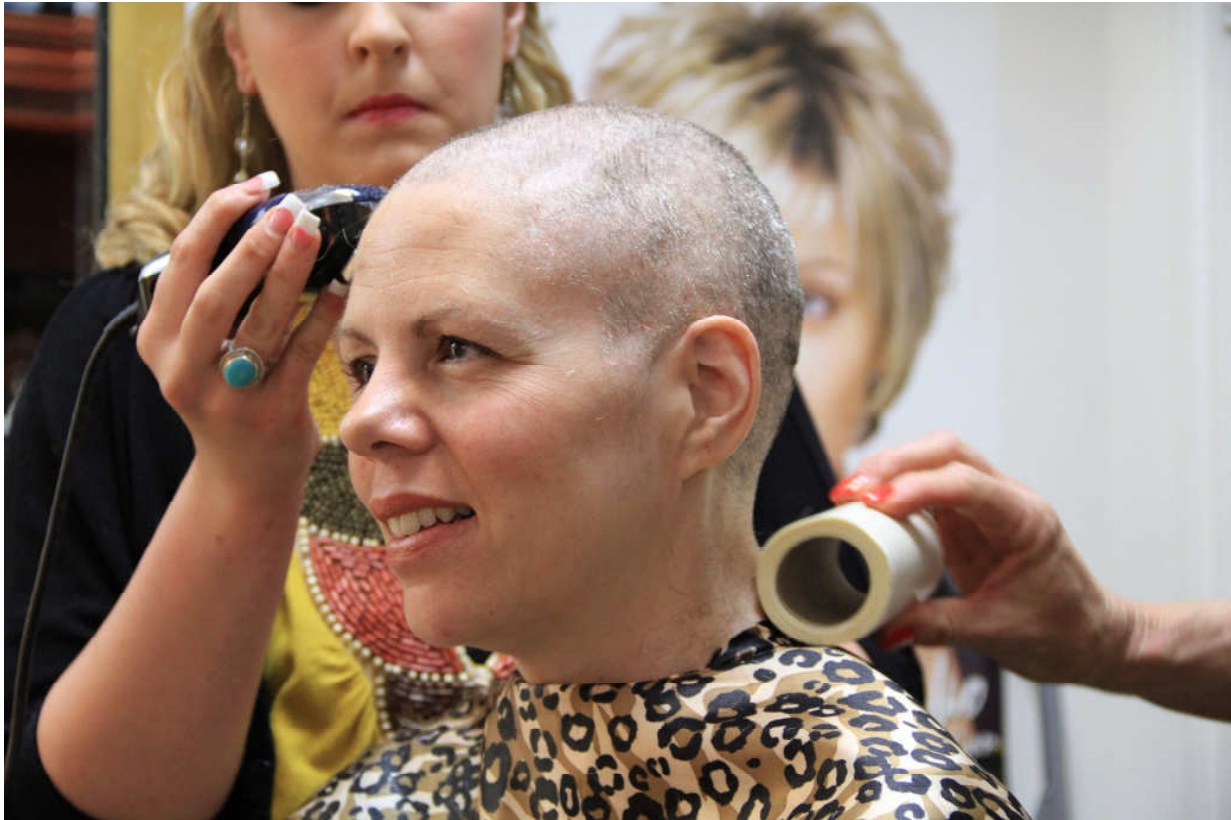
GOING...



GOING....



**GONE**



**ABRACADABRA!**



**Thank you to Gayla of Gayla's Wigs in the Woodlands and to Megan who shaved my head.**