

GREY DUCHESS

Dedicated to the Power, Beauty, and Wisdom of Grey

I lost my natural woman look after dying my hair. It happened after falling in love with a strawberry blonde fairy girl that triggered my Celtic roots.



I tried my best to emulate that gorgeous soft red tone on my head. Every 6 weeks, I tried varying shades of auburn hues. None of them really worked, but still I kept on with the coloring routine. Five years of faithful trips to the hairdressers finally came to a halt. I remember the moment so clearly when my beautician lifted up a wad of hair, revealing the mass of grey underneath, remarking, “You’re not fooling anyone you know!” She was referring to the fact that for several visits now, I only wanted the roots and hairline along the contour of my face colored.

Her comment made a lasting impression. It surely was not my intention to fool anyone by decreasing the amount of coloring process. I was merely warming up to the idea of going grey. For the longest time, sixty was the age I anticipated readiness for a transition to grey. That seemed like a good turning point number. I was currently fifty-eight with two more years to go, and my hair was becoming increasingly dryer and duller with every hair coloring. I wasn’t happy and neither was my hair. Health wise, I kept hearing warnings about hair dyes and mounting evidence linked to brain cancer. That was it. I quit!

It’s now 2-1/2 years later. I LOVE my grey! My hair and scalp are happy, and it’s wonderful to feel like me again instead of some artificial substitute. That’s truly what dying my hair felt like. What I most appreciate about going grey is my acceptance of aging, and the return to el natural. Accepting my grey hairs, and change of texture that comes along with it, aligns me with living authentically. That matters a great deal to me. Now that I’m on the other side, having joined the comradery of grey-haired sisters, I wonder how I even conceded to coloring my hair at all!

Besides which, I refuse to support the age-old stigma that grey = old. What’s wrong with old anyway? Growing old is something I’ve earned, and I’m proud of it! Then there will always be folks like my dad who says, “You look old. When are you going to go back to coloring your hair?” to which I reply, “Get used to it, this is who I am.”

During the period of transition from reddish brown to grey, my son coined me



'Foxy Mama' – here's my red fox tail.

This stage of red and grey reminded me of how feather colors blend.

When my hair turned significantly grey, I was coined and crowned the *'Grey Duchess.'*

Ah... my son's admirable way with words!



Here and Now...



Loving All that I Am at 60



Yay! for the Grey Duchess

I receive more compliments on my hair now than ever before.

Well, perhaps not quite as many as when I donned long, dark, adorable, banana curls at 4 years old.

Embracing the Art of Aging in this way feels right on target. I especially accept the honor of upholding the wisdom of grey amongst the rampant facade of aging denial. As I continue to welcome and adapt to the organic changes of life, I choose to stand out with grace (greys)!

The phrase "your thoughts create reality" is a truth to be acknowledged. As this relates to aging, what we perceive is what we become. Personally, I'm convinced that the following gratitude prayer that I've chanted for years, "**I Am Radiant Beauty and Optimum Health**" imparts an ageless blessing. I truly do feel its positive effects from the inside out. I share this awareness in case you want to try it for yourself.

When I meet other grey-haired sisters there is a powerful comradery that occurs between us. It is the silent knowing and awakening of the **Great Wise Owl Woman Spirit** that we share.



*Every time I wear this fun owl hat, I humor myself and others. Deeper than appearance, however, it is my way of honoring the **Beauty and Power of the Grey Wise Owl.***

I know that going grey isn't everyone's choice, although it's been a pleasure sharing this tale of personal transformation. By the way, let me know if/when you choose to join the **Grey Duchess Society**.

I would like very much to welcome you!



**Here's to more of we sisters
letting our manes grow 'greys-fully!'**



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Originator and promoter of '**The Great Duchess Society**'