

14<sup>th</sup> July 2020

## Hair

**“Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground outside your Father’s care. And even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. So don’t be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows.”**

*Bible (NIV), Matthew 10:29-31*

One of the most common complaints during lockdown has been, “When am I going to get my hair cut?” For people like me who are very thin on top, it hasn’t been a pressing problem. And, in any event, my wife’s been saving me barbershop costs for years with her expertise in hair-trimming. But for many people, it’s been a real cause of anxiety.

John Keats, in *La belle dame sans merci*, writes of a lady he’d known:

*I met a lady in the meads, full beautiful, a faery’s child  
Her hair was long, her foot was light and her eyes were wild.*

I know of several people whose eyes are *very* wild because their hair is longer than it would normally be. Maybe you’re like that too. The length and style of our hair matters – as does how much we have, it appears ...

My dad was engaged to my mum before he went to north Africa with the RAF in 1940. Back then, he had a full head of wavy, blonde hair. When he was demobbed in 1945, he had next to none! “I spent so much money on patent hair-restoring remedies,” he said, “and it didn’t make a blind bit of difference. I blame the RAF forage-cap and the heat of the desert sun myself.” And he confessed to being very worried that my mum wouldn’t love him anymore because he’d lost his lovely hair.

The average human head has 2,200 hairs per square inch, that’s around 150,000 in total. My mum didn’t love my dad any less because he had fewer than that. Thankfully, we’re not loved according to the number of hairs we have – or the length, for that matter! My mum and dad knew that. And I know that of God’s love too – which is just as well, for I have even fewer hairs on my head now than my dad ever had!

### **A prayer for today**

*Can you number my hairs, God? I suppose you can. Can I measure your love? I’m not even going to try. Being loved beyond measure is enough. Amen.*

*An original reflection by © Tom Gordon*

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