

Happy Birthday, Angel!

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By BECKY ANDREWS

A few days ago Angel turned the big 4-0. Yep, four whole decades. This is a big deal and there's no way I could forget about this monumental day. Mainly because she'd been reminding me of it once a week since she turned 38.

So to celebrate, I planned a day out with a few of our close friends. We were going to lunch at a great little restaurant that serves the most delicious fried bread, shopping and I was taking Angel to get her eyebrows shaped — my treat. I had mine shaped a few weeks earlier and Angel wanted to try it so this was the perfect time.

The week before our outing she would call me to tell me she had not plucked all week. She would follow with, "Your little friend better not mess up my eyebrows."

Even though I had only met the brow lady once, she was now my friend and I had the added burden of knowing if anything at all went wrong, I was not only just going to pay for the waxing, but this young girl's occupation was hanging in the balance.

When I picked her up the afternoon of her big day, she put her seatbelt on, looked over and said,

"I'm not sure about your little friend."

"What little friend?" I asked

"Your little eyebrow friend. I'll go but I'm not letting her butcher my eyebrows! I'll watch you."

It was starting already. If any of you know Angel, you know that if she says "no" she means "hell no." There's no way you can talk her into it. Peer pressure be gone. The more you try to convince her to do something she initially says no to, the more she will balk. And not even the promise of a million dollars will change her mind. This character trait makes me think that she may be blood related to my youngest child and husband.

After lunch, our friends decided to head back to Lebanon. We hung back to do a little shopping. It was raining and that meant Angel was in no mood to shop. But, since I was driving, she had no choice. I could see her mentally adding me to her notorious list.

We skipped the heavy shopping, but I was able to convince her to just talk to the brow lady. I warned her before we walked in, "Don't embarrass me. Please."

While waiting for our turn in the brow chair, we both browsed the makeup and fragrances. I had a question about some foundation and asked a salesman about it. I asked him what kind he wore and complimented him on how flawless his skin looked.

A few minutes later Angel looked at me and said,

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but HE had way too much makeup on. What kind of place have you taken me to?!"

It was finally our turn to get waxed. I had to go first. The brow lady could sense Angel's trepidation, so she offered her an Altoid. I turned for a second and when I turned back around the brow lady was picking up the entire container off the floor. Angel looked at me and said, "You made me nervous! See what you did."

Believe it or not, Angel did it. She got her already perfect eyebrows shaped and escaped without third degree burns. Since it was her birthday her wax was free.

I couldn't believe it! What happened to my friend? Had 40 softened her? Was she beginning to embrace change? When I told her one more time how great she looked and how she looked even younger, she quickly retorted, "Since the eyebrow wax was free you have to get me something else." And just like that, the Angel I know and love was back.

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