

When I'm an old women I shall not be so cynical...

The Red Hatters. You know them? I have a friend, who I love and adore, who is a member of The Red Hat Society. The group originated right here in Orange County and I spot their flashes of bedazzled, purple and red everywhere.

The idea behind the group comes from this poem. But, to save you the trouble of clicking (and give myself a chance to share some snarky imagery), I will paraphrase: Why wait until you have medicare on speed-dial and you say things like "Coldwater Creek has some cute blazers this fall" to be who you want to be? Don't wait to wear that red hat ladies. Be your own person. Spit. Drink hard liquor.

These were the noble and veracious propelling ideas for the group. But now, it seems they have distanced themselves from the poem and its message, not providing even a link to it on their website.

Here is a recent conversation I had with my friend:

Friend: "It's my birthday so I get to wear a purple hat instead of a red one."

Me: "Do you have to wear particular clothes to these get-togethers?"

Friend: "Oh, yes, you wear black slacks and red and purple and then a red hat, except on your birthday, then you wear a purple hat."

Me: "But doesn't that sort of take away from the whole meaning of the group? You know, to be so regimented?"

Friend: Silence.

Me: "Why don't you just show up in a mohawk? That will really get those gals in a bunched-up fit."

Friend: eye-roll/arm fold across body.

My sixties are going to be brutal.