

## Living Well in the Shadow of Life

# And she still went out on a date with me...

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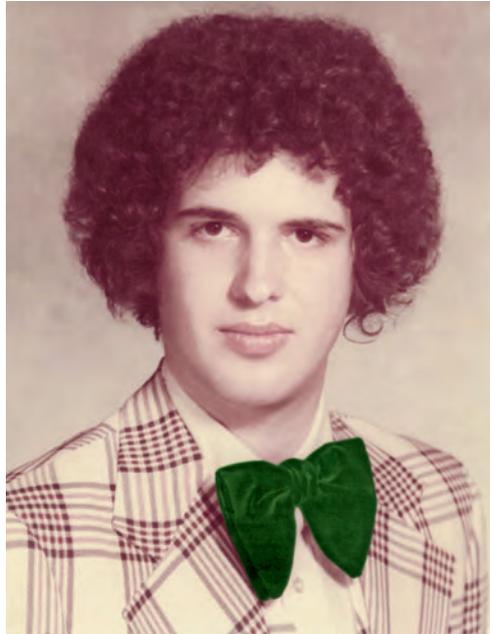
I was in college during the great era of disco. I know most people don't like disco. I loved it. I actually went for disco dance lessons. I then went to my college senior prom and danced with some other guy's date. I had a blast.

Back then, people were very fashion conscious. They were stylish. Although I usually wore jeans to class, when I got dressed up, I was the "bomb".

Then there was hair. Since I was born, I always had curly hair. When I was young, I attended my uncle's wedding where my curly hair went in all different directions. My cousins had the cool straight hair with a part on the left. There was no part on my head. It was just a head full of curls. I desperately wanted to fit in so I tried to part my hair. While the left side with the part look good, the right side didn't come close to my head at all. It stuck out. It stuck straight out. Now I had a new problem. There was only one solution.

Vitalis hair trainer. You put it on and it kept the hair exactly where you combed it. I believed the girls would soon be swooning all over me. But I had a new problem. Vitalis hair trainer made your hair rock solid. It was as if I poured super glue over my head. While none of the hairs moved out of place, the girls just laughed. Commercials began to say, "The wet head is dead". Now I was doomed. I could no longer use Vitalis so I let my hair go natural.

In college, I had an Afro. It was simple to maintain.



I washed my hair, took out my Afro pick, teased out the hair and it looked incredible. Now the girls would finally be swooning all over me.

In my senior year of college, I worked at a camp where I met this cute blonde. I convinced her to go out on a date. I wore jeans and a camp shirt. Realizing she was different, I wanted a second date. I needed to impress her. We would go out for dinner.

I picked her up in front of the camp lodge. She looked beautiful in that dress. I, on the other hand

was stunning (how's that for humility). I had my hair in an Afro. Since it was four and half months long, it was really, really big. I wore a yellow shirt. Over that I wore a plaid jacket with a matching plaid vest (both were white with plaid overlay). Since this was the era of disco, I wore a huge Kelly green crushed velvet bow tie. You'll be pleased to know my pants did not match the jacket. They were solid Kelly green. My shoes were black and gray. There I stood with the sun shining from behind me. It created a glow about me. She swooned (ok—I made up a lot of this) and we went out on a date.

Three years later she married me. By then I replaced the suit with a dark blue business suit; cut my hair (remember the song from Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young – "Almost Cut My Hair"). I have to believe she saw through that hideous suit. She was more interested in my character than my disco suit.

I think the same could be said about God. He's more interested in our character – what is going on in the inside of us than what is on the outside. For a guy who's sometimes fashion clueless, that's Good News.

*Rev. Tony Marciano is the Executive Director of the Charlotte Rescue Mission. The Charlotte Rescue Mission provides a free long term Christian recovery program for men and women who are addicted to drugs and alcohol. For more information, visit our website at [www.charlotterescuemission.org](http://www.charlotterescuemission.org). ■*

