

Sophie Meinhardt Memorial Scholarship 2011

By Megan Selby

One day I was over my grandma's house, and we were playing outside. Her neighbor was outside with us too. She always came over to visit us, but this time I noticed something different about her. She was wearing a scarf on her head, and she didn't have any hair under it. When we went inside I asked my grandma what was wrong with her neighbor. She told me that she had cancer, and was going through chemotherapy. My grandma explained what all that meant to me. She also told me she would be getting a wig soon. The wig she would be getting was made out of real hair. I remembered hearing people talk about donating their hair, but I never really understood what it meant. At that point I decided I wanted to help people like that. God blessed me with thick hair, so I decided I wanted to donate my hair to an organization that helps people like my grandma's neighbor.

A year passed and my hair was long enough to get it cut. I was very excited to help someone who had cancer, and was losing their hair. My mom made an appointment to get my hair cut at the place she goes. On the way my mom and I remembered times when I got frustrated because my hair didn't look good. That seemed so silly to me now. Who would have thought that my thick hair could help someone feel better about themselves. I was a little nervous when we first got to the salon. I sat in the chair and the girl measured my hair. I had 9 ½ inches of hair to donate. As she cut I could hear people around me clapping. I felt good about my choice and was glad I did this. I kept thinking about my grandma's neighbor. I donated the hair to Pantene Beautiful Lengths.

Sadly, about one year went by and my grandma's neighbor lost her battle with cancer. One day when my sisters and I were visiting my grandma, her neighbor's friend who took care of her when she was ill told me something that I will never forget. She said that Katie heard what I did with my hair and that she was really touched. She also told me that Katie would watch us play outside. She

would hear us in the yard with my grandma and grandpa. She liked to sit and watch us playing and laughing.

I learned that everybody can help someone else no matter how old you are. I was 9 years old when I donated my hair. You don't have to be older and have a lot of money to help people. Simple things can be just as important and helpful. I think about that TV commercial where someone does something for a person and then they turn around and do something nice for someone else. Respect: pass it on.