

Bianca....I am perfect just as I am.

Having beautiful thick, long hair all my life, I was alarmed when I noticed a considerable amount of thinning around the age of 18. Doctors had no real idea what was going on and with not a lot of answers I learnt to live with thinner hair and life went on. The seed of fear around my hair was planted however and became a subconscious focus. I noticed hair everywhere and the attachment to having luscious healthy locks was formed for me. I was almost obsessed with not losing more hair and looking after what I had.



It wasn't till many years later in my early 30's that I was rushed to hospital with viral meningitis and almost lost my life that my hair fell out again. Due to the extreme stress my body was under having nearly died, my hair fell out and this time it was not something I could hide. Over time the hair grew back but never to the thickness it was initially. My self-esteem dwindled away again and I was extremely self-conscious about it. I spent the next 10 years doing all I could to limit how visible it was and disguised it as best I could. I lived in fear of anyone noticing and lived with shame and embarrassment every single day and it limited my life in many ways.

Last July my life was tipped upside down, shaken around and put back differently, I started losing my hair at the front of my head and I was finally diagnosed with Androgenetic Alopecia. I was scared and felt helpless, it was a very devastating time and I was also now alone having left my marriage and family home. When I looked in the mirror I was ashamed and heartbroken. To shave my head was the hardest decision I've ever faced but I knew it was time. Through the years of hiding, feeling ashamed and embarrassed of what my hair wasn't, it was time to shed the layers. I thought if I can be so ashamed of what I had left on my head, then it couldn't feel too much worse to have none.

I was almost paralysed for the following months and I didn't want to leave the house, my life came to a grieving, reclusive halt. This was extremely difficult as I was such a social and happy person usually. I had to just sit with it and feel all the emotions and heartache that came with it. I won't lie; it was incredibly difficult and uncomfortable. I knew I couldn't go on being so uncomfortable in my own skin though, hating what I saw in the mirror. This wasn't the life I chose to live, I had to find my power and stop living as though I was invisible.



My journey became one of sheer determination to retrain my brain around beauty, femininity, self-love and acceptance. A few weeks after shaving my head my Mum and I went wig shopping. In fact for the first time in 20 years I was able to have any hair I liked and that was liberating. My experience was incredible and I had so much fun!

Having a wig gave me unlimited choices and I loved that considering I had felt losing my hair had robbed me of so much. It gave me options daily and those options included choosing to have hair if that's what the day looked like for me. It gave me confidence again and the bonus of feeling warm, yes warm, its cold with a bald head! My wig gave me comfort while I was coming to terms with the changes I was going through.

Now I wear my wig for completely different reasons, for when I want hair, not to comfort myself around fitting in. On this journey I realised that no matter what you look like, we will always find something about ourselves that makes us not good enough, so I choose daily to love myself and accept myself. I stopped trying to fit in and realised, I can have hair and I can be bald and either way I am perfect just as I am, because I am me and this is my journey.

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