

A Bright Pink Fedora

I went to Spain for the first time in 2015 to volunteer for an organization called Diverbo. My job was to talk to people. Really - just talk. The point of this was to help the students learn to speak English correctly. After my volunteer experience I thought I would stay for four days in Madrid and experience the city. The first day was really fun because one of the other volunteers was staying an extra day. We agreed to meet and explore the city together. We met at Plaza Major, the center of Madrid to start our day of exploration. We were walking for oh maybe 20 minutes and I was sweating like banshee. My hair was plastered to my head, sweat dripping into my eyes, eye liner running down my face. You get the picture. I looked at my friend and said "I think I need a hat."

We couldn't have been in a better place for hat shopping! Darling little shops surrounded the plaza. Many of them sold hats. We found a shop dedicated to nothing but hats. I had a few requirements for the hat. One: it had to cover my head and provide shade for my face. Two: it had to be able to hold all of my hair tucked up under it and three it had to be cute. As we perused the shop I found many hats that I liked. I do love a good hat! These hats were not cheap, so I wanted to find something that I thought I would wear after I got home. And then I saw it. The cream de la cream. The icing on the cake - the beauty that would be coming back to the USA. It was a bright straw pink fedora and I loved it.

The hat was purchased and off we went to see the city. Did I mention how hot it was in Madrid? After a few hours in my new head gear that poor hat was looking a bit droopy and wet, but that didn't matter to me. It kept the sun off my face and hair off my neck. I was good to go for many miles. I wore that hat everyday, all day for the next three days that I was in Madrid. It was worth the money spent because that baby held up. Soon enough it was time to board the plane and head home.

As I was getting all packed up, stuffing all of my new memories into my suitcase I realized that I couldn't pack the hat! I couldn't fold it and I was not about to crush it so on my head it went. This was all fine and dandy while I was sitting in the airport waiting for the plane. Once I was on the plane wearing a big, pink fedora it became - shall I say cumbersome? I couldn't lean my head back and risk crushing the hat. I put it in my lap but that got old really quick. What to do? What to do? I knew if I stored it in the overhead bin the chances of it getting crushed were pretty high. Soon enough the stewardess came along taking orders for drinks. I think she saw that I was conflicted and she asked me if there was anything she could do. I said "if you have a way of storing this hat so that it won't get crushed that would make all of my dreams come true." She smiled and said "I have just the place. I'll have it ready for you when you exit the plane."

Needless to say my flight to Newark, NJ was enjoyable. I could rest my head and sleep the entire way. Once we arrived and I was exiting the plane what did I see up at the aircraft's door? The kind stewardess holding the pink fedora! I still have the hat and I still enjoy wearing it when the occasion calls for it.