

Altered States?

Written by FASHIONGRANNY
Wednesday, 14 March 2012 09:13



Dear FASHIONGRANNY,

I am considering plastic surgery and I have plenty of money to re-arrange my entire body! I don't want to be talked out of it, as many friends, including my husband, have tried to do so. What I do want is your opinion on Plastic Surgery and how much is too much?

Signed,

I Swear I'm Gonna Do It

Dear I Swear I'm Gonna Do It,

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So, you want to re-arrange your entire body, do you? Wow! FASHIONGRANNY is not at a loss for words, yet I am struggling for the kindest ones. Therefore, since you asked, I pray that you receive my answer in the spirit in which it is given.

When I read that one of my own fair sex desires an entire body makeover, I am immediately saddened, for I truly believe that God does not make any mistakes and you're probably beautiful just the way you are. Just ask your Husband.

You did not indicate whether you have a physical deformity that causes difficulty in everyday articulation, hence, I am going to take you at your word, and go with the theory that you just want to change your "looks" because you're not happy with them.

We have been endowed with free will, and for now, still have the liberty to exercise such. Yet, I would not start with a total body makeover and I encourage you to think about this major decision a while longer. The desire to change one's entire body with a carving knife and chemicals is in truth, dear woman, disturbing. Having a wad of cash to do so is like throwing gasoline on an already lighted fire!

Listen.

FASHIONGRANNY, who you know is in her Golden Years, many a morn stands in front of the mirror and pulls back the skin at her neck to see if it will bring her back to youth. I pinch my nose, lift my bosom or raise my forehead just in case these are the culprits of my discontent. I check my rearview and hope the reflection belies the truth of my chronological age. Hello! Don't all human animals do this?

The operative word is "discontent." For after this little mirror dance, I laugh, knowing full well that my dollars are designated for the north forty fence. And what's more important? Secure property or a Botoxed forehead? Will my new breasts keep the wolf at bay?

Your contentment, your true contentment, lies in inner peace, well founded and well grounded, and not in an altered state of temporary physical change. Sometimes this is hard to recall.

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It seems, like so many miracles of modern science, plastic surgery has been abused by patients and enabled by greedy practitioners. To be fair to those who honorably practice, I have met many women whom you would never know had had a nip or tuck here and there. Only when revealed by them would you know, and even then, you would really have to study the subtleties. This represents sane artistry on both the parts of the patient and the Doctor.

Yet, when was the last time you were unable to recognize an altered state? You cannot tell me that the majority of scalpel victims don't look like Octomom! You see them everyday in the news and on the streets. The same look! Uneven, pouty, fat flesh things posing as lips! Skinny little frames with giant bosoms solidly stuck in place! Foreheads full of filler leaving no room for expression! Then comes the breakdown, where one boob deflates and one lip bunches up in little nodules! What happens then?

You're off to the dope man for another shot of Botox!

Is this the life you want for yourself, I Swear I'm Gonna Do It? Are you ready to be cut apart and sewn back together at the hands of a stranger? Are you ready for weepy gauze and excruciating pain? Are you willing to lie in bed for weeks all bruised and bloody? Are three meals through a straw appealing to you? You are worth so much more than self-mutilation. Everybody is. My words are strong I know. If you had written me just about a nose job, I would still ask you to reconsider! Yet you want to change your WHOLE BODY and that is more than a red flag!

I have a friend in the beauty business. She works with Plastic Surgeons, vending beauty products for "before and after" surgery skin care. She is well versed in all procedures and the entire gamut of quickie fixes of fillers and the like. A few years ago, when everything all of a sudden seemed to go south, I asked her to look at my visage and tell me what she thought I could do to alleviate my forehead "expression" lines. She told me filler, like Botox, would probably be the most effective, safest and cheapest way to go. She gave me the name of a prominent surgeon to see. I did call to inquire about prices and found them affordable. I hung up the phone feeling almost giddy as, in my mind, I was on my way back to younger days! I thought, "Well, if filled forehead lines are cheap, then let's find out about the fatty deposits around my mouth. Can't be much more money, right?" It was, but who cared? I had the "youth" hook in me and my vanity was like a two ton Marlin on the end of the line!

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I called my friend to tell her what I had found out and to thank her, asking her one more question. "If and when I start these short term fixes, will I be satisfied with just one time or will I chase the "look"? She didn't answer and I knew right then and there, that YES! I would be on that hook until the money ran out or I died, whichever came first. I would always try to correct or repair something!

I came to my senses, disappointed, to tell you the truth. I wanted youth and I was ashamed to admit that. I am supposed to be satisfied with the real me, aren't I?

I am glad I had that brief experience. It once again brought home to me how great it is to be unencumbered by phoniness and the lie of low self-esteem. I am who I am, I look like I look. It is what it is. No matter what I might "feel" about myself sometimes, I am not led by my feelings. After all, I am made in the image of God and it don't get any better than that!

So, please, stop and consider your quest for body change by scalpel and chemicals. You are too valuable a pearl to be thrown to the swine. A pig doesn't know what to do with a pearl. He can't eat it so he roots it around the pen in all the mud and slop, eventually realizing there is no use for it. The pig walks away and goes his merry way! The pearl, once a perfect natural beauty, is still so, but sullied with filth and possibly lost forever. Don't let that be you. You can wash off a pearl, but no surgeon on the planet can ever put you back to your natural self.

I am reminded of Billy Joel's song, "Just the Way You Are." Read those lyrics before you make any decision.

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