

Becoming a Hat Person

I bought a hat the other day. An upcoming occasion noted on my calendar just seemed to shout “chapeau.

Of course my brain kept reminding me that I was not a hat person. Flashing back over the years, memories were vivid of the snap of elastic under my chin from many an obligatory Easter hat.... and of course having attended parochial school all my young life positioned either a beanie or ever-so-attractive felt pillbox (it just didn't quite give me the panache it did Jackie O) atop my noggin. So why did I find myself in the hat department, plopping bonnets - from the dowdy to ridiculous – atop my head? Because besides the giggles that I experienced (mine and those of strangers who happened upon the scene), a sense of “maybe I can pull this off” bubbled up inside me. My inner voice cheered me on: “What the heck?” What's the worst thing that could happen?” Practice that Positive Self-Talk you like to preach: Take a risk!

Off I went to the affair, garbed from toe to head. And much to my dismay, my head was the only one that wasn't naked. As I scanned the room, searching for another brave soul, panic almost had me shoving my magnificent millinery into the nearest trash can. I wanted to be like everyone else.

Somehow I found the courage to continue walking, head held high. Bracing myself for some elbow nudging, whispers, and smirks, I looked for familiar faces so I could try to blend in. As the day progressed, I stopped counting the number of people who commented on my head wear. “You look so great in that hat!” “I wish I could wear a hat!” “you're so lucky to be a hat person!”

After the umpteenth time of replying “Oh, I'm not a hat person!” I finally stopped and just smiled.

That's when it struck me: How silly we are to convince ourselves that we are not a particular type person. Whatever the message we send ourselves – “I'm not a hat person,” or “I'll never be thin,” or “I'll never get that job,” or “I'm not a dancer” – it can become a self-fulfilling prophecy. Granted, donning a hat is a bit less monumental than striving to make the cut on American Idol. Yet the same factor keeps us from expanding our horizons: We do not like to feel uncomfortable. Having stepped out now a few times as a more modern Heda Hopper, I am beginning to enjoy being the person I thought I could never be. Dare to get out of the comfort zone and experience new things! You, too, can be a hat person and have everybody else thinking they wish they were as lucky as you.

So, try it! Take a risk! Sign up for tap-dancing lessons. Try Rollerblading. Get those funky glasses. Buy a hat!

By Sharon Lee Riguzzi

Egg, Canadian Bacon, Avocado and Tomato Sandwiches

7 PointsPlus Value

Prep time: 10 min

Cook time: 4 min

Serves: 4

Serve this

ultra-satisfying breakfast sandwich with hot sauce on the side. For less mess on the go, use whole wheat pita pockets instead.

• [Recipe](#)

Ingredients	
	2 spray(s) cooking spray, divided
	4 item(s) Weight Watchers English muffin, split and toasted
	2 1/2 oz uncooked Canadian-style bacon, 4 slices
	3 large egg(s)
	4 large egg white(s)
	2 Tbsp uncooked scallion(s), sliced
	1/2 Tbsp table salt
	1/4 tsp black pepper, freshly ground
	1/2 item(s) (medium) avocado, cut into 8 slices
	1 medium plum tomato(es), cut into 8 slices
Instructions	
•	Coat a large nonstick skillet with cooking spray; place over medium-high heat. Add bacon; cook, turning once, until lightly browned, about 1 1/2 to 2 minutes. Remove bacon from skillet and place one piece on each English muffin bottom.
•	Off heat, coat same skillet with cooking spray; place over medium heat. In a bowl, beat whole eggs, egg whites, scallions, salt and pepper until blended; pour into skillet and scramble just until set and not dry, about 1 1/2 minutes.
•	Place 1/4 of eggs on top of bacon on each muffin bottom. Top each with 2 slices avocado and 2 slices tomato; cover with English muffin tops. Yields 1 sandwich per serving.