

Pedicure with Amy

by Vera

I wore sandals so my new toe nail polish would not be spoiled on the way home. Otherwise I ran out of the house like a mad woman. A quick shower, quick shave of my calves only - wack, wack, wack, and those few little hairs on the big toes with a swipe of the razor. All I have to do is roll up the bottoms of my jeans for my Amy.

I sit in a comfortable wicker chair and Amy prepares a foot bath for me, filled with eucalyptus, sea salts and foaming sea soak. The water is very warm and bubbles over my feet, splashing out on the towels beneath. The little rubber nubs on the bottom of the bath massage my feet while I rub them down on them, and I soak dreamily for about ten minutes.

When she has me remove my right foot and place it upon the towels on her lap, I relax my leg. She wipes on a little acetone nail polish remover just in case any old polish remains. Then she puts on a cuticle softener.

“You’re toes are cute!”, she says with a gentle smile. I lift an eyebrow, wondering why this young woman would think so. “You mean that I don’t have hideously ugly feet?” I ask, tongue in cheek. She laughs. “No! Not at all!” But of course, these size 10's are just regular feet, nearly five decades old, and certainly nothing special. Yet in Amy’s hands, they become beautiful.

She clips the cuticles and rubs cuticle oil into the nail bed. Then she rubs a generous amount of Sea Salt Glow onto her palms and begins to massage the gritty, exfoliating gel into my foot. Amy tells me this dark lavender gel, with a light, fruity fragrance, is conditioning and nourishing for my foot. I close my eyes to the tingling sensations, the little tickles where my arch is especially sensitive. Then rich warmth spreads through my foot while she massages the gel into it. And finally my right foot goes back into the bath.

“I didn’t notice this scar before,” Amy notes as she starts my left foot. She is looking at a scar that runs about two inches from the middle of my big toe up my foot. So I told her that it had been there since October of last year, when I had surgery to remove a bone spur that was keeping my big toe from bending correctly. It is the only surgery I have had, and I tell her I was only in the hospital twice. Once when my oldest son was born in 1980. Not when my second son was born in 1986, that was a home delivery by choice. And then once again when I had an abdominal infection and needed to be treated with antibiotics. It is interesting how much I open up with my Amy. I suppose it is something she is accustomed to, part nail technician, part therapist!

After the nice treatment received thus far, the tough stuff begins. She clips my toenails nice and even. Then she rubs sea serum into my feet before she begins to buff and file away at the callouses. I look around the small room where she performs her little miracles, at the softly draped black and white curtains and the swag of pale white roses, at the fragrant

candles and it makes me smile. Finished with her buffing, she rubs a healing cucumber heel cream into my feet, then slathers her hands with an almond scented massage oil.

Ah, this is the best part! She massages the oil into my feet and up my calves. Then using her knuckles, she massages from my calf down to my feet. She uses her thumbs on the bottoms, across my sensitive arches, and her fingers spread across the top of my feet. Each toe is individually massaged then she grinds her knuckles into the bottom of my foot, releasing any remaining muscle tension. It is so wonderful! And then she wraps my foot in a warm towel and works on the other in a like manner.

Finally, my feet are placed side by side in front of me. She wipes off the oil that might be on my toenails and swipes chip skip on them. A purple toe separator keeps the nails from touching each other as she applies several coats of polish. Fire Opal polish is the choice I have relinquished to her, and it is a glistening pink that I like very much. She wants me to use a free sample of cucumber heel cream to keep my heels soft and to return in four weeks for another pedicure. I want to hug her, but I don't this time. Perhaps next time, when my wonderful Amy performs her miracles once again!