

through me. As I hold the three strands of hair in my hands while they squirm and complain, I can almost feel my mother tugging on my head, and I hear the echoes of my whining. I now only have occasional opportunities to indulge my nostalgia since I recently had Alex's hair cut. Her hair tends to get tangled, and combing her was a battle each morning. My eyes brimmed with tears as the beautician left us both without braids.

Diana now combs herself but her Picture Day is approaching, and perhaps motivated by the remembrances in this paper, I have been planning to rise early on that day to comb her hair into a French braid.

Something profound is lost to me when I delegate these tasks. I know because I have done it. I am a better person, a better lawyer, administrator, professor when I am successful in balancing home and work.

At what point does one say that one will not attend breakfast meetings or agree to regular weekend commitments? Is it blasphemous to wonder why 40-50 hours a week isn't enough time to devote to professional tasks? Must we be willing to work upwards of 70 or 80 hours in order to be considered for senior positions? What about the real harm inflicted on our children, our parents and our friends through our neglect, however regretted it might be?

Despite the fact that women now occupy 20% of senior administrative positions⁷ and __% of faculty positions⁸, the assumptions about both the time allowed to accomplish family-related tasks and the priority to be accorded to them remain the