



My Wardrobe CONSULTANT

When You Finally Enjoy Your Life, You Deserve Clothes That Say So

Looking through my closet was like looking through a scrapbook, a history in black and navy blue and sludgy brown. My main requirement for clothing was that it could survive a lengthy commute and the chance that I might have to change a tire. I thought black always matched black and was always appropriate. My funereal wardrobe reflected exactly how I'd felt about my day job.

During my husband's long illness, clothes were not important, and I got out of the habit of caring. I relied on a pair of black wool trousers with pockets deep enough to carry the cellphone and pleats enough to hide it. These got dry-cleaned and pressed to a rat-like luster.

My late husband left me some money. I quit my day job, toured Europe in a black jacket, skirt, hose, and flats, and then came home and set up my own business. Not once did I think to enhance my new life with new clothes.

After two years, the clothes in my closet off-gassed

the smells of the old office and dry-cleaning solvent. Some pieces were 12 years old. I'd inked their fraying edges and stains with Magic Marker. Their polyesters and tropical wools were severely tailored and fully lined.

For reasons of economy and habit, I might have continued to wear them except that I had changed. I wanted color and flow and femininity.

But I still wore tag ends of the old wardrobe, held closed at the waistline with safety pins I deemed invisible. I interpreted the itch for change as a desire to go to a spa. I was about to book the most radical makeover package, when at a meeting of entrepreneurs I took the card of a young woman calling her business Mindful Closet.

I liked that name. Her hair was not bleached and I liked her simple taupe shift in a textured fabric, and her belt, bag and shoes. I'd never dreamed of hiring a wardrobe consultant, but at that moment I was pierced with the perfect rightness of it.

**BY
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