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by Marilyn Turner

# To Rinse or Not to Rinse?

**He was a warm and friendly man.** A little rotund with a gentle spirit and a smiling face. I liked him from the start. It was the summer before we married that I met him. I happened to be visiting in his home for the main purpose of meeting him and his wife and have them meet me. He became my father-in-law just a few months following this experience.



My husband, then fiancé, had asked me to come to visit so I could meet his family. All the kids, seven of them, had already left home and married except baby Keith, who was two years younger than Paul. There was plenty of room for me to visit. The house was modest but very warm and comfortable. It had one bathroom which had served the large family through the years. It was always warm and toasty in the chilly mornings of the Kansas Autumn. Memaw, as the family called Paul's mother, liked a warm bathroom so she made sure it was toasty for its early morning visitors.

It was just a couple of days after I had arrived and I was washing my hair in that bathroom one morning. I recall having my hair all lathered and piled on my head. Then I turned on the water to rinse the shampoo from it and as I bent my head to the sink, I noticed something slip under the door. I reached down and picked it up and much to my dismay it was the water bill. What to do now? I couldn't imagine how I would get the shampoo out of my hair without running the water quite a bit. Could I put my head in the commode and flush, or what? Well, I chose to risk it and go ahead and rinse it well under the faucet. It was quite an embarrassing moment. I didn't know for sure who had slipped the bill under the door but I got the message —I was using too much water.

When I left the bathroom no one was to be seen so I couldn't tell who was giving me the message. It turned out that Paul's dad thought it was one of his kids and was equally embarrassed when he discovered it was the guest in his home. Believe me, no one, including me ever let him forget it.

He was a dear man, long since gone on to heaven. He was a man of great faithfulness to the Lord, a hard worker, and full of mischief. It wasn't hard to love him.

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