

# Cleanse Your Soul with a Power Washer

By Jo Schloeder

Let me start by saying that I do not, nor have I ever, worked in the power washer industry. But I almost wish I had, because it would have introduced me the almighty power washer years ago (and probably with an employee discount.)

That's right, the power washer.

I must admit that in the past, like many other women, I categorized power washers as a manly type of tool. You know, a "power tool" - one of those accessories that goes in the garage with the Sawzall, the riding lawn mower and the electric car buffer. Oh, what a terrible stereotype I made for this is truly a real woman's piece of apparatus. An I-Am-Woman-Hear-Me-Roar kind of woman's tool, yes it is.

I came to this philosophical conclusion this weekend when my husband borrowed a friend's power washer. Bear in mind that he has his own power washer, that I, the good wife bought him several Father's Days ago, but he borrowed one from a friend because ours "just wasn't powerful enough." Sure, I thought. But, who am I to complain? As long as the deck gets cleaned, he can use Mahatma Gandhi's power washer for all I care.

But, What I thought would be a "honey do" task that would sit on my husband's list for months to come, surprisingly evolved into a day of soul cleansing for me as I de-grimed the back deck. Yes, for me, operating the power washer was indeed a cathartic experience - a huge release of emotions as I stripped away years of dirt, mold and grime and God knows what else from the boards of my back deck.

It just so happened that Hubby wasn't home when the project was to begin, so I thought I'd get it started for him. (Certainly if I cleansed a little spot, he'd have to finish the job, since I know that one clean spot would annoy him to no end.) So, I turned on the water, started the machine, and began the back and forth motion of spraying the harmless water on to the cedar planks.

What followed came as much of a shock to me as it did to Hubby. I enjoyed it! What a sense of satisfaction I felt as I peeled off layers of crud and green stuff. Away went the grunge, away went the age spots, gone were the places the puppy piddled on the boards. As if I were making up for all those laundry spots that just won't budge or the permanent marker that is, well, permanent on the kitchen floor, cleansing the back deck was like my revenge on grime.

The experience was so purifying to the soul that I went from deck to back of house to front of house to front porch with this cleaning machine. The neighbors perhaps questioned my sanity as I gleefully powerwashed the front shutters at 11 pm with shouts of "Take that!" and "Gotcha," but my soul needed it. It was as if I carried out an age-old

vendetta on all filth that has plagued my family since the beginning of time. I cleaned up the family, and came clean myself during the process.

Now, I have a new mission: to invent one of these suckers for use inside the house. How easy life would be if we could crank up the pressure, turn on the water, and blow the scum off the bathroom tiles (without taking the tiles themselves off the wall, you understand.) What true joy for women everywhere to be able to have 4,000 pounds of hot water chiseling the grease off the kitchen stove, the mud off the floor, and the dust off the living room drapes. It would be a big seller. Of course, I'll have to figure out how to deal with the pesky water damage issue, but that's secondary to the mammoth release of emotions women all over the world could experience while cleansing their soul via powerwasher.

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