## It ain't fun when the family Maytag quits

Recently, it seems we've suffered a major hardship and subsequent loss in the Brown household.

You see, our dishwasher has died.

Now maybe the word 'died' is a little strong— perhaps 'incapacitated' would be a bit more appropriate.

After all, I'm quite sure it's fixable.

But the loss of the use of that particular appliance has thrown the Brown family into

somewhat of a tizzy.

Now myself, I don't think the dishwasher is
THE most important appliance in the home.

Close maybe, but not quite the be-all and end-all. After all, there are countless other appliances that I feel are irreplaceable.

For instance, should the furnace quit, it would be a top priority to have it repaired.

Perhaps a malfunctioning toilet in a one bathroom house would be another cause for major concern.

And if the water pump should choose to call it quits? Well, just watch Ted bolt into action.

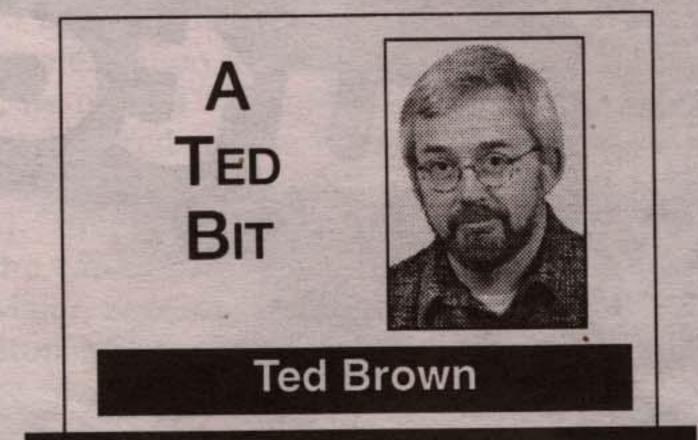
Geez, I'd even consider the loss of the lowly steam iron a little more difficult to handle, since there ain't many alternatives to removing the wrinkles from your clothes.

But God forbid, when the dishwasher quits, one can always wash dishes in a sink.

Unfortunately, the female faction in the household (which does comprise about 85 per cent of the last head count) doesn't quite share my feelings, and is a bit upset by the loss.

I'm not really sure why. After all, back in the middle of winter, our well was a little low on water, so we did our laundry at the laundromat for a few weeks, to lessen the load on the well.

As I recall, no one complained too bitterly about that hardship. I also recall, it was only my wife, my youngest daughter, and myself who hauled that laundry to and from town every Saturday morning.



This is different. When one runs out of clean clothes, one can beg, borrow or steal from your siblings. Or, better still, go and buy new ones.

But when there's no more clean glasses, the

options are a little more limited.

In other words, ya gotta wash 'em.

It ain't fun when the beloved Maytag quits.
The breakdown did come at a pretty good time. Eldest daughter just finished her university semester, so she's been valiantly holding the fort in her war against dirty dishes.

Even daughter number two, who has been home from college the past two weeks during semester turnaround, has jumped into the fray as well, giving number one a brief respite from the barrage of dirty dishes, cruddy cutlery and plastered pots.

Although we are only on Day Two of life without the beloved family Maytag, I can sense a foreboding in the not so distant future.

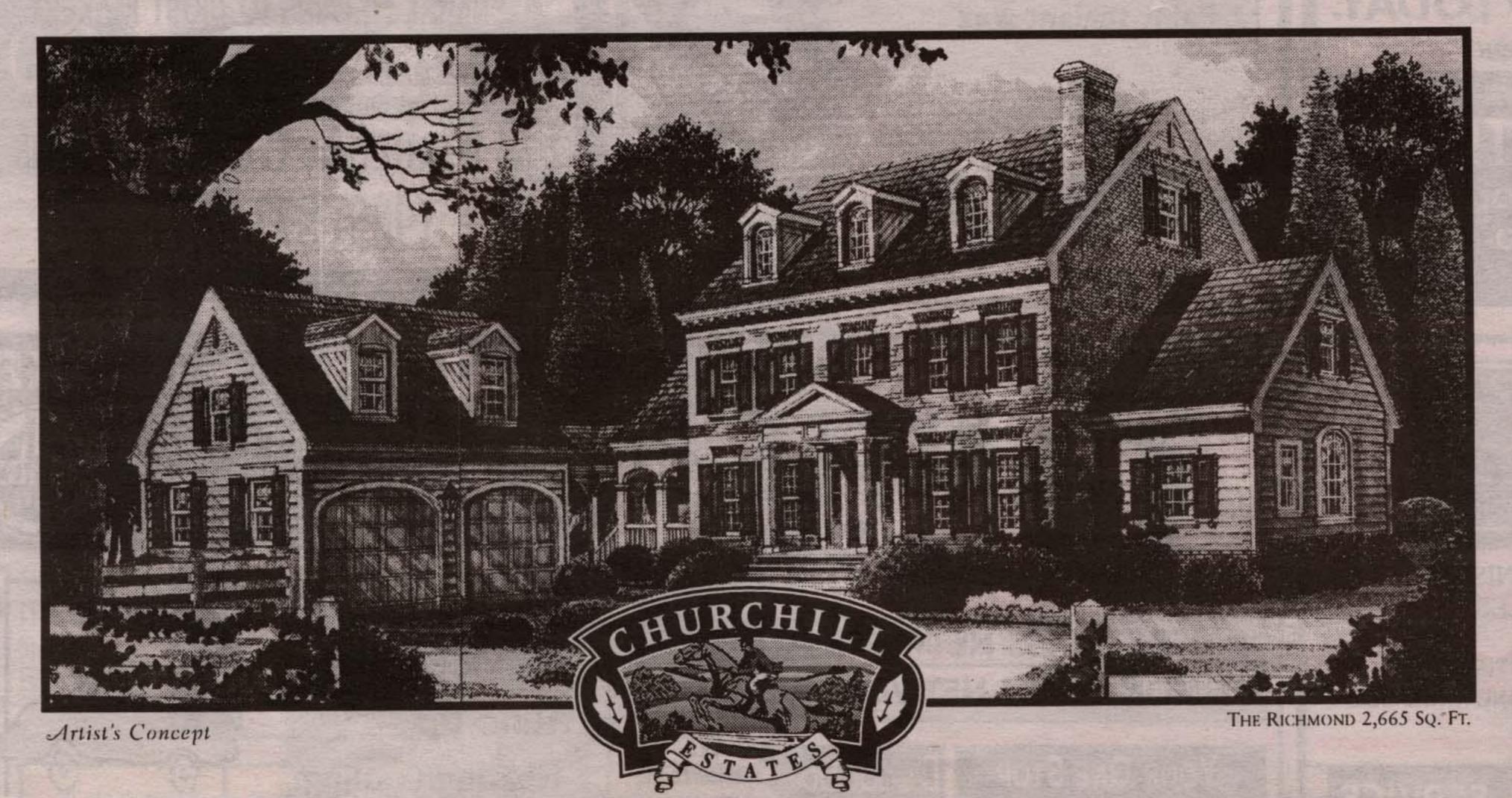
As I type this literary masterpiece, I'd guess someone at home is connecting to the lonely Maytag repairman, in hopes of Gordon Jump dropping by to repair the dear old dishwasher.

With any kind of luck, we should be back up and running before too long. And once again, all will be well with the Brown household.

That is, of course, until the next disaster, like maybe when the television breaks down?



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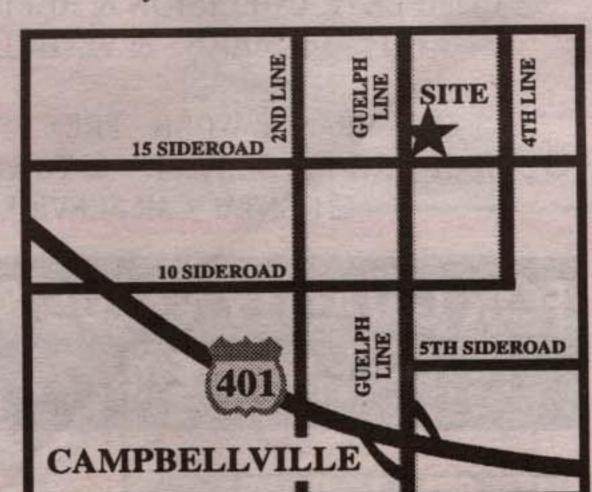


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