

SHOWER

by Harry Zirkelbach 05-02-2016
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Being who I am, there is a prejudice on hearing any gathering talking about shower.

With wife, daughters, female gatherings, it seems a constant reference to some party, celebrating a major event involving marriage; the actual Nuptials of the Blessed Event, or, that which should a prelude to, or the consequence of the wedding.

The human animal begins considering the word to relate only to storm in which he and all other friends stand a chance of getting soaked, unable to escape the wrath of nature. The word can escalate into a party.

Shower as an idea, does change for the male. And that's what I'll write about.

All babies are bathed with a delicacy appropriate to that most precious of all things. Having preformed that chore many times too, I delighted in the complete acceptance of the event by the child, cooing, kicking, arm waving in delight, at the warm water, soap, cleanliness, and lotions.

Both giver and receiver equally delighted during and after the bathing.

As a youth, our house and those of friends and relatives, did not possess a Shower facility in the bathroom, or anywhere else.

It wasn't until a Boy Scout age 12, that our Catholic Scout Troop #13 was given access to the public High School Swimming Pool Saturday mornings for two hours. Sixty youngsters learned to swim, worked toward the various Merit Badges that involved Life Saving.

But each Saturday morning, before and after the swim, all sixty boys had to shower. In between all shared the pool's warm water, swimming naked, and making plenty of noise. Before jumping into the Pool, each stepped into a tray of chlorine to kill any foot disease. Yes, no one, ever, used the ladder to enter the pool, and in fact, small and large youth vied to make the most spectacular splash.

But it was the shower that was the marvel to me. For the first time, clean warm water, constantly, never sitting in a tub where water was party dirty. And that other first memory, how to dry the back, easily, completely.

It would be years before the shower completely replaced the bath, for me. At my parents home, they never installed a shower. And while I showered at the University and in the Military, at others' homes, it was always a bath. at home.

Our Ironton Street home in Aurora had three baths, one with a jacuzzi. We thought that an extravagance we would enjoy; after the first months use, we and our visiting children, abandoned the jacuzzi, for that other comfort, the convenience of the shower.

At Windsor Gardens, we have had the shower modified by the plumber Wayne Wright, allowing us to immediately step into a comfortable warm water shower.

This is almost equal to the shower we enjoyed in our daughter's Belgium home, where before entering the shower, you merely dialed the temperature desired.

That under-appreciated luxury.
A warm shower.