

This Honey Did

Jeanne Lee

Married to a man who was a successful CPA but not a handyman; and being the daughter of a man with a garage full of tools that he knew how to use, it might have been by osmosis and observation – because girls back then didn't do those kinds of things – I became rather accomplished as a “handy woman.”

In our first house, I decided we needed colorful wall paper. Looking back, I must honestly say the choice of big orange and yellow flowers in the kitchen was not the greatest decision.

However, with the sliding glass door and sunlight, it was definitely a bright place.

Unfortunately, I didn't learn from that less than stellar wallpaper pattern choice and learned how “untrue” the walls were in another home as the pattern, though matched mid-wall, at the ceiling grew smaller at one end of the wall and larger at the other end. No more wallpaper choices!

My father-in-law was a great tinkerer, but was an IRS Special Agent rather than an accomplished handyman. He was attempting to install a small chandelier over the dining room table where dinner was to take place within the hour. After our arrival for dinner, father and son both tried to figure out how to get it up and working so that dinner could be served. As I stood in the doorway watching this duo, I had to offer my assistance. No brag, just fact, we ate dinner on time with the new light shining brightly from above.

After the water heater popped its pressure value for the third time, the water department utility serviceman told me the city pressure coming into the water heater was too high and the only way to stop it was to install a tank that tapped into the main copper pipe. It was then off to Home Depot and head to the plumbing department, finding a VERY informed gentleman who was willing to talk me through the process – more than once! At home I re-read the instructions, prayed for God's direction and “talked” to my deceased father for support. I turned off the main water valve, placed the tank in position and questioned my sanity while dollar signs danced in my head realizing I was about to puncture the copper pipe and would potentially need to call a plumber to fix my mistake. Tank in place and a punctured copper pipe – with a bucket below it on the top of the ladder – I slowly turned on the water. There was a leak! “Hello, Home Depot....” The first question he asked was “How many times did you wrap the thread seal tape?” When I responded that I had wrapped it three times, I was told to do it 10 to 12 times. IT WORKED! Prayer, “talking” it through with my dad and the great guy at Home Depot, this Honey was most grateful because that tank was still functioning after five years when I sold that house.

Living alone I am responsible for a lot of Honey-Do's these days, but I'm getting smarter and fearing my son's loving wrath if I get hurt, I have a list of people to call when Honey shouldn't do it!