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Generations



## Diary of a Mad Mountain Housewife

By Peg DeMarco - Special to The News Herald

**Friday, January 6<sup>th</sup>** – At around 10:00 AM, the weather reports were predicting two to four inches of snow in the foothills. Two to four didn't sound like much and it happened to be Friday, just in time for a white wonderland weekend with nowhere to go and nothing to do.

I peeked outside at noon. Nothing but an eerie stillness in the air; Mother Nature's way of signaling the forest creatures to secure a place to hunker down for a day or two.

By 2:00 PM, the snow had begun, big flakes at first, and then a steady stream, quickly covering the house, yard and roadway.

At around 9:00 PM, we began the steady drip of the kitchen faucet to prevent freezing pipes, and my husband turned on a small heater in the water filtration outside building.

I did forget to turn on the dishwasher before I went to bed and it was completely filled. Tomorrow, I thought, as sleep came quickly.

**Saturday** – Rising at 9 and peeking out the front door, the blanket of snow covered the car. Hmm, I thought, this looks like more than 2 to 4. I remembered the dishwasher as I tried to find a clean coffee cup and flicked it on. It made half a cycle.

I turned on the kitchen faucet – two drops and then nothing. It was time to wake my husband, which I did, by saying, "I hate this house."

He called the well fixer, got the voice mail, and placed a frantic call.

"He's not going to call," my husband said, replacing the receiver.

"Why not?"

"They don't work on weekends."

It was time to call my son who lives within walking distance and, between our families, we had six empty gallon containers.

We would have gone to Food Lion for more water, but the winding road up or down the mountain was now a death trap, so my husband and I learned to bucket survive in between my looking for houses for sale in Florida on the Internet.

Our two toilets had buckets near them and one shower was allowed two buckets, labeled his and hers. Our remaining dishes (since a good portion were in the dishwasher) were piled high in the sink.

**Sunday** – A fresh supply of buckets greeted our day and as my husband’s beard grew fuller, we grew testier. The well fixer called late Sunday evening and promised to get to our house early Monday morning.

**Monday** – By 11, with no call from the well fixer, we placed another call. He said he was waiting for the temperature to rise a little for the glue on the plastic pipe to work well. Glue on plastic pipe? That didn’t make me feel easy, but my husband reassured me that plumbers did that. All I could think of is that my sanity now relied on Crazy Glue.

The fixer did a super job on the well, glue and all, but the blockage was apparently in the water filtration building, so we had no choice but to wait for warmer temperatures. He explained the procedure of getting the well all set up once the pressure gauge looked good and there was a stream of water.

I’m no plumber and I’ve never lived with a well until I moved to the foothills, so I made him repeat the directions four or five times.

Afterwards, the hot shower at my son’s house helped plus a rum and coke with my husband. He had two.

**Tuesday** – It was 31 degrees and by 11, I decided to venture out. My daughter-in-law said that the road was in good shape except for one patch after the curve. I hit it and slid down the hill. At the bottom, I knew I’d never make it back up so I decided to get a haircut, make a trip to Belk’s, and run all the errands I could waiting for the temperature to rise. Finally, I noticed that the ice everywhere began to melt and it was time for a climb. I made it!

And then the glorious well decided it was time to get back to business and water began to flow through our pipes. It was like blood pumping through our veins!

No, I’m not moving and I don’t hate my house anymore. In fact, my husband promised to go fifty/fifty with me on the cost to remodel the kitchen – if I promise not to move. I did.

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