

# Outdoor Shower

Many of the simple, good things in life are elusive, easily passed over, and so very hard to define or shape with words.

I grew up in a summer house with 8 kids, a 40-gal hot water tank and only one indoor shower. Coming from the beach all sandy, we rinsed our feet and showered outside the house. My father tried to teach us a “Submarine Shower” which is one minute of water, turn it off, lather up, and then one minute to rinse.

But Dad’s concept never really caught on in our family anyway, so I can relish my long slow shower in peace. Coming back from the beach, I am always a little tired from the sun, the sand and the joy of the surf. If I time my return right, I hang up my chair, rinse my feet and sneak into the house for a cold beer to drink as I wait for the shower to empty.

I suppose any shower is a good thing, but there is something special about an outdoor shower made of unpainted cedar with the side boards slanted just so, to provide privacy, but open enough to allow a wandering ocean breeze to pass through. Even though I am concealed, getting undressed and feeling the cool air caress my naked body gives just a touch of naughtiness. If I can get the water just the right temperature I can stand under the spray for blissful minutes, letting the water run off my tan body, cleansing my soul.

For the entire rest of the year, I never feel as clean as when I finish an outdoor shower. The mix of fresh air, hot water and soap can clean me down to my very cells. Stepping out of the shower, I lift my head, smell the air and feel like all is right with the world. The salt and sand are gone from my body and I feel fresh as the sea air.

Dressed, I go into the house where someone I love is cooking me dinner. Does life get any better?