

Some people can pull off the everyday stuff without a hitch. Although I admire those types - I am not one of them.

Take running your vehicle through a car wash, for example. Ordinary people do this very thing every day without a problem. Me? I am extraordinarily versed in ... well, you be the judge.

It was a sunny, wintry-warm day. Since something about sunny means *clean* when it comes to your car, I decided to rid my new used-vehicle of its blanket of sirt (salt and dirt). Besides, I was feeling just a little proud of my new wheels and wanted to show off the purchase with a shine.

So, I picked the best carwash, and even paid the *extra* \$2.00 for the wash that promised to leave my vehicle sparkling and "*smelling like a rose.*" (What woman can resist that promo?)

The sudsy ordeal began normally. Line up the wheels - check. Turn on my headlights - double check. Make sure the windows are all up, yes. The only thing left to do is sit back and enjoy the ride, right?

Uh ... wrong.

Halfway through the relaxing siesta, I noticed a slight drip from the sunroof. *A little nuisance, easily remedied*, I thought.

Fiddling with the button above my head, I quickly surmised that because the vehicle was newly-used, and because there were exactly three positions that I *guessed* would close the sunroof, I could not secure a comfy, dry fit. In other words ... Gusher!

It's not easy to sweat when you're getting soaking wet, but I did. My fingers fumbled with the window mechanism, every push opening the roof wider and WIDER, until ice-cold, bubbly water whooshed like a waterfall over my head.

I had a thought. If I couldn't stop water from flooding in, could I pull an emergency stop on the outside? No, the swishing of the giant toothbrush on my driver's door told

me what my sopping head already knew; I was a prisoner in my own rainstorm.

Through the steam I spotted hope - a dryer. Not just any dryer. No, this was a mega-watt, super-dryer designed to suck a gnat off the side of a barn. One problem. I wasn't a gnat. Another problem, this dryer didn't suck, it blew. In fact, it

blasted all the water that was happily resting on the roof of my car right through the port-

hole. And you guessed it, onto my head. Bubbly, *rose-smelling* suds shimmied down my spine and into my britches. I was sitting in an SUV sized dunk tank.

Pride (even just a little of it), can be a terrible thing to have. Only God

Only God knows
what it takes to
keep a grown
woman humble
... and soaking wet.



Smelling Like a Rose?

by Elizabeth J. Duewel

"Pride goes before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall." Take a peek into the life of one woman's hilarious humbling.

© DREAMSTIME



knows what it takes to keep a grown woman humble ... and soaking wet. Proverbs 16:18 warns, "*Pride goes before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall*" (NIV). Or in my case: before a

"waterfall." And when you are soggy and cold to your toes, you graciously accept the white towels the workers shove at you to sop up your face (even if they have been shining hubcaps with them all day).

I have to give the kind carwash staff credit; they held their smiles and snickers as long as possible. Even though, when I glanced in my rearview mirror, I thought I spied a few doubled over and lying on the ground. In pain no doubt.

Oh well, it wasn't *all* a wash. Besides being a wet lesson on what a *little* bit of pride gets you, I figure I got what I paid for—plus my *extra* \$2.00 worth. Even if it was me, and not my car, that came out "*smelling like a rose.*" 🌹

Elizabeth Duewel is a freelance writer who lives with her husband and three children in Ashland, Ohio. Elizabeth is also a graduate of She Speaks.