

## *LIVING IN THE PARSONAGE HOUSE*

by Teri Behrends

Since the parsonage was turned into a resale shop last year, we have had so many questions about what it was like to live in the house.

Teri shares what life was like, living in the Parsonage.

My grandparents rented the home from the German Reform Church after they were married, and my dad and his brothers and sister were born in the house. Grandma raised five children with no running water and an outhouse. Think about trying to potty train your children that way.

The house has always had electric, but it has never had running water. There is a hand pump in the kitchen that pumped water from the cistern under the house. It was great in the summer when you had been outside playing or working, and you came in and got a glass of very cold water from the pump. However, in the winter that very cold water, was very cold. All the water had to be heated on the stove. For example, after dinner, water was heated to wash the dishes. There were two pans put on the kitchen table, one for washing, and one for rinsing.



There was a wringer washing machine and the water also had to be heated to wash the clothes. To empty the washer you put a hose out the window. In the summer the water was not wasted, but used to water the plants and garden. Clothes were put on a drying rack in the dining room by the stove to dry.

To bathe, you also had to heat the water, take the hot pan of water into the pantry and bathe. In the summer, the boys enjoyed bathing in the quarry at the "cut" where girls were not allowed.

Also with no water, there was no bathroom, and the outhouse in the winter was an extremely cold place. During the winter months there was a chamber pot that could be used so you didn't have to go outside, but that had to be taken to the outhouse in the morning and cleaned.



The house was heated by a fuel oil stove that sat in the dining room. There is no duct work, so that supplied the only heat. There was a register cut into the floor above the stove and that was how the upstairs received heat. One summer my grandmother fell and broke her leg while she was hanging clothes on the line to dry. They put her on the airplane and an ambulance met her in Sandusky at the airport to transport her to the hospital. It was the only time she was off Kelleys Island until she passed. She had many stories about her first airplane ride and her one trip to the "mainland."