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t sounds like a visit from a gumshoe: someone slips into your home, sifts through your things, combs your carpet, dusts — but not for fingerprints.

After all, your visitor isn't some sort of sleuth, but a housecleaner. And the housecleaner hasn't come to gather the dirt on you, but simply to gather your dirt.

But doesn't it *feel* funny?

"It can," says Brenda Stadnik, owner of Brenda's Cleaning Personnel in San Rafael. "You're dealing with your personal things in your personal house. How many people invite friends in to touch their personal things?"

MAKING A GOOD, CLEAN LIVING

Not many. That's why psychology figures heavily in the success of her business, which readers of the *Pacific Sun* voted "The Best Housecleaning Service in Marin County 1991." Energy and precision also help — as does a sense of humor.

It's late Monday morning at company headquarters, and the auburn-haired Stadnik, dressed simply in a pleated wool skirt and sweater, is ricocheting around the sparse two-room office like a pinball. Employee Irene Paul is planted in "the hot seat," strategically positioned in front of the computer and telephones. (Only Sir Nicholas, an 8-year-old Maltese who serves as company mascot, is dogging it.) The computer had been on

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Brenda Stadnik and Irene Paul: Energy, precision and a sense of humor keep Brenda's Cleaning Personnel on top of the housecleaning business.

