

Important Moment

During the Holidays nearly, every year my family completed a journey downtown to visit the lights and mingle with family. Although, I never truly cared for the event because nearly every time I had my head in the clouds ignoring all the noise that passed through my head. Many of these trips shared some uniqueness to them. One year we would go see the brilliant warm multicolored lights, the next year we painstakingly waited in long laborious lines to see religious programs. Occasionally we would even cap the night off with a stroll down the many winding corridors of the pungent lively city. However, on this fateful trip when I was a toddler we went to Temple Square to see the brilliant regal white granite temple prominently displayed at its center.

Around this time of year, the area is always packed to the brim with sardine-like people bringing their holiday cheer. Likewise, my endearing family was interested in visiting the famed pristine Temple Square amidst the towering dull grey buildings that surround it. As is now tradition, we showed up and strolled through the well-kept gardens breaming with variously colored plants and flowers. After our entrancing stroll, we also visited the many historical buildings that speckle the landscape. For me, the subtle stench of car exhaust and the fatiguing walk wasn't all that appealing. I began to get bored, tired, and sick. At that moment, we came upon a very modest outcropping which housed a large circular fountain. It was modeled after many rotund Greek like fountains before it with a pedal like series of adornments and pot like grey cement levels. It made me very curious to see its blue lined base, smell its clean crisp water, and hear its drowning churning effect. I remember bending over the side glaring into the pool at all the glittering coins people threw into the fountain for good luck. On top of its splendor, the fountain also provided a place of rest from the constant walking and noise of the city. I distinctly remember my brother peering into the fountain himself and playing with the water on its edge. I thought it looked fun as well, so I followed suit. First, it was just my hands resting on the chilling base of the fountain. Then, slowly but surely, I began to lean in to feel the soft water. I also propped my knees up to get a better look. Sadly, soon after a large flash in my vision happened and a subtle shift of momentum pushed me forward, then BOOM! I was upside-down in the chilling biting Fall water. I felt a hand grasp my waist and hoist me out. All I could feel was the bitter air pressing against my skin. Still disoriented I recall hearing the towering security guard scolding my mother as she held my hand.

I have tried asking multiple times if anyone knew what happened. However, my parents don't recall anything about the event other than its painstaking aftermath. Because I got wet we had to rush over to the closing hollow mall which housed a child's clothing store. From there we mulled over all the rigid clothes that clearly didn't fit and begged the employees to let me use their dingy closet to change into warm dry clothes. After nearly two hours the whole ordeal was complete. I don't find this story to be particularly embarrassing. But, the ever-present mystery of how I fell into the fountain has perplexed me ever since. Did someone push me? Did I truly slip? Or did I simply want to get in the water? Truthfully, I'll never know, but it will always be an important event for me.