

Important Moment

When I was toddler I had quite the embarrassing endeavor. I fell into the fountain at Temple Square. It was late into Fall dipping heavily into a chilling climate. Around the Holliday cheer nearly every year my family completed a journey downtown to visit the lights and mingle with family. I never truly understood the importance of the event. Because, nearly every time I had my head in the clouds ignoring all the noise that passed through my head. Although, I was often reluctantly forced to go to the event regardless. Many of these trips shared some uniqueness to them. One year we would go see the brilliant warm multicolored lights and watch a pop film at the time. Another year we would painstakingly waited in long laborious lines to see religious programs and capped it off with a stroll down the many winding corridors of the pungent lively city. However, this time was particularly unique. On this fateful trip we went to Temple Square to see the brilliant regal white granite temple prominently displayed at its center.

Around this time year the area is always packed to the brim with sardine like people bringing their holiday cheer and disparity all the same. However, despite this my endearing family was interested in visiting the famed pristine Temple Square amidst the towering dull buildings that surround it. As is tradition, we showed up and began strolling 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. In 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 pedal like adornments and pot like grey cement levels. It made me very curious after experiencing its blue lined base, clean crisp water smell, and its drowning churning water. 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 that the fountain also provided a place of rest from the constant walking and noise of the city. So, I sat on the fountain for some time and took in the fresh smelling air and the alluring glowing water. In fact, it was at this time that I noticed my brother peering into the fountain himself and playing with the water. 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 propping my knees up to get a better look. 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 of the spinning water. All I could feel was the bitter air pressing against my skin. Still disoriented I recall hearing the security scolding my mother as she held my hand. She simply asked me gingerly why I felt compelled to enter the water. I told the truth I had no idea. 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 after math. Because I got wet we couldn't go to dinner as planned. Instead we had to rush over to the closing empty 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 the 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. At the time it was a big family talking point which made me feel a little sheepish about the subject. But, I never really took the experience much to heart. The ever-present mystery of how I fell into the fountain has been the driving force of why I even remember this story to begin with. Did someone push me? Did I truly slip? Or did I simply want to get in the water? Truthfully, I'll never know.