Memory Project Submission

	I agree to participate
What years did you reside in Washington County, Kane County, the Arizona Strip, or the Big Muddy Region of Nevada? Example: 1992-2011, 2013-2024.	2004 to present
What location would you like to share a memory about? (Please focus on one location per entry)	Hurricane, Central, Enterprise, St George
In what region is this location?	Washington County, UT
What year(s) does this memory occur. Example: 1970-1973, 2014.	2004-2005
Share with us a personal	In February 2004 we moved from the Washington DC suburbs to Washington County. We rented a home in Central. We drove a dodge neon and a passenger van across the country with my 9 year old son, one dog, 3 cats, one fish, and one water turtle. We got

memory of the location:	all the way to Hurricane without incident. On route 9 just outside of Hurricane, the van got a flat tire. As soon as I pulled over to the side of the road, a man pulled up and offered to change the tire. It was an unexpected welcome and assurance that we had come to the right place. The first year in Central was eventful. We lived in a house on the border of BLM land on the foot of a hill. In the early spring, BLM thinned out the pinyon and juniper trees on the hill adjacent to our home as a fire break. Ironically, they left piles of wood on the hill all spring and summer. One day, I was returning home from the pool with my son and we saw smoke. As we got closer, we discovered that the hill by our house was on fire and it was burning down towards our house. The volunteer firemen arrived but said they couldn't do anything to fight the fire until it got on our land. They said that it was against BLM policy for them to do it. I was panicked to say the least because I was not used to fires being from the east coast. I thought our house was going to burn down for sure. Then, they told us that our neighborhood was being evacuated. So, we rounded up all the animals. We took all the photo albums, my son's legos, and a laptop. My son's friend suggested that we should bless the house which he did. As we left the house, the planes were dropping fire retardant. I discovered that our area is effective in fighting fires and we were able to return home that night. Sadly, we had left the swamp cooler on and it was a little smoky inside but it was a huge relief. Later in the year, in the winter of 2005, we had a snow storm in Central which left about 10-12 inches of snow on the ground. Then, it rained for about 3 days straight. A new stream of water started coming off the mountain into our yard. I remember being in church and telling one of the ladies about the stream and how it was getting bigger and bigger. She replied with concern, "that is not good." Then the stream started going through our basement and garage where we were storing furniture. We had to go move stuff out of the stream's way and I used a shop vac to try to get rid of the water. Eventually, I realized that I needed to go out in the steady rain and dig a ditch to divert the water around our house. Luckily, that did work. In the meantime, school just kept going. My son was a fifth grader at Enterprise Elementary. While at school, his teacher would talk about how the Enterprise reservoir was going to overflow and how his land was being eroded away. I was a substitute teacher going to a school in St George when I heard that the governor declared a state of emergency. I remember thinking this has to be the only place in the world where there would be a state of emergency and school was not cancelled. I was at Riverside Elementary that day. Towards the end of the day, the principal was on the intercom asking if there were any teachers who needed to get over the bridge to get home. That was me. They sent all of us out. The bridge that I usually took on Riverside was already closed so they told me how to use the other bridge into Washington. As I crossed the bridge, I could see that the water was up to the bottom of the bridge and the police were there to close it down. Shortly after the flood, our Bishop told us that we would not want to miss stake conference. Our stake was the St George West Stake which is now the St George North Stake. I was sitting in the stake center waiting for conference to begin as people around me started to rise out of their chairs and many were crying. I stood up and could see that Gordon B Hinckley had entered the building. He was in St George to visit people who had lost their homes to the flood and came for a brief visit to our conference since he was there. He said that St George has always been a rough place to live and he didn't see why so many people wanted to live here.
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