

Addyson Hughes

My most vivid memory tied to water would be the Minot flood of 2011. The flood was devastating to many in the small community of Minot and its surrounding areas. Because of the devastation, many friends and families were brought together. The flood fight of 2011 is a collection of memories that one doesn't forget. Though it was a tough time for many, looking back there will always be things that you can be grateful for.

My flood story starts when I was at the age of eight, with my family of four. Growing up, my family lived in a very friendly neighborhood called Brooks Addition. Living next to five of my classmates, I'd say it was what any child could have wished for. We lived in the valley, with the river, quite literally, in our backyard. One day, I had just gotten inside from playing outside with my friends, and I remember my parents having the radio and television on, desperately listening to information about the future events that would be known as the Flood of 2011. At the young age of eight, I quickly became accustomed to words like crest, dikes, flood, severe, devastating, and sandbagging. In addition, my younger brother and I would watch the news with our parents so that we had a clue as to what our future would be.

Days before the water came there were two "false alarms." In preparation for each alarm, we moved all of our furniture to the second floor of our two-story home. By the third and final flood siren, everyone had a feeling that this was it. I remember loading all of our belongings, some of which we would never see again, into a semi-truck. With what little we had left, we loaded our lives into



a small camper. No one was truly prepared for the weeks to come.

The first week of camper living was fun, but the fun only lasted for so long. Going from a four-bedroom home to a small camper, about the size of one bedroom, was hard in and of itself, but moving away from our friends was definitely the hardest part. Noticing the stress that living in a camper placed on my younger brother and me, my parents decided it was time for a more permanent living situation, keeping in mind that our previous house was still underwater at this time. Looking for houses was very difficult at this time because there weren't many available.

They did eventually find a nice house right inside of Minot. It was an adjustment for us because we had never lived "in town" before. I was so excited to move into my own room after sharing a bunk with my brother for a whole three weeks. Our new living situation brought much more stability and less stress.

Our home was underwater for about six weeks. When the water subsided, it was amazing to look at the damage that it had left. Our house had water on both floors, meaning we would have to gut and sanitize the whole house. My brother and I helped with what little we could, but mission builders, family, and friends helped our family out immensely.

Though the flood is a somber memory, I feel like it was one that shaped not only me but the whole community. So much devastation turned into so much good later down the road. I think that it is important to find the positives in a negative situation, which isn't always easy to do. I will never forget the events of the Flood of 2011.