

Northville

When I was told about this opportunity to write about Northville, I knew exactly what I would scribble down or eagerly type into my laptop. There is beyond any doubt in my mind that this place means the absolute most to me no matter where I may be. There is simply one reason for this. Northville is filled with beaches, boats, and beautiful countryside; the list goes on. However, no other place in this *world* can keep me holding onto someone I will never see again.

“Let’s go swimming, it’ll be fun,” I can remember those words like the back of my hand, but his voice will forever be gone. Every time I would visit we would drive to Magic Fountain, and each time I would order the cookie monster. We would watch as the house bustled; cousins, aunts, uncles, everywhere. We used to float on the blue raft, and watch my favorite shows back at the house, still dripping with water. We would cook the fish we caught together, when we were able to catch something. We would sit together by the bonfire, and watch the sky grow dark behind us as fireworks had lit it up anew.

We had so much fun. You used to show me your track spikes, and I would hide in the basement bar. I didn’t know it at the time, but you are my biggest inspiration. Even though I was very young, the impact you had on my life is immeasurable. As the years have gone by, I’ve come to understand the person you were and the dreams you had. Your love for track and field, your passion, and your kind heart continue to inspire me to this day.

This was also the place where I watched you go. The only version I would ever know you is in Northville. I was only six years old. I can’t remember who you were, or what you used to wear; but I will forever remember our time in Northville. Nothing is quite the same, but I will always order the cookie monster. There isn’t a time I step into the bracing water and don’t think of you. I often find myself retracing the steps we took together, trying to hold onto the feeling of your presence. Any time I am with those same people who loved you most, I think you’re here. I know you aren’t, but when I am in Northville I get to forget that. Each year when I visit, I learn more and more about you. It is as if I am still getting to know you.

Northville is the most important place to me because it is much less a place and far more you.