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Meeting Kristin Chenoweth at RootsTech

The anticipation buzzed in the air as I navigated through the bustling crowd at the RootsTech family history conference in March of this year. Excited chatter filled the convention hall, mingling with the hum of activity from various booths and exhibits. It was my first time attending the conference, attending with my grandparents, and this year held an extra special allure – the chance to see a familiar face perform, with the incomparable Kristin Chenoweth being the headlining keynote speaker.

As I rushed through the throng of attendees to get the best seat I could, memories flooded my mind of the previous encounters I'd had with Kristin. The first time we crossed paths was when she performed with the Tabernacle Choir at Temple Square. I got to meet her afterwards, where her radiant presence and genuine warmth left an indelible impression on me. The second time was at a book signing downtown, where she graciously took the time to chat and acknowledged seeing my Instagram post when I was loopy after my wisdom-tooth surgery (the day after the Tabernacle Choir performance, still riding the high of meeting her.) Now, here I was, hoping for yet another moment of connection with this Broadway icon.

Spotting the stage where Kristin was scheduled to speak, I felt a surge of excitement. I had a plan, a mission of sorts – to get her to sign a copy of her book, tucked safely in my bag. It wasn't exactly the event allowed to bring personal items for signing, but I was determined to seize the opportunity.

As Kristin took the stage, her effervescent energy filled the room, drawing everyone's

attention. With her trademark charm and wit, she delved into her keynote address, sharing anecdotes from her career and touching on the importance of family history. Each word she spoke resonated deeply, her passion shining through as she spoke of her own adoption story through her unique storytelling.

Throughout her interview, I couldn't help but marvel at her grace and charisma. Despite her fame, she exuded a down-to-earth warmth that instantly put everyone at ease. That is, until she performed and one could realize her immense talent and how she was a Broadway star for a reason.

As the session drew to a close, I felt that I wouldn't be able to reach her, and came to peace with that. That is, until I went back into the area with exhibits and saw there was a line forming to interact with her. I quickly got in line and anxiously waited, hoping to be able to chat with her, knowing that there was a strict time she had to leave to catch her flight.

As I stood there, eagerly awaiting my turn to converse with Kristin, my grandparents joined me in line. My grandma was bubbling with excitement, her eyes gleaming as she chatted animatedly with another attendee. I knew she was thrilled to meet Kristin, just as I was, but I also recognized that once she started talking, she might monopolize the conversation.

A sense of determination welled up within me. I wanted this moment with Kristin to be special, a chance for a one-on-one connection. So, with a quick decision, I turned to my grandparents and said, "Hey, Grandma, Grandpa, I'm going to go ahead and talk with her, and then you guys can have your personal interaction after me. Is that okay?"

With an understandable nod, my grandmother replied saying, "I totally get it! That works for me!"

The line slowly crept forward, and I knew that I'd be able to see her after all. The only

issue- how was I going to get her to sign my book when the staff explicitly said she would be doing no book signings? My determination was as strong as ever. I pulled the book out of my bag and hid it under my arm with my coat covering any hint that it was there. I saw I was nearly to the front of the line and my heart was pounding with anticipation as I approached Kristin with a big smile.

"Hi, Kristin," I greeted her with an outstretched hand, shaking hers. I felt the nervousness quickly dissipate, as I remembered her warm presence. "I don't know if you remember, but we've met a couple times now."

To my delight, her face lit up in recognition. "Well, hello there! It's so lovely to see you again," she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with genuine joy.

Naturally, I then felt the emboldening confidence to present the book for her signature. "I know they said you weren't going to be signing anything, but I was hoping I could trouble you for a quick autograph, as I missed your book signing last year while I was doing an internship," I said, holding out the book with a sheepish grin.

Kristin's eyes widened in surprise as she took the book from my hands, flipping it open to reveal the title page. "Of course! Knowing that you're a true fan, it's the least I could do," she replied, her smile widening as she reached for the pen I had in my hand.

As she signed her name with a flourish, I couldn't help but feel a swell of gratitude. "To Logan: XOXO, Kristin Chenoweth." Here was a woman who had touched countless lives with her talent, yet she took the time to connect with each person she met on a personal level. It was a rare gift, one that I cherished more than words could express.

With the book safely back in my possession, I thanked Kristin profusely, feeling a sense of elation wash over me. Meeting her again had been everything I'd hoped for and more – a

moment of pure joy that I would treasure forever.

As I made my way through the crowd, clutching the signed book to my chest, I couldn't help but reflect on the magic of the encounter. In a world filled with fleeting moments, it was these small connections that truly mattered – moments of shared laughter, heartfelt conversations, and the simple joy of being in the presence of someone truly extraordinary.

And as I looked back on the day's events, I knew one thing for certain – meeting Kristin Chenoweth would always be a highlight and a shining beacon of happiness in the tapestry of my memories from that event.





