

The point is that I wanted access. I wanted to sit in the balcony and watch the people and sing a hymn and see the light change in the window. And pray. The spirit of God—a very big God with wide, welcoming arms—was in that place.

Wonderful Small Things—*Christina Kimball Ingersoll*

My mother sent me the link to this blog site and she has posted here as well. Linda Hoffman Kimball and Chris Kimball met in the Longfellow Park building that fell yesterday. I am the baby who was blessed there some twenty-nine or so years ago.

I remember wonderful small things from that time. My dad and one of the congregants designed a physically beautiful program for worship. I remember one Easter or perhaps Palm Sunday (not a commonly recognized Sunday in Mormon circles) when the program included hand-made, gauze-like, orange paper and a poem about the balm of Gilead.

My most powerful memories, however, are from the late '90s when my dad, Chris, was bishop of the Longfellow Park Ward. During his tenure, the ward first split by ages; but before that, I had the luxury of spending quite some time as a high-schooler in the company of friends years older than myself. It was great for me to make connections with those who attended at that time, some of whom I stay in touch with even now.

And of course, I remember the window. Complete with all of its multiple meanings and ever-changing colors as the seasons passed. I remember marking it as a sure sign of spring when the tree outside unfurled leaves enough to partially cover the lower left quadrant.

I find myself once again back in Cambridge but attending a church that feels very strongly like home to me about a block away, the United Church of Christ on Garden Street. It was an emotionally charged but powerful Sunday for me to be asked by my senior minister, who knows me well, to try to reach out on behalf of my UCC church community to offer our prayers and our meeting space to the LDS community.

I'm very pleased to learn that First Church will be hosting some of the congregants who were attending Longfellow Park while the new building is worked out. I feel certain that there is a silver lining pending in the form of new friendships, the opportunity to show

support, and the chance to build up the interfaith community in Cambridge, as I think Christ would have us do.

Spiritually Housed—*Natalie Williams*

I'm presently a member of the Longfellow Park First Ward and have been here since 2006. I know it's just a building, but the Longfellow Park Chapel was one of the reasons I knew Boston was my home. For at least the first six months I lived in Boston, my heart was full of comfort and a general feeling of "rightness" when I entered that building every Sunday.

Far from the hub of Church activity out west, chapels in this area are hard to come by. The Longfellow Park chapel was the oldest in Massachusetts, boasting a rather unusual history and design. All of that's gone now—the roof collapsed, windows broken, and a charred brick shell a ghost of the lively activity historically housed within the walls. So many, many unknowns for the members of our wards—where we'll meet, if our wards can stay together, if we'll be disbanded during the rebuilding . . . The magnitude of the situation is still surreal and hard to fathom.

The fire today has destroyed the physical facade; but for hundreds of members of the Church currently in the Longfellow Park wards, the spirit of what we felt within those walls will now be spiritually housed within each of us, as a physical facility no longer exists. Maybe this is the chance for us individually to help rebuild the building that rebuilt so many of us.

In a Magical Place—*Kristen Smith Dayley*

Today I live in Seattle, but my heart is (and always has been) in Boston. When I got the text, in between Sunday meetings, that the Longfellow Park chapel had burned, the tears sprang rapidly. I found it difficult to explain to my Pacific Northwest ward members the depth of the loss to the Church and countless members around the world.

My first memories of church are in that building, as is my first experience with repentance. A fellow Primary classmate convinced me to stuff grass through the mailslot into the bishop's office, something that haunted me for days until I confessed to my mother and then had a very pleasant visit with Bishop Gordon Williams. Years later I had the privilege of returning