

out how that happened, other than that maybe they could keep an eye on the weird folk. Kept me out of the attic, anyway. Maybe they could confine to one classroom those who wanted to talk about the documentary hypothesis, nuances of *almah* versus *bethulah*, the Pauline themes of Alma, or Campbell's hero cycle in the Book of Mormon and the D&C. Whatever. It was a place in the community, with meaningful work to do, acceptance by others. In some ways, that's how I imagine the celestial kingdom. It's also where I got to know my wife.

Yes, I know it wasn't the building that did all this. But the sense memories are hard to separate from the things that really matter: the community of crazy, mostly kind people. I still miss it terribly, even years after marrying and finding another ward. Yes, I hope we rebuild a nice, funky building. But even more, I hope maybe someday we can rebuild a nice, funky community. Maybe someday.

### **An Anchor for Me—Paula Kelly Caryotakis**

I am so sad about this tragedy and cannot stop thinking about it! This building became a home away from home for me after I moved to Massachusetts from California in 1988 to work in Boston. For three and a half years, it was an anchor for me; jobs, addresses, and housemates changed several times, but my membership and participation in the Cambridge University Ward always stayed consistent. Before moving east, I had never lived more than fifty miles from home, so my move to Boston was the true beginning of my adult life. The Longfellow building was where my testimony solidified and my spiritual adventure truly began.

I have so many memories of both the building and the many friends I met there. I remember Jenny Atkinson's fantastic Sunday School music instruction (where I learned that a hymn is not always a hymn because sometimes it is a chorale or a gospel song) and I also remember your cheesecakes, Kristine, and thinking you were crazy for going shopping on the bus!

I remember volleyball on Monday nights in the gym, Sunday district dinners, and how stinky the bathroom was by 3:00 P.M. because of all the diapers left in the trash by Cambridge I Ward mothers.

I remember men knitting in church, new freshman women

looking a little wide-eyed in Relief Society, and men trying to crash Relief Society because they liked our lessons better.

I remember feeling so lucky when I scored a parking space on Longfellow Park or Brattle and feeling bummed when I had to walk several blocks—especially in the rain. I remember hanging out on the front steps on warm spring evenings, watching the seasons change through that beautiful round window and looking up at the brass chandeliers in the chapel.

I remember some very memorable testimonies (Sam, I remember the day you gave yours.) Most importantly, I remember Bishop Clay Christensen's warm, gentle, and welcoming leadership style, and getting to know some of the most remarkable people I have ever known. In many ways, Sunday was the best part of every week and it was because of the experiences I had in that build

### **Not the Building—Erin L. Crowley**

I made my husband repeat the news three times and show me the pictures before I could believe him. I joined the Church a few months before leaving for college in 1995, and the University Ward became the place where I really learned about the gospel and developed a testimony. (And learned how *not* to cook tacos for two hundred people!)

I, too, spent countless moments pondering the symbolism of the beautiful round window. Enough years have passed that the exact layout of the building has faded somewhat from my mind, but the feeling of the window, the light, and the amazing souls that shared that sacred space with me still lingers.

I've met in a variety of buildings as a member of the Church, including converted warehouse space in the branch where I first joined in Connecticut, a farm house/barn in Guatemala, the historic Twentieth Ward chapel in the Avenues of Salt Lake complete with the only stained-glass windows I've ever seen in an LDS chapel, and more than a few of the cookie-cutter 1970s brick eyesores that seem to pepper the growing stakes of this country. I've worshipped in enough different buildings to know that it is not the building that makes the place special, it is a combination of the Spirit, the gospel, and the amazing people who share the space.

Even knowing that, I still deeply mourn the loss of the Cam-