

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-

bridge chapel. I have so many wonderful memories. My life has been forever touched by my experiences there.

My prayers are with those of you who currently worship there. I hope the hearts of your neighbors in Cambridge will be touched and that somehow you will find a way to worship together while the building is being repaired/rebuilt.

### **Equally Warm, Whether Empty or Full—*Aja Fegert Eyre***

While an undergraduate at Harvard, I attended the University Singles Ward from 1997 to 2000 and then the Grown-Up Ward from 2000 to 2001. I am overwhelmed with grief and sadness and also grateful for Sam's efforts to provide a forum to mourn together.

I think I lived about one-seventh of my college years at the chapel. It wasn't unusual for me to spend six to eight hours at the chapel on Sundays with all the meetings and events afterward: dinners, choir, baptisms, etc. In fact, I have to confess that I once even took a two-hour nap up on the balcony while everyone was in Sunday School and Relief Society. Whew! I've confessed. I feel better.

It was my home in Cambridge. The dorms were just temporary housing. I, too, remember being volunteered to head up the after-church dinners as a freshman (Agh!) and organizing countless skits and lip-syncs for those ward parties. Do you recall how during Christmastime the whole chapel would smell like pine boughs thanks to the Relief Society's annual wreath-making event and the fat pine trees in the front foyer? Also, there was nothing better than a fast and testimony meeting in the singles ward.

For four years, I walked twenty minutes to and from that church at least twice a week, and that is quite a task when you wear high heels on brick sidewalks. It was always a joy to finally reach the back door and come in to find the halls plastered with "flirting" singles. (I sometimes wonder how any of us found our spouses there, considering how socially strange most of us were.) I loved being there alone, too—to practice on the organ or to meet with Brother Christensen. It was a unique building in that it was equally warm whether empty or full.

I was hoping that my kids would someday attend church there, and hopefully they will. It will always be a hallowed place, and I