

am sure the church (and the Cambridge City Council) will make sure the new building there will be appropriate and equally worthy of our adoration.

Rest in peace, old friend.

Not Different from My Home—*Katsu Funai*

My wife led me to the news and to this website. We met while we were attending the ward in 2001. I share the sentiments of many who have left comments here.

I clearly remember my first Sunday in the Longfellow Park chapel in August of 1998. Though I had a testimony, I was spiritually underdeveloped. I remember the trek I made with my father from the Harvard Square red line exit, past HMV Records, down the ragged brick sidewalk, into the back door of the church by the kitchen. I was a freshman at Boston University, with my major yet undecided, freshly arrived in the United States for the first time that week from Zurich. We comfortably situated ourselves in the left back corner, and the sacrament meeting convened. That week I was quite overwhelmed with the new and different world that I was about to face, including the new ward in it. Then I remember hearing a familiar opening hymn sung in a language I had never heard it in before, and right away that holy spirit lifted me. I came to a realization that, unlike all the new places I had visited earlier that week, this place was not different from my home.

That same year I was spiritually tested, and though I never lost my burning testimony, I never came out as a strong active member of that ward. I remember those who persistently helped me through the hard times, including my home teachers, my home teaching companion, those in Boston University's family home evening group and the bishopric. I received my patriarchal blessing and my mission call.

Upon returning from my mission, I was determined to give/return as much as I could to the Lord and get as much as I could out of my Church experience. The Lord had changed me in two years, and I was determined not to let him down. The blessings I received in that ward in the next two years are immeasurable. I made some of the dearest friends that I have, gained more testimonies and memories through service, met, dated, proposed to,

and married my wife in the Boston Temple in June 2003. It was one of the happiest moments of my life.

Like many of you I recall that circular window, omnipresent during our sacrament meeting, counting how many possible pies could be conjured out of it. When I saw a picture of what's left of that window, I could no longer contain my emotion and I wept with gratitude and sorrow. It represented everything that is dear to my heart that happened there. Even now I can close my eyes and remember the intricacy of that building and how much time I spent there. I miss all of that. I miss all that the Lord blessed me with in it.

Tribute to a Building—*Arthur Shek*

I attended the University Ward from 1995 to 1999 as one of the MIT strong. Thanks to Sam for putting up this page. It really hits home.

I, too, pay tribute to the building where I was baptized, amazed at the huge turnout of university students I had never met, where I spent many a spring day bonding with fellow students on the long walk to and from MIT along the river, the long-suffering winter walk from the T stop down snow-embattled Brattle Street, the mediocre post-church dinners among students destined for greatness, and where I met my wonderful wife.

I am glad to have walked through its empty halls and chapel one last time in 2006 when I attended Siggraph in Boston and left my fellow Disney employees for one night of nostalgia.

Giving Church a Try—*Michelle Osborn Hickman*

I showed up on the Harvard campus as a seventeen-year-old for “pre-frosh” weekend. I hadn’t planned to attend church as part of this visit; I figured I’d take a train home Sunday morning, so I didn’t pack any dressy clothes. But on Saturday, I happened to pick up a long floral skirt at a used-clothing store in Harvard Square.

Sunday morning, I thought maybe I’d give church a try and take a later train home. I got dressed, with only an oversized ugly old T-shirt to wear with my new/old skirt. I asked my roommate of the weekend if I could get away with this outfit, and she said I looked kind of funky and Bohemian—something I’d never been called before (nor since, for that matter). I wasn’t quite sure if it was a compliment, but decided to risk it.