

The Bonds Endure—*Jim Johnston*

In 2002, when Richard and Valerie Anderson moved from Arlington to Utah after decades as members of the Cambridge Ward and several other wards in eastern Massachusetts, they bequeathed to us an original pew from the Longfellow Park Chapel. They had been the stewards of this surplus bench since the chapel was remodeled some years ago. Their nickname for it was Pepe Le Pew. We still have the bench and now cherish it in a new way. If you would like to see it and sit in it, let me know by email (JimJ@johnstoncompany.com).

My own history with the chapel goes back to when I was fifteen, in 1970–71. Our family (my parents Peter and Charlotte, and siblings Jeff, Mary, and David) lived in Watertown and attended church in Cambridge. Gordon Williams was bishop, Maryann MacMurray was seminary teacher, and Dean and Cheryll May taught the youth Sunday School class. Some of the other families we knew were Bushman, Manderino, Clay, Bledsoe, Romish, Van Uidert, May, Ulrich, Dushku, Miller, White, Walker, Lyon, Merrill, Peterson, Horne, Gardner, Gilliland, Reiser, and many more.

Now I'm fifty-four. My wife, Mary, and I moved to Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1985. In 1992 we moved to Lexington, Massachusetts, and became members of the Arlington Ward of the Cambridge Stake. We've been here ever since. In September 2007, we attended the Cambridge Stake Reunion at the Longfellow Park Chapel. (For more on that, including a history of places the Church has met in Cambridge over the decades up through the dedication of the Longfellow Park Chapel in 1956, and beyond, see <http://cambridgereunion.blogspot.com/>.) I maintain a list of all who attended the reunion, but it is incomplete. If you attended, please let me know by email.

I saw the smoking ruin of the chapel yesterday about 2:30 P.M. and have felt sweet sorrow ever since. Such wonderful bonds we have with each other . . . The bonds endure.

Freudian Analysis of Lehi's Dream—*Ty Bennion*

My mother just emailed me to let me know about the fire; and although I am typically a lurker on this site, I have to write a few words simply because I associate this building with my Mormonism as much as any other single structure. First, it is good to see

several familiar names from my time as an undergraduate from the fall of '87 through '91. I also fondly remember Steve Rowley's Gospel Doctrine lessons, although until five minutes ago, I felt my experience might have been more unique—Steve, fourteen years?!

Like others, I associate that building with intellectual inquiry that is found throughout the Church—but seemingly never in such a concentrated form. It wasn't just Steve's lessons, although they set one heck of a tone. In my freshman year at Harvard, I joined a study group populated with upperclassmen who, I recall, once spent two weeks (because one just wasn't enough) discussing a Freudian interpretation of Lehi's dream. We all agreed it was complete bunk at the end, but it wasn't rejected out of hand, which still feels right to me. I have lost track of the friends I made in that building, which is typical of me, but the conversations during the weekly University Ward linger-longers remain special to this day.

I credit my choosing to remain in the Church with the decision I made the first Sunday in that fall of '87 when I elected to walk to that beautiful colonial building rather than stay back in Canaday Hall with my new roommates. Had I chosen differently, for all I know the decision would have been permanent. I distinctly remember making that walk with a profound lack of conviction or testimony. In that building I moved from simply going and not really knowing why, to having the testimony that it was the right place for me to be—despite my occasional misgivings or gripes.

Six years later, in my second tour of duty in that building, I baptized my wife in its font, thanks largely to the tireless efforts of some of my graduate school classmates and the fellow members of the Cambridge Third Ward who couldn't believe that a non-member spouse had fallen into their midst. I am eternally grateful for their efforts; as I hope will be the three beautiful girls to whom we are sealed, and their children . . .

Finally, tonight I will pray that it is rebuilt, with real bricks. Cinder blocks are an abomination as they diminish the Spirit of the Lord, but I claim no authority on this final point.

Move Back in a Heartbeat—*Marilyn Lee Brown*

When Leo said yesterday, "The Cambridge church is burning