

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

down,” my first words were, “Oh, no. I hope they can at least save the organ,” a modest but serviceable pipe organ—always a treasure in a Mormon chapel. The pictures make it clear that the organ was one of the first things to go. It was my privilege to play it for many sacrament meetings between the fall of ’68, when I arrived, and the spring of ’77, when we left.

Leo and I met in this chapel in the fall of 1970 and were married a year later, so it will always have a special place in our hearts. Only two of our six children got to see where their parents met. All the people of our era who have been mentioned here—and more—are still so dear to us. After seven years of living in La Jolla, I thought I had finally stopped pining for Boston. Reading this blog and seeing the pictures of the Cambridge chapel burning have made me realize, “No, I’d still move back in a heartbeat if I could.”

A few of my most vivid memories of events in this building: listening to Paul Dunn on many occasions during his tenure as mission president, George Romney (HUD Secretary at the time he spoke to our singles conference), Juanita Brooks, the first guest speaker for the annual *Exponent II* weekend celebration, Jack Anderson with his big, booming voice, who started his talk at our Boston-produced Education Week by pounding the pulpit and pronouncing, “There is a menace in the land, and his name is Richard Nixon!” The presiding authority turned pale and the audience gasped. This was about the time the “tapes” were released, but only he in that room had seen the transcript. I knew he was right, and soon events were rolling toward Nixon’s impeachment and eventual resignation.

Bishop Lyon remains the most loved and influential bishop in our lives. I still remember Linda Hoffman’s first testimony and so many other sacred and moving experiences in the Cambridge chapel, as well as many of the ward members with whom we matured spiritually during our time in Boston. What a privilege it was to take institute classes from Steve Gilliland, Richard Bushman, and Truman Madsen. Many times I’ve wished I had a yearbook from our wards in Boston when I see names I know or should know called as General Authorities and general auxiliary officers, mission presidents, serving in Congress or other important government posts, quoted in the *New York Times*, writing books, and in other ways leading and excelling.

It's not the building that I feel such nostalgia for—it's all the people, and the things that happened in the building—and that remains unchanged. We look forward to another reunion, having missed the one in '07, and send our love to all.

Looked like a Church, Sounded like a Church
—*Molly McClellan Bennion*

How I've enjoyed your memories, especially of the bright and beautiful people and the warm acceptance!

I find myself thinking of the physical structure which no doubt cannot be replicated under current codes but which I pray will be rebuilt to model and honor that lovely church. I arrived in 1965 as a college student and an investigator and to a building that looked like a church, felt like a church, sounded (the organ) like a church, and drew my heart and mind skyward through the rose window.

The typical building where I first explored the gospel in high school never felt quite right, and it has taken me some time to adjust to similar buildings since. It boils down to "Do architecture and beauty matter?" Of course they do. By its very difference, the Longfellow Park chapel nudged us to accept difference, be happily different, and to seek more that was lovely. Had it not been for my years there, I not only might not have joined the Church but I also might not have stayed in the Church. I'm still gratefully running on fuel I stored within those walls.

How Beautiful Our Waters of Mormon
—*Jillaire Wangsgard McMillan*

I attended the University Ward from 1997–2000 and then the Cambridge Second Ward 2000–2002. My younger brother now attends the Cambridge First Ward and called me Sunday morning (my time) with the shocking news of the fire. He was standing there watching the hoses pour water in. I was brought to tears that day as I reflected on the loss of that building and all the memories I had in my years there.

For me, the Longfellow Park building and that after-church dinner was the comforting place I went after my first few days as a culture-shocked freshman. Years later it's where I sat shoulder-