

build on that spot, they go outside the approved architectural plans of the Church to respect the history and the love of that place.

It wasn't your typical Mormon space in either the physical architecture or the spiritual composition. When you meet with people who were in some part or fashion associated with that space, there is an immediate bond, a recognition of experiencing something different. The departure from the typical Mormon church building layout was a catalyst for a departure from the culture of the Mormon West that was all that I had known before—challenging, wonderful, and deep.

The creaking floors in the hall, shifted door frames in the upstairs classrooms, and settled walls spoke to the history of the building, grounding me in a past that wasn't really mine but which felt important to me. I was one of those people who walked on that worn carpet, sat in the balcony, and as a young person contemplated what my commitment and faith would be.

My husband and I met there, and I acquired several key pillars of my testimony there. I'm glad I showed my kids the spot. I was hoping they would someday attend there. I hope by then it will hold the same trust and promise.

### **Falling in Immediate Love—*Dawn Roan***

I first visited Longfellow Park in 1994 when I was investigating colleges, and I immediately fell in love . . . in love with the architectural symbolism of the building, like the tiered, round window in the chapel that seemed at times to me like a depiction of the three degrees of glory or like the scope of a rifle suggesting the need to stay on target and keep the goal in our sights, a window that simultaneously lets in light and yet doesn't clearly display all that is on the other side; in love with the unique faith, personal conviction, expressiveness, humor, optimism, and testimony of the members who met there; in love with the rich history of the place itself, its conduciveness to meditation, and its proximity to the Charles.

Spending four years in its hallowed halls learning, growing, and communing was a blessing, a privilege. I, too, mourn the loss.

### **Training Sessions—*David Graham***

I remember attending many events in the Cambridge Chapel dur-

ing my time as a counselor in a bishopric back in the 1960s. This was when Boyd K. Packer was the mission president. He gave us very valuable instruction during our bishopric training sessions. I pray that the many valuable records there were preserved.

**So Glad, So Sad . . .—Rachel Pauli**

I was baptized in that church. I was a member of the University and Longfellow Park I wards. This is such sad news. I am glad to hear everyone is okay. I am sad to know that such a beautiful, special building is lost. I am grateful for all the memories: lessons, programs, conferences, meetings, and spiritual experiences I had there. I was baptized in the Longfellow Park Building. I gave my first talk and met my husband in that chapel. The Longfellow Park Building provided a blessed space for me to receive the most sacred gifts I have been given in my life. My prayers go to the ward members who need a new spiritual home.

**My Spiritual Home—Jason Wood**

I started attending the Longfellow Park chapel in the fall of 1993 as a new student in the University Ward. I didn't know a soul. I still live in New England today, and this chapel has been my spiritual home for most of the last sixteen years. It has seen me through countless friendships, wonderful shared experiences, and two marriages, on a long strange journey that I wouldn't have believed could have happened to me if someone had told me so on the day I first walked in there.

I have many happy memories of my time in that church—playing the organ, DJ-ing Church dances, rehearsing and performing with various groups, hiding out up in the balcony watching people scratch each other's backs, distributing copies of the late great *Juvenile Instructor*. Many of the closest friendships of my life were forged in that building.

Lots of things have changed over the years, but that building was always my rock, a focal point of my adult spiritual life.

It was a wonderful building too, full of nooks and crannies to explore, like that weird passageway between the gym and the Relief Society room. It was wonderfully unique; and, like others, I hope that whatever ends up there eventually will not lose that character.