

I only find myself in Cambridge on Sunday mornings about once a month these days. On the morning of the fire, I was singing a service at Christ Church around the corner on Garden Street. It is not unusual to hear sirens occasionally during services, but that morning they kept getting progressively louder and more numerous. It became clear that something unusual was happening, and near the end of the service the priest said a prayer for whoever was affected by the fire. I had no idea it would be me.

When the service ended and the doors opened, smoke wafted in. As I walked outside, someone said the Mormon church on Brattle Street had burned down. We rushed over to the smoldering ruins of the church and watched for several hours as the firefighters worked to put out the blaze. It was strange to see water pouring into the charred remains of the chapel, to see the collapsed roof beams littering the gym, flames flickering along the rose window, and to see the upstairs hallway illuminated with bright sunlight, no longer shielded by a roof.

Several neighbors and ministers of neighborhood churches stopped by to talk. One remarked how horrible it was to see a place of gentleness consumed in such a violent manner. We moved around to the front of the building and watched the firefighters start to wind things down. Ward members had lined up and were busy pulling as many books as possible out of the library, which is now downstairs where the mission office used to be. There was a touching moment as two firefighters carried a large portrait of Jesus ministering to the rich man out of the front door of the church.

I am glad that fate found me up in Cambridge the morning of the fire, and that I had a chance to say good-bye to the building that has meant so much to me over the years.

### ***Anchored with Meaning—Mary B. Johnston***

This church building has heard so many songs and souls. It has witnessed so much painful and redemptive spiritual journeying. Freud and Darwin were welcomed right along with the Three Witnesses. In the chapel I sang “Amazing Grace” Aretha Franklin-style while Brandon Ingersoll accompanied me on guitar.

I met so many dear friends in this building—worshipping, praying, dancing, doubting, loving . . . I cannot think of a build-

ing save my childhood home that means more to me. Thank you to everyone who has written and who has anchored this beloved space with so much meaning.

**Treasures—*Linda Hoffman Kimball***

I started attending the chapel at 4 Longfellow Park in 1969 when I was a freshman at Wellesley College. It was my introduction to Mormon life, since I had joined the Church in Illinois at age nineteen after waiting two years for my parents' permission to be baptized. I had so many thoughtful, spiritual mentors there. I thought the whole Mormon Church was just like my experience in those University Ward for years.

My first Mormon Sunday School teacher was Tony Kimball who quoted C. S. Lewis all the time and gave articulate, intellectually and spiritually rich institute lectures. That was my introduction to C. S. Lewis; it was the perfect segue for me—a committed Protestant Christian whom God had just tapped to become Mormon. Others here have mentioned the large round window in the chapel and its changing hues, "target" design, etc. I always enjoyed finding a kind of cross in it, a comforting hidden treasure to my way of thinking.

I remember plays on that stage. Watching *Wait until Dark* on a movie night in the gym. Dances in the low-lit cultural hall, including one tune I recognized as "Sympathy for the Devil" although I don't know that anyone else knew what it was. I experienced Relief Society for the first time in that room with the lovely bay window. I attended meetings with missionaries at the mission home, then just a few doors down. I remember black carpet with a floral pattern in squares in the foyer.

I remember confiding in my bishop, Richard Bushman, that I'd been thinking about attending a different college for my senior year and his telling me that he thought that the answer to that decision would have something to do with meeting my husband. I asked him if he were speaking as a guy with a hunch or as a bishop under inspiration. He said he thought it was as a bishop under inspiration. I stayed at Wellesley and, although it took four more years for all the pieces to be in the right place, I did meet my husband in that building. Our first child, Christina, was blessed in