

support, and the chance to build up the interfaith community in Cambridge, as I think Christ would have us do.

Spiritually Housed—*Natalie Williams*

I'm presently a member of the Longfellow Park First Ward and have been here since 2006. I know it's just a building, but the Longfellow Park Chapel was one of the reasons I knew Boston was my home. For at least the first six months I lived in Boston, my heart was full of comfort and a general feeling of "rightness" when I entered that building every Sunday.

Far from the hub of Church activity out west, chapels in this area are hard to come by. The Longfellow Park chapel was the oldest in Massachusetts, boasting a rather unusual history and design. All of that's gone now—the roof collapsed, windows broken, and a charred brick shell a ghost of the lively activity historically housed within the walls. So many, many unknowns for the members of our wards—where we'll meet, if our wards can stay together, if we'll be disbanded during the rebuilding . . . The magnitude of the situation is still surreal and hard to fathom.

The fire today has destroyed the physical facade; but for hundreds of members of the Church currently in the Longfellow Park wards, the spirit of what we felt within those walls will now be spiritually housed within each of us, as a physical facility no longer exists. Maybe this is the chance for us individually to help rebuild the building that rebuilt so many of us.

In a Magical Place—*Kristen Smith Dayley*

Today I live in Seattle, but my heart is (and always has been) in Boston. When I got the text, in between Sunday meetings, that the Longfellow Park chapel had burned, the tears sprang rapidly. I found it difficult to explain to my Pacific Northwest ward members the depth of the loss to the Church and countless members around the world.

My first memories of church are in that building, as is my first experience with repentance. A fellow Primary classmate convinced me to stuff grass through the mailslot into the bishop's office, something that haunted me for days until I confessed to my mother and then had a very pleasant visit with Bishop Gordon Williams. Years later I had the privilege of returning

while attending graduate school and starting my career. During that time, I learned to serve and love in ways I could not previously have known without the people, places, and events that I believe could only have come together in a magical place like Cambridge.

Even though I have been gone for over a decade now, I have spent the last five years traversing thousands of pages of oral histories regarding the Church's growth in New England and in the Cambridge area in particular, hoping to produce, at the end, a manuscript that would have meaning and messages for many—not just those of us who have come to love Cambridge because it is a part of us. Having invested those years in this effort, I am flooded by the realization of all the things that have transpired in the Longfellow Park Chapel—the most significant of which were not publicized events, but the little life-changing interactions, moments, and bits of inspiration that have impacted thousands of people over the last fifty-three years. I know my life was changed there, and will ever be grateful for that.

Homeless Memories—*Heather Crow*

The Longfellow Park building was as quirky and original as its congregants. I hope the church will use this fire as an opportunity to build a more orthodox, rectangular, “Mormon” building in Cambridge and hopefully stamp out some of the heretical leanings that thrive amid secret passages and peanut galleries.

If you know me, you know I'm kidding. What a waste to lose something so special! Some of the best memories of my life are homeless now.

So Many Firsts—*Branden Morris*

I feel really sad about this, but also a little bittersweet. I've never been one to feel sentimental about buildings, but this news today has prompted a sweet little trip down memory lane. As is the case for so many of you, that building and all it represented is a critical part of who I am today.

I was baptized into the Church in '93 as a college freshman, after having had lots of LDS friends in high school and finding I missed their influence after starting school. I remember taking the missionary discussions with the assistants to the presidents