that chapel by my husband Chris. That was a rare event in our singles branch, where Roger Porter served as bishop.

After a thirteen-year absence while we lived in Chicago, we returned to Massachusetts for my husband's work. That brought us an entirely new Longfellow Park Ward experience as he served as bishop for a couple of life-changing years. When our son Peter attended Brown University many years later (and after we'd moved back to Chicago), he traveled up from Providence to Cambridge on Sundays for church in that building and taught Gospel Doctrine class for a while.

So much of my shaping as a Latter-day Saint Christian was nourished by the generations of friends and mentors I met in that building. Its destruction by fire is stunning news. Happily the experiences and memories, wrestlings and witnesses that affected me in that building are worked well into the marrow of my bones by now.

Holding a Master Key—*Chris Kimball*

Heresy, I know, but . . . it was a quirky old building that didn't work very well. While I would never have chosen to tear it down, after the fire the only architectural feature I would replicate is the window in the chapel.

But the people, the music, the Sunday lessons. Those are priceless. In two different decades (the '70s and the '90s), in several stages of my life, in multiple administrations, the Longfellow Park chapel was and remains the one Mormon place where I have felt comfortable and allowed. Where I felt I could speak without fear, and listen and sing and pray and learn. Not that everybody was like me. Rather everybody was so not the same that there was room even for me without quibble or constraint.

When I left the building in 1996, I spirited out a master key that opened every door. I know that action was forbidden and I have no defense before the law or the Church. I never used the key; I haven't been able to find it for at least a decade now; and anyway, in the ordinary course of events, the locks were probably changed within a year or two. Furthermore, I didn't really have any use for a key. The half-dozen times I've been in the building since the mid-1990s, I found the Longfellow Park-side doors wide open.

The point is that I wanted access. I wanted to sit in the balcony and watch the people and sing a hymn and see the light change in the window. And pray. The spirit of God—a very big God with wide, welcoming arms—was in that place.

Wonderful Small Things—***Christina Kimball Ingersoll***

My mother sent me the link to this blog site and she has posted here as well. Linda Hoffman Kimball and Chris Kimball met in the Longfellow Park building that fell yesterday. I am the baby who was blessed there some twenty-nine or so years ago.

I remember wonderful small things from that time. My dad and one of the congregants designed a physically beautiful program for worship. I remember one Easter or perhaps Palm Sunday (not a commonly recognized Sunday in Mormon circles) when the program included hand-made, gauze-like, orange paper and a poem about the balm of Gilead.

My most powerful memories, however, are from the late '90s when my dad, Chris, was bishop of the Longfellow Park Ward. During his tenure, the ward first split by ages; but before that, I had the luxury of spending quite some time as a high-schooler in the company of friends years older than myself. It was great for me to make connections with those who attended at that time, some of whom I stay in touch with even now.

And of course, I remember the window. Complete with all of its multiple meanings and ever-changing colors as the seasons passed. I remember marking it as a sure sign of spring when the tree outside unfurled leaves enough to partially cover the lower left quadrant.

I find myself once again back in Cambridge but attending a church that feels very strongly like home to me about a block away, the United Church of Christ on Garden Street. It was an emotionally charged but powerful Sunday for me to be asked by my senior minister, who knows me well, to try to reach out on behalf of my UCC church community to offer our prayers and our meeting space to the LDS community.

I'm very pleased to learn that First Church will be hosting some of the congregants who were attending Longfellow Park while the new building is worked out. I feel certain that there is a silver lining pending in the form of new friendships, the opportunity to show