

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.