

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

from the mission office, which was then in the meetinghouse—after cold-calling them and telling them I wanted the discussions.

The couple of years I spent in the then-University Ward were amazing. I met some wonderful people (many of whom, thanks to the internet, I've recently reconnected with), and had several amazing experiences that were not only a highlight of my undergraduate years, but also of my spiritual development: my first temple experience, following an overnight ride to Washington, D.C.; my first opportunity to accept a calling and give service in the Church; my first experiences with repentance and forgiveness. We had such a great community for so many of those "firsts."

My Personal Brand of Weirdness—*Erika Peterson Munson*

In 1967 when I was eight years old, my family moved from Salt Lake to Cambridge. The building on Longfellow Park quickly became a symbol for what I had brought with me from Utah: a traditional faith and a culture that at first seemed at odds with the strange new world I encountered.

It took a little while to be proud of that place. I blamed some of the culture shock I was feeling on that colonial architecture. It wasn't the warm contemporary building that I was used to in the Federal Heights Ward in Salt Lake (another meetinghouse rare in its uniqueness and beauty). I remember absolutely dying of embarrassment when, at my mother's behest, my carpool (not a churchgoer among them) would drop me off at the steps of the Cambridge Ward for Primary on Thursday afternoons. I was baptized there on a gray November Saturday afternoon, still homesick for Utah.

But soon enough I figured out that being different was prized in the Harvard community of the late '60s. I could embrace Mormonism as my personal brand of weirdness and be respected for it.

I used the round glass window in the chapel to get me through sacrament meetings. (Remember when they were an hour and a half?!) You could count the squares, then divide them, rearrange them in your mind. There is a golden color of sacrament meeting light that came through the window that, in its own humble way was as unique as anything in a Venetian painting.

Blessed are the children that get to grow up in student wards.