

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