

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.