Sure, our numbers were often few, but we got the very best teachers and role models you could ever ask for. I wanted to grow up and be like all those graduate students: loyal, smart, and always asking questions. These busy people not only taught us the gospel but coached us through roadshows on the stage, readied ungraceful teenagers for dance festivals, decorated the gym for dances . . . Thank you Connie Cannon, Diane Wilcox, Hal Miller, Cheryll and Dean May, Kathryn Kimball, Sandra Buys, Val Wise. One of my fondest memories in the gym was my Beehive basketball team's Billy Jean King-inspired challenge to the Scouts. After several weeks of intense practice with coach Randy Wise, we were sure we could beat the boys. The media was alerted. On game night we came charging out with Helen Reddy's voice blaring. We lost. With honor!

It was always special to sing "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day" in the Cambridge chapel, knowing that Longfellow wrote the text right next door. The choruses from *Messiah* I have memorized were learned in the chapel choir seats under the direction of Judy Dushku. And who out there was lucky enough to hear the amazing performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor on Easter Sunday in 1981? (Thank you, Paul Dredge!) In addition to filling every choir seat, we squeezed a fine orchestra, including two beautiful kettle drums, around the piano and the sacrament table. Tympani in a sacrament meeting! Only in Cambridge.

I ended up being a Harvard student myself; and no matter what chaos was going on in my life, the Sunday walk along Memorial Drive from Eliot House to Longfellow Park was always therapeutic. When the guy I'd been dating for two years finally said, "I think we'd better see the missionaries," it wasn't long before he was baptized in the Cambridge font. Our last calling before leaving Cambridge was Primary music in that sweet little room upstairs with the teeny little pews. My favorite Sunday was reenacting the First Vision where a little female Sunbeam was cast as God the Father.

Especially the Friends—*Bruce Young*

So many memories! It would take a book to record them all.

I was there from 1976 to 1983 and returned many times, including a three-and-a-half month visit in 1997. I still remember thoughts I had while the sacrament was being passed, fine talks at

church (one lasting fifty minutes, the content of which I've forgotten, and much shorter ones that stirred me then and that I still remember), some of our more interesting ward members who bore their testimony of global conspiracies instead of the gospel; a visit by a Massachusetts congressman (if I'm remembering rightly; I think Linda may have arranged that—please correct me if I'm wrong); a memorable gathering during the blizzard of '78 when Cambridge shut down and we shared food storage treats in the cultural hall; dances, service projects, firesides, musical events, institute classes, crushes, long talks about the meaning of everything, and much, much more.

Especially the friends. It's as if we clung to each other, many of us far away from the homes we grew up in, others not that far from their geographical homes but having moved to a new spiritual home. I remember being delighted at one home evening to realize that I was one of the few "non-converts" there.

My friends from the ward constituted most of my life at that time. My Church experiences were far more important, really, than my graduate classes (though a few of my fellow graduate students became friends, too), and many of my friends from church remain intensely dear to me still.

Something that struck me while reading the responses to the fire: Though the years I spent there seem a magical, unrepeatable time, it appears that many of those who came later feel the same way about their time there. And how about those who came before me? I know of some of them by reputation, and they seem legendary.

One of those who preceded me, Carlfred Broderick, has spoken evocatively of his student days there. (See his "The Core of My Belief," in *A Thoughtful Faith,* edited by Philip L. Barlow [Centerville, Utah: Canon Press, 1986]), 85–101 and listen to some of his tapes.) I can picture the stories he tells in those rooms and hallways that are now in ruins.

But my own time there—and the people I know—have taken on something of that legendary stature in my mind, too.

Matzoh for Sacrament—*Steve Rowley*

I first entered the Longfellow Park chapel on September 4, 1977. It was fast Sunday. I was a new physics grad student at MIT and a convert, baptized only about six months previously. This pair of