

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, Cheryl 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