

out how that happened, other than that maybe they could keep an eye on the weird folk. Kept me out of the attic, anyway. Maybe they could confine to one classroom those who wanted to talk about the documentary hypothesis, nuances of *almah* versus *bethulah*, the Pauline themes of Alma, or Campbell's hero cycle in the Book of Mormon and the D&C. Whatever. It was a place in the community, with meaningful work to do, acceptance by others. In some ways, that's how I imagine the celestial kingdom. It's also where I got to know my wife.

Yes, I know it wasn't the building that did all this. But the sense memories are hard to separate from the things that really matter: the community of crazy, mostly kind people. I still miss it terribly, even years after marrying and finding another ward. Yes, I hope we rebuild a nice, funky building. But even more, I hope maybe someday we can rebuild a nice, funky community. Maybe someday.

### **An Anchor for Me—Paula Kelly Caryotakis**

I am so sad about this tragedy and cannot stop thinking about it! This building became a home away from home for me after I moved to Massachusetts from California in 1988 to work in Boston. For three and a half years, it was an anchor for me; jobs, addresses, and housemates changed several times, but my membership and participation in the Cambridge University Ward always stayed consistent. Before moving east, I had never lived more than fifty miles from home, so my move to Boston was the true beginning of my adult life. The Longfellow building was where my testimony solidified and my spiritual adventure truly began.

I have so many memories of both the building and the many friends I met there. I remember Jenny Atkinson's fantastic Sunday School music instruction (where I learned that a hymn is not always a hymn because sometimes it is a chorale or a gospel song) and I also remember your cheesecakes, Kristine, and thinking you were crazy for going shopping on the bus!

I remember volleyball on Monday nights in the gym, Sunday district dinners, and how stinky the bathroom was by 3:00 P.M. because of all the diapers left in the trash by Cambridge I Ward mothers.

I remember men knitting in church, new freshman women