

looking a little wide-eyed in Relief Society, and men trying to crash Relief Society because they liked our lessons better.

I remember feeling so lucky when I scored a parking space on Longfellow Park or Brattle and feeling bummed when I had to walk several blocks—especially in the rain. I remember hanging out on the front steps on warm spring evenings, watching the seasons change through that beautiful round window and looking up at the brass chandeliers in the chapel.

I remember some very memorable testimonies (Sam, I remember the day you gave yours.) Most importantly, I remember Bishop Clay Christensen's warm, gentle, and welcoming leadership style, and getting to know some of the most remarkable people I have ever known. In many ways, Sunday was the best part of every week and it was because of the experiences I had in that build

Not the Building—Erin L. Crowley

I made my husband repeat the news three times and show me the pictures before I could believe him. I joined the Church a few months before leaving for college in 1995, and the University Ward became the place where I really learned about the gospel and developed a testimony. (And learned how *not* to cook tacos for two hundred people!)

I, too, spent countless moments pondering the symbolism of the beautiful round window. Enough years have passed that the exact layout of the building has faded somewhat from my mind, but the feeling of the window, the light, and the amazing souls that shared that sacred space with me still lingers.

I've met in a variety of buildings as a member of the Church, including converted warehouse space in the branch where I first joined in Connecticut, a farm house/barn in Guatemala, the historic Twentieth Ward chapel in the Avenues of Salt Lake complete with the only stained-glass windows I've ever seen in an LDS chapel, and more than a few of the cookie-cutter 1970s brick eyesores that seem to pepper the growing stakes of this country. I've worshipped in enough different buildings to know that it is not the building that makes the place special, it is a combination of the Spirit, the gospel, and the amazing people who share the space.

Even knowing that, I still deeply mourn the loss of the Cam-