bridge chapel. I have so many wonderful memories. My life has been forever touched by my experiences there.

My prayers are with those of you who currently worship there. I hope the hearts of your neighbors in Cambridge will be touched and that somehow you will find a way to worship together while the building is being repaired/rebuilt.

Equally Warm, Whether Empty or Full—*Aja Fegert Eyre*

While an undergraduate at Harvard, I attended the University Singles Ward from 1997 to 2000 and then the Grown-Up Ward from 2000 to 2001. I am overwhelmed with grief and sadness and also grateful for Sam's efforts to provide a forum to mourn together.

I think I lived about one-seventh of my college years at the chapel. It wasn't unusual for me to spend six to eight hours at the chapel on Sundays with all the meetings and events afterward: dinners, choir, baptisms, etc. In fact, I have to confess that I once even took a two-hour nap up on the balcony while everyone was in Sunday School and Relief Society. Whew! I've confessed. I feel better.

It was my home in Cambridge. The dorms were just temporary housing. I, too, remember being volunteered to head up the after-church dinners as a freshman (Agh!) and organizing countless skits and lip-syncs for those ward parties. Do you recall how during Christmastime the whole chapel would smell like pine boughs thanks to the Relief Society's annual wreath-making event and the fat pine trees in the front foyer? Also, there was nothing better than a fast and testimony meeting in the singles ward.

For four years, I walked twenty minutes to and from that church at least twice a week, and that is quite a task when you wear high heels on brick sidewalks. It was always a joy to finally reach the back door and come in to find the halls plastered with "flirting" singles. (I sometimes wonder how any of us found our spouses there, considering how socially strange most of us were.) I loved being there alone, too—to practice on the organ or to meet with Brother Christensen. It was a unique building in that it was equally warm whether empty or full.

I was hoping that my kids would someday attend church there, and hopefully they will. It will always be a hallowed place, and I

am sure the church (and the Cambridge City Council) will make sure the new building there will be appropriate and equally worthy of our adoration.

Rest in peace, old friend.

Not Different from My Home—*Katsu Funai*

My wife led me to the news and to this website. We met while we were attending the ward in 2001. I share the sentiments of many who have left comments here.

I clearly remember my first Sunday in the Longfellow Park chapel in August of 1998. Though I had a testimony, I was spiritually underdeveloped. I remember the trek I made with my father from the Harvard Square red line exit, past HMV Records, down the ragged brick sidewalk, into the back door of the church by the kitchen. I was a freshman at Boston University, with my major yet undecided, freshly arrived in the United States for the first time that week from Zurich. We comfortably situated ourselves in the left back corner, and the sacrament meeting convened. That week I was quite overwhelmed with the new and different world that I was about to face, including the new ward in it. Then I remember hearing a familiar opening hymn sung in a language I had never heard it in before, and right away that holy spirit lifted me. I came to a realization that, unlike all the new places I had visited earlier that week, this place was not different from my home.

That same year I was spiritually tested, and though I never lost my burning testimony, I never came out as a strong active member of that ward. I remember those who persistently helped me through the hard times, including my home teachers, my home teaching companion, those in Boston University's family home evening group and the bishopric. I received my patriarchal blessing and my mission call.

Upon returning from my mission, I was determined to give/return as much as I could to the Lord and get as much as I could out of my Church experience. The Lord had changed me in two years, and I was determined not to let him down. The blessings I received in that ward in the next two years are immeasurable. I made some of the dearest friends that I have, gained more testimonies and memories through service, met, dated, proposed to,