

and married my wife in the Boston Temple in June 2003. It was one of the happiest moments of my life.

Like many of you I recall that circular window, omnipresent during our sacrament meeting, counting how many possible pies could be conjured out of it. When I saw a picture of what's left of that window, I could no longer contain my emotion and I wept with gratitude and sorrow. It represented everything that is dear to my heart that happened there. Even now I can close my eyes and remember the intricacy of that building and how much time I spent there. I miss all of that. I miss all that the Lord blessed me with in it.

### **Tribute to a Building—*Arthur Shek***

I attended the University Ward from 1995 to 1999 as one of the MIT strong. Thanks to Sam for putting up this page. It really hits home.

I, too, pay tribute to the building where I was baptized, amazed at the huge turnout of university students I had never met, where I spent many a spring day bonding with fellow students on the long walk to and from MIT along the river, the long-suffering winter walk from the T stop down snow-embattled Brattle Street, the mediocre post-church dinners among students destined for greatness, and where I met my wonderful wife.

I am glad to have walked through its empty halls and chapel one last time in 2006 when I attended Siggraph in Boston and left my fellow Disney employees for one night of nostalgia.

### **Giving Church a Try—*Michelle Osborn Hickman***

I showed up on the Harvard campus as a seventeen-year-old for “pre-frosh” weekend. I hadn’t planned to attend church as part of this visit; I figured I’d take a train home Sunday morning, so I didn’t pack any dressy clothes. But on Saturday, I happened to pick up a long floral skirt at a used-clothing store in Harvard Square.

Sunday morning, I thought maybe I’d give church a try and take a later train home. I got dressed, with only an oversized ugly old T-shirt to wear with my new/old skirt. I asked my roommate of the weekend if I could get away with this outfit, and she said I looked kind of funky and Bohemian—something I’d never been called before (nor since, for that matter). I wasn’t quite sure if it was a compliment, but decided to risk it.

I set off on my own, without quite knowing where the church was. I wandered around, got lost, and almost gave up. I finally arrived, and the sacrament was already in progress, so I plopped myself down in the foyer. At that moment, I was overcome with the Spirit. I was so relieved and grateful to have found this building. I felt as if I had found my way home.

I joined the congregation in the chapel after the sacrament had been passed and, of course, didn't know a soul. But after the meeting, a sweet, smiley, young (and very young-looking) MIT student, struck up a conversation with me. It was Tona Hangen (What was her last name back then? I forget.) I was so grateful for her small gesture of kindness, helping this painfully shy, awkwardly dressed, self-conscious newcomer feel welcomed.

I was always incredibly intimidated by the collective brilliance of the University Ward, but I loved listening to Bishop Christensen's wise and gentle and loving words, Steve Rowley's fascinating lessons, and especially Collin Beecroft all decked out like Whitney Houston, singing, "I Want to Dance with Somebody!" at the ward talent show. Other memories: Preparing hundreds of baked potatoes with Bill and Donna and Ed in the kitchen; arriving at church red-faced the first day I wore my engagement ring, holding hands with Troy, thrilled to be engaged, but mortified at the attention we attracted; Sam Brown's long hair and the cast on his arm and his moving testimony freshman year; Elder Enzo Busche's talk on God as a dyad; Kristine Haglund's Sunday School lesson that began with these words on the blackboard: "'God is dead'—Nietzsche" followed by, 'Nietzsche is dead'—God," which tickled my funny bone. Wonderful lessons by Marion Bishop Mumford, and Heather Pratley, and countless other people, whose names elude me at the moment. So many other good and loving and thoughtful and good-natured people—Mary Carol, Elaine, Cannon, Mike and Diana, and so many more. Bishop Wheelwright, whom I never saw without a smile on his face, and his wonderful, warm, friendly wife. Pouring out my pain and anguish and questions to God in quiet prayer while sitting in the chapel, and feeling His love and peace fill me from head to toe.

Thanks, everybody, for this trip down memory lane.