

It's not the building that I feel such nostalgia for—it's all the people, and the things that happened in the building—and that remains unchanged. We look forward to another reunion, having missed the one in '07, and send our love to all.

Looked like a Church, Sounded like a Church

—*Molly McClellan Bennion*

How I've enjoyed your memories, especially of the bright and beautiful people and the warm acceptance!

I find myself thinking of the physical structure which no doubt cannot be replicated under current codes but which I pray will be rebuilt to model and honor that lovely church. I arrived in 1965 as a college student and an investigator and to a building that looked like a church, felt like a church, sounded (the organ) like a church, and drew my heart and mind skyward through the rose window.

The typical building where I first explored the gospel in high school never felt quite right, and it has taken me some time to adjust to similar buildings since. It boils down to "Do architecture and beauty matter?" Of course they do. By its very difference, the Longfellow Park chapel nudged us to accept difference, be happily different, and to seek more that was lovely. Had it not been for my years there, I not only might not have joined the Church but I also might not have stayed in the Church. I'm still gratefully running on fuel I stored within those walls.

How Beautiful Our Waters of Mormon

—*Jillaire Wangsgard McMillan*

I attended the University Ward from 1997–2000 and then the Cambridge Second Ward 2000–2002. My younger brother now attends the Cambridge First Ward and called me Sunday morning (my time) with the shocking news of the fire. He was standing there watching the hoses pour water in. I was brought to tears that day as I reflected on the loss of that building and all the memories I had in my years there.

For me, the Longfellow Park building and that after-church dinner was the comforting place I went after my first few days as a culture-shocked freshman. Years later it's where I sat shoulder-

to-shoulder with shell-shocked Latter-day Saints for a special broadcast from Salt Lake City a few days after the September 11 attacks.

Before I met him (at an after-church dinner), my husband, Damon, was baptized in that building, received both priesthoods there, and decided to go on a mission. I think he put it best when he said, "Whenever I read in Mosiah about the waters of Mormon and 'how beautiful they are to the eyes of them who there came to the knowledge of their Redeemer,' I think of that building and how my testimony of Christ, and every other good thing I have now, come from the years I spent there."

Some things do last forever, and I think many of us gained those things sitting inside the walls of our beloved Longfellow Park chapel.

A Deep Reverence in My Heart—*Clayton Christensen*

Dear friends, It has made me shed tears all over my keyboard to read these notes from so many of you with whom we've shared wonderful times in the Cambridge Chapel. I have the experiences in my mind and my journal, of course, but the building was like a filing cabinet in which they were stored and organized, and I fear many of them will be a lot harder to recall now that the cabinet has been gutted.

I remember sitting on the stand in December 1989 listening to the magnificent ward choir in the Christmas program, accompanied by Jenny Atkinson. As they sang "In the Bleak Midwinter," a spirit came into my heart that told me in the most powerful way that I wasn't just the bishop of the University Ward but had been given the inestimable privilege of worshipping with and learning from one of the most extraordinary groups of Latter-day Saints that had ever been assembled.

From that time to the present, I have had a deep reverence in my heart for each of you, and for all of the truth you taught me by your words and your lives. I will be forever grateful for the privilege it was to be your bishop in that sacred building. I pray that, even though the filing cabinet has been burned, you still will be able to feel my love and gratitude for you.

Part of Our Family—*Lisa Romish*

The chapel on Longfellow Park held so many, many family memo-