

ries and history that I feel as though a part of our family is gone. My grandparents were some of the people who were instrumental in getting the building built and helping the Church grow in the Boston area. Grandpa went to the neighbors in the area and explained what the Church wanted to do by removing two homes to put the chapel up. My grandparents were thrilled about the chance to have a chapel that belonged to them in this area and for people to feel welcomed.

It was from this building that my mother, Ann Hinckley, gave her farewell address before leaving on her mission and her homecoming talk afterwards. It was there that she met my father, after his talk on the symbolism in architecture in the building. It was the place they were married prior to driving to Salt Lake City to be sealed. All five of us children were blessed in the Longfellow Park chapel and three of us were baptized there—one against her will, due to a bad experience in the basement. My father was a branch president and bishop there. My brother received his Eagle Scout award there on one of those really hot summer evenings. Oh the memories of this building for the Romish family run deep! It makes the loss of this building so heartbreaking.

I remember the “Sing Your Own *Messiah*” and wreath-making during the holidays. I remember Primary and swinging from the trees out front. I remember the cry room, nursery, and balconies as places to hang out. I remember wonderful friends who became like family to us since all of our relatives were in the West. I remember lots of happiness, love, and strong spirits.

I hope that it is rebuilt in the same style and that more people can share the memories of such a historic place.

May Many Phoenixes Rise—Allison Pingree

Dear friends, I received the news about the fire from Mary Johnston at work Monday morning. After clicking open a few images and reading Steve Rowley’s wonderful tribute, strong waves of grief welled up inside of me. I had to close down my email altogether because I knew that, if I didn’t, I wouldn’t stand a chance of getting any work done all day.

Later, in the quiet of the evening, I gave myself over to reading the postings and poring over the photos. I cried and cried. Last

night, sharing the narratives and images with a dear friend, more tears came.

Like many of you here, I've been pondering what it is that I'm grieving in the loss of that building, and I think it's actually many things: something about youth and tradition; fear and anxiety giving way to hope and courage; the right mixes of challenge and support, faith and reason, head and heart, legacies and new pathways.

My parents attended church for two years in that chapel right after they were married; Dad was getting his MBA, and Mom soon became pregnant with my oldest brother. They lived in Holden Green, and drove a red Volkswagen bug. I grew up hearing stories of their time in Boston, saw Christmas cards every year from friends they made during that time, and wondered if I'd ever have the chance to go to that place that loomed larger than life in our family lore.

I did get that chance, I'm grateful to say, in the fall of 1986, when I started my own graduate school journey. I attended the University Ward in 1986–87, then Cambridge First after marrying in 1987. From then until we moved to Nashville in 1998, that chapel and that community formed my spiritual home—and has continued to do so, though in less obvious ways, ever since.

It was there that I taught dozens of Relief Society lessons (adapting the manual to address issues that mattered—depression, parenting, grief and loss, community . . .), co-led Family Relations classes, and held the most glorious Church calling ever: ward choir director. Rob and Cheri Hancock were the backbone of our group, and we made beautiful music together. I was pregnant with my daughter while in that calling and still believe that she grew in my womb hearing heavenly sounds.

That's the only calling I've ever had where I felt I could bring my passion, full-on, without restraint or shame. I could move my body, command with strength, and let my emotions flow—smack dab at the front of the chapel—to make something holy. I remember Sibyl Johnston's father, composer Ben Johnston, offering his pieces (hand-written) for us to sing in our Easter service.

I remember Dian Saderup's kindness and Keith Dionne's spunk. I remember Pandora Brewer's beautiful solo voice in "I Wonder as I Wander" and Marion Bishop's gift for helping us see scriptures in new ways. I remember the study group that met

monthly on Sunday nights—newly married couples, young families, graduate students making our way into adulthood together.

I remember Annie Hoyle, the sweet little woman from Yorkshire, England, whom we picked up to bring to services every week and who became our adopted grandmother. When Annie died, Erin Burns and I helped to dress her body for burial—an experience that I count as one of the most sacred in my life.

I remember all of these times and people and so many more, with both gratitude and yearning. In grieving the burnt building, I grieve the passage of time, the decay of all things physical, and the difficulties of finding and sustaining community that can truly embrace difference.

May many phoenixes rise from those ashes.