

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-

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