



# In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH

*September 2009*

# In Your Midst

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*"I am in your midst as one who serves."*

*From the great oculus high above the altar of St. James Cathedral, these words of Jesus communicate His abiding presence among us. This inscription gave us the name for our Journal and continues to be our guiding inspiration.*

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ON THE COVER: *The Cathedral's tabernacle. All photos by M. Laughlin unless otherwise indicated.*

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# Why I Am a Catholic

*Cathedral parishioners reflect on what keeps them Catholic*

**E**very once in a while someone will ask me what it's been like to be a priest in these rather turbulent post-Vatican II years that have defined my years of ministry. Almost always, I find myself telling them how awesome it is to be able to minister to people in the name of Jesus, and how humbling it is when people invite me to be with them at the pivotal moments of their lives: moments of birth and death, moments of growth and pain and heartache, moments overflowing with love and joy.

And, then, when time and honesty permit, I share with them some of the frustrations that come from my own human limitations as well as the frustrations that I sometimes feel ministering in a church that never seems to move quite as quickly, or to act quite as wisely or courageously as I think it should: a church that preaches social justice very well but doesn't always live it; a church that champions equality for everyone but still plays favorites; a church that calls us all to holiness but doesn't always act so holy as it does so.

But then I remember that the church is made up of folks like me, and I'm not quite so surprised to find it wanting in justice and wisdom and courage. I say that not out of false humility or complacency but only because it's true. It's not a perfect church, but it's a good church. Andrew Greeley wrote some years ago: "If you can find a perfect church, by all means join it—but you must realize that in the very moment you did, it just ceased to be a perfect church...!"

In the following essays, some Cathedral parishioners attempt to answer the question, "Why am I a Catholic?" They share their stories of faith. Some share their struggles with faith and with the Church as



a very holy—but very human institution. Together, these meditations offer a moving portrait of our “perfectly imperfect” church—the Church we love.

Father Michael G. Ryan

**F**irst and foremost, I am Roman Catholic because it is my roots; I was born to Sicilian-American parents who baptized me and raised me Catholic. A few years back during a time of tragic loss, I felt a strong push to commit wholly to a spiritual practice. I had been away from the Church for close to 20 years. It felt natural to return to the Church that had been such a strong influence throughout my childhood and adolescence. I am Catholic because there is always an open door. I'm extremely thankful for that.

As life's tragic and joyful experiences mount, it has been good for me to be part of this massive faith community. Unlike Wall Street, the Catholic Church has stood her ground for thousands of years. I am Catholic because I believe being Catholic is living in solidarity and knowing in mind, body, and spirit that diversity is essential for growth and sustainability. I think of this when sharing the sacred meal of Eucharist

with billions of people each week. I am also Catholic because of how tradition and sacred scripture are honored each and every day, and I know my prayers are shared and integrated with the prayers of so many others. I find solace and peace in being Catholic because I know there is power in our collective prayer and worship.

But most importantly, I am Catholic because the time, talents, and treasure of our local and global community combat poverty and overcome social injustice internationally. Our broken world needs collective love, prayers, attention and advocacy and I know I cannot solve the world's problems alone.

I am Catholic because I know the Church will never abandon me or lead me astray, and because I know I cannot walk life's path alone. Being part of this amazing global body of believers is a glorious blessing to me.

I am Catholic because it is who I am and it is who God wants me to be.

Elizabeth Falzone

**A**nswering this question is rather like trying to explain why you are in love. I love the Church because she is beautiful.

A couple years ago, on a hot June Sunday, a couple of non-Catholic friends of mine came with me to the 5:30pm Mass: that's the Mass with the beautiful singing of the Women's Schola—exquisite refreshment on a hot early summer afternoon. The day also happened to be the annual Pride parade festival—so Capitol Hill was staggering into a wearied post-party exhaustion. My two good friends were not only not Catholic but also rather ideologically anti-Christian—Christians and Catholics having appeared to them as hateful, mean, ugly people, the people who spoil the party.

The feast must have been Corpus Christi or Sts Peter and Paul or even St. John the Baptist—the traditional Midsummer Night. And the grace and magic of a Midsummer Night's Dream seemed to bedew us. I remember distinctly three sprinkles of beautiful grace that afternoon.

One: as the server came down the altar steps with the thurible and incense, one of my friends—the more anti-Christian of the pair—said to me, “Wow! I didn't know Catholics thought human beings were so beautiful that they were worth incensing and bowing to!” Second: during Communion—we sat in the front pew and watched the people line up and walk by—old women, couples, grown-up men, children, all races, obviously rich people, obviously poor, intellectuals, musicians, families, straights, gays and lesbians,

couples, students, sick people, wide-eyed visitors, rather typical Capitol Hill denizens, the whole panoply of humankind. My friend turned to me and said, “Well, there's more diversity here than there was in the Parade this morning!” Third, when it was all over, as the organ blazed away and the people—the people—went forth in joy after listening to the Word and sharing in the sacrificial meal of the Eucharist and thus continuing to become the pilgrimage of the parade of the saints, when it was over and thus just beginning, my friend said to me, “That was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen on earth!”

On that day, God sprinkled the dew of His Beauty on us. And the triple Grace multiplied all the more as my friends learned that the community of St. James not only had such beautiful liturgies but also fed hundreds of poor and homeless people in our parish kitchen every afternoon.

That's why I am in the Catholic Church. Because she is beautiful, like that.

Perry Lorenzo

**M**y roots in the Catholic faith began with my family, which was already firmly planted in the Church. I was raised in this environment; through the years I was taught how to have faith and how to pray by my loving mother. But as I got older, something felt amiss within me. I will admit; there were a few interims of time in my life when I felt like those lessons of faith had no importance to me. I felt as though going to church every Sunday was just a mundane routine. It was at moments like these that my hope started to dwindle and those roots planted at my birth began to wither away. I hit an extreme low in my life. I was miserable, and I did not know where to turn; it was like being locked in a dark room with no chance of escape.

But, strangely enough, after being in the darkness for quite a while, I had a revelation. Words cannot express the phenomenon that I experienced, but I had noticed shortly afterward that I felt much closer to God. Not to be cliché or anything, but one could say that I had seen the light. And astonishingly, I felt happier. My faith in God grew even stronger than before, and I was surging with self-confidence and hope. Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, I felt reborn; this time, I knew my roots would never wilt away.

To this day, I still do not understand the epiphany that I had. But I have one explanation, and it is my reason for being a Catholic today: no matter what, God is always there for you, and will guide you toward the right path should you ever get lost.

Kassey Castro, age 16



experiences to the larger community and through outreach ministry and my daily work.

In my volunteer ministry at St. James and in my daily work, I have often found community, prayer and Eucharist. We often don't name it in this way but on reflection I know I can see it and feel it and this is what I believe God wants us to be about.

I personally need the support of the people of God, the

**I** remember a few years ago a priest friend asked me—over pizza—how did I stay in the Church? I admit he had heard me rant more than once about issues and responses from institutional church leadership. My friend had just returned from a men's retreat in the New Mexico desert so I don't know if he was asking me as an assignment from the retreat or out of his own curiosity, but what I do remember is how I struggled to answer his question.

And now I am faced with answering this question again.

At Mass on the Feast of St. James this year, the first two readings really spoke to me as I contemplated what keeps me rooted in my Catholic faith. The first reading from Isaiah spoke about the Spirit of God being upon "me" and the second reading reminded us that we are all earthen vessels. These readings gave me hope. I know I am an earthen vessel—cracked, broken, patched. I also know I have been graced to experience the Spirit of God within.

My rational brain would not allow me to stay in this very human work of God, this Church as we know it; but the gift of faith, of being called and formed by God and experiencing the fullness and richness of the Catholic community keep me rooted as a Catholic.

I would describe my spiritual life, my relationship to God as both personal and communal. My personal prayer is formed, informed, impacted, made deeper and fuller by sharing prayer and Eucharist, by challenging homilies, by inspired spirit-filled leadership, by friendships with those who journey and pray with me, by our call to take these prayer

Communion of Saints, the Servant Church, the sacramental life and our Catholic imagination. These all call me to prayer and keep me rooted.

And besides all this the fact is that for me I can't imagine any other way to live than as a searching, patched, very human Catholic.

So, what keeps you rooted as a Catholic? Try answering the question... for me this has been a positive and reflective experience... and has forced me to pause and identify why I stay.

Betsy Mickel

**W**hy am I a Catholic?

There should be no such question, for the answer is right before all our eyes. All we need to do is open them and let in the light. The light of Christ: The love of Christ.

Why would I want any other God, when the One True God had boundless love, so much so that he would forgive us anything?

To quote St. Thérèse of Lisieux: "No one can make me frightened anymore, because I know what to believe about His mercy and His love; I know that, in the twinkling of an eye, all of our thousands of sins would be consumed as a drop of water cast into a blazing fire."

I ask again: which other God would I want when I can have the one who would forgive ANYTHING? And I ask you, which other church has Christ present to them at EVERY SINGLE MASS? Which other church has Christ present, so that we may consume him, and





One day I was near Seattle University having my car looked after. I had heard about the new St. Ignatius Chapel, so since I had some time, I went over to sit for a while in the Chapel. After seeing it, I began to go to Sunday Mass there. But I had also heard about *Great Music for Great Cathedrals*. I attended one performance and that decided me on trying out Mass at the Cathedral, and I kept going there. When I saw a card that talked about “Welcome Back,” I signed up,

and after that I never looked back. I realized that not only did I want to be, but I *needed* to be, a member of this Church to continue my spiritual journey.

And finally, I heard about the Cathedral Kitchen, and after five or six years volunteering there, I have learned what a blessed life I have lived. How grateful I am for becoming part of the community of servers as well as the community of people that are served there.

Why am I Catholic? The beauty of the Cathedral, everywhere you look is something special; the feeling of taking communion with so many others; Father Ryan and all the staff who make the Mass so meaningful and us so welcome; the unbelievable beauty of the choir’s voices singing the liturgy, hymns, psalms; the organs; the Kitchen, where you become the servant of a great community; the RCIA, because you learn the depth of the Mass, and the call of Christ.

It makes for a great life—and I feel fortunate that I am living it.

Mary Denney

When I decided on who I was going to marry, he was Congregational, so we were married in the Congregational Church. I attended church there, and all of my children were baptized and confirmed in the Congregational Church in Aurora, Illinois.

When I moved back to Seattle, after living twenty-six years in Aurora, I found that my life had changed from being a housewife and mother. I was now a working single woman with grown-up children. I realized I had options to decide for myself what my religion and spiritual life would be from now on.

That is why I am Catholic.

Violet Bruno, age 13

poor choices in their lives, those marginalized by society.

At St. James it seemed that the essence of our faith was so real, so put in practice, so many hands reaching out, our responsibility carried by so many shoulders. The people I have met here are exceptional, where they have come from, what they have experienced and endured, how their faith saved them, how it gave them new life. I feel honored to be their friend and share with them the realization that it is the tough times which shape us, that the acceptance of one's woundedness, one's vulnerability is the beginning of giving hope to others, of being radiant testimony to God's grace.

Coming to St. James, celebrating Mass in all its solemnity, all its splendor has helped me through some tough times, has allowed me to forgive those who hurt me, forgive myself for my failings, to continuously grow as a person. This is my church, this is where I find peace and healing.

Julia L. Richardt

**W**hy I am a Catholic?  
Because I believe it's all true.  
C. S. Lewis said that was really the only reason for being a Christian, and the supposed benefits—fellowship, comfort, beauty, peace, even the prospect of salvation—were all by the way, and secondary to the question of whether the events described in the Gospels really happened. When, through many twists and turns, and futile efforts to avoid it, I came to believe all that, then there was nothing else but to become a Catholic. And it's still true, so I stay. When the novelist Walker Percy became a Catholic late in life, his friends wondered why he would do such an odd thing. He told them, "What else is there?" Just so.

Aquinas wrote that "believing is an act of the intellect, assenting to the divine truth by command of the will moved by God through grace." True, and for me a long process that took up practically all of my life, and moved contrariwise to the way St. Thomas expressed it. The intellect is a tricky creature, and can generate infinite arguments against a movement as weighty as conversion. Here I was influenced by Simone Weil, one of my chief spiritual guides, who, while pursuing the life of a saint, never joined the church. But she did write something that stuck in my mind like a burr: that we are called to a pure love of God, and that this consists in being equally thankful for our afflictions as we are for our blessings. And I thought, that's the answer, if you could do that, if your intellect and will could do that, then that would be the

end of all arguments. You wouldn't have to be afraid anymore, of anything.

As it turned out, however, you can't get there from here; at least, not alone. You have to be moved by God through grace, which I didn't really understand, and so I sort of hung uncomfortably on the fringes of the religion until, at a particular place and time, I was treated to an unusually spectacular outpouring of grace, and was converted. I had thought it was something you figured out, or accepted, like a proposition in philosophy, but I discovered it was a lot more like falling in love. I think it would be impossibly difficult to fall out of it now, not being at all the same person I was.

Michael Gruber

**W**hen first asked to write this, I had assumed it would all be so easy to put into words. On the contrary, upon beginning this short, and supposedly easy endeavor I found that it was not what I had expected at all. I found myself searching for words that could explain what drew me to being a part of this wonderful faith, to being Catholic, only to realize I could not.

And then, after failing numerous times in my attempt to write about my reason for faith, it hit me. The one word which could sum up everything that I had struggled to say. The funny thing was: it wasn't even a word, but a name. With this one seemingly simple yet so very complex name, I could put all of those jumbled thoughts into words. God! With this perfect word everything fell into place. He is *all* the reasons for me being Catholic. Some believe in a coincidence or a twist of fate, I believe in an act of God. When my brother and I joined RCIA, he was there, guiding us. When I was baptized in the font three years ago, he was there. When I decided to join the choir and learn how to use my musical gift, I know he was with me. And even when I made the choice to become a reader at Mass—no matter how afraid I was of faltering—he was there to hold me up, and give me a voice. It is undeniable that he has been with me the whole process of my faith journey and I know he will continue to be the rest of my life.

I had always heard that God was in every single person, but for a child you can imagine that that might be a little difficult to grasp. I had always tried to find the light in each human being, knowing that God was there somewhere. But since having been adopted into the parish of St James Cathedral, I have come to see the little bits of God that reside in everyone.

Megan L. Leland, age 14

I am Catholic because I was born into a family that deeply believed in the existence of God and the Holy Trinity. These foundational beliefs were passed to me in the normal cycle of family example and history.

With this behind me, I was enrolled in Catholic grade school where the Dominican nuns filled in the blanks and gave me a solid framework of belief. I then passed on to a Jesuit High School where the Priests and Scholastics demanded attention to scholarship and reasoning that moved me from a family believer to a personal acceptor of my religious beliefs.

Several years ago I decided to move back to Seattle from Edmonds after spending many Sundays on the highway to hear the great music and solid homilies found at St. James Cathedral, together with a beautiful liturgy that provided me with the rubrics I learned as a youth and understood as an adult.

The beauty of the Mass is what pays tribute to the everlasting God I believe in. The Mass presents us with a recitation of our foundational creed, a homily that provides sound religious and human reasons to consider how we may use our time in the following days to ensure we keep in touch with God and maintain our commitment to his teaching as well as we can.

From my perspective the Sunday sermon is a great source of grace. Not every priest is a great homilist, but I believe Father Ryan is an especially gifted speaker who adds perspective to every complex matter we must address. He does it with relevant comparisons or clarifying insights we can understand. It is the provocative nature of these homilies that provides the basis for reflection or discussion among our families and friend of the matters raised and how we can address them in thoughtful living.

So I see the Catholic religion as a rational means to respond to God. The Church provides us with a linkage to God.

Joe McGavick

When people find out I'm Catholic, and that I chose to convert, they usually look shocked and even a bit fearful for a moment. I can see them do a quick face scan and I see the gears working behind their eyes. They're judging me, trying to figure out whether I'm a "religious nut" or deeply conservative or maybe just plain nutty. Why on earth would I convert to a traditional religion when I'm so obviously a liberal, urban person? Strangely enough I rarely get asked why I did it. When they do ask, my quick answer is "it gave me hope when I had none." But even that is hard to understand and doesn't address the "why Catholicism"

part. As a friend said, "I get the Jesus part, but why does it have to be with the Catholics?"

The real answer is more complex and personal and hard to put into written words, but I'll try. Most importantly, it wasn't a choice, it happened TO me. I could point to different aspects of the Catholic faith that I love, but those are just details. The real story is that it was within a Catholic context that I could finally see, that I gained faith, and my life was profoundly changed, from the inside out. It happened slowly over my lifetime, of course, as many conversions do, but it coalesced at a particular moment: I stepped into Saint Joseph's Oratory in Montreal as a tourist and left a Catholic. The walls of a side chapel are covered in the crutches and canes of pilgrims who came to heal. André Bessette, the saintly healer who built the basilica, has been beatified. The basilica is huge, half of it ornate and the other half stunningly modern. From the outside a skeptic looks at a church like this and cries "misuse of money," and sneers at the "superstitious" pilgrims crawling up the steps. But these are not gimmicks or clichés or the doings of crazy people. These are the physical manifestations of faith and belief to me. They moved my very soul at a time when I had lost my way and turned a lifetime of negativity, cynicism, and disconnect into hope. And that hope renewed my life. What more could anyone want or need?

Elise Gruber

Why we are Catholic? Just to list three main reasons for our family: First, I would say because we believe in The Holy Trinity and the seven sacraments. Second, we accept and adopt the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Third, we're proud to be part of this Catholic Community.

And "Why are we *still* Catholic?"

I must say that St James Cathedral is and always has been a main cause for our family.

It's such a blessing to see the whole family together joining at Mass to pray, to celebrate and to participate every Sunday.

Finally, we need our Catholic faith to maintain our sanity and our health so we can stay on the way of heavenly God.

Chi Nguyen & Family

The main reason I'm Catholic is because of the exceptional opportunity that God offers me and my family in the wonderful community at St. James Cathedral. I can remember when I was younger, even before we decided to get baptized, I always felt very attached to the church. I have many



memories of going to church every now and again (not anywhere close to how much we go now), of resting in the pews on many Christmas Eve Masses when I was younger, going to the children's dismissal in the chapel. Then three years ago I joined the RCIA adapted for Kids program and later was baptized and that was really a very big thing for me.

Shortly after my baptism I started faith formation and began altar serving. Now I know a lot of people at the Cathedral. I feel very comfortable in the church like it's my second home. Whenever we go to Mass I feel so much love and nothing can tear that away from me. I know many people there, so now when I talk about my family I include my faith family. I also meet people when I go to faith formation and try to help out in other things when I can. The founding reason I'm Catholic is because of my friends, God's love, my family and my faith family, which I believe to be a special thing.

Greg Leland, age 12

I wasn't always Catholic... well, maybe I was... but didn't know it until I started to really *see* the world around me. For that is where God is for me as a Catholic—in the color of the sunflowers in my garden, in the voice of my aging father, in the aroma from the kitchen when my oldest daughter is making one of my mother's ancient recipes, in the artistry of my youngest daughter's cultural dance, in my grandson's gentle touch, in the sweet twilight silences of summertime in the country, in the ethereal music of the Duruflé *Requiem*. If we do not see God in these common and uncommon places, we will not see God at all.

The mystery of Jesus is that he is divine *and* human. I must say that my Catholic sensibility draws me first to the human, then... and only then... to the divine. I delight in telling my friends that for me being



Catholic means that God exists not just in my heart and mind, but also in my gut and in my sweaty hands. I love the poem by Hilaire Belloc:

Wherever the Catholic sun doth shine,  
There's always laughter and good red wine.  
At least I've always found it so.  
*Benedicamus Domino!*

We surely intuit the divine when caring for the most vulnerable in our midst. But do we not also do so with every experience of joy or pain, or with every act of integrity? Or simply while sharing a meal with friends?

For we cannot escape the flesh. Even in creating the bread and wine for the Eucharist, though God is the source of its life, it is our soiled hands which tend the grain and the grapes, and we make the bread and the wine with ingenuity and time and sweat. We cannot escape the flesh.

But, of course, the last word is Love. The new commandment is that we love our neighbors, our parents, our children, our friends, and yes, our adversaries and those who have hurt us deeply. And we love them with no expectation of gain. Another intensely human thing... or is it divine? Well, for sure, it's Catholic.

Glenn Lux



# Congratulations, Father Todd!

*Cathedral Parishioner Todd Strange is Ordained a Priest*

**C**athedral parishioner Todd Strange was ordained a priest in St. James Cathedral on June 13 of this year, along with four other men. In his homily, Archbishop Brunett pointed out that Todd was the first person whom he both baptized and ordained a priest!

Just before his ordination, Todd reflected on his seminary experience and the impact St. James Cathedral parish has had on his vocation.

"I was baptized at St. James Cathedral at the Easter Vigil, 2001. Almost the moment I came into the community, I wanted to do ministry. The more I did, the more I felt a call to a life of service. Father Ryan, of course, has been a model for me. It was Father Peter Chirico who asked me whether I'd ever thought about being a priest, and that really made all the difference."

Todd entered Sacred Heart School of Theology in Hales Corners, Wisconsin, in the fall of 2003. The seminary was founded by the Priests of the Sacred Heart and specializes in "second career" seminarians, men who hear the call to ministry later in life. The average age for seminarians at Hales Corners is 44. The program is predicated on allowing seminarians to develop in four areas—academic/intellectual, pastoral, spiritual, and human (personal wellbeing).

"It's like an academic institution in many ways, but the program involves spiritual direction, community life, and communal liturgy several times daily. I went to seminary without an exact idea of how it would all unfold, and without fixed expectations," Todd says. "From the outset, though, I felt trust in the diocese and in the seminary, and I left it in their hands, trusting they would sufficiently prepare me for ordination and for priestly ministry. As a result, I ended up pursuing things I wouldn't have considered on my own—learning Spanish, for example. That's turned out to be a huge part of my formation."



Bryon Dickey, Patrick O'Hogan, Todd Strange, Jacob Maurer, and Gerald Burns are pictured on the front steps of the Cathedral on the morning of their ordination to the priesthood.

Formation in the Archdiocese of Seattle also includes a Pastoral Year, a year spent in a parish community, immersed in its day to day life. For Todd, this year was spent at St. Anthony's in Renton, under the supervision of Father Gary Zender. "Father Zender was a wonderful model for me as a priest; he had a great balance of devotion to his work and self-care. I lived with three priests, and we ate meals and prayed together. St. Anthony's is a diverse, large community with a school, and there were all sorts of opportunities for ministry. I was able to oversee the confirmation program—fifty kids and adults. Teaching and coordinating the confirmation team were great challenges. I was also given opportunities to do a variety of ministry experiences, making sick calls, preaching at daily Masses, and presiding at graveside services. I felt the support the people had for me."

On Sunday, June 14, Father Strange offered his "first Mass," his Mass of Thanksgiving, at St. James Cathedral. The Cathedral and its parish community have been a source of grace along his journey.

"Who I am as a Catholic and what I will be as a priest has been shaped by my experience of this community. The people—their love, their support—has shaped me. This community will go with me in all I do." ♦

**Maria Laughlin** is the Director of Stewardship and Development at St. James Cathedral.





**Images of two days of grace.** Top, left: at the Mass of ordination, the men to be ordained promise obedience to the Archbishop and his successors (*photo by Tom Howell*); top, right, the candidates for ordination lie prostrate before the altar; center, right: the laying on of hands, heart of the ordination rite; center, left: the newly ordained concelebrate the Mass for the first time; bottom, left: Father Strange offers Mass on the Feast of Corpus Christi; bottom, right: joking around at the reception in the Cathedral Hall with friend Olga.



# Choir Camp 2009

*A Photo Essay*



**Choir Camp 2009.** Praying together, making music and having fun! From the top: Morning Prayer in the Chapel with Father Ryan; making new friends; a chorister who models leadership gets to wear the historic "Schola Cantorum" cross; having a break for games in the courtyard; beautiful vowel shapes are important! On the next page: scenes from the medieval Play of Daniel. *Photos on these pages by M. & C. Laughlin.*





# Conflict and Collegiality

## *Part III in a series about the Second Vatican Council*

Pope John XXIII had lived the life of a saint; and he died as he had lived. By the spring of 1963, he knew that the doctors could do nothing more for him. But the Pope continued to work, paying visits, receiving guests, and writing his last and greatest encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, in spite of incredible pain (“I feel like St. Lawrence on the grid-iron,” he told his secretary). One morning he said simply, “I’m ready to go. I’ve said all my breviary and the whole rosary. I’ve prayed for the children, for the sick, for sinners.” The Council was never far from his thoughts. At the end of May, he asked all Catholics to pray that “his death would win blessings for the ecumenical council and for the cause of world peace” (*Progress*). And on June 3, Pentecost Monday, he uttered his last words, words of St. Peter to the risen Christ: “Lord, you know that I love you.” He breathed his last just as Cardinal Traglia, who was offering Mass in St. Peter’s Square, chanted, “Ite, missa est”—*Go, you are sent*.

Rarely had a Pope so thoroughly won the hearts not only of his own people, but of the entire world. He was a hard act to follow, to say the least, and when Giovanni Montini, Cardinal of Milan, was elected, feelings were mixed. There was relief, because all knew that Montini was a progressive who would carry on the work of the Council; but this thin, rather severe-looking intellectual was clearly no John XXIII. “Ah, yes,” lamented Father Shearin in a syndicated column, entitled *In Fairness to Pope Paul*, “we will never have another Pope John. He was ‘one in a million’ and we will never see his like again. But then God never repeats himself.... God gives the world the saints and the popes that the times demand. So we can expect Pope Paul to be different precisely because he will have to meet the new challenge of a new time. He will meet it in his own way and, I am confident, with a degree of success beyond our fairest expectations.” And Father Shearin was right.

During the Vacancy of the Holy See, all the work of the various Council commissions was suspended. But any who hoped that the Council might not be reconvened that year, or ever, were gravely disappointed. Paul VI made it clear from his very first days as Pope that the Council

would reconvene as planned, in September of 1963. And then, to the delight of most, and the consternation of a few, just a week before the Council opened Paul VI announced that he would reform the Roman Curia. (During the first session, as Cardinal Montini, Paul VI had witnessed first hand the struggle between the Fathers and the Curia for authority in the Council.) It was clear that the Second Session of the Council—and the new Pope whose vision would guide it—would hold some surprises.

The surprises began with the opening of the session. “There was little of the ‘pomp and circumstance’ that marked the opening of Act I,” Archbishop Connolly wrote home to his faithful *Progress* readers; “there was no stately procession through the crowded piazza for the Fathers.” Instead, they simply assembled in the Basilica. Pope Paul VI was carried to the doors on the *sedia gestatoria*, but then dismounted and walked the length of the nave. The anticipation was intense, for this was the first time most of the Bishops had seen their new Holy Father. “He is a pleasant, kindly looking man slight of stature that was somewhat accentuated by the voluminous cope that he was wearing,” wrote Archbishop Connolly, who sensed that this was a man with “a vast store of energy in reserve.”

A more complete contrast to John XXIII could hardly have been planned. But when Paul VI began his address, the Fathers realized that the new Pope was, after all, a man after John’s own heart (little did they know that John had prayed that Cardinal Montini would succeed him!). “O dear and venerated Pope John,” Paul VI exclaimed, “may gratitude and praise be rendered to you for having resolved—doubtless under divine inspiration—to convoke this council in order to open to the Church new horizons, and to tap the fresh spring water of the doctrine and grace of Christ our Lord and let it flow over the earth.”

Then the Pope astonished all, and shocked some, by turning towards the observer-delegates, who represented almost all the world’s Christian denominations, and uttering words of hope and apology: “Our voice trembles and our heart beats faster both because of the inexpressible consolation and reasonable hope that their presence stirs up within us, as well as because of the deep sadness we feel at their prolonged separation. If we are in any way to blame for

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Corinna Laughlin is Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral.



that separation,” he went on, “we humbly beg God’s forgiveness and ask pardon, too, of our brethren who feel themselves to have been injured by us.” Where the First Vatican Council had dedicated itself to the definition of papal infallibility, the Second witnessed a Pope apologizing for the sins of the Church, its members and its leaders.

**T**he surprises continued as the days unfolded. The Fathers found that the Council proceedings had been streamlined and improved. The veil of secrecy had been lifted over the debates in the Council Hall, so that (though journalists still were not permitted in the *aula*) the press was allowed full access to the record of the exchanges.

This time the work began with the revised document on the Church, the first version of which had been roundly rejected the previous year. The new document was in every way superior to the original, but there was still much to debate. Many of the Fathers suggested that the chapter on “The People of God” should take precedence over the chapter on “The Hierarchy”—a change which spoke volumes. And the issue of whether to include a chapter on the Blessed Virgin Mary in the document on the Church, or to prepare a separate schema on Mary, proved highly contentious, and the Fathers were showered with leaflets, pro and con.

But it was the issue of collegiality that provoked the most debate during the Second Session. Did the college of bishops constitute a governing body, with the Pope as its head? The answer might seem obvious—but it wasn’t so simple. The questions flew thick and fast. Did Jesus establish a college of apostles? Did Christ intend for the apostles to share in the governance of the Church, as well as in its ministry? Would saying ‘yes’ to collegiality mean weakening the authority of the Pope, and therefore threatening the unity of the Church? The discussion went on so long that at last the Cardinal Moderators of the Council took the rather unorthodox step of taking a vote on five specific points of contention. The results indicated that the Fathers were largely—though by no means



The Dome of St. Peter's Basilica

unanimously—in favor of collegiality. Emotions were running high and Paul VI had to make a peacemaking appearance, at which Cardinal Suenens delivered a moving tribute to John XXIII. Some felt the Bishops were losing sight of the goal; the Pope’s appearance was meant to remind them of it.

But the reactionary minority was vocal and powerful, and their leader, Cardinal Ottaviani, head of the Holy Office (what is now called the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith) was not one to relinquish a contest lightly. And when the schema on the ministry of bishops came before the Council, he used it as an opportunity to start the whole debate on collegiality over again, as if the special vote had not taken place. This led to fireworks. Archbishop Connolly described the exchange in a letter home to readers of the *Progress*:

“It all started more or less on Friday when Joseph Cardinal Frings, the Archbishop of Cologne, took the floor and flayed the Congregation of the Holy Office, declaring its procedures unjust, unfair, and completely out of harmony with modern times. He called for a complete revision of its status and its rights and privileges, saying that it was grossly unfair for the Holy Office to accuse, condemn, and judge any individual without having the opportunity of defending himself at a hearing. He declared further that the number of bishops in the curia should be reduced and many of the posts taken over by laymen. He minced no words in his denunciation.

“He was immediately challenged by Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, secretary of the Holy Office. To use the parlance of the prize ring, the Cardinal had been taking it on the chin so often during the past few weeks that he had reached the limit of his patience. He picked himself up off the canvas; he lashed out at all his critics, swinging freely right and left. In a voice shaking with emotion and pent-up anger, he declared that criticisms of the Holy Office were criticisms of the Pope himself, that the German Cardinal’s words were spoken out of ignorance, if not worse.... It was the hottest exchange yet but of course, such things are to be expected for this council is not a sodality meeting.”

Both Frings and Ottaviani, Archbishop Connolly noted, “are almost totally blind and each spoke his piece in pure Ciceronian Latin without the benefit of any manuscript.”

Connolly himself ventured to wonder whether it wouldn’t simply complicate things if the local ordinary had to report not only to the Pope and to the Holy Office but to the National Conference of Bishops as well. When he expressed these doubts at a gathering of the American bishops, “I found myself in the camp of the moss-backed reactionaries. Horrors!!!”

“Am I a conservative?” he wrote later. “No, no, I am a moderate revisionist!”

Though the debate on collegiality occupied much of the Fathers’ time during the Second Session, they did address some other key issues. In the course of the discussion of the schema on Christian unity, the Fathers voted to remove two chapters on relations with the Jewish people. This caused something of a furor in the press, which reported only that the Fathers wanted to remove the chapters, without mentioning that they intended to create an entire new document on Jewish-Christian relations.

**O**n December 4, 1963, the Second Session concluded. After Mass, the final version of the *Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy* was read (in abbreviated form) and a last vote was taken. While the votes were being tabulated, the entire assembly prayed. The Council Fathers chanted the Creed together, and Pope Paul VI intoned *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Then the results were announced, and the Fathers reacted with a spontaneous ovation: 2,147 had approved the document; only 4 voted against it. Pope Paul VI then rose and pronounced the formula making the Constitution an official document of the Church. But, as Xavier Rynne points out, he changed the prescribed text somewhat. “*Approbamus una cum*



Seattle's Archbishop Thomas A. Connolly. “I found myself in the camp of the moss-backed reactionaries. Horrors!!!”

*patribus*,” he said, “We approve this Constitution together with the Fathers.” Collegiality was still a point of contention in the Council, but in that moment Pope Paul VI made it clear on which side of the issue he stood.

Though only two documents had been promulgated (the *Decree on Communications* also passed), the Fathers left the Second Session with a sense of accomplishment. The liturgical reforms would become a reality: the work of the Council would begin to bear fruit in the world. But much remained to be done when the Council reconvened in September, 1964. ♦

#### **Want to read more about the Council?**

John W. O'Malley, *What Happened at Vatican II*, available in the Cathedral Bookstore. This new book is probably the most readable one-volume account of the Council.

Rita Ferrone, *Liturgy: Sacrosanctum Concilium* focuses on the meaning and implications of the *Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy* and recounts the implementation of the liturgical reforms.

# The Pew Next to You

*We remember Joan McDonell, Linda Condes, and Deacon Joe Curtis*

**B**ack in 1996, when Father Ryan first got the idea of publishing a journal for St. James Cathedral parish, he didn't know what it would be called, how often it would come out, or what would be in it. But he did know who would take charge of the project: it couldn't be anybody but Joan McDonell.

If anybody knew about writing and publishing, it was Joan. Her first newspaper job was as a "copy boy" (they call them "newsroom aides" these days) at the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* while she was still a student at Holy Names Academy. After graduation, she moved to the *Seattle Times*, where she worked as "a receptionist, library assistant, switchboard operator and news-photo clerk" all while pursuing a degree in journalism at the University of Washington.

As a young reporter, Joan Conner would cover interesting and sometimes oddball stories for the "Society" section: a story about Kiwanis wives and their recipe for fish pudding; an article about Miss Betty Warhanik and her work in the village of Hossana in Ethiopia; an interview with Mrs. Spencer Tracy and her advocacy of deaf children; a piece on Mrs. Frederick Dent Hammons and the miniature French apartment she created for a Hobby Fair in Chicago.

In 1953, Joan married attorney Lawrence McDonell. They had eight children—four daughters, Cynthia, Celeste, Mimi, and Sara; and four sons, Colin, Christopher, Angus, and Kinnon. While Joan took time off to care for the children, she always returned to the *Times*, working in a variety of newsroom departments, including real estate, radio and television, as well as the Dorothy Neighbors food and fashion sections.

"I am proud to say that my mother was a feminist before that phrase was coined," daughter Mimi says, "as well as after it was used as a pejorative label."

In 1974 Joan was honored by Washington Press Women for her writing. She continued at the *Times*



Joan Conner McDonell as a young reporter.

until 1999. "Joan had a great positive spirit and was very encouraging to her fellow workers," says Sharon Lane, the paper's newsroom office manager.

"After her retirement ten years ago," Father Ryan remembered in his homily for Joan's funeral Mass, "she volunteered full-time in the parish office—sometimes doing the most menial of tasks, other times doing the kinds of tasks that only a bright, gifted writer and editor like her could do. She served on the RCIA team, she served as a Eucharistic Minister, she served as a reader, and she was the founding editor of our parish journal, *In Your Midst*. For years she helped young people prepare for marriage and, with

her down-to-earth wisdom and compassion, she also helped hurting people heal their broken marriages. Joan touched a whole lot of lives in this place, including the lives of each of the Cathedral staff members who invariably stopped by her desk in the parish office for a warm word: a word of encouragement, a word of wisdom."

Mimi says: "Joan was a humanist. She refused to judge people because of their race, age (young or old), personal choices, religion or gender."

Joan's grandson Conner sums her up this way: "Joan was distinct in appearance, always sporting a cashmere sweater and buttoned shirt. Proper, but never rigid. In her living room were stacks of *New Yorkers* and the pantry of her kitchen shelved Milano cookies. The combination of which indicated she was well read and enjoyed life's simple pleasures."

In recent years, Joan dealt with a long series of illnesses and setbacks. To say she was courageous and uncomplaining would be an understatement. Father Ryan says, "Joan was a giver. She put others first. With Joan it was never about her; it was always about you, always about someone else. She was a giver and she gave freely and generously." Joan's son-in-law



Michael Garrison, who helped to take care of her in her last weeks, writes, “Joan was all about the potential in people. Engaging. Quietly challenging so that you might discover something about yourself that she saw and you were blind to.”

Through it all, Joan was a person of faith. Mimi says: “Her faith in God was unwavering. She did not preach it, she lived it every day. All of us are witnesses to that. Beyond that, though, was her faith in humanity, her faith in all of us. It didn’t matter if you were entering graduate school at age 23 or 53, raising millions of dollars for a cathedral renovation or memorizing lines to be the lead in your grade school play, she knew we could do it. Any hare-brained athletic endeavor we could come up with—running around Magnolia, running around Scotland, skiing down mountains, rowing across lakes, hiking or bicycling up mountains, mom would nod her head and smile, certain that we would finish (and then go back to reading the *Seattle Times*).”

Joan died on Sunday, June 21, at the home of her daughter Celeste, surrounded by her children. “She died at the ‘family time,’ the McDonell family time,” Father Ryan said in his homily for Joan’s funeral Mass. “The gang was all there and thanks to Celeste and Michael, the table was set. It was then that Joan quietly—and with no more fuss and bother than she ever caused—made her passage from the earthly table to the heavenly table. We who had been with her at table countless times before were wonderfully privileged to be with her at that painful but strangely beautiful passage.”

Maria Laughlin

**O**n Wednesday, June 17, Linda Condes, a parishioner at St. James Cathedral for more than twenty years, and longtime coordinator of our Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion, passed away at Swedish Hospital. Though Linda had struggled with chronic illness for many years, her death at the young age of 63 came as a shock to her family, and to the large parish family she had made her own.

It was not long after Father Ryan came to St. James Cathedral as pastor in 1988 that Linda, together with daughter Christina, was commissioned as an Extraordinary Minister of Holy Communion. Soon, she



Linda Condes

was not only distributing Holy Communion at Sunday Mass, she was helping Sister Claudette Conrad to train and coordinate the ministers (with a roster of nearly 100 volunteers to be scheduled at five weekend Masses, a dozen weekday Masses, plus special events, this was no small task!). Linda’s gifts for organizing and guiding people served her well in this ministry. As Father Ryan said in his homily for Linda’s funeral: “Sunday after Sunday, with the skill of a liturgical drill sergeant, she had her ministers ever-so-carefully lined up, each of them armed with a hymnal and instructed to sing as they processed; each of them well aware of how to hold their hands, where they were

to walk and where not; which way to go around the altar, whose station was which... But none of this was in the service of lock-step liturgy; it was in the service of prayerful liturgy because Linda knew only too well that well prepared ministers could help others to pray and that poorly prepared ones got in the way of prayer.”

Linda’s ministry did not stop at the doors of the Cathedral. For many years, until her health made it impossible, she brought the gift of Holy Communion to homebound seniors in their apartments and in nursing homes. At First Hill Care Center, Linda would lead a weekly communion service, and then visit the rooms of those who were unable to come downstairs. Perhaps it was because Linda herself was so frail, and had endured so many physical sufferings over the years, that she was so well able to understand and to connect with those who were chronically ill. She would greet them by name, listen to their stories, and pray with them.

Linda stubbornly refused to allow her own suffering to get in the way of what she wanted to do. “Linda could be painfully sick on a Sunday morning,” says Father Ryan, “but no amount of pain could keep her from being here to do her work. The more observant, of course, could read the pain in her eyes but her ready smile was a courageous cover-up and, unless you really pushed her, you would never know there was anything wrong.”

As Linda’s friend and fellow Extraordinary Minister Teresita Guerrero puts it: “for one so delicately fragile, Linda was EXTRAORDINARY!”

May she rest in peace!

Corinna Laughlin

*The following paragraphs are taken from Father Ryan's homily at the Funeral Mass for our longtime parish deacon and friend, Joe Curtis.*

**A**s nearly as I can recall, it was late in the winter of 1989 that I got a call from my friend, Joe Curtis, asking if there was a place for a deacon here at the Cathedral. He'd been doing diaconal ministry in suburban parishes, he reminded me, but felt called to ministering in the heart of the city.

I had no trouble telling him yes. I had known Joe for more than ten years—before and during his diaconal formation—and I knew that the streets of Seattle were his place. He had walked them in this three-piece suit when he would leave his cushy, high-in-the-clouds office on the 48th floor of the Seafirst “black box” to go down to the Morrison Hotel for his weekly Bible Study with street people. He had also walked those same streets late at night on Operation Nightwatch when he frequented seedy bars and taverns that would have caused his Board of Directors at Seafirst to blanch. The streets of downtown Seattle were definitely Joe's turf—which is another way of saying that St. James Cathedral was his turf. So I told him, yes, we could use a deacon. The rest is history.

Of course, ‘Deacon’ wasn't Joe's complete identity. For 54 years he was Lois' beloved husband, and for the past 9 years he was Martha's. He was also a loving father and grandfather. And he was a very prominent banker in town, too, as well as a much sought-after board member, a gentleman farmer, a crack gardener, and a pretty fine poet.

All his life long, Joe had to deal with physical limitations. The polio that took his young sister Mary left its mark on him, too, and as he got older, that became more and more apparent. And it wasn't something Joe found it easy to deal with, to say the least! “How are you, Joe?” we would ask. “Older,” he would answer. That became something of a mantra these last years as he grew older, weaker, more frail, with thinner skin, diminished patience, growing frustration, a slightly addled mind, and a fading memory. It was hard for us to see but even harder for Joe to experience. In his better moments, I know he took comfort from St. Paul's conviction that even though his “outer self” was wasting away, his “inner self” was daily being renewed, and that whatever affliction he had to endure was light in comparison with the eternal glory God had in store for him.

I don't know how many of you are aware that as a young man, Joe had a desire to be a priest. He actually



Deacon Joe Curtis is pictured with Archbishop Hunthausen, Father Frank Case, SJ, and Father Ryan at the dedication of the Matt Talbot Center in 1983.

spent some time in a seminary as a young fellow. But God obviously had other plans. Joe was to be a committed lay person in the Church and a family man; he was to have a very bright career in banking and serve the corporate and educational community as a leader; and then he was to cap it all off with nearly 30 years as an ordained deacon of the Church. As one of the veteran deacons of the Archdiocese, Joe was to help define what deacon meant, reminding prospective deacons that service at the altar made sense only when it was grounded in service outside the safe confines of the sanctuary. For Joe those less than safe confines were the streets of this parish, the messy, sometimes smelly, sometimes scary streets of our downtown and our skid road. The streets of our downtown are better, thanks to him, and so are all the people Joe served and who came to know him, love him, and call him by name.

Now it's time for God to call Joe by name. It's not difficult to hear that, is it? “Come, Joe, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food, a stranger and you welcomed me, naked and you clothed me...”

Joe, good friend, rest in peace. I'm sure that you're with the Lord now and that your welcoming committee was a whole bunch of the friends you made on the streets, or at Matt Talbot, or Lazarus Day Center, or Martin de Porres Shelter, or Operation Nightwatch. And I'm willing to bet, too, that when you met the Lord he looked suspiciously and surprisingly like those friends of yours from the streets, “the least of his brothers and sisters... for as often as you did it for one of these... you did it for me.”

Father Michael G. Ryan

# From the Archives

## *After the ball was over... the Cathedral Parish's Silver Jubilee*

**I**n the latter months of 1929, as the nation watched housing prices decline and the stock market plummet; as Black Thursday was followed, in quick succession, by Black Friday, Black Monday, and Black Tuesday; as unbridled optimism gave way to panic and uncertainty; not all the news was bad news. In the midst of the gloom of economic crisis came the Silver Jubilee of the Cathedral Parish, a final, fleeting glimpse of the Roaring Twenties.

The Cathedral Parish had been established on November 13, 1904, and 1929 marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of that august event. The Cathedral's visionary pastor, Monsignor James Gordon Stafford, was not about to let the moment pass unnoticed. He planned a series of events which caused the whole city to sit up and take notice: the Jubilee festivities were covered not only in the Catholic press, but in the *Times* and the *P-I*.

The celebration began on Sunday, November 24, with a solemn Mass during which the whole parish received Holy Communion—something that was by no means usual in those days. The Mass was preceded by a great procession from Cathedral Hall, featuring dozens of Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, the 100 members of the Cathedral Choir, sixty altar servers, and numerous priests and bishops. Visiting clergy came from as far away as Nebraska for the celebration. The music was splendid, as always, and Bishop Armstrong of Sacramento presided (unfortunately, Bishop O'Dea was too sick to leave his bed!). "I have loved the beauty of Thy house, the place where Thy glory dwelleth," said Bishop Armstrong,

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A commemorative yearbook was published on the occasion of the Cathedral's Silver Jubilee. The collector's edition, which sold for \$10 a copy, featured a blue leather cover and tinted and hand-autographed photos of Bishop O'Dea and Monsignor Stafford. This copy was ordered by Dr. X. P. Dedonato in 1930, and was recently given to Father Ryan by a friend of his family. Below: a 1929 Hupmobile (courtesy Wikimedia).

quoting the psalm. "For twenty-five years, the cross atop the Cathedral has carried a message of faith to the visitor here; for twenty-five years the doors of this parish's church have been open to those who seek grace and heavenly solace. How many have been healed and comforted in this holy temple of God!"

In the afternoon, there was Solemn Vespers, with full choir, followed by a banquet for the visiting prelates at the Sorrento.

The climax of the Silver Jubilee observance was a social event at the Olympic Hotel on December 3. It was a conducted on a grand scale—three thousand people attended. "Present and former members of the parish renewed acquaintanceship at a great card party and social," reported the *Progress*. Bridge and whist were played in the Spanish Ballroom, while the younger guests danced to the music of the Olympic orchestra in the Venetian Room. Dozens of prizes were given away to the most successful card players; the richest of these was a brand-new Hupmobile sedan (silver, of course!). The lucky winner

was Miss Esther Marks, a resident of St. Teresa's Home, a rooming house for unmarried girls located just across the street from the Cathedral at Marion Street and Terry Avenue. The new car must have come as quite a surprise to the young University of Washington student!

For the Cathedral Parish, as for the nation and the world, lean times would follow. But judging by the accounts of the Silver Jubilee, the Roaring Twenties must have been fun while they lasted! ♦



# JustFaith

## *Five years of exploring the riches of Catholic social teaching*

**J**ustFaith is a program in which participants can grow in their commitment to care for the vulnerable and to become advocates for justice. It provides a lively and challenging format in which participants read, discuss, pray, and experience situations that allow them to be formed in the Catholic social justice tradition. JustFaith involves a substantial commitment: thirty weekly sessions, two retreats, and four hands-on experiences. In addition, participants are expected to do two to three hours of reading per week.

The program is now in its fifth year at St. James. We've asked some past participants to share what the experience has meant to them.

*Joyce Mork-O'Brien:* "I was a member of the first class of JustFaith at St. James. I admit I was initially daunted by the commitment of time, but I was also intrigued by the idea of exploring an aspect of Catholicism that was, I'm ashamed to say, new to me. JustFaith was a revelation. Before JustFaith, there was a chasm between my faith and my commitment to social justice. As a result, my faith all too often felt self-centered and divorced from 'real life,' while my social justice work lacked depth and resonance. JustFaith provided a perfect link between these two strong forces in my life, giving new meaning to both. The experience was challenging, and sometimes somewhat uncomfortable, but exploring Catholic Social Teaching in the company of trusted fellow pilgrims was a rich gift indeed. I cannot recommend JustFaith highly enough."

*Matt Zemek:* "This present age demands of us the ability to take scattered threads of human ambition and weave them into our lives. Individual hopes and longings don't mean much unless they can be explored and reshaped in a communal context. JustFaith allows these vital processes to begin, unfold, and continue."

*Therese King:* "I came to the fall 2008 JustFaith class with high expectations and was not disappointed. I've always cared about social justice issues but was radically changed by this experience and it has affected my walk with God and with my fellow travelers on earth in a positive and much more committed way. Our class formed a family."

*Elizabeth Winder:* "We learned to value silence. We shared our spiritual struggles, practices and challenges.

We learned something more about spiritual companionship, to care about, be more tolerant of each other's unique paths."

*Christine Henderson:* "JustFaith is true to our Catholic Social Teaching, which is the focus of the program. JustFaith taught me how to advocate for the poor and vulnerable. Moreover, it inspired me to continue my work pertaining to social injustices. One thing that is for sure—I learned a deep compassion for others that I will carry with me throughout my Catholic life. JustFaith is an invitation from our Father to join Him in the outpouring of His love for the poor and vulnerable—making an option for the poor."

*Marcia Ditter:* "Participating in Just Faith gave me a chance to come out of my shell. I was able to open up and talk about some difficult issues. I made some great friends. I volunteer at a homeless referral center and I am able to put my JustFaith experience to good use."

*Jennifer Ibach:* "One of my favorite things about the program is that it meets you where you are. If you need to deepen your prayer life and spirituality, it will help you to do that. If you are looking to broaden your understanding of issues and your engagement in the world, it can help you do that as well. It really does offer something for everyone. My experience these past two years has been that you will come in as a stranger needing growth in your life and you will leave as part of family, transformed in ways you never expected!"

*Angela Leland:* "Beyond learning so much of Catholic social teaching and the care of all of human life, we as a group have become a wonderful family. I truly encourage this process – it is such an important step in our journey of faith."

*Mark Schoer:* "Many of our JustFaith sessions were intense and stressful. I often found myself despondent that any of us could have a meaningful impact on our world. The poverty and brokenness we saw in our readings and videos were simply too large for me to grasp. What conceivable difference could I make with the limited time and resources I had to give?"

*Mary Brown:* "My eyes were opened to the ways my personal behavior and choices impact people around the world, and how many opportunities are out there to make the world a better place. Best of all, I met a group of people I would probably otherwise never have met, and my life is very much the richer for it!" ♦

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**Patty Bowman** is Director of Outreach Ministries at St. James. If you would like to be part of this year's JustFaith group, call 206-382-4515.

# Cathedral Almanac

*Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, March—August, 2009*

## March

**24.** Our **Lenten Bible Study** in the Year of St. Paul focused on St. Paul's letters.

**24.** Parishioner Darcey McAllister, a Human Resources professional, offered a special series of workshops on finding employment in **tough economic times**. The five-week series covered everything from writing resumes to interview techniques.

## April

**5.** On **Palm Sunday**, we set out on the great journey of Holy Week with the traditional blessing of the palms and procession. This year, even the weather cooperated!

**9.** On **Holy Thursday**, we gather for the solemn remembrance of the night Jesus gave himself to us in the Eucharist. In his homily tonight, Father Ryan said, "This night is holy unlike any other. This is the night of the New Commandment. This is the night when Jesus is in our midst as 'one who serves.' This is the night when we become what we receive. This is the night when the impossible becomes possible, when we begin to love one another as He has loved us!"

**10.** On **Good Friday**, Father Robert Barron of the University of St Mary of the Lake in Mundelein, Illinois, powerfully preached the Seven Last Words at the Tre Ore service. The service also featured a newly-commissioned musical work, Northwest composer Patrick Stoyanovich's *Seven Last Words*.



From top to bottom: the procession with the Blessed Sacrament on the night of Holy Thursday; Jon Lellelid of Temple de Hirsch Sinai sounds the shofar at Yom HaShoah; two of our twenty-three beautiful First Communicants.

**11.** At the **Great Easter Vigil** on the night of Holy Saturday, our fifteen Elect were baptized, confirmed, and received Holy Communion for the first time.

**12.** At the beautiful Masses of **Easter Sunday**, we saw the biggest crowds in years. In his homily for today, Father Ryan said, "the triumph of Jesus over death assures us that our world and our lives will make sense in the long run, even if they sometimes seem to be spinning out of control. The march of history will not end in some cruel joke even if along the way there are tragic detours. The final word in our personal pilgrimage and in the story of the human family will be a word of light and life."

**16.** We hosted a special service remembering the Holocaust, **Yom HaShoah**. This service gathered leaders of many faiths for an evening of prayer, song, and remembrance.

**27.** At the **Young Organists Festival**, five young organists had the opportunity to perform on the Cathedral's great organs. The artists included our own parishioner, Thomas Varas, 16.

## May

**3.** The **Environmental Health Fair**, sponsored by our EcoJustice Group and Health and Healing Ministry, featured dozens of exhibitors highlighting everything from acupuncture to toothbrushes.

**4.** Parishioner Nathan Standifer led a three-week retreat on **discerning our gifts**. The series helped participants identify and reflect on their spiritual gifts in this Year of St. Paul.

**17.** Twenty-three children made their **First Holy Communion** today.



**23.** Bishop Eusebio Elizondo joined us for a memorable celebration of the **Sacrament of Confirmation.**

**27.** **O'Dea High School** celebrated its 84th annual Baccalaureate at St. James Cathedral.

**28.** The **Holy Names Academy** Baccalaureate was held this afternoon.

**31.** On the great feast of **Pentecost**, Father Ryan said: "The same Spirit that set the disciples of Jesus on fire is alive in us, too—maybe a little dormant, but alive. There is only one thing in the way: our fear. May the fire of God's Spirit and the transforming power of the Eucharist we now celebrate, consume our fears and truly set us free!"

## June

**4.** The annual **Celebration of Ministries Dinner** was held in Cathedral Hall. More than 300 Cathedral volunteers gathered for a wonderful meal, the gift of parishioners Armandino and Marilyn Batali.

**6.** We were privileged to welcome **Father Ben Beltran**, who gave a powerful presentation on his work with the poorest of the poor at "Smokey Mountain" in the Philippines.

**13.** Five men were ordained to the Priesthood today, including our own parishioner **Todd Strange** (see the article on page 10 of this issue).

**14.** On **Corpus Christi**, we celebrated the traditional procession with the Blessed Sacrament following the 10:00am Mass. Father Ryan concluded his homily with these words: "like the sacraments that require words but not too many, this feast of the



From top to bottom: celebrating the Sacrament of Confirmation with Bishop Elizondo on May 23; the Celebration of Ministries dinner gathers 300+ Cathedral volunteers; the great Corpus Christi Procession with the Blessed Sacrament; parish picnic on the feast of St. James.

Body and Blood of Christ requires *works* of love more than *words* of love. As we bask in the loving warmth of God's embrace, let us bring that embrace to a waiting world." Father Todd Strange offered his Mass of Thanksgiving at Noon. He said: "Let's face it, the Eucharist brings together people who might otherwise have nothing to do with each other. That we manage to stick together, what more proof is needed to tell us that this Body and Blood is indeed miraculous."

**26.** We celebrated the Funeral Mass of **Joan McDonell**. In the evening, Archbishop Brunett offered a Mass in memory the deceased bishops of the Archdiocese of Seattle on the anniversary of Archbishop Murphy's death.

**27.** We celebrated the Funeral Mass of **Linda Condes**.

## July

**3.** Our first ever **Women's Summer Shelter** began, in cooperation with Noel House.

**12.** We were invited to an Open House at the new **Frederic Ozanam House** for formerly homeless men. The beautiful new facility, directly across the street from the Cathedral, houses fifty-six men.

**16.** We celebrated the Funeral Mass of our longtime parish deacon, **Joseph Curtis**.

**24.** **Bishop Eusebio Elizondo** celebrated his 25th anniversary of ordination with a special Mass in the Cathedral.

**26.** We celebrated the Feast of our Patron, **James the Greater**, and our annual parish picnic on Terry Avenue.

## August

**9.** Our third annual "**Cornerstone Brunch**" honored those who have indicated to us that they have remembered the Cathedral in their will.

**10-14, 16.** **Choir Camp** culminated with a presentation of the Play of Daniel. (See the album on pages 12-13 in this issue.) ♦



# Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament



**T**he Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament is just a few weeks away! Our 13th annual tournament will take place on Monday, September 28, 2009, at Inglewood Golf and Country Club in Kenmore, Washington. This is a fun all-day event benefiting the Cathedral's outreach programs, and it's not just for golfers!

PLAYERS can register on their own or put together a foursome. The registration fee of \$250 per player includes lunch, golf cart, tee prizes, beverage tickets, as

well as tickets to the Benefit Dinner and Auction in the evening. This is a rare opportunity to play a wonderful course!

EVERYONE is welcome to join in the Archbishop Hunthausen Benefit Dinner and Auction, which begins with cocktails at 5:30pm in the beautiful clubhouse at Inglewood. Come on your own or reserve a table for you and some friends. (The cost is \$100 per person; \$50 of each registration is tax-deductible.)

Please consider joining us! Information, Maria Laughlin, 206-382-4284. ♦

## ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

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