

In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH

April 2009

In Your Midst

Vol. 14 No. 1 April 2009

"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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A Refuge in Times of Trouble

Cathedral parishioners share their stories

People often tell me about the hope and peace they experience

whenever they come into St. James Cathedral and I never tire of hearing their stories. Stories from homeless people who tell me that they find a home—and a safe and peaceful refuge—in the Cathedral. Stories from business and professional people who tell of stopping by the Cathedral on their way to or from work—maybe for Mass, maybe just for some moments of quiet prayer. Stories from folks in the RCIA who tell me how, from the moment they first

walked into St. James, they knew that God was in this place. Stories from parishioners who tell me that Sunday Mass at the Cathedral is what energizes them for the week ahead. Stories from people with no formal connection with the Church at all but who, in times of trial or challenge come to St. James to light a candle. Stories of this kind abound and, in one way or another, they are invariably stories of hope, stories of comfort, stories of light in times of darkness.

This spring issue of *In Your Midst* features such stories from fellow parishioners. Some of them are written against a pretty dark backdrop: illness, financial setbacks, a death in the family, personal struggles of one sort or another. Each of them was written during Lent—the Lent of 2009 when winter has seemed more reluctant than usual to exit the scene and make room for spring. And each of them was written in faith with an eye to Easter, to the triumph of light over darkness that Easter represents for us who believe.

The journey we make through Lent to Easter is a very personal thing but it is not an isolated thing. We make it in communion with one another. Whether we know all our companions on the journey or not makes little difference: what we do know is that in the Body



of Christ there are no strangers, only fellow travelers, brothers and sisters, companions on the great pilgrimage from darkness to light.

Father Michael G. Ryan

In the mid-1990's I was working on a series of small paintings titled "Tenebrae." I happened to see an announcement inviting the public to the Office of Tenebrae at the Cathedral. I went.

After the Office I left the Cathedral weeping, went home and wrote:

"In te, Domine, speravi. I've rediscovered my hope in you, God.

"Before each candle was snuffed out, there was a pause. During each pause I found myself recalling the deep sadness of what it means to lose light. Each flame extinguished brought a personal memory of loss or despair or betrayal.

"The soprano's voice soared, a bird rising above chaos and darkness, as she sang Jeremiah's Lamentations. *Benedictus Dominus.* I prayed, 'Return me to my life's true purpose, remind me of what real presence means...' A presentiment of it given me as a young girl in an ancient English church, waiting for the bread and wine, the fragrance of Presence as I

experienced it in the bunches of primroses and bluebells from Kentish woods laid out as offerings around the Easter altar.

"The choristers' feet made the clatter of chaos. Is His light extinguished forever in me after 35 years of being outside the Church, away from home? Not quite. The night sky, like a portion of beyond, glowed inside the frame of the circle window the Cathedral designed to let in both immanent and transcendent light. The warm curve of cathedral stone reflected light that encircled us in *Tenebrae*. The light listened to our shared meditations in the deepening darkness. Then the Christ candle returned."

St. James helped to convert me to the belief in art's power to enlighten, convert and resurrect: a man gently strokes then kisses Christ's feet on a crucifix; a corpus burned black survives fire, as did I; a bride places her bouquet at the Mary Shrine; angelic energies take shape in gauze; our patron, St. James as a puppet, blesses us; a Mary statue in a crate from Europe survives the storms around the Cape of Good Hope to arrive in America and at St. James. All these, and more, give me messages of hope in the God-Language of art.

I come to St. James, suffering from the darker aspects of my life and others' lives, to experience again and again resurrection through the Eucharist and the celebration of beauty.

Elizabeth Winder

I was in the RCIA dismissal group the Sunday after 9/11. We all wanted to stay together rather than be divided into smaller groups for reflection and discussion. It seemed we wanted to lean on each other as we were learning of God's grace and abundant love. Over time, and often thinking back to that Sunday, I've found the community that is St. James to be the perfect refuge in difficult times. Perhaps I'm going out on a limb, but I don't come here looking for concrete answers as to why such nefarious things are allowed to happen or when a difficult time will be over. What I *do* come for is to be reminded of that grace, abundant love, and hope. "God's thoughts are



not my thoughts nor is God's time my time" is my personal mantra.

Holy Week points out these promises through the humanity of Jesus. As we lose loved ones, experience health problems, stress over job loss, problems with family or friends—the list can go on and on—it is difficult not to feel isolated, abandoned, angry, despairing. But Jesus chose to experience this collective anguish for us all.

I'm reminded of my favorite Gospel story which is the woman at the well. Not long ago I took a picture of a sculpture on the grounds of The Upper Room in Nashville, Tennessee depicting this story. Jesus is sitting on some rocks talking quietly to a woman who has rested her water jug on the edge of the well. She is listening intently. We heard this story the Third Sunday of Lent. "Who is Jesus?" we were asked. This Samaritan woman is wondering the same thing. The homily pointed out that we are led to discover Jesus in our own way. No matter our station in life, our shortcomings, even our doubts, He is there gently pointing the way. He is letting us know, if we will listen, that he took this anguish as His own and turned it into living water so that we may be renewed. Resurrection and new life awaits us.

"God's time is not my time": but as we come to the baptismal waters does time really matter? Can we slow down? Look at that daffodil squeezing between a rock and a fence post. It's blooming. Is there a message in that? Perhaps we all can be like that Samaritan woman

who wasn't in a hurry to leave, asked questions, was amazed that Jesus would talk to her. And, like her, we can use our time on earth as witnesses to the promise to come: God's infinite time with us!

Shirley Wright

Lent begins and I ask once more: How am I being called to grow this season? What am I to discover in these 40 days? Helping those in need has become part of my life. Some years I felt justified in sitting back and proclaiming that I had already had my experience of sacrifice, of giving up—I had an “unscheduled” Lenten desert experience earlier. I felt in a role of observer, rather than seeker or participant.

So, I entered the Lenten season waiting. I extended daily quiet reflection time. Here, in prayer I found a shift from the struggle to create an experience, to opening up to listening—to letting go of expectation. There was peace in letting Jesus love me just where I was this season. The expectation to know early in Lent how I was to work toward a heightened sense of the season, or a deeper renewal, had to be let go.

Through prayer, without a clear “Yes, I am ready.” And, in the middle of this loss, this grief, there has been a grace—a nudge to look again and see my personal heartache as my Lenten cross. I was to “take off the struggle” that was beginning to become my life, and, at the same time, accept it. In this quiet place of prayer I was to listen and let go—to “be still and know!”

This grace of an internal submitting becomes real again in the faces of my St. James friends. It is real in a hand held, a prayer offered, a listening heart that does not turn away from pain. The peace that comes from praying with my St. James community, and sharing Eucharist, reminds me as I look to Holy Week that the pain of loss and grief is becoming more bearable, and these sacred moments of community prayer are a pathway to experiencing Jesus' promise:

You are my beloved. You are not alone.

Ann

Sixty three years ago as a fourteen year old, I asked my mother if I could go to O'Dea High School. Her answer was “yes” and she went on to say that if I hadn't asked she would have insisted. In that instance, my history with Saint James began. In essence, I became a parishioner even though throughout my meanderings, we as a family participated in many communities. The bond of Saint James and O'Dea is one of the benefits of my life. Now at the other end of life, I have been asked to write a meditation—an image—an aura, to describe this jewel

of Christianity. With so much to say and so little space I offer this feeble attempt.

When you step from the blinding secular world into the Cathedral, time stops. For a moment, you are transported into another dimension of peace. When the Cathedral is empty the silence is unbelievable and beautiful to the unsuspecting. You begin to appreciate that our secular lives are controlled by cell phones, ipods, TV (the Roman Circus), computers, etc., all bombarding our senses for a myriad of trivial reasons. You may even suspect that no one wants us to take time to think, probably because thought, meditation and prayer can be dangerous.

As you look around, you may spy a green flyer entitled “Where to go for help.” It is a directory to assist those in need and lists over 50 programs. Many are sponsored by St. James and its vigorous community and many others are available in Seattle and beyond. The Letter of James concludes: “if good works do not go with it [Faith], it is quite dead” (2:14-17) .

The Faith at Saint James is alive and well and always in need of our support to carry on.

May our Father hear our pleas.

May the Son envelop us

with Compassion, Love and Forgiveness.

May the Holy Spirit endow us

with reason, understanding and wisdom.

May the Trinity saturate the very core of our soul.

And if all in life seems to fail,

May Our Mother wipe our tears.

Dr. Robert Fouty

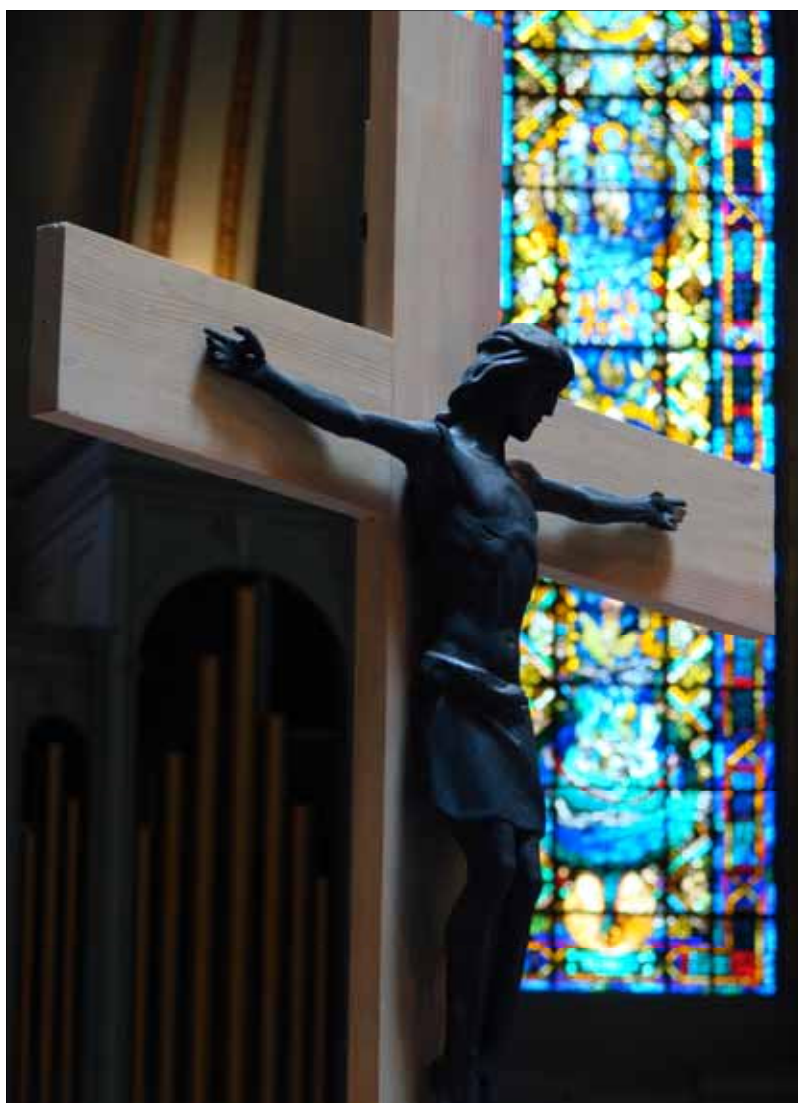
The light and shadows of the cathedral in the morning, especially during winter weekdays in the early days of Lent, evoke a very different feeling from when the cathedral is lit in all its splendor for Sunday Mass. Only the altar and baptistery are bathed in light. High above the floor the grand arches and golden column capitals are lit, as are the side aisles. The wooden pews and chairs glow softly. All the other features are dimly lit only indirectly and have a strong three-dimensional quality emphasized by powerful shadows. I think the cathedral is most glorious in this play of dark and light, and speaks eloquently of Lent and of our journey through darkness in search of light. On early Sunday mornings the special Lenten lighting before Mass suggests this, but it is easy to miss if we don't pay attention.

Darkness and light have been a recurring theme in my life, and the cathedral has become a powerful metaphor for my journey over the last few years. About eight years ago, at the time I was diagnosed

with lymphoma, I was sitting in the darkened cathedral one morning during Lent trying to understand the meaning of my disease for my family and my life. I thought that Dr. Samuel Johnson said it well—“to know that one is to be hanged in a fortnight focuses the mind wonderfully.” This is surely true. However, there also came to mind words I vaguely recalled from a Lenten reading... “It was good for me to be afflicted that I might learn your will.” I later learned that these words were from Psalm 119.

As I was trying to understand their meaning for me in this mood of darkness and light, out of the shadows came a woman whom I had never met, but whom I had seen before at the 8:15am Mass. She had no reason to know of my situation. She came up to me, looked directly at me and said, “God told me that everything is going to be all right.” She then returned to her seat. My head was spinning, trying to understand the significance of what I had just heard. I still don’t understand what happened. To this day it is a great mystery that I respect and hold close. It has become a blessing that overshadows me, especially in times of more intense challenges. She was right, of course, because what she said has been borne out by my experience since then. Indeed, God has gotten my attention, and at some deep level I know that in fact everything is all right, both in the light and in the shadows.

Frank Robl



On Good Friday, 2007, my husband John was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin lymphoma. He had the best medical care, and the support of friends, family, and co-workers, but our touchstone, the place that held us together, was St. James. St. James, a community of prayer.

Our *Putting God First* group prayed for us, encouraged us, checked up on us. Father Ryan did the same, and administered the Sacrament of Anointing of the Sick to John before chemo started. I suspect that the people we didn’t know, who sat near us at Mass and shared the Sign of Peace with us, prayed for the pale bald guy who wore a thick sweatshirt even on the warmest summer day. We saw the face of God everywhere we looked.

Going to Mass was a relief. We could just *be*. No one asked anything of us. God certainly didn’t. We felt both lifted up and left alone—a lovely combination when we were overwhelmed by information,

questions, and decisions. The readings and the homilies so often addressed a need, sometimes a need we didn’t know we had.

One Sunday, I was kneeling after Communion and praying with a rather desperate, pitiful tone. John was very sick. I was weary and full of fear. “What should I do? I don’t know what to do.” Clear as a bell, God answered with “Finish the Sudoku quilt.” I was startled, but understood. On my quilt wall, there was a half-finished quilt, based on a Sudoku puzzle. The answer to my prayer was—go forth and sew. Be in the moment. One stitch at a time.

Of course God is never finished with us (and sometimes we are slow to learn this!). Much later, I put the rest of the message together. That quilt was for New Beginnings Shelter. Making those quilts is part of my being the face of God, as one who serves. But making those quilts heals me, too.

John’s lymphoma is in remission. He is singing in the Cathedral Choir. I still make quilts and wish I

wasn't so anxious. Going to Mass continues to be a source of relief and inspiration, and the friendships we've made continue to lift us up. We are thankful that we are Easter people.

As a dear friend of mine said about St. James, "I don't believe in God, but that place has a good vibe."

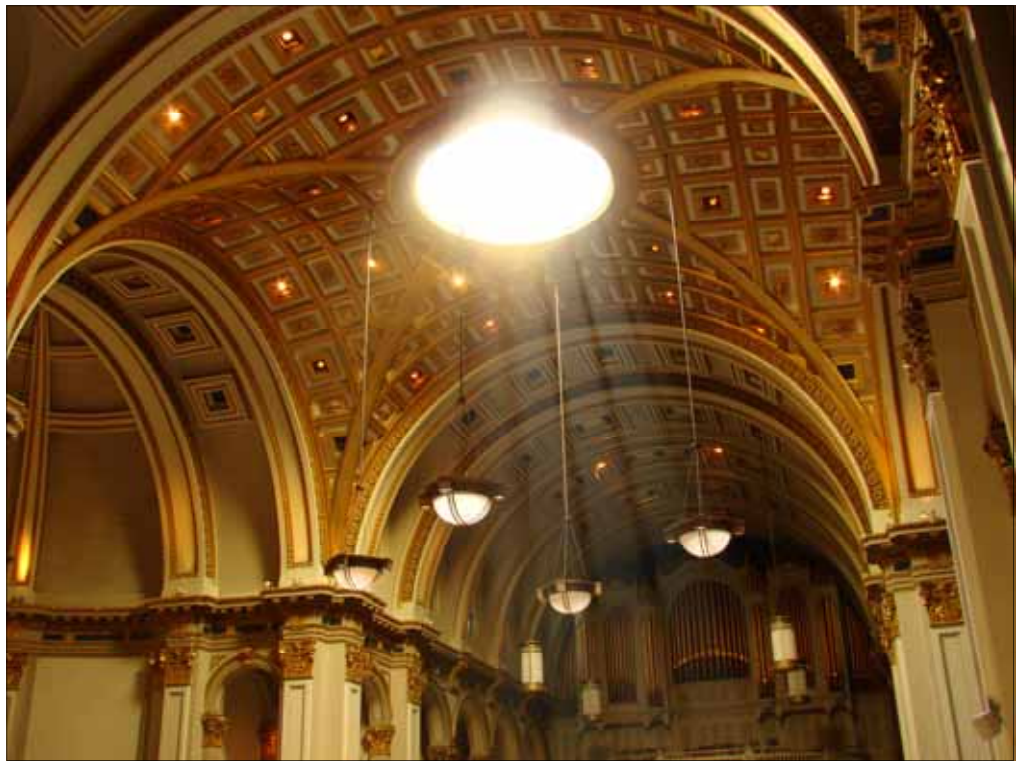
Imagine, I told her, what it must feel like to us.

Peggy Jarrett

In April of 2005 my family and I were sitting in St. James Cathedral in prayer for Pope John Paul II, when we heard the bells ring out that he had gone to be with our Lord. Later that day, I found myself feeling more sad and empty than I could, in that moment, understand. Later I found out that my sister Lisa had died about the same time as our Pope. She was only 40 years old. I felt so much loss and sadness for not only our Church but for myself. I lost my sister, my friend. Over the next few months we found ourselves here at St. James more often. Through support of parishioners, wonderful staff and the healing words of Father Ryan's homilies, we were able to process death and understanding of new life through new eyes, through God's eyes.

After many conversations with my husband Kevin, we enrolled our children Megan and Greg in the Children's RCIA program. To watch their faith grow and develop has been further confirmation of God's love. They have become such a stronghold of faith and prayer for our family. As my husband witnessed their growth, he too wanted to be a part of St. James Cathedral. Sitting with him many late nights after his RCIA class, having beautiful talks of his journey in faith was again, affirmation of God's love for us.

To the credit of the staff here at St. James I was able to witness our children as they escorted him down the aisle to the baptismal font for his baptism. This was one of the most beautiful gifts in my life. I truly felt God's love and presences in our lives. Megan has since joined the choir and reads for the children in the chapel and Greg truly loves serving at the noon Mass. St James has granted them an opportunity to continue their own faith journey.



My Grandmother passed away January 2008. This was incredibly difficult for me. She is still so special in my life. Finding myself in this world without her seemed unbearable; I found continual guidance and strength here in so many people. Father Ryan's homilies once again guided me through the pain I didn't think I could handle. Reaffirming for me that God's love for us is eternal: even in death, life begins anew.

Angela Leland

I recall participating as a Eucharistic Minister in a Sunday liturgy at a large Episcopal church in Seattle, my home parish for 12 years, when I got the message very distinctly: I want you to become a Catholic.

This experience (something for which, years later, I am still trying to find words) was more than a little unsettling. My reaction at the time was, Why? I was deeply involved in numerous ministries in a denomination I loved dearly, and where I had many friends. Why would God ask me to uproot my whole life? Wasn't I already doing God's will? How would my family and friends react? Was I insane? I lost sleep over whether this call was really from God.

During this period of inner wrestling, I realized that this "tugging" wouldn't go away. In fact, it only grew stronger.

I spent two years in quiet discernment. I eventually, grumblingly, came to a place where I said,



From my previous faith tradition I'll always be grateful to several exceptional mentors who shaped me. With that, I've come to view my early spiritual path as if I was looking at a postcard of the Grand Canyon: greatly appreciating the glory of the picture, but in the end, safely, even passively, viewing it.

What I realize as a Catholic is that I'm actually in the Grand Canyon, with beauty and magnificence on all sides surrounding, enveloping, even overwhelming me. But then, God's love does that. Especially when we respond. When I say "yes," I experience the love of God in moments large and small, here at St. James, and beyond its bronze doors. Here, I experience grace-filled moments, when the veil of my ego and pride is lifted, and I glimpse the truth, glorious beyond measure, which fully

awaits us all as children of faith.

I give thanks to God for the Holy Spirit's shaping of this sacred place, and for how it shapes the people, from all walks of life, who call St. James home.

Scott Webster

"OK. I'll look into it, but I'm not promising anything." So, without telling a soul, I headed for the only Catholic church I knew: St. James Cathedral.

That morning, shortly after Pentecost, at the same time I walked into St. James, who should come out of the same door but Lee Bedard, who was my sponsor when I entered the Episcopal church many years before. It was a joyful reunion, as we'd lost track of each other.

The reason, I soon discovered, was that Lee had undergone her own period of discernment, and had since returned to the Catholic Church.

The short story is: a week or so later, Lee became my sponsor again. I went through the RCIA process at St. James, and in 2003, I entered the Catholic Church.

In the years since, St. James Cathedral has solidly guided my growth as a person of faith. Since entering the Church, I've become a reader and Eucharistic Minister. Last year, I completed the Cabrini Ministry program, and I now volunteer as a Eucharistic Minister at Swedish and Harborview. I'm beginning to volunteer with the Pastoral Care team at St. James, in the ministry with seniors. I am currently, joyfully, sponsoring one of the Elect as he prepares to be baptized this Easter.

St. James Cathedral has never swayed in its ability to inspire my faith. I share with many an appreciation for the beautiful Masses and liturgies, the life-shaping homilies, the exceptional music, RCIA and continuing education programs, and the many well-run opportunities to follow Jesus' call to minister to the poor and vulnerable.

In 1994 at age 22, I bought a one-way ticket from California to Seattle. I packed my suitcase and all the moxie I could muster, and moved to the Emerald City to start a grand adventure. The day I arrived, I headed for the "saint" section of the phone book to find a church where I could take classes on Catholicism. I wanted to become Catholic. I thank God for bold text and big font size because the large listing for St. James Cathedral in the white pages changed my life.

I enrolled in the RCIA program as a catechumen and immersed myself in the teachings of the Church. The faith community that surrounded me was vibrant, welcoming and diverse. I felt myself falling in love with the Roman Catholic faith, invigorated by the energy of the Holy Spirit.

On Ash Wednesday 1995, my mother arrived unannounced from California to bring me devastating news: my beloved father had taken his own life. My Lenten journey suddenly took on an entirely different meaning as I prepared for my own baptism while grieving Papa's suicide.

I went to the Cathedral every weeknight during Lent to hear the words of Scripture and be reassured by the gentle movements of the Mass. I had decided that

church was to be my safe haven; whatever grief or loneliness I felt that day, I knew I could let my tears flow within St. James' embrace. Grief was my constant companion and Saint James made my broken heart endurable. The experience taught me how to put my complete and utter trust in God. St. James and its community of believers kept me lovingly directed toward Christ during my period of suffering.

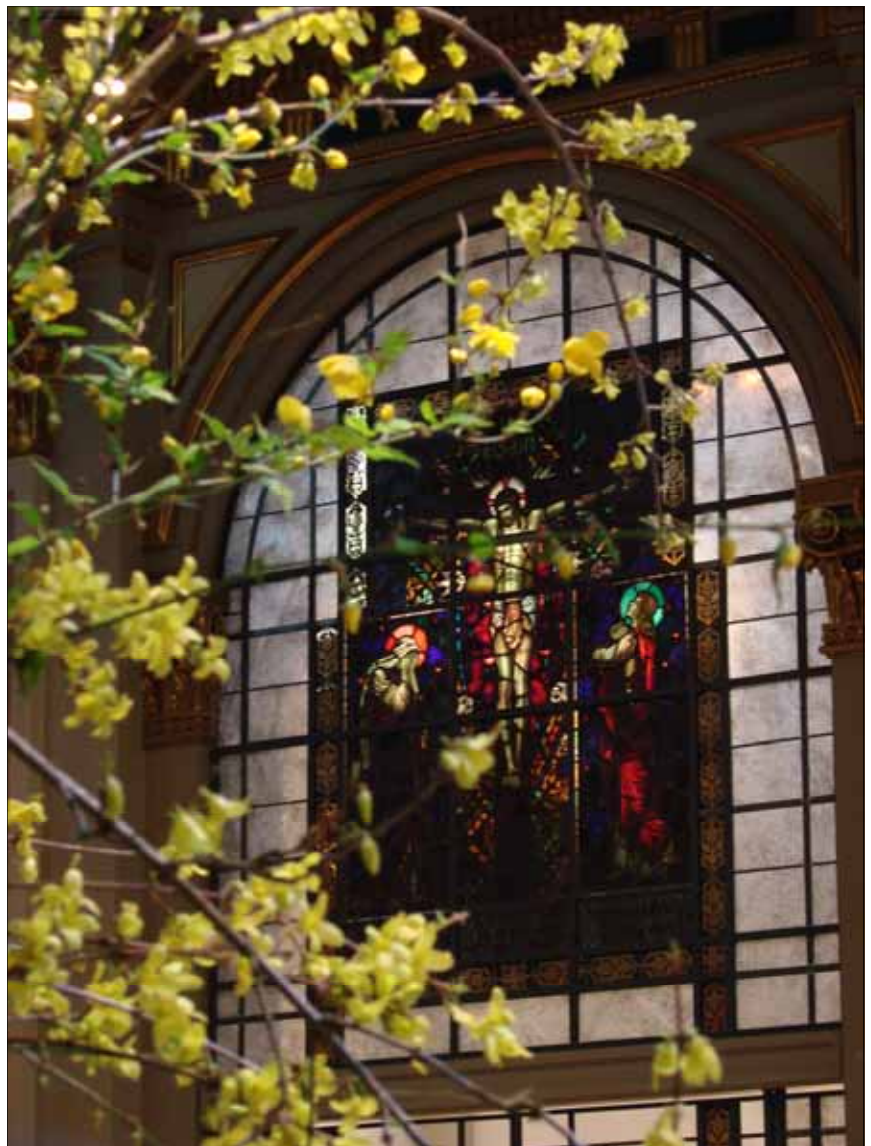
As Lent continued, I felt the eager anticipation of the St. James community as I approached the waters of baptism. On April 15, 1995 I was the first adult to be baptized in the immersion font of the renovated Cathedral. I'll never forget the feeling of the holy water flowing over my head, of seeing my mother in the pew crying tears of joy, and feeling my father's presence as I devoted myself to the Father who loves me even more than my Papa did. Forty days after my father's death, I was born into new life with Christ through the waters of baptism. Now, fifteen years after my baptism, I give thanks for the blessings of Saint James Cathedral and our community of faith, for well-placed phone book listings, and for the God of Hope and Love.

Brooke Kingston

It is not hard with the economy spiraling down and our country stuck fighting multiple wars to feel that we have crossed into darker days with many more to come. For many, these events have brought about a threat to our sense of security and many of our dreams. Dark days indeed.

I have always appreciated St. James Cathedral as place to recharge my battery and to put life outside of Mass in a proper perspective. But in dark days like this I have found myself looking more and more for a lifeline, some kind of light to brighten daily struggles. My yearning for relief was heightened when I was laid off from my job earlier this year. It provided me an unwelcomed pre-Lenten desert experience.

Coming to this cathedral of ours particularly during Lent lifts me because I know that brighter days are ahead as we approach Easter. I am bolstered by the belief that, just as Good Friday has to come before Easter, that pain, suffering, and sometimes death will lead to new life—Resurrection.



It is in that brief hour of so each week during Mass that the resurrection of our Lord is made present to us. And it is in the resurrection that we can turn our collective brokenness into joy. This joy is not tied to any index or measure of our own estimation. This joy is grounded in God's unconditional love for us revealed in Christ. It is a joy that makes a difficult life livable.

Still it is not easy to live in this joy when it is your retirement, your home, your sense of security that is in jeopardy. I am grateful for the prayers I receive from this community and am hopeful for those for whom I pray. I do not enjoy this time in the desert. But I have a lifeline in our worship here, and I have an eternal ray of hope that we will share in Christ's resurrection, even in the midst of crisis, and receive new life.

Stuart Ling



Yom HaShoah

Remembering the Holocaust

Monday morning in a Catholic elementary school is usually a slow time of starting up again in the office of the school principal. At least it was for me on that bright morning in 1968 when I welcomed Rabbi Hebert Morris at the front door of St. Thomas More School in San Francisco. Jewish rabbis are not frequenters of Catholic elementary schools in my experience!

Rabbi Morris was warm, friendly, and had a clear goal as he spoke with me. The nearby Hebrew School would be doing some remodeling. Would it be possible to use our classrooms for the Hebrew School on Sunday mornings over the next few months?

In those days, when there were few relationships among Catholics and Jews at the local level, the principal did not charge head-on into such decisions. I approached Monsignor Carroll regarding the request. He spoke very directly and decisively, "Yes, that is possible."

What followed over the next few months was hardly noticeable to many in the parish, the Temple and the neighborhood. But, remarkably, a relationship began to develop between St. Thomas More School and Temple Judea. Rabbi Morris offered to give



A young member of Temple de Hirsch Sinai sounds the shofar, the ram's horn, at Yom HaShoah at St. James Cathedral in 2007.

presentations to our eighth graders on Hebrew Scriptures. And there was no exchange of rent requirements or even damage fees!

After several months an invitation arrived in the mail requesting my presence at Temple Judea for their Friday evening observance. I was a woman religious in a long, black habit with not many facial features showing—I was unaccustomed to visiting any other Christian churches, let alone a Jewish temple!

That evening was one I will never forget. When I arrived at the Temple, I was led to a seat in the front row. During the service I was beckoned forward to receive a beautiful, hand-made mosaic of the Star of David and the Christian cross. I received the mosaic

Sister Joyce Cox, BVM is Archbishop Brunett's Delegate for Ecumenism and Inter-Religious Dialogue. She is also the Spiritual Formation Director of the Palisades Retreat Center in Federal Way and a Cathedral parishioner.

and then spoke from the podium. I had never spoken from the ambo in a Catholic Church, so this was a startling moment in my reality! Somehow, I said something, then turned and joined arms with Rabbi Morris. We walked down the aisle together and approached a table with a large loaf of bread at the end of the hall. We broke bread together and the congregation joined us.

The memory of that evening is forever within me. Many years later, as I journeyed to Yad Vashem, the Holocaust Museum in Jerusalem, I realized that a connection with the Jewish community still blazed within me. Stumbling along the path of the Children's Museum in the dark, my eyes searched the ceiling where small, white lights dazzled while a recording called forth the names of children who had died in concentration camps during the Holocaust. It was wrenching and bone-chilling. Two years later, I would visit the Holocaust Museum in Washington, DC, and stare at literally thousands of pairs of shoes—stark reminders of those who had died in the gas chambers.

Over these last years as I have served as the Archbishop's Delegate for Ecumenism and Interreligious Dialogue, I have participated in commemorations of the Shoah at both St. Mark's Cathedral and St. James and at the Jewish Temple on Mercer Island—standing in the cold rains of April and

hearing the piercing lament of shrill pleading in the Hebrew prayer—and recognizing that the Shoah must never become a mere memory, for “those that do not remember are doomed to repeat the same horrible actions.”

In our own time we have been confronted by the genocide in Rwanda, the Bosnian annihilations, the Cambodian death camps, the mass murders of Darfur, all innocent human beings created and loved by God. We are also confronted with the reality of people who callously deny the Holocaust or minimize its depth and breadth of horror. But we are called to remembrance, to hold high the horrifying realization of these events, so that they may never be repeated.

And so we come together, Jewish, Christian, Muslim, members of the human race together. On April 16, at 7:00pm, we will gather at St. James Cathedral to read the stories, sing the songs, and once again breathe in the Spirit of the Living God. We will share and exchange the deepest moment in our common humanity—the Divine Spark that lives within each of us. Together, we will affirm our reverence and our compassion for the precious memory that can be forgiven but never forgotten. ♦

Temple De Hirsch Sinai, Seattle University School of Theology and Ministry, St. James Cathedral, The Shemanski Institute for Christian and Jewish Understanding present

YOM HASHOAH

Remembering the Holocaust

Yom HaShoah: Remembering the Holocaust
Thursday, April 16, 2009 at 7:00pm
St. James Cathedral
9th and Marion in downtown Seattle
www.stjames-cathedral.org • 206.622.3559

Jews and Christians come together in a service of readings, music and prayer to remember the Holocaust. Children's choirs from the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant traditions will sing at this service of remembrance.

a sacred gathering...to remember...to enlighten...to inspire...

The Council Begins

Part II in a series about the Second Vatican Council

January 25, 2009 marked the 50th anniversary of the announcement of the Second Vatican Council by Pope John XXIII. This is the second in an ongoing series in our parish newsletter on the Council. Read the first in the series at www.stjames-cathedral.org.

Pope John XXIII announced the Council in January of 1959. He hoped that the Council would begin within two years, but the slow-moving Vatican bureaucracy was dragging its feet. It was nearly a year before the Preparatory Commission sought the input of the bishops of the world, and it was another year before the responses were tabulated. It was not until Christmas Day, 1961, that the agenda of the Council began to take shape. And it was clear that it would be wide-ranging, touching on almost every aspect of the Church's life: "Pope John indicated that the council will consider problems relating to Holy Scripture, to tradition, the sacraments, prayer, ecclesiastical discipline, charitable and relief activities, the lay apostolate and the missions. He said that the council must also consider problems of the temporal order as well." (*The Catholic Northwest Progress*)

Once the major topics of discussion had been settled, various committees were entrusted with the task of creating schemata, or draft documents, which would summarize the issues and provide a basis for discussion. In the summer of 1962, just a few months before the Council would open, only 7 of the 70 proposed schemata were ready to send to the world's bishops for review. The Pope was understandably frustrated. When a visitor asked him, "How many people work at the Vatican, your Holiness?" John swiftly replied, "about half." (Thomas Cahill, *Pope John XXIII*)

Meanwhile, Pope John XXIII also prepared for the Council in a much more significant way: by prayer. Again and again he urged the world to pray for the success of the Council. Early in 1962, he asked the priests of the world to dedicate their daily recitation of the breviary (the Liturgy of the Hours) to the success of the Council. And he asked Catholics everywhere to join in a solemn novena of prayer and penance, beginning October 2, "to invoke the blessings of divine grace on the Fathers of the council." He gave the priests of the

world special faculties to offer Masses during the night so that all over the world, at the moment of the Council's opening in Rome, the faithful would be raising a "great crescendo of prayer" for its success (*Progress*).

On October 4, one week before the Council opened, John himself made a pilgrimage of prayer (the first time a Pope had gone outside of Rome in living memory), visiting Loreto and Assisi. At these shrines, he entrusted the Council into the eminently capable hands of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the great St. Francis of Assisi. Pope John already knew that he would not see the end of the great work he had begun. On September 23, 1962, less than three weeks before the Council opened, he had been diagnosed with inoperable stomach cancer. He had less than a year to live.

The Council opened on October 11, 1962, with a grand procession and ceremonial that lasted more than five hours. Those who were present could only speak in superlatives. "That I should live to see a day such as this!" exclaimed Seattle's Archbishop Connolly, in the account he wired home that evening. "How good is the good God." A week later he was still talking about it: "Mere words, even the gigantic, colossal, stupendous of Hollywood usage are so inadequate to describe the scene and the experience itself." Even normally staid journalists were shaken into awe by the proceedings: "The magnificent splendor of the procession and the Mass, the great line of Council Fathers wending their way into the Basilica is a precious memory that will live with me to the end of my days on earth," wrote Bob Jackson for the *Progress*.

The bishops gathered in the Hall of Inscriptions at 7:30am, where local priests had the task of getting the thousands of prelates into place. All along the great hall cubbies had been constructed so that each bishop had a place to leave his hat and coat. The procession did not begin until 8:30am, so the bishops had time for some "informal chatting," as Archbishop Connolly reported, "in English where possible, and in Latin where necessary."

It took a full hour for the immense procession to enter the Basilica. The bishops walked six abreast through St. Peter's Square, right through the crowd of 500,000 who had gathered to be part of this historic

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



This facsimile from the *Catholic Northwest Progress* shows the immense procession of bishops entering St. Peter's Basilica at the opening of the Second Vatican Council. Archbishop Connolly is circled in the photo inset below.

moment. The incredible diversity of the Church was suddenly apparent to all eyes: the bishops represented every race and almost every nation on earth. "Every now and then, this white mass was dotted with the black cassock, full beard, and cylindrical headdress of an oriental bishop, and here and there with the bulbous gold crown and crossed pectoral reliquaries of a bishop of the Byzantine rite" (Rynne). After the bishops came the "scarlet ranks" of the Cardinals, and finally Pope John XXIII himself, carried on the *sedia gestatoria* by sixteen Papal guards.

Once inside the Basilica, the Holy Father stepped down from his throne and intoned *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, and all sang the ancient hymn together, praying for the Holy Spirit's guidance. Mass was said; the Gospel was proclaimed not only in Latin but in Greek as well, as a sign of the unity of East and West; and the Litany of Saints was chanted. Then Pope John XXIII delivered his address for the occasion.

"Mother Church rejoices," the Pope began, "because, by a singular gift of divine providence, the desired day has finally dawned.... the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council is being solemnly opened here beside St. Peter's tomb." The Holy Father looked to the glories of the past, the authority and dignity of the Church through the ages—familiar and comfortable territory for his listeners. But then he spoke of the present day. And in spite of all that was happening in the world, he spoke with hope and confidence:

"In the daily exercise of our pastoral office, sometimes (much to our regret) we have to listen to people who... can see nothing but calamities and ruin in these modern times. Comparing our era with previous centuries, they say that we are becoming worse. By their actions they show that they have learned nothing from history, which is the teacher of life.... We feel that we must disagree with these prophets of gloom who are always forecasting disaster, as if the end of the world were imminent. In the present day, Divine Providence is leading us to a new order of human relations. By man's own efforts, and beyond the greatest expectation, we are being directed towards the fulfillment of God's higher and inscrutable designs."

After his address, the Holy Father reascended the *sedia* and was carried out of the Basilica. The Pope would not re-join the Council Fathers until December 7, just before the Council closed.

The next day, with Pope John's challenge still ringing in their ears, the Fathers went to work. While the deliberations of each day were supposed to be secret—no journalists or laypeople being allowed inside the Basilica—somehow each day's happenings were reported in great detail in the world press. The journalists joked, "why the great conciliar secrecy? Because secrets spread faster!" (Rynne)

As important as the discussions of the Council Fathers were, they could not always be described as



"May we quote your no comment?" From the *Progress*, 1962

interesting. Everything was in Latin. With more than two thousand Council Fathers present at any given session, it was of course impossible for there to be spontaneous discussion of the issues. Instead, those who wished to speak had to submit their address in writing ahead of time, and any straying from the text was frowned upon. The Fathers were not to speak more than ten minutes, nor were they to repeat what had already been said. But as Archbishop Connolly observed, such rules were "more honored in the breach than the observance. The presiding cardinal for the day hesitates to cut a speaker short for, as a democratic assembly, every bishop has the right to talk and that right is regarded as sacred. So, we suffer in silence." Though Latin was supposed to be the universal language of the Church, the Fathers soon discovered that they could not easily understand the language as it was pronounced by their brothers from other nations. The American bishops came under particular fire in this regard!

During the first week of meetings, many technical matters were clarified, and commissions formed. On October 22, the proceedings began in earnest with the

debate on the schema on the liturgy.

Why did the discussion begin with the liturgy? In his 1998 memoir, Pope Benedict XVI (who served as a *peritus* or expert at the Council) explains: "The fact that this text became the first subject for the Council's discussions really had nothing to do with the majority of the Fathers having an intense interest in the liturgical question. Quite simply, no great disagreements were expected in this area, and the undertaking was viewed as a kind of practical exercise to learn and test the method of conciliar work." Catholics today tend to think of the Council as primarily a liturgical revolution—"Oh, that was when they started saying Mass in English." But in fact, the liturgical renewal had begun many years before, under two of the century's most "conservative" Popes—Pius X and Pius XII. By 1962, the momentum for renewal was already strong.

The liturgy was, therefore, a 'safe' subject for discussion. But that did not mean that everyone agreed. There was much debate about Latin—would unity be sacrificed if the liturgy was celebrated in the vernacular?—about the possibility of communion under both kinds (hygiene was the principal concern), and about concelebration (were ten separate masses better than one mass at which ten priests concelebrated?). The presentations made by the various Council Fathers ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous to the merely tedious; and they dragged on to the point that John XXIII (who, though he was not present in the Council Hall, was watching the proceedings on closed-circuit television) had to intervene. He created a new rule allowing the presiding cardinal to call for a vote to end a given discussion. There was general applause when the interminable discussion on Chapter 2 of the liturgy schema finally ended!

The Council Fathers also confronted more controversial issues during this first session. The schema they had been given on the subject of divine revelation was highly traditionalist. Cardinal Liénart of Lille, France, voted to reject the draft outright—"we should be thinking more along the lines of our separated brothers," he declared, "who have such a love and veneration for the Word of God." The majority of the Fathers agreed, and to the chagrin of those who had prepared the original draft, a new commission was formed to prepare a fresh document which would be more expressive of the Council's views.

Much the same thing happened to the highly-anticipated document on the Church, which all knew would be among the most important works to come out of the Council. Bishop de Smedt of Bruges,

Belgium, spoke for many of the Council Fathers when he rejected the draft outright, exclaiming, “no mother ever spoke thus!” (Rynne). The draft equated the Church with the hierarchy of the Roman Church. The Church, said Bishop de Smedt, could not be equated with the hierarchy—the Church was the People of God, the Mystical Body of Christ. And so this draft was also sent back for revision.

A document on relations with the Orthodox was similarly rejected; in fact only the liturgy document and the short document dealing with the communications media—TV, film, and radio—were passed, though each with substantial revisions.

In the midst of these debates, life outside the Council went on. Pope John XXIII, in the midst of serious health problems, spoke out on behalf of peace as the Cuban missile crisis escalated in an already precarious world situation. The Bishops from the Pacific Northwest had time to feel homesick on a grey rainy morning in Rome, “a typical Portland day,” as Archbishop Connolly described it, and they were even more nostalgic on Thanksgiving Day, when they shared Rome’s version of an American Thanksgiving dinner at their hotel.

When the First Session of the Council concluded on December 8, 1962, after sixty days of work, no document had been promulgated, no official change had come about. The proceedings had been slow in starting, and the debates had sometimes been agonizingly tedious. But the smiles and the consistent enthusiasm of Pope John XXIII restored the confidence of those who felt discouraged. It was all for the good, the Holy Father said in his closing address. “The first session was like a slow and solemn introduction to the great work of the Council,” said the Pope, and the time had not been wasted. “Brothers gathered from afar took time to get to know each other; they needed to look each other in the eyes in order to understand each other’s heart.” For Pope John XXIII, the Council was still a tremendous promise of things to come, a “new Pentecost.” “In this hour of heartfelt joy,” he said at the conclusion of his remarks, “it is as if the heavens are opened above our heads and the splendor of the heavenly court shines out upon us, filling us with superhuman certainty and a supernatural spirit of faith, hope, and profound peace.” The Pope urged the Fathers to continue praying



Northwest bishops at the Second Vatican Council: Bernard Topel, Spokane; Archbishop Connolly; Raymond Hunthausen, Helena, and Sylvester Treinen, Boise.

and working on the various schemata during the months ahead, and to look to the Second Session, scheduled to begin in September, 1963. And so the Council Fathers went home again, “out of the trenches and home for Christmas,” as Archbishop Connolly observed.

The Cathedral’s own pastor at the time, Bishop Gill, aptly summarized the feeling at the end of the first session of the Council. “Vatican II,” he wrote, is “a historical moment, but more—history itself moving.” ♦

Want to read more about the Council? Try John W. O’Malley’s *What Happened at Vatican II*, available in the Cathedral Bookstore.

In the next article in the series: The death of good Pope John; the election of Pope Paul VI; and the second session of the Second Vatican Council.

Great Music for Great Cathedrals

A Photo Essay





Color, Light, and Music: *Great Music for Great Cathedrals* is the brainchild of Dr. James Savage, Director of Music, but hundreds of parishioners work together to bring this magnificent production to life—Jeff Robbins, lighting designer; musicians, altar servers, stage crew, vestment crew, and so many more. In celebration of the Year of St. Paul, the finale this year was Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, featuring a dramatic representation of Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus. Photos on these pages by M. Laughlin.



From the Archives

A heavenly homecoming

After their mother died, twins Gwen Johnson and Carolyn Schmidt were going through some of their mother's papers. They came across some photos they had never seen before, including this photo of their mother and grandfather on the day of her baptism.

"When I looked at this photo of Mom and Grandfather in front of the Cathedral," Gwen says, "the fact that I couldn't see her made it even better for me. She had just died and the picture was symbolic. This was the beginning of her journey, and her beautiful funeral, also at St. James, was the end of the journey. When I look at the buggy, I can see Mom's casket."

When Eugene and Gertrude Belcourt moved to Seattle from Saskatchewan, they settled on First Hill at an apartment near the Cathedral. It was here that their first child, Lorraine, was born on September 25, 1921. She was baptized at St. James Cathedral by Father Corkery on November 20, 1921.

Later the family would move to Queen Anne, where Grandfather Belcourt founded Queen Anne Electric (later Queen Anne Hardware). Lorraine was passionate about music and during her high school years at Holy Names Academy she pursued her musical studies and often played the piano for Masses there. She joined the Ladies' Musical Club at nineteen and studied music for two years at the University of Washington (finishing her degree in organ performance forty years later at the age of 61!). Over the years, Lorraine played in virtually every Catholic Church in the city, including St. James. A special joy was playing the organ for the novena to Our Lady of Mount Carmel at the Carmelite Monastery in Shoreline. Hers was a life "literally immersed in church music," as Father Ryan said at Lorraine's funeral Mass in December, 2005. "Her career as a church musician touched the very heart and soul of the Church here in Seattle."

Daughters Gwen and Carolyn grew up "immersed in music" as well. "Mom had musicians over by the dozens. We were surrounded by beautiful music—sometimes we even got tired of it!"

Do you have a memento of Cathedral history? Please consider sharing it with the Archives. Information, Maria Laughlin, 382-4284.



Proud father: Eugene Belcourt with daughter Lorraine Gertrude on the day of her baptism, November 20, 1921.

Since 1989, daughter Gwen has made a home here at St. James. She loves the fact that her family's history is tied up with the history of our Cathedral, and that her mother's life began and ended in this beautiful place. ♦

Our New Neighbors

Two new CCS projects within a few steps of St. James

St. James Cathedral is blessed to welcome its newest neighbors, Frederic Ozanam House and First Nations House. These two new housing programs, operated by Catholic Community Services, serve homeless men.

Frederic Ozanam House

In May of this year Catholic Community Services and the Archdiocesan Housing Authority will open the doors of its newly constructed Frederic Ozanam House. The 56-unit facility is located across the street from the Cathedral on land made available by Archbishop Brunett.

Frederic Ozanam House will serve chronically homeless men over 55 years of age who have been without housing for at least one year and who are extremely low-income. One-half of Ozanam's units will be occupied by individuals who suffer from chronic substance use. The other half of the units will provide homes for people who have multiple barriers to housing, including mental illness and physical disability. A total of 10 units will house veterans who have been referred by VA Puget Sound.

To best accommodate these residents, the Frederic Ozanam House will have a 24-hour staff and on-site supportive services, including case management, chemical dependency counseling, housing stabilization resources, and financial advisement.

In addition, residents will be encouraged to participate in the housing program's community life. While each resident will have his own private unit furnished with a bed, dresser, table, refrigerator, sink and toilet, he will share common showers, a common eating area, a community recreational room with a television and pool table, and a combined library and computer room. The men will participate in a full-service community meal plan, monthly house meetings, and optional group social outings.

For many residents, living at Frederic Ozanam House will be the first time they have experienced stable housing. Without having to focus their attention on day-to-day survival, Ozanam residents will finally have an opportunity to improve their health, to access needed resources, and to experience the leisurely lifestyle of many of our elders.

To learn more, contact Pat Graham, program director, at (206) 441-4606 or PatG@ccsw.org.

Devon Marie Gualtieri is an employee of Catholic Community Services of Western Washington and is a freelance writer and editor.

First Nations House

Located just two blocks from St. James Cathedral, First Nations House is a culturally-based transitional housing and recovery program for homeless Native American men. St. James Cathedral Parish offered the green duplex at a nominal rent to Catholic Community Services and the Archdiocesan Housing Authority to accommodate this much-needed program.

First Nations House opened its doors in February 2008 in response to the need for American Indian clean and sober housing operated by American Indians themselves.

"Many Native people are distrustful of social programs operated by non-Natives, and they are not likely to take advantage of available services," said Monte Twin, First Nations program manager. "First Nations' success is due to the involvement of the American Indian community. Because the house is all-Native, there is a bond that forms with the residents; it is pretty exciting to see that bond become stronger and to see these guys become more responsible, clean, and sober citizens."

Mr. Twin emphasizes that First Nations residents are chronic-stage alcoholics and drug users who have been living on the fringes of society for their entire lives. For them to participate in organized clean and sober housing "is exceptional." Mr. Twin also described the spiritual healing that occurs for many of the residents during their time at First Nations House. The residents who try to implement spiritual principles in their lives are the most likely to stay clean and sober because they realize they can experience more from life. Mr. Twin says, "I don't ask them, but I can see it in them. There is a change that comes about and a spirit that enters them. It is a miracle when it happens."

The program aims to help residents achieve their goals by providing them with supportive services and case management. "We currently have a seventy-five percent success rate of residents that are staying clean and sober," Mr. Twin says. Several First Nations House residents have achieved great success during their recovery. One resident is working and going to school, another spends most of his time volunteering at his church, and another has started his own landscaping business.

To learn more about First Nations House, contact Monte Twin at (206) 550-2812 or e-mail montetwin@yahoo.com. ♦

The Pew Next to You

Meet some of our Saturday evening regulars—Fred Houck, Bryan Long, & Mia Vera

If you've ever been to the 5:30pm Mass on Saturday evening at St. James, chances are you've been greeted by Fred Houck. Fred's impossible to mistake with his signature red carnation on his suit lapel. Fred will mark his 30th anniversary as an usher at 5:30pm Saturday Mass this September, and he's missed only 13 of those 1,500-plus Saturdays!

Fred came to Seattle during the World's Fair of 1962, and rented an apartment at the Old Colony Building on

Boren and Cherry. Rent at that time was reasonable--\$79.50 a month! Fred began coming to Mass at the Cathedral and in short order was recruited as an usher. ("In those days we'd just recruit people to help out as needed... we weren't as organized as we are now!")

Fred retired in 1992 after thirty years teaching biology at Tyee High School in the Highline School District. For the past seventeen years, he's had two jobs—when he's not working as a substitute teacher or tutoring special needs high school students, he's to be found at his antique shop on south lower Queen Anne, Michael Reed Black Antiques, specializing in Victorian glass.

Fred's Saturday routine has stayed pretty much the same over the years. "I arrive at 4:15pm. The first thing I do is check in with the sacristan (usually Bryan) to see if anything special or unusual is happening at the Mass. Then I'll get out the collection baskets and check on things in general. I've been around long enough that sometimes I'll catch details the sacristan might



Two Saturday evening regulars: Fred Houck, left; Bryan Long, right.

have missed. Then I'll check in with my ushers, including my 'fabulous four'—Scott, Steve, Gail, and Lupe.

"After closing confessions I'll greet people and distribute the bulletins. I keep an eye out for visitors and will often invite them to bring up the gifts.

"One of our jobs is to keep an eye out for disruptions. We have our fair share at the Saturday evening Mass, but in all my years I've only had to call an ambulance once!

"Of everything I do as an usher, what I find most challenging is closing confessions at five o'clock. There's nothing harder than turning people away. And I've heard some wild stories over the years!"

Over the years, Fred has come to know many Cathedral parishioners and staff. "I've seen many of them pass on to their heavenly reward. And I've met visitors from all over the world. They are truly amazed at the beauty and friendliness of the Cathedral."

Why a red carnation? The red carnation was the badge of ushers at St. James, forty-five years ago. Fred's kept wearing his from his first days as an usher here. It suits him!

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

Fred also loves to help out as an usher at Great Music for Great Cathedrals, and to flip burgers at the parish picnic.

You would think that after the hundreds of Masses Fred has attended, they would start to seem the same. But Fred says, the opposite is true.

"Each service has its own special way of bringing me closer to our Lord. I really feel that I am in your midst as one to serve you."

Bryan Long remembers his first visit to St. James. "I moved to Seattle back in 1997 to go to school at the University of Washington. I was looking for a parish I could connect with. When I came to St. James for the first time, I was in awe! Coming from central Washington (I grew up in Yakima), we didn't have big cathedrals there!

"The very first time I was here I was invited to bring up the gifts. I took it as a sign: this is going to be home."

Bryan graduated from the U.W. with a degree in business administration. Now he works at Wells Fargo, providing foundational training and ongoing support for the bank's mid-senior managers. He spends some time in the classroom, but more often he's out in the field, helping managers refine their skills. "It's a good challenge," he says.

Meanwhile, Bryan's always open to new challenges at his parish home. He serves as sacristan at the Saturday Vigil Mass as well as a Master of Ceremonies at Archdiocesan liturgies. In addition, Bryan is a member of the Cathedral's Finance Council.

His favorite moments at St. James?

"There are two favorite times—and they're equally important to me.

"One is when the Cathedral is packed with people for Mass. The combined power of our prayer together is something I love. I get so much energy from the people in this place.

"The flip side is when I'm locking up, and I'm the only one there. It's my prayerful time with Christ."

Mia Vera's first visit to St. James was in "1995ish or so." Baptized Catholic, she hadn't been to church in a long time. After glimpsing the Cathedral, something about the place kept drawing her. Not wanting to go alone, she remembers asking a lapsed Catholic friend, "Do you want to go to Mass with me?" "I was disappointed when he said 'no.'"

It was a few more years before she really came back. The visit of the relics of St. Thérèse of Lisieux in January, 2000, had a profound impact. "That experience still blows my mind when I think about it,"



Mia Vera

Mia says. "After that, I felt, OK, I think I'm ready to be part of a parish. But it definitely took me a long time to get to that moment."

Mia remembers her early days at St. James. "I never thought that I would be asked to bring up the gifts at Mass, or to prepare the altar, or to give communion, but I've done all those things here."

Mia is an altar server at the Saturday evening Mass. "It's such an interesting group of people. In a lot of ways, it's really fun! We're an older group, and each of us has some things we can do and some things we can't. We each do our best and we take care of each other."

In 2005, Mia suffered a stroke during surgery. "I think a lot about how my life has changed over the past four years," she says.

"I had to learn to talk all over again. I don't have the same motor skills I used to have... in the muscles in my mouth, for instance. I'd be thinking one thing, but something completely different would come out. Words aren't on the tip of my tongue anymore.

"Giving up singing in the St. James Women's Schola was the hardest thing I had to do. I am grateful that Clint asked me to sing at Taizé. It's not the same as being in Schola, but at least I have an opportunity to sing. I still go to the 5:30pm Mass on Sunday to hear the Schola sing.

"I wish I could do everything I used to do... I wish I could do more."

What does Mia love best about St. James? "I love that there are so many different kinds of people and having that sense of community. There are some things we all have in common, yet in every other way we might be completely different from each other.

"For me, it's all about the people." ♦

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, December, 2008—March, 2009

December

4. The **Washington**

Association of Churches honored Father Ryan with their award for Ecumenical Leadership at their annual dinner at Seattle University.

6. A vibrant, colorful Mass in honor of **Our Lady of Guadalupe, Madre de las Americas** was celebrated in the Cathedral.

13. With nearly 1,000 Catholics from across Western Washington, Archbishop Brunett celebrated **Simbang Gabi**, the traditional Advent blessing which comes to us from the Philippines.

19. Archbishop Brunett celebrated the **11th anniversary** of his installation as Archbishop of Seattle.

21. A **major snowstorm** hit Seattle and St. James Cathedral was not spared. Sunday Mass attendance was down by about 80% today. Our beautiful service of Candlelight, Carols, and Cathedral Children continued in spite of the snow.

22. The Cathedral celebrated its **101st birthday** today. St. James was dedicated December 22, 1907.

25. The snow continued to fall, but the celebration of **Christmas** at St. James was as beautiful as ever. In his homily for today, Father Ryan said, "We will remember this Christmas of 2008, won't we? For a long time! Children will remember it for the wonder of the snow; parents will remember it for too much snow and maybe for too many snow days! Retailers will remember it for the lackluster sales; commuters will remember it for the treacherous driving conditions, travelers for long airport delays. Pastors will remember it for pews far from full and, dare I say it, collection baskets far from full! All of us



From top to bottom: the vibrant celebration of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mother of the Americas; singing silent night by candlelight at Candlelight, Carols, and Cathedral Children; *Sedes Sapientiae* in the great snow of December 2008.

will probably remember it as the Christmas we were taken by surprise."

January

4. The wonderful **Feast of the Epiphany** was observed. At the Noon Mass, images of the three kings joined in the procession, and children were invited to the Chapel after Mass for a gift from the kings... candy coins!

9. On the outbreak of hostilities in the Holy Land, we celebrated a special prayer for **Peace in Gaza** with music from Taizé.

10. Former Lutheran minister **Tom McMichael** was ordained to the priesthood.

16. Because of the December snow, drastically reduced attendance resulted in a major shortfall in the collection.

Father Ryan sent out a special appeal inviting Cathedral parishioners to become "**snow angels**" by making a special gift of \$35 each. The parish responded with incredible generosity, surpassing our \$25,000 goal by well over \$15,000! The surplus went to support our Cathedral Kitchen.

17. A special Mass honored the memory of **Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.** Today Archbishop Brunett also celebrated his 75th birthday.

18. We honored the Holy Child Jesus at our annual **Santo Niño** celebration—which this year included Father Ryan learning the stick dance at the fiesta following the Mass!

21. St. James Cathedral was privileged to host the **Countywide Prayer for**

Christian Unity, gathering ministers of many Christian denominations from around the city and beyond.

25. In this year of St. Paul, the feast of his conversion was observed with special solemnity. **Father John**

Endres, SJ, a Biblical scholar, was our guest preacher and offered his unique perspective on St. Paul.

31. More than twenty children celebrated the **Sacrament of Reconciliation** for the first time this morning.

February

2. The Feast of the **Presentation of the Lord** included the traditional blessing of candles.

3. The **Blessing of Throats** on the Feast of St. Blase is a favorite tradition.

11. On the **World Day of Prayer for the Sick**, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, a special Mass was offered during which we celebrated the Sacrament of the Anointing of the Sick.

13. At our **Prayer around the Cross with Music from Taizé**, Father Ryan welcomed clergy of many denominations from around the Seattle area for prayer and fellowship.

14. A retreat for married couples was offered on St. Valentine's Day, **Learning to Love Each Other Well**, presented by Bill and Kathy Collins.

20-21. **Great Music for Great Cathedrals**, under the direction of Dr. James Savage, returned with splendor. *See the album in this issue.*

23. Today, ten new **Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion** were commissioned at the evening Mass.

23. **Putting God First**, a Lent retreat for the Cathedral parish created and sponsored by the Cathedral's Stewardship Council, was offered for the fourth year in a row, with about fifty parishioners participating.

25. **Ash Wednesday** marked the beginning of the holy season of Lent. After the 5:30pm Mass, the Cathedral Kitchen offered a "Simple Supper" of bread, soup, and fellowship.

26. Our fifteen catechumens, preparing for baptism at the Easter Vigil, celebrated the **Rite of Election** in the Cathedral. At



From top to bottom: Mass in honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.; ministers of many Christian churches offer a gesture of unity at the Countywide Prayer for Christian Unity; children of our RCIA program display their icons of St. Paul on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul; "Simple Supper" on Ash Wednesday prepared by the Cathedral Kitchen.

this Rite, they met Archbishop Brunett and enrolled their names in the Book of the Elect.

March

3. In response to the economic crisis, St. James Cathedral offered a unique series of workshops entitled **Finding Work... with God's Help!** Cathedral parishioner Darcey McAllister, a Human Resources Professional, offered insights into the art of job hunting, from resume writing to interview skills.

5. Nearly 300 people packed Cathedral Hall for a presentation by **Father Mike Raschko** on *The New Atheism*. "The new atheists force us as Christians to rethink what our sense of God is. I think the tragedy is, they don't take it seriously... it's somewhat akin to losing your faith in the Easter Bunny. They don't catch the seriousness of the whole thing. A lot of the questions they raise very forcefully are not new."

10. The Health and Healing Ministry sponsored its 4th **Annual Lenten Blood Drive**. Thirty-four people participated.

13. St. James Cathedral was privileged to welcome **Daniel Roth**, titular organist of the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, and one of the world's premier organists, to his debut on our own magnificent organs.

14. The first **Scrutiny of the Elect** was celebrated at the Saturday evening Mass. Celebrated on the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Sundays of Lent, the Scrutinies are intended to deliver the Elect from the power of sin, to protect them against temptation, and to give them strength in Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life.

23. St. James Cathedral hosted the graduation Mass for **Cabrini Ministry Training**. This unique program provides extensive, in-depth training in pastoral care for lay people in the Archdiocese of Seattle. ♦

A Ministry of... sandwiches!

After many years of incredible service, Katie Doyle, Father Ward, Pedro Rosado, and Lee Henrickson have retired from their roles with the St. Martin de Porres Sandwich Program. We thank them for all their incredible dedication and for all that they've done for those in need.

Filling their shoes are Tara Carr and Meg Penner. Tara manages the roster of all the volunteers (103 strong!) and provides orientation for new volunteers. The guidelines for sandwiches are simple. The sandwiches need to be substantial, because often they are the main meal of the day for the more than 200 homeless men of St. Martin de Porres Shelter. That means no peanut butter and jelly, no plain cheese, and no baloney! It's also important that they not have ingredients that are too crunchy or hard (some of the men don't have the best of teeth). Favorites are roast beef, ham and cheese, egg salad, tuna salad, and turkey. Hard boiled eggs and cookies are also popular. No condiments on the sandwiches as they tend to make the bread soggy!

The sandwiches are dropped off at Sunday morning coffee hour or at the parish office during the day on the second Monday of the month. This is where Meg Penner and her kids take over.

"I pick up the kids at school and off we head to St. James to collect the sandwiches. I don't know how



Charlie and Thomas Penner collect sandwiches for St. Martin de Porres Shelter.
Photo by Evan Snyder.

many there are—several hundred, at least. The whole car will be full. We take them down to St. Martin's, then we unload and reorganize them. That's about it!"

Tara says: "Lots of people on our roster have kids and this is something they can do at home together. The kids can be creative in thinking about what kind of sandwiches to make that month."

Later in the evening, parishioners Dan Drummey and Pat Baillargeon arrive at St. Martin de Porres to help distribute the sandwiches to the men.

It's a simple way to make a big difference! If you are interested in being a part of it, e-mail sandwich.volunteers@gmail.com. ♦

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